E51

The World's Great Books in Outline

SIXTH VOLUME

From the painting by Xavier Monchablon

Victor Hugo

The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

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VICTOR HUGO

LES MISERABLES

WRITTEN during Victor Hugo's exile in Guernsey, Les Misérables appeared in 1862, being published on the same day in ten languages and in eight of the chief cities of the world. This vast romance is not only the greatest of all Hugo's productions, but in many respects the greatest work of fiction ever conceived. An enormous range of matter is pressed into its pages —by turn historical, philosophical, lyrical, humanitarian—but running through all the change of scene are the tragedy and comedy of life at its darkest and its brightest, and of human passions at their worst and at their best. It is a magnificent plea for the outcasts of society, for those who are crushed by the mighty edifice of social order, but its value lies not in its thought, but in its emotion, its lyric cry, and its epic power of description. Les Misérables is obtainable in several inexpensive translations. An outline of Victor Hugo's Notre Dame de Paris appears at page 2187.

I—Jean Valjean, Galley-Slave

EARLY in October 1815, at the close of the afternoon, a man came into the little town of D——. He was on foot, and the few people about looked at him suspiciously. The traveller was of wretched appearance, though stout and robust and in the full vigour of life. He was evidently a stranger, and tired, dusty and wearied with a long day's tramp.

But neither of the two inns in the town would give him food or shelter, though he offered good money for payment.

He was an ex-convict—that was enough to exclude him.

In despair he went to the prison and asked humbly for a night's lodging, but the jailer told him that was impossible unless he got arrested first.

It was a cold night and the wind was blowing from the Alps ; it seemed there was no refuge open to him.

Then, as he sat down on a stone bench in the market-place and tried to sleep, a lady coming out of the cathedral noticed him and, learning his homeless state, bade him knock at the bishop's house, for the good bishop's charity and compassion were known in all the neighbourhood.

At the man's knock the bishop, who lived alone with his sister, Madame Magloire, and an old housekeeper, said "Come in"; and the ex-convict entered.

He told them at once that his name was Jean Valjean, that he was a galley-slave who had spent nineteen years at the hulks, and that he had been walking for four days since his release. "It is the same wherever I go," the man went on. "They all say to me, 'Be off!' I am very tired and hungry. Will you let me stay here? I will pay."

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "please lay another knife and fork. Sit down, monsieur, and warm yourself. We shall have supper directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

Joy and amazement were on the man's face ; he stammered his thanks as though beside himself.

The bishop, in honour of his guest, had silver forks and spoons placed on the table.

The man took his food with frightful voracity, and paid no attention to anyone till the meal was over. Then the bishop showed him his bed in an alcove, and an hour later the whole household was asleep.

Jean Valjean soon woke up again.

For nineteen years he had been at the galleys. Originally a pruner of trees, he had broken a baker's window and stolen a loaf one hard winter when there was no work to be had, and for this the sentence was five years. Time after time he had tried to escape, and had always been recaptured ; and for each offence a fresh sentence was imposed.

Nineteen years for breaking a window and stealing a loaf! He had gone into

JEAN VALJEAN SOUGHT IN VAIN FOR SHELTER AT AN INN

prison sobbing and shuddering. He came out full of hatred and bitterness.

That night, at the bishop's house, for the first time in nineteen years, Jean Valjean had received kindness. He was moved and shaken. It seemed inexplicable.

He got up from the bed. Everyone was asleep, the house was perfectly still.

Jean Valjean seized the silver plate-basket which stood in the bishop's room, put the silver into his knapsack, and fled.

In the morning, while the bishop was breakfasting, the gendarmes brought in Jean Valjean. The sergeant explained that they had met him running away, and had arrested him, because of the silver they found on him.

"I gave you the candlesticks, too!" said the bishop; "they are silver. Why did not you take them with the rest of the plate?" Then, turning to the gendarmes, "It is a mistake."

"We are to let him go?"

"Certainly," said the bishop.

The gendarmes retired.

"My friend," said the bishop to Jean Valjean, "here are your candlesticks. Take them with you." He added in a low voice, "Never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. My brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good."

Jean Valjean never remembered having promised anything. He left the bishop's house and the town dazed and stupefied.

He walked on for miles, and then sat down by the roadside to think.

Presently a small Savoyard boy passed him, and as he passed dropped a two-franc piece on the ground.

Jean Valjean placed his foot upon it. In vain the boy prayed him for the coin. Jean Valjean sat motionless, deep in thought.

Only when the boy had gone on, in despair, did Jean Valjean wake up from his reverie.

He shouted out, "Little Gervais, little Gervais!" for the boy had told him his name. The lad was out of sight and hearing, and no answer came.

The enormity of his crime came home to him, and for the first time in nineteen years Jean Valjean wept.

II—Father Madeleine

On a certain December night in 1815 a stranger entered the town of M——, at the very time when a great fire had just broken out in the town hall.

This man at once rushed into the flames, and at the risk of his own life saved the two children of the captain of gendarmes. In consequence of this act no one thought of asking for his passport.

The stranger settled in the town; by a happy invention he improved the manufacture of the black beads, the chief industry of M——, and in three years, from a small capital, he became a rich man, and brought prosperity to the place.

In 1820, Father Madeleine, for so the stranger was called, was made Mayor of M—— by unanimous request. Before he came everything was languishing in the town, and now, a few years later, there was healthy life for all.

Father Madeleine employed everybody who came to him. The only condition he made was—honesty. From the men he expected good will, from the women, purity.

Prosperity did not make Father Madeleine change his habits. He performed his duties as mayor, but lived a solitary and simple life, avoiding society. His strength, although he was a man of fifty, was enormous. It was noticed that he read more as his leisure increased, and that as the years went by his speech became gentler and more polite.

One person only in all the district looked doubtfully at the mayor, and that was Javert, inspector of police.

Javert, born in prison, was the incarnation of police duty—implacable, resolute, fanatical. He arrived in M—— when Father Madeleine was a rich man, and he felt sure he had seen him before.

One day in 1823 the mayor interfered to prevent Javert sending a poor woman, named Fantine, to prison. Fantine had

ASKING FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING AT THE POLICE-STATION, JEAN VALJEAN WAS RECOGNIZED AS AN EX-CONVICT

This and the photograph in the opposite page are reproduced by courtesy of the European Motion Picture Co.

been dismissed from the factory without the knowledge of M. Madeleine; and her one hope in life was in her little girl, whom she called Cosette. Now, Cosette was boarded out at the village of Montfermeil, some leagues distance from M——, with a family grasping and dishonest, and to raise money for Cosette's keep had brought Fantine to misery and sickness.

The mayor could save Fantine from prison, he could not save her life; but before the unhappy woman died she had delivered a paper to M. Madeleine authorising him to take her child, and M. Madeleine had accepted the trust.

It was when Fantine lay dying in the hospital that Javert, who had quite decided in his own mind who M. Madeleine was, came to the mayor and asked to be dismissed from the service.

"I have denounced you, M. le Maire, to the prefect of police at Paris as Jean Valjean, an ex-convict, who has been wanted for the robbery of a little Savoyard more than five years ago."

"And what answer did you receive?"

"That I was mad, for the real Jean Valjean has been found."

"Ah!"

Javert explained that an old man had been arrested for breaking into an orchard; that on being taken to the prison he had been recognized by several people as Jean Valjean, and that he, Javert, himself recognized him. Tomorrow he was to be tried at Arras and, as he was an ex-convict, his sentence would be for life.

Terrible was the anguish of M. Madeleine that night. He had done all that man could do to obliterate the past, and now it seemed another was to be taken in his place. In the morning M. Madeleine set out for Arras.

M. Madeleine arrived before the orchard-breaker was condemned. He proved to the court's astonishment that he, the revered and philanthropic Mayor of M——, was Jean Valjean, and that the prisoner had merely committed a trivial theft. Then he left the court, returned to M——, removed what money he had, buried it and arranged his affairs.

A few days later Jean Valjean was sent back to the galleys at Toulon, and with his removal the prosperity of M—— speedily collapsed. This was in July 1823. In November of that year the following paragraph appeared in the Toulon paper:

"Yesterday, a convict, on his return from rescuing a sailor, fell into the sea and was drowned. His body has not been found. His name was registered as Jean Valjean."

III—A Hunted Man

At Christmas, in the year 1823, an old man came to the village of Montfermeil, called at the inn, paid money to the rascally innkeeper, Thénardier, and carried off little Cosette to Paris.

The old man rented a large garret in an old house, and Cosette became inexpressibly happy with her doll and with the good man who loved her so tenderly.

Till then Jean Valjean had never loved anything. He had never been a father, lover, husband, or friend. When he saw Cosette, and had rescued her, he felt his heart strangely moved. All the affection he had went out towards this child. Jean Valjean was fifty-five and Cosette eight, and all the love of his life, hitherto untouched, melted into a benevolent devotion.

Cosette, too, changed. She had been separated from her mother at such an early age that she could not remember her. And the Thénardiers had treated her harshly. In Jean Valjean she found a father, just as he found a daughter in Cosette.

Weeks passed away. These two beings led a wonderfully happy life in the old garret; Cosette would chatter, laugh and sing all day.

Jean Valjean was careful never to go out in the daytime, but he began to be known in the district as 'the mendicant who gives away money.' There was one old man who sat by some church steps, and who generally seemed to be praying, whom Jean Valjean always liked to relieve. One night when Jean Valjean had dropped a piece of money into his hand as usual, the beggar suddenly raised his eyes, stared hard at him, and then quickly dropped his head. The movement was like a flash.

Jean Valjean started, and went home greatly troubled. The face which he fancied he had seen was that of Javert.

A few nights later Jean Valjean found that Javert had taken lodgings in the same house where he and Cosette lived. Taking the child by the hand, he at once set out for fresh quarters. They passed through silent and empty streets, and crossed the river, and it seemed to Jean Valjean that no one was in pursuit. But soon he noticed four men plainly shadowing him, and a shudder went over him. He turned from street to street, trying to escape from the city, and at last found himself entrapped in a *cul-de-sac*.

While he stood hesitating, a patrol of soldiers entered the street, with Javert at their head. They frequently halted. It was evident that they were exploring every hole and corner, and one might judge they would take a quarter of an hour before they reached the spot where Jean Valjean was. It was a frightful moment. Capture meant the galleys, and Cosette lost for ever. There was only one thing possible—to scale the wall which ran along a wide portion of the street.

First Jean Valjean procured a rope from the lamp-post, for the lamps had not been lit that night owing to the moonlight. This he fastened round the child, taking the other end between his teeth. Half a minute later he was on his knees on the top of the wall. Cosette watched him in silence. All at once she heard Jean Valjean saying in a very low voice, "Lean against the wall. Don't speak, and don't be afraid."

She felt herself lifted from the ground, and before she had time to think she found herself on the top of the wall.

Jean Valjean grasped her, put the child on his back, and crawled along the wall till he came to a sloping roof. He could hear the thundering voice of Javert giving orders to the patrol to search the *cul-de-sac* to the end.

Jean Valjean slipped down the roof, still carrying Cosette, and leaped on the ground. It was a convent garden he had entered.

Presently Jean Valjean discovered that the gardener was an old man whose life he had saved at M——, and who, in his gratitude, was prepared to do anything for M. Madeleine.

It ended in Cosette entering the convent school as a pupil, and Jean Valjean being accepted as the gardener's brother. The good nuns never left the precincts of their convent, and cared nothing for the world beyond their gates.

As for Javert, he had delayed attempting an arrest, even when his suspicions had been aroused, because, after all, the papers said the convict was dead. But once convinced, he hesitated no longer.

His disappointment when Jean Valjean escaped him was midway between despair and fury. All night the search went on; but it never occurred to Javert that a steep wall of fourteen feet could be climbed by an old man with a child.

Jean Valjean worked daily in the garden, and shared the hut and the name of the old gardener, M. Fauchelevent. Cosette was allowed to see him every day.

The peaceful garden, the fragrant flowers, the merry cries of the children, the grave and simple women, gradually brought happiness to Jean Valjean; and his heart melted into gratitude for the security he had found.

IV—Something Higher than Duty

For six years Cosette and Jean Valjean stayed at the convent; and then, on the death of the old gardener, Jean Valjean, now bearing the name of Fauchelevent, decided that as Cosette was not going to be a nun, and as recognition was no longer to be feared, it would be well to remove into the city.

So a house was taken in the Rue Plumet, and here, with a faithful servant, the old man dwelt with his adopted child. But Jean Valjean took other rooms in Paris, in case of accidents.

Cosette was growing up. She was conscious of her good looks, and she was in love with a well-connected youth named Marius, the son of Baron Pontmercy.

Jean Valjean learnt of this secret lovemaking with dismay. The idea of parting from Cosette was intolerable to him.

Then, in June 1832, came desperate street fighting in Paris, and Marius was

in command of one of the revolutionary barricades.

At this barricade Javert had been captured as a spy, and Jean Valjean, who was known to the revolutionaries, found his old, implacable enemy tied to a post, waiting to be shot. Jean Valjean requested to be allowed to blow out Javert's brains himself.

Holding a pistol in his hand, Jean Valjean led Javert, who was still bound, to a lane out of sight of the barricade, and there with his knife cut the ropes from the wrists and feet of his prisoner.

"You are free," he said. "Go; and if by any chance I leave this place alive, I am to be found under the name of Fauchelevent, in the Rue de l'Homme-Armé, No. 7."

Javert moved slowly away; and when he had disappeared Jean Valjean discharged his pistol in the air.

SOON the last stand of the insurgents was at an end, and the barricade destroyed. Jean Valjean, who had taken no part in the struggle beyond exposing himself to the bullets of the soldiers, was unhurt; but Marius lay wounded and insensible in his arms.

The soldiers were shooting down all who tried to escape. The situation was terrible.

There was only one chance for life—underground. An iron grating, which led to the sewers, was at his feet. Jean Valjean tore it open, and disappeared with Marius on his shoulders.

He emerged, after a horrible passage, through a grating by the bank of the river, only to find there the implacable Javert!

Jean Valjean was quite calm.

"Inspector Javert," he said, "help me to carry this man home; then do with me what you please."

A cab was waiting for the inspector. He ordered the man to drive to the address Jean Valjean gave him. Marius, still unconscious, was taken to his grandfather's house.

"Inspector Javert," said Jean Valjean, "grant me one thing more. Let me go home for a minute; then you may take me where you will."

Javert told the driver to go to Rue de l'Homme-Armé, No. 7.

When they reached the house, Javert said, "Go up; I will wait here for you!"

But before Jean Valjean reached his rooms Javert had gone and the street was empty.

Javert had not been at ease since his life had been spared. He was now in horrible uncertainty. To owe his life to an ex-convict, to accept this debt and then to repay him by sending him back to the galleys was impossible. To let a malefactor go free while he, Inspector Javert, took his pay from the government was equally impossible. It seemed there was something higher and above his code of duty, something he had not come into collision with before. The uncertainty of the right thing to be done destroyed Javert, to whom life had hitherto been perfectly plain.

Inspector Javert made his last report at the police-station and then, unable to face the new conditions of life, walked slowly to the river and plunged into the Seine.

Marius recovered, and married Cosette; and Jean Valjean lived alone. He had told Marius who he was—Jean Valjean, an escaped convict; and Marius and Cosette gradually saw less of the old man.

But before Jean Valjean died Marius learnt the whole trnth of the heroic life of the old man who had rescued him from the lost barricade. For the first time he realized that Jean Valjean had come to the barricade only to save him, knowing him to be in love with Cosette.

HE hastened, with Cosette to Jean Valjean's room, but the old man's last hour had come.

"Come closer, come closer, both of you," he cried. "I love you so much. It is good to die like this! You love me, too, my Cosette. I know you've always had a fondness for the poor old man. And you, M. Pontmercy, will always make Cosette happy. There were several things I wanted to say, but they don't matter now. Come nearer, my children I am happy in dying!"

Cosette and Marius fell on their knees and covered his hands with kisses.

Jean Valjean was dead!

VICTOR HUGO

DEEDS AND WORDS

PUBLISHED between 1875 and 1885, Deeds and Words (Actes et Paroles) is a record of Victor Hugo's public life, speeches and letters, giving his views on political and social subjects. The first volume, Avant l'Exil, deals with the events of 1841-51, the second, Pendant l'Exil, contains a record of Hugo's years in exile, and the third and fourth volumes, Depuis l'Exil, cover the period from 1870 to 1885, the year of Hugo's death. Dr. Brandes remarked that 'Hugo's life may be said to mirror the political movements of France during the first half of the nineteenth century.' Deeds and Words is in part a defence of Hugo's political career from 1848 onwards, but though his changes of opinion were quite legitimate, he tried to dissimulate them by falsifying his own words in order to give an air of unity to his life and convictions. This epitome has been prepared from the French text and is given by permission of the executors of Victor Hugo.

I—Right and Law

ALL human eloquence, among all peoples and in all times, may be summed up as the quarrel of Right against Law.

But this quarrel tends ever to decrease, and therein lies the whole of progress. On the day when it has disappeared, civilization will have attained its highest point; that which ought to be will have become one with that which is; there will be an end of catastrophes and even, so to speak, of events; and society will develop majestically according to nature. There will be no more disputes nor factions; no longer will laws be made, they will only be discovered. Education will have taken the place of war, and by means of universal suffrage there will be chosen a parliament of intellect.

In that serene and glorious age there will be no more warriors, but workers only; creators in the place of exterminators. The civilization of action will have passed away and that of thought will have succeeded. The masterpieces of art and of literature will be the great events.

Frontiers will disappear; and France, which is destined to die as the gods die, by transfiguration, will become Europe. For the Revolution of France will be known as the evolution of the peoples. France has laboured not for herself alone, but has aroused world-wide hopes and is herself the representative of all human good will.

Right and Law are the two great forces whose harmony gives birth to order, but their antagonism is the source of all catastrophe. Right is the divine truth and Law is the earthly reality; liberty is Right and society is Law. Wherefore there are two tribunes, of the men of ideas, and of the men of facts; between these two the consciences of most still vacillate. Not yet is there harmony between the immutable and the variable power. Right and Law are in ceaseless conflict.

To Right belong the inviolability of human life, liberty, peace; and nothing that is indissoluble, irrevocable, or irreparable. To Law belong the scaffold, sword and sceptre; war itself; and every kind of yoke, from divorceless marriage in the family to the state of siege in the city. Right is to come and go, buy, sell, exchange; Law has its frontiers and its custom-houses. Right would have free and compulsory education, without encroaching on young consciences; that is to say, lay instruction; Law would have the teaching of ignorant friars. Right demands liberty of belief, but Law establishes the state religions. Universal suffrage and universal jury belong to Right, but restricted franchise and packed juries are creatures of the Law.

What a difference there is! And let it be understood that all social agitation

arises from the persistence of Right against the obstinacy of Law. The keynote of the present writer's public life has been '*Pro jure contra legem*'—for the Right which makes men, against the Law which men have made. He believes that liberty is the highest expression of Right, and that the republican formula, 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,' leaves nothing to be added. For Liberty is Right, Equality is Fact, and Fraternity is Duty. The whole of man is there. We are brothers in our life, equal in birth and death, free in soul.

II—Days of Childhood

At the beginning of this nineteenth century there was a child who lived in a great house, surrounded by a large garden, in the most deserted part of Paris. He lived with his mother, two brothers and a venerable and worthy priest, who was his only tutor, and taught him much Latin, a little Greek and no history at all. Here, at the time of the First Empire, the three boys played and worked, watched the clouds and trees and listened to the birds, under the sweet influence of their mother's smile.

It was the child's misfortune, though no one's fault, that he was taught by a priest. What can be more terrible than a system of untruth, sincerely believed? For a priest teaches falsehoods, ignorant of the truth, and thinks he does well; everything he does for the child is done against the child, making crooked that which nature has made straight; his teaching poisons the young mind with aged prejudices, drawing evening twilight, like a curtain, over the dawn.

That ancient, solitary house and garden, formerly a convent and then the home of his childhood, is still in his old age a dear and religious memory, though its site is now profaned by a modern street. He sees it in a romantic atmosphere, in which, amid sunbeams and roses, his spirit opened into flower. What a stillness was in its vast rooms and cloisters. Only at long intervals was the silence broken by the return of a plumed and sabred general, his father, from the wars. That child, already thoughtful, was myself.

One night—it was some great festival of the empire, and all Paris was illumined—my mother was walking in the garden with three of my father's comrades, and I was following them, when we saw a tall figure in the gloom of the trees. It was the proscribed Victor du Lahorie, my godfather. He was even then conspiring against Bonaparte in the cause of liberty, and was shortly after executed. I remember his saying. 'If Rome had kept her kings, she had not been Rome,' and then, looking on me, 'Child, put liberty first of all!'

That one word outweighed my whole education.

III—Before the Exile

It was not until the writer saw, in 1848, the triumph of all the enemies of progress that he knew in the depths of his heart that he belonged, not to the conquerors, but to the vanquished. The Republic lay inanimate; but, gazing on her form, he saw that she was liberty, and not even the sure fore-knowledge of the ruin and exile that must follow could prevent his espousal with the dead. On June 15 he made his protest from the tribune, and from that day he fought relentless battle for liberty and the republic. And on December 2, 1851, he received what he had expected—twenty years of exile. That is the history of what has been called his apostasy.

Throughout that strange period before his exile, the frightful phantom of the past was all-powerful with men. Every kind of question was debated—national independence, individual liberty, liberty of conscience, of thought, of speech and of the Press; questions of marriage, of education, of the right to work, of the right to one's fatherland as against exile, of the right to life as against penal law, of the separation of Church and state, of the federation of Europe, of frontiers to be wiped out and of custom-houses to be done away—all these questions were proposed, debated and, sometimes, settled.

In these debates the author of this memoir took his part and did his duty,

and was repaid with insults. He remembers interjecting, when they were insisting on parental rights, that the children had rights, too. He astounded the assembly by asserting that it was possible to do away with misery. On July 17, 1851, he denounced the conspiracy of Louis Bonaparte, unveiling the project of the president to become emperor. On another day he pronounced from the tribune a phrase which had never yet been uttered—'The United States of Europe.' Contempt and calumny were poured upon him, but what of that? They called George Washington a pickpocket.

These men of the old majority, who were doing all the evil that they could—did they mean to do evil? Not a bit of it. They deceived themselves, thinking that they had the truth, and they lied in the service of the truth. Their pity for society was pitiless for the people, whence arose so many laws, so many actions, that were blindly ferocious. They were rather a mob than a senate, and were led by the worst of their number. Let us be indulgent, and let night hide the men of night.

What do our labours and our troubles and our exiles matter if they have been for the general good; if the human race be indeed passing from its December to its April; if the winter of tyrannies and of wars indeed be finished; if superstitions and prejudices no longer fall on our heads like snow; and if, after so many clouds of empire and of carnage have rolled away, we at last descry upon the horizon the rosy dawn of universal peace?

O my brothers, let us be reconciled! Let us set out on the immense highway of peace. Surely there has been enough of hatred. When will you understand that we are all together on the same ship, and that the immense menace of the sea is for all of us together? Our solidarity is terrible, but brotherhood is sweet.

IV—Republican Principles

The sovereignty of the people, universal suffrage, and the liberty of the Press are all the same thing under three different names. The three together constitute the whole of our public right; the first is its principle, the second its manner, and the third its expression. The three principles are indissoluble from one another: The sovereignty of the people is the life-giving soul of the nation, universal suffrage its government, the Press its illumination; but they are all really one, and that unity is the republic. It is curious to notice how these principles appear again in the watchword of the republic; for the sovereignty of the people creates liberty, universal suffrage creates equality and the Press creates fraternity.

Wherever these three great principles exist in their powers and plenitude there is the republic, even though it be known as monarchy. Wherever, on the other hand, they are betrayed, hindered, or oppressed, the actual state is a monarchy or an oligarchy, even though it goes under the name of a republic.

In the latter case we see the monstrous phenomenon of a government betrayed by its proper guardians, and it is this phenomenon that makes the stoutest hearts begin to be doubtful of revolutions. For revolutions are vast, ill-guided movements, which bring forth out of the darkness at one and the same time the greatest of ideas and the smallest of men; they are movements which we welcome as salutary when we look at their principles, but which we can only call catastrophes when we consider the character of their leaders.

Let us never forget that our three first principles live with a common life and mutually defend one another. If the liberty of the Press is in danger, the suffrages of the people arise and protect it; and, again, if the franchise is threatened, it is safeguarded by the freedom of the Press. Any attempt against either of them is a treachery to the sovereignty of the people.

The movement of this great nineteenth century is the movement not of one people only, but of all. France leads and the nations follow. We are passing from the old world to the new and our governors attempt in vain to arrest ideas by laws. There is in France and in Europe a party inspired by fear, which is not to be ac-

counted the party of order ; and its incessant question is : Who is to blame ?

In the crisis through which we are passing, though it is a salutary crisis which will lead only to good, everyone exclaims at the dreadful moral disorder and the imminent social danger. Who, then, is guilty of these ravages ? Throughout Europe, the party of fear answers 'France.' Throughout France, it answers 'Paris.' In Paris, it blames the Press. But every thoughtful man must see that it is none of these, but is the human spirit.

It is the human spirit that has made the nations what they are. From the beginning, through infinite debate and contradiction, it has sought, unresting, to solve the problem eternally placed before the creature by his Creator. It is the human spirit which takes from age to age the form of the great revolts of history ; it has been in turn, and sometimes altogether, error, illusion, heresy, schism, protest, and the truth. The human spirit is ever the great shepherd of the generations, proceeding always towards the just, the beautiful and the true, enlightening the multitude, ennobling souls, directing the mind of man towards God.

Let the party of fear throughout Europe consider the magnitude of the task which they have undertaken. When they have destroyed the Press, they have yet to destroy Paris. When Paris has fallen, there remains France. Let France be annihilated, there still remains the human spirit—a thing intangible as the light, inaccessible as the sun.

V—In Exile

NOTHING is more terrible than exile. I do not say for him who suffers, but for the tyrant who inflicts it. A solitary figure paces a distant shore, or rises in the morning to his philosophic labours, or calls on God among the rocks and trees ; his hair becoming grey, and then white, in the slow passing of the years and in his longing for home ; his lot is a sorrowful one ; but his innocence is terrible to the crowned miscreant who sent him there. From 1852 to 1870 I was in exile.

How pleasant are those islands of the Channel, and how like to France ! Jersey, perhaps, more charming than Guernsey, prettier if less imposing ; in Jersey the forest has become a garden ; the island is like a bouquet of flowers, of the size of London, a smiling land, an idyll set in the midst of the sea.

The exile soon learns that, though the tyrant has placed him afar, he does not release his hold. Many and ingenious are the snares laid for the banished. A prince calls on you, but though he is of royal blood, he is also a detective of police. A grave professor stays at your house, and you surprise him searching your papers. Everything is permitted against you ; you are outside the law, outside of common justice, outside of respect. They will say that they have your authority to publish your conversations and will attribute to you words that you have never spoken and actions that you have never done. Never write to your friends—your letters are opened on the way. Beware of all who are kindly to you in exile ; they are ruining you in Paris. You are isolated as a leper. A mysterious stranger whispers in your ear that he can procure the assassination of Bonaparte ; it is Bonaparte offering to kill himself. Every day of your life is a new outrage. Only one thing is open to the exile ; it is to turn his thought to other subjects.

HE is at least beside the sea ; let its infinity bring him wisdom. The eternal rioting of the surges against the rocks is as the agitation of impostures against the truth. It is a vain convulsion ; the foam gains nothing by it, the granite loses nothing, only sparkles the more bravely in the sun.

But exile has this great advantage—one is free to contemplate, to think, to suffer. To be alone and yet to feel that one is with all humanity ; to consolidate oneself as a citizen and to purify oneself as a philosopher ; to be poor and begin again to work for one's living, to meditate on what is good and to contrive for what is better ; to be angry in the public cause, but to crush all personal enmity ; to breathe the vast, living winds of the solitudes ; to compose a deeper indignation with a profounder

peace—these are the opportunities of exile. I accustomed myself to say, 'If, after a revolution, Bonaparte should knock at my door and ask shelter, let never a hair of his head be injured.'

Yes, an exile becomes a well-wisher. He loves the roses, and the birds' nests and the flitting hither and thither of the butterflies. He mingles with the sweet joys of the creatures and learns a changeless faith in some secret and infinite goodness. The green glades are his chosen dwelling and his life is April; he reclines amazed at the mysteries of a tuft of grass; he studies the anthills of tiny republicans; he learns to know the birds by their songs; he watches the children playing barefoot in the edge of the sea.

Against this dangerous man governments are taking the most strenuous precautions. Victoria offers to hand over the exiles to Napoleon and messages of compliment are passed from one throne to the other. But that gift did not take place. The English royalist Press applauded, but the people of London would have none of it. The great city muttered thunder. Majesty clothed in probity—that is the character of the English nation. That good and proud people showed their indignation and Palmerston and Bonaparte had to be content with the expulsion of the exiles.

During the whole long night of my exile I never lost Paris from my view. When Europe and even France were in darkness, Paris was never hidden. That is because Paris is the frontier of the future, the visible frontier of the unknown. All of to-morrow that can be seen to-day is in Paris. The eyes that are searching for progress come to rest on Paris, for Paris is the city of light.

VI—After the Exile

This trilogy, Before, During, and After the Exile, is no work of mine, it is the doing of Napoleon III. He it is who has divided my life in this way, observing, as one might say, the rules of art. Returning to my country on September 5, 1870, I found the sky more gloomy and my duty more clamant than ever.

Though it is sad to leave the fatherland, to return to it is sometimes sadder still; and there is no Frenchman who would not have preferred a life-long banishment to seeing France ground beneath the Prussian heel, and the loss of Metz and Strasburg.

This was an invasion of barbarians; but there is another menace that is not less formidable. I mean the invasion of our land by darkness, an invasion of the nineteenth century by the Middle Ages. After the emperor, the pope; after Berlin, Rome; after the triumph of the sword, the triumph of night. For the light of civilization may be extinguished in either of two ways, by a military or by a clerical invasion. The former threatens our mother, France; the latter threatens our child, the future.

A double inviolability is the most precious possession of a civilized people—the inviolability of territory and the inviolability of conscience; and as the soldier violates the first, so does the priest violate the other. Yet the soldier does but obey his orders and the priest his dogmas, so that there are only two who are ultimately culpable—Caesar, who slays, and Peter, who lies. There is no religion which has not as its aim to seize forcibly the human soul, and it is to attempts of this kind that France is given up to-day.

One may say, indeed, that in our age there are two schools, and that these two schools sum up in themselves the two opposed currents which draw civilization, the one towards the future and the other towards the past. One of these schools is called Paris and the other Rome. Each of them has its book; the one has the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the other has the Syllabus; and the first of these books says 'Yes' to progress, but the second of them says 'No.' Yet progress is the footstep of God.

Paris means Montaigne, Rabelais, Pascal, Corneille, Molière, Montesquieu, Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, Mirabeau, Danton. Rome, on the other hand, means Innocent III, Pius V, Alexander VI, Urban VIII, Arbuez, Cisneros, Lainez, Guillandus, Ignatius.

To educate is nothing less than to govern; and clerical education means a clerical government, with despotism as its summit and ignorance as its foundation.

Rome already holds Belgium, and would now seize Paris. We are witnesses of a struggle to the death. Against us is all that manifold power which emerges from the past, the spirit of monarchy, of superstition, of the barrack and of the convent; we have against us temerity, effrontery, audacity and fear. On our side there is nothing but the light.

That is why the victory will be with us. For to enlighten is to deliver. Every increase in liberty involves increased responsibility. Nothing is graver than freedom; liberty has burdens of her own, and lays on the conscience all the chains which she unshackles from the limbs. We find rights transforming themselves into duties. Let us therefore take heed of what we are doing; we live in a difficult time and are answerable at once to the past and to the future. The time has come, in this year 1876, to replace commotions by concessions. That is how civilization advances. For progress is nothing other than revolution effected amicably.

Therefore, legislators and citizens, let us redouble our goodwill. Let all wounds be healed, all animosities extinguished; by overcoming hatred we shall overcome war; let no disturbance that may come be due to our fault. Our task of entering into the unknown is difficult enough without angers and bitternesses. I am one of those who hope from that unknown future, but only on condition that we make use of every means of pacification that is in our power. Let us act with the virile kindness of the strong.

Let us then calm the nations by peace, and the hearts of men by brotherhood, and let us never forget that we are placed between a great past, the Revolution of France, and a great future, the Revolution of Europe.

Great Poetry of the Renaissance

TORQUATO TASSO

JERUSALEM DELIVERED

ALTHOUGH completed in 1574 when the poet was in his thirty-first year, Tasso's noble and beautiful epic Jerusalem Delivered was not published until 1580. With a critical scrupulosity that was part of his character, Tasso submitted the poem to various literary friends whose conflicting comments and suggestions so fretted him that he laid the MS. aside. As a result of the general impracticability of temperament which led to his ruptures with Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, and in 1579 to his confinement for more than seven years in the mad-house of St. Anna, his papers were sequestered and in 1580 he heard that the poem was being published without reference to him, the whole work appearing without his seeing a single page or receiving so much as the price of a copy. The poem tells the story of the first Crusade and the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bouillon. The best English translation is by J. H. Wiffen.

I—Marching on the Holy City

THE pious arms I sing, and captain who
The hallowed sepulchre of Jesus freed;
Much did he both in field and council do,
And much he suffered in the glorious deed;
And hell in vain opposed him, and in vain
Afric, allied with Asia, drew the sword;
Since Heaven its favour gave him, and again
His errant comrades to the cross restored.

Six years had nearly passed since in the East
The Christian host began their great crusade;
By storm Nicea they had won, nor ceased
Till Antioch fell by art's strategic aid,
Which they then held against the Persian; they
Then took Tortosa from Judea's king;
To winter's rigour afterwards gave way,
Awaiting anxiously the coming spring.

[The Supreme Being sends the archangel Gabriel to Godfred [Godfrey], who is encouraged to march without further delay on Jerusalem. Godfred delivers a speech, and this is followed by one from Peter the Hermit, after which Godfred is elected captain of the host. He at once reviews the troops, and they speedily begin their advance, which causes extreme consternation in the minds of the people of Jerusalem and their king, Aladine, who prepares for resistance.

Aladine, instigated thereto by Ismeno, who promises to make it an effectual palladium to Jerusalem, seizes an image of the Virgin that was concealed in one of the Christian churches, and places it in the royal mosque. In the course of the night this statue is removed therefore, and

the king, enraged at being unable to discover the author of the removal, resolves on a general massacre of the Christians. But the episode of Sophronia and Olindo averts this calamity.]

In maiden pride there dwelt a maiden there,
High-souled and passing beautiful; but she
Seemed for her peerless beauty not to care,
Or only as adorning modesty.
And to her greater merit she withdrew,
And hid the merits beneath humble roof;
Away from glances of gallants she flew,
And from their honeyed words remained aloof.

But beauty cannot wholly be concealed,
Beauty which but to see is to admire.
Nor e'en had Love consented, who revealed
Her charms and did a youthful bosom fire.
Cupid! who blind at times, now Argus art,
Dost ope and turn, and now blindfold'st the eyes,
Through thee to maiden's bower, most vestal part,
Past thousand guards the glance of lover flies.

Sophronia she, Olindo he: they were
Both of one town, in common creed both taught;
He was as modest as the maid was fair,
Much wished, hoped little and demanded naught,
Nor dared, or knew not how his love to tell;
She spurned or saw him not, or naught perceived.
This hitherto is what the youth befel;
Unseen, unknown, or was but ill received.

[Sophronia resolves to save her fellow-Christians by accusing herself of the theft. She pretends to Aladine that she had not only stolen it, but had burnt it; and the enraged king commands that she be burnt at the stake. Olindo appears and declares that he it was who stole the image and hid it; and he also is condemned to the stake. But they are saved by the coming of a renowned Moslem heroine, a female knight who rides up to the scene and boldly proclaims that the cruel deed must not be perpetrated. The king yields reluctantly, but says that they must be banished from Palestine with many other Christians.]

II—'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!'

EGYPTIAN ambassadors wait on Godfred to negotiate for an arrangement whereby the Crusaders shall be left possessed of the regions they have conquered without molestation, on condition that they agree to leave Jerusalem unassailed. The proposal is spurned, and war is declared.]

Already was awake the herald air
To announce that fair Aurora 'gan to rise,
Who decked herself and wreathed her golden hair
With fresh-blown roses culled in Paradise;
When from the camp, ere yet the *reveillé* rung,
There rose a murmur from the deep-toned throats
Of arming thousands. The shrill trumpet's tongue
Then pealed forth livelier and more tuneful notes.

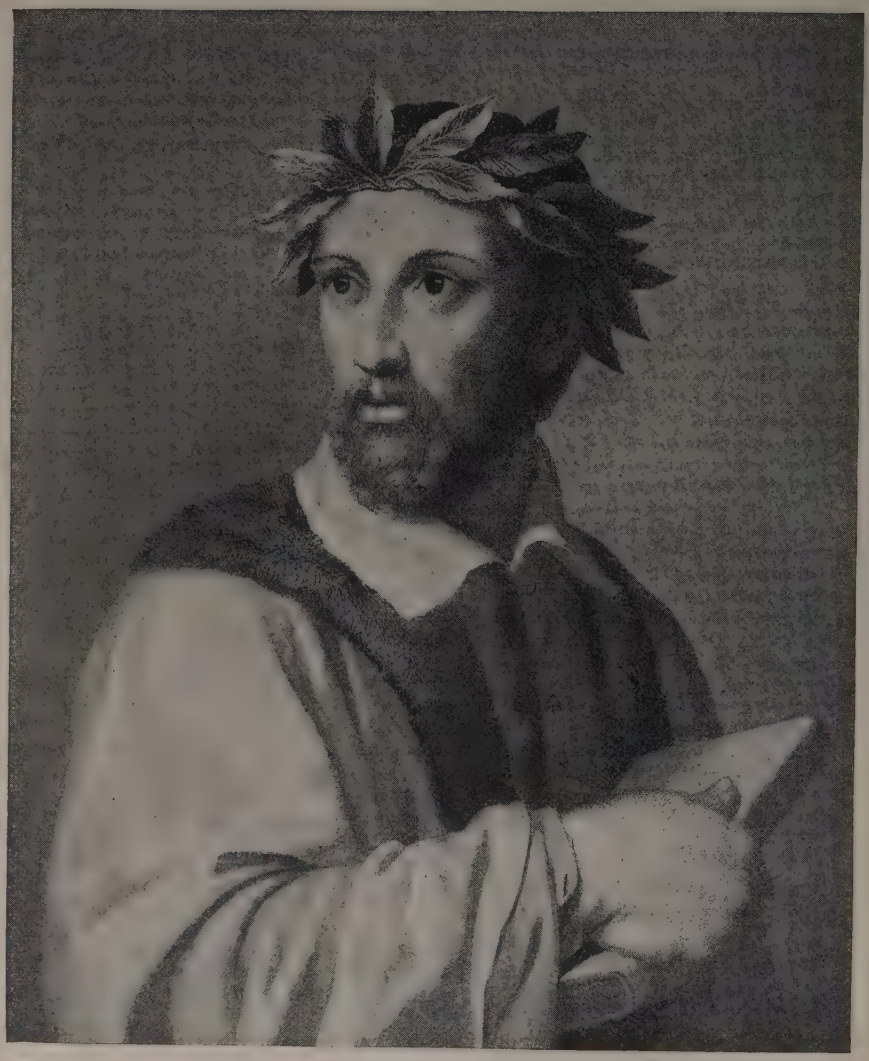
Winged are their anxious hearts and winged their feet;
Unconscious of their speed, on, on they fly,
But when the advancing sun with fervent heat
Had struck the arid plains and risen on high,
Lo! fair Jerusalem appears in sight,
Lo! countless fingers point there, and exclaim
Ten thousand voices that in one unite,
'Hail! Hail! Jerusalem, Jerusalem!'

[Clorinda, the Moslem heroine, makes the first sally from the city at the head of a band of warriors, encounters a foraging party and kills Gardo, its leader. Godfred orders Tancred to advance to their support. Meanwhile, Erminia, daughter of the deceased King of Antioch, points out to King Aladine, from the summit of a high tower, the principal leaders of the Christian army. In an encounter between Clorinda and Tancred the pagans are driven back. Godfred calls off his troops, reconnoitres the city and encamps near the south gate. Satan—or, as he is here called, Pluto—enraged at the successes of the Christians, convenes a council in the infernal regions to consider the best means of opposing their further progress.]

III—The Powers of Hell Arrayed

WHILE thus the Franks their warlike engines made,
To have them ready for their high emprise,
Man's mighty foe from Acheron's gloomy shade
Against the Christians turned his livid eyes;
And seeing them on their pious work intent,
Bit both his lips, with rankling fury stung;
While like a wounded bull his rage found vent
In bellowing roars that through Gehenna rung.
Then, having turned his every thought to bring
Upon the Christians ruin most complete,
His legions are commanded by their king
(Terrific council!) round his throne to meet.

[After delivering an address to the gods of the inferno, Pluto sends his emissaries to the upper world. At their instigation, Idraotes, Prince of Damascus, a magician, sends his niece Armida, who is likewise an enchantress, to endeavour to seduce their chiefs. Arriving at the Christian camp and interviewing Eustace, she is by him introduced to Godfred. Giving him a feigned account of herself, she requests assistance, which Godfred refuses; but at length, at the instance of his brother Eustace and others of the younger knights, he permits ten of them to accompany her. Eustace, being in love with Armida, persuades Rinaldo, of whom he is jealous, to solicit the place of captain of the adventurers. Gernando, brother of the King of Norway, aspires to the same post, and uses expressions to the disparagement of Rinaldo, who kills him in presence of the whole army. Godfred having determined to punish the offender, Rinaldo quits the camp. The pagan champion, Argante, challenges the Christian camp to single combat. His challenge is accepted by Tancred.



Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of a nobleman of Bergamo in the service of the prince of Salerno. He was educated in Naples and in 1556 joined his parents at Urbino where he grew up in a literary and artistic atmosphere. In 1562 he established his reputation with his first narrative poem, Rinaldo. In 1571 he entered the court of Alfonso II, duke of Ferrara, and two years later published his exquisite pastoral drama Aminta. Jerusalem Delivered, the work by which he won immortality, was completed in 1574. From that time onwards Tasso's life was ruined by restlessness, irritability and lack of self control amounting to mental disorder. In 1577 and again in 1586, after his deliverance from confinement at St. Anna, he spent some time wandering in Italy, and in 1594 he settled in Rome, where he died at the convent of St. Onofrio, April 25, 1595.

A fearful combat ensued, in which the antagonists were so exhausted that at length heralds from both sides stopped the encounter on the approach of night. Erminia, in love with Tancred, is so eager to learn the state of his wounds that she puts on Clorinda's armour and leaves the city by night, purposing to proceed to the Christian camp. She is intercepted on her way thither by a party of Frank soldiers, and obliged to flee. Tancred, who supposes her to be Clorinda, quits the camp and hastens to her aid. Losing his way in pursuit of her, he is treacherously conducted to Armida's castle, where he is entrapped and confined. After the lapse of a few days Argante presents himself at the Christian camp to renew the fight with Tancred. Tancred being absent, Raymond, not being willing that Godfred should expose himself, offers himself as Tancred's substitute, and the two champions fight. The compact of battle is broken by an archer wounding Raymond.

A Danish warrior arrives at the camp and relates the slaughter of the Danish crusaders, of whom he is the sole survivor, and the heroic death of their prince and leader, Sweno. Discord arises in the camp on account of false news of Rinaldo's death, spread by Argillan. Godfred quells the mutiny and casts the ringleader into prison. Solyman, instigated by Alecto, attacks by night the Christian camp; Latinus and his five sons are slain. The archangel Michael is sent down by God, and drives back the demons.]

Now as resounding through the heavenly halls
Rings the full concord of seraphic strains,
The King of Kings the archangel Michael calls,
Whose arms of lucent diamond brightly shine;
'Perceivest thou not how hell's foul fiends,' he cried,
'Against my faithful flock their arms have [hurled,
And from their low abysses of the dead
Have upward risen to disturb the world?

'Go, tell them henceforth to give up the care
Of war to warriors as is fair and right,
Nor spread disturbance, nor pollute the air
Of earth below, nor heaven's pure regions blight;
Let them return to their just punishment,
And Acheron's gloom, their fit abode, regain,
And there themselves and all lost souls torment;
Thus I decreed, thus do I now ordain.'

The winged archangel at these words inclined
Low at His feet divine, with reverence fraught,
Then spread his golden pinions to the wind,
So rapid they as to exceed all thought.
The fire he passed and realms of light where dwelled
The blest in their immovable abode,
And next the vault of crystalline beheld
That, rolling round, with stars unnumbered glowed;
And came dividing with immortal plume
The darkness dense and dreariness profound,
Gilding with light divine the horrid gloom.

IV—Heaven's Hierarchy Aids the Crusaders

THE demons being driven back by Michael, the conflict proceeds between the Christians and pagans. Argillan escapes from prison and performs great exploits; but, while the battle is still doubtful, a band of fifty Crusaders that had followed Armida appears unexpectedly, and turns the tide in favour of the Christians, who pursue their antagonists with great havoc to the city walls.

Solyman resolves to join the Egyptian army. On his way thither he meets Ismeno, who takes him back to Jerusalem in an enchanted car. They enter the city by a subterranean passage and make their way to where the king sits in council. The speeches of the king, of Argante and of Orcano excite the indignation of Solyman. Godfred receives from the knights that were seduced by Armida an account of their adventures. They disprove the reports of Rinaldo's death. In consequence of a previous vow, Godfred assumes the dress and resolves to share the perils of the assault as a private soldier. Other princes follow his example. The town assaulted, a breach is made. Clorinda wounds or kills seven of the principal leaders—lastly, Godfred himself, who is obliged to quit the field, leaving Guelph in charge of the army.

The Christians are afflicted with unusual heat and drought. Godfred prays to the Almighty. His prayer is heard, and God refreshes the camp with merciful rain. Godfred in a dream is transported to heaven, and there meets Hugo, who advises him to recall Rinaldo. Godfred consents. Two knights are sent to find him, and after romantic adventures they reach the fortunate isles, where they find Rinaldo and Armida in her palace, which is surrounded by enchanted gardens. During her momentary absence, they make themselves known, and Rinaldo, seized with sudden remorse, follows them out of the palace. Armida, in despair at finding him gone, follows and seeks to entice him to return, but in vain. In her rage she destroys her palace, mounts her car and returns to her castle by the Dead Sea.

Rinaldo converses with Godfred. He then prays on Mount Olivet, and afterwards proceeds to the enchanted forest, overcomes its magic and returns to the camp. A carrier pigeon, pursued by a falcon, takes refuge in Godfred's bosom. He finds a letter under her wing from the Egyptian commander to the King of Jerusalem, promising to relieve him in a few days. At this, Godfred at once gives orders for the assault. The attack takes place. Rinaldo is the first to mount the wall. The archangel Gabriel appears to Godfred, who finally plants the Cross on the walls of Jerusalem.]

The Archangel Michael, visible to none,
Appeared then before Godfred's sight,
Clad in such glistening armour that the sun,
Altho' unclouded, had appeared less bright.
'The hour has come, O pious prince,' he cries,

'From her fell yoke Jerusalem to free;
Droop not—nay, droop not bedazzled eyes:
See with what forces Heaven assisteth thee.

'Lift up thine eyes, then, and behold immense
Immortal hosts assembled in the sky, [sense,
While the thick clouds that dim thy mortal
And overshadow thy humanity,
I will asunder rend, that thou mayest there
Regard unbodied spirits face to face,
And the divine effulgent radiance bear
Of angels' beauty for a little space.

'Behold yon spirits that Christ's champions were,
Now blest immortal tenants of the skies,
Combat with thee, with thee still seek to share
The crowning honour of the great emprise;
Lo, where the dust with wreaths of smoke unites,
And o'er the crumbling ruin darkly lowers;
In that dense cloud that gallant Hugo fights,
And shaketh the foundations of the towers.

'Lift up still higher thy glowing eyes, upon
Heaven's host entire together joined.' Whence he
Looked up and saw them all drawn out in one.
Here he his dazzled eyes declined, nor more
The glorious vision in its pomp descried; [o'er,
When next he looked the wondrous show was
And, gazing round, he saw on every side
His troops victorious; many a hero vied
After divine Rinaldo to command
The walls, leaped up and his falchion dyed;
Godfred, this seen, aloof disdained to stand,
But snatched the Red Cross staff from his flagbearer's hand.

[And the hierarchy 'of heaven so aids the flushed Crusaders' might that soon their banners float on each bombarded height.' Tancred slays his foe Argante in single combat, and is healed of his wounds by the loving care of Erminia; and Armida, her mind cleared of its mists of pagan darkness, is joyed with the love of Rinaldo. The Egyptian commander is killed by Godfred, and the few knights left to the vanquished pagan host yield themselves to him.]

THUS conquered Godfred; and as yet there glowed
A flush of glory in the fulgent west.
To the freed city, the once-loved abode
Of Christ, the pious chief and armies pressed.
Arm'd as he was, and in his sanguine rest,
With all his knights in solemn cavalcade,
He reached the Temple; there, supremely blest,
Hung up his arms, his bannered spoils displayed,
And at the Sacred Tomb his vowed devotions paid.

TASSO READING HIS POEM JERUSALEM DELIVERED TO THE LADIES OF THE COURT OF FERRARA

From the painting by Eduard Ender

J. H. VAN'T HOFF

CHEMISTRY IN SPACE

THE modern development of that section of physical chemistry known as chemistry in space, or stereo-chemistry, which attempts to explain the constitution of the molecule and the geometrical arrangement of the atoms within it, is due to Professor Van't Hoff. His book Chemistry in Space (La Chimie en Espace) published in 1875, is an extension of a book published earlier in the same year called Ten Years in the History of a Theory, wherein he discussed the development of the idea of the asymmetric carbon atom, which he first formulated. Though opposed by many chemists at first, the theory soon received universal acceptance and formed the starting point for a series of brilliant investigations into molecular structure. In his later studies Van't Hoff applied mathematical and thermo-dynamical principles to chemistry, and part of his work in this connexion was summed up in his Etudes de Dynamique Chimique (1884). An English translation of Chemistry in Space is published by the Clarendon Press, by whose courtesy the following epitome has been made.

I—The Asymmetric Carbon Atom

THE theory of what is known as 'the asymmetric carbon atom' originated simultaneously in France and Holland, and was communicated independently by two chemists—J. A. Le Bel in the Bulletin of the Chemical Society of Paris, November 1874; and by myself in a Dutch pamphlet, published in September 1874, and entitled, A Treatise on a System of Atomic Formulae in Three Dimensions, and on the Relations between Rotatory Power and Chemical Constitution.

The theory called forth two extremely contrasted criticisms from two chemists of the first rank, Wislicenus and Kolbe. The former referred to his own attempt to introduce geometrical conceptions into the doctrine of the constitution of molecules and said, 'We are indebted to Van't Hoff for his having performed this service in a perfectly definite and in the happiest manner.' Kolbe, on the other hand, used such phrases as 'a miserable speculative philosophy,' 'fanciful nonsense,' which 'avoids any basis of fact, and is unintelligible to the calm investigator.'

But the theory in question now forms part of elementary chemical teaching and is to be found enunciated in the most widely used text-books.

The theory which is about to be developed proposes to solve to a certain extent, and for carbon compounds only, the problem as to the position of the atoms in the molecule. It offers itself as a perfectly natural development as soon as, by the acceptance of the atomic and molecular conceptions, the possibility has been recognized of a revelation of the intimate nature of matter. It is necessarily a step into the region of hypothesis, but in a direction in which several theories have already been crowned with so much success that the conceptions gained still occupy a leading position in the whole domain of chemistry.

There is, for example, the molecular conception, with that which pertains to it, namely, the determination of the relative weights of the molecules of different bodies according to Avogadro. There is also the atomic conception of Dalton and the determination of the number and nature of the atoms which each molecule contains; and there are, finally, speculations as to the manner in which these atoms are combined one with another in the molecule, of which they are the components—speculations, in a word, as to molecular structure; and from this point to the problem of the relative position of these atoms is only a step.

The origin of the ideas which are to be developed has been that of every hypothesis, namely, the impossibility of explaining certain phenomena by the aid of existing theories. It was proposed to

deal with certain cases of isomerism [cases of substances whose molecules contain similar numbers of the same atoms and are yet dissimilar in character], inexplicable according to the current notions of molecular structure; although some of these cases—for example, that of the tartaric acids—were already of long standing, yet the theoretical importance of the phenomena lay buried, hidden by the use of terms such as 'physical isomerism.'

Wislicenus, however, took a different line on his discovery of an analogous phenomenon in the case of the lactic acids. This chemist recognized frankly the insufficiency of existing ideas in terms which caused me to reflect on the problem in question. 'Facts compelled me to explain the difference between isomeric molecules of the same structural formulae by the different position of their atoms in space.'

Difference was at that time recognizable between substances which nevertheless were formed of identical molecules according to the prevalent ideas; we have in both cases the same atoms, or the same number of them, combined one with another in the same manner. Consequently, the difference must be due to a difference either in the relative position of the atoms or in their movement.

To consider preferably the former case, the origin of the observed isomerism has been looked for in a difference as to the relative position of atoms. Now, there is an objection to be met at starting, namely, that an accurate knowledge of the relative positions of the atoms should also take into account their movements, the existence of which is at least as probable as the existence of the atoms themselves. Everything, however, tends to show that there is a periodicity in atomic movements, and hence in a preliminary investigation we need only consider the relative position of the atoms in one phase of their movement, leaving out of consideration the movement itself.

To arrive at the fundamental idea we must now consider the different possibilities as to the relative positions of the four groups which are attached to the carbon atom in virtue of its tetratomicity. There is only one supposition possible, namely, that the four groups united to carbon occupy the angles of a regular tetrahedron at the centre of which the carbon atom itself is situated. The only isomerism to be expected in this case presents itself when the four groups attached to the carbon atom are different. This supposition, therefore, requires an isomerism in the case of bodies which contain such a carbon atom, an isomerism which the ordinary structural formula is incapable of predicting.

Now, there follows the coincidence that tartaric acid and lactic acid, which offered inexplicable cases of isomerism, contained also an atom of carbon united to four different groups. It was called the 'asymmetric carbon atom,' because there exists no plane of symmetry in the grouping, such a plane of symmetry only presenting itself when at least two of the four groups are identical.

The fundamental conception of the theory consists, then, in the prediction of isomerism in the case of compounds containing an asymmetric carbon atom.

A slightly different form may be given to the fundamental idea without making any change as to the conclusions which may be drawn from it, a form, however, which protects it from any objection as to its structural nature which might be raised against it.

In what has previously been stated the groups united to carbon are supposed to occupy the angles of a regular tetrahedron, of which the carbon atom occupies the centre. This implies an equidistance of the four groups, which is scarcely probable when the groups are different, because such a difference implies also a difference in the forces which bind the groups to the carbon atom.

This objection may be met without making any supposition as to the nature of the forces which bind the atoms, only making the assumption that these forces are equal, or different, according to the equality or difference of the groups attached. This being so, the regular tetrahedron still holds good in the case where the four groups are identical.

II—Consequences of the Theory

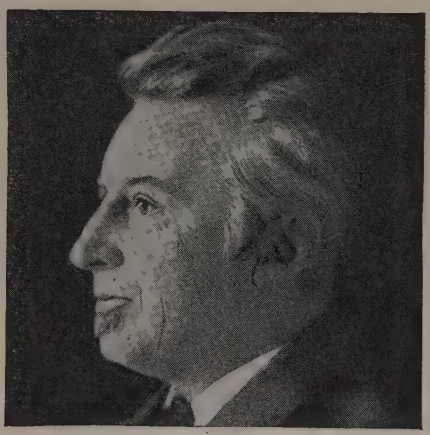
THE theory, then, of the asymmetric carbon atom leads to the prediction of an isomerism in the case of bodies containing an atom of carbon united to four different groups. This isomerism is observable in the case of the tartaric and lactic acids, as has been stated, and in a large number of other cases. But we are to notice that the isomerism in question, proceeding, according to our theory, from a special cause, namely, the relative position of the atoms, presents also a perfectly distinct character in comparison with the isomerisms due to a different cause, such as molecular structure. The former isomerism is always characterised in a constant and special manner by two properties, namely, by the rotatory power and by the crystalline form of the bodies in question.

As to rotatory power, the two isomers existing in virtue of the asymmetric carbon atom rotate the polarised ray in the liquid state, or in a state of solution, a property which bodies not containing the asymmetric carbon atom never display under the same circumstances. This rotation is a criterion of the existence of the isomerism, for it is produced in equal intensity and in an opposite sense by the two bodies. We may observe that this difference in rotatory power is found to be accompanied in other cases also by that enantiomorphism, or mirror-image correspondence of form and structure, which we suppose to exist here.

As regards crystalline form, the two isomers existing in virtue of the asymmetric carbon atom present corresponding mirror-image forms. The external appearance of the two modifications offers a difference absolutely analogous to that which we have supposed due to the atomic grouping; they are each the non-superposable image (*i.e.* mirror-image) of the other.

We may add that Pasteur has already announced the opinion that the rotatory power and the special crystalline form of the bodies in question must result from an asymmetric grouping in the molecule. On this question he expresses himself in the following terms.

'Are the atoms of the dextro-acid (tartaric) grouped in the spirals of a right-handed helix, or *situate at the angles of an irregular tetrahedron*, or arranged in such and such particular unsymmetrical fashion? We are unable to reply to these questions. But there can be no reason for doubting that the grouping of the atoms has an unsymmetrical arrangement with a non-superposable image. It is not less certain that the atoms of the laevo-acid realize precisely an unsymmetrical arrangement the inverse of the above.'



JACOBUS HENRICUS VAN'T HOFF. Dutch chemist, was born at Rotterdam, August 30, 1852. Educated at Delft, Leiden, Bonn and Paris, he graduated at Utrecht university in 1874, and in 1878 became professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology at Amsterdam university. In 1896 he was made honorary professor in the university of Berlin, while the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences enabled him to establish a research laboratory, where for ten years he and his students carried out studies of geological phenomena. Professor Van't Hoff was awarded the first Nobel prize for chemistry in 1901, and received many other honours, including honorary membership of various foreign learned societies. He died March 2, 1911.

FROM the researches of Pasteur on optically active bodies we are entitled to assert that the existence of a compound which in the liquid state, or in solution, rotates the plane of polarised light, necessarily entails the existence of an isomer which differs from it by the sign of its rotation and by its enantiomorphous crystalline form. Pasteur has recognized this co-existence in the case of the tartaric acids and their derivatives. There is also a whole series of analogous observations in addition

Hence the existence of every compound possessing rotatory power in the liquid or dissolved state implies a case of this special isomerism which we have in view, whether the isomer has actually been obtained or not. Consequently it is necessary to prove that optical activity in the circumstances described entails the presence of an asymmetric carbon atom.

On detailed examination we find that there is an asymmetric carbon atom in every body which in the liquid or dissolved state possesses rotatory power. In the fourteen years since its initiation the theory has received abundant verification, and the original list of active bodies whose atomic structure was then known has since been extended in the most satisfactory way.

There is a further class of observations particularly conclusive in the verification of the relation between rotatory power and the asymmetric carbon atom. In my original pamphlet attention was directed to certain cases then known where the optical activity disappears in certain derivatives of active bodies when the asymmetric atom is no longer present. Since then we have become acquainted with a large number of analogous instances.

When a compound with an asymmetric carbon atom is produced in the vegetable or the animal organism, it is found, almost without exception, to possess optical activity. The case is quite different when such a compound is formed artificially; in this case, without exception, optical activity is wanting. We are bound, therefore, to remove this objection to the principles which have been enumerated.

From the first, Le Bel and I have held that the inactivity in these cases results from the presence of an equal quantity of each of the two oppositely active isomers.

That the production of an inactive mixture in the reactions of the laboratory was not only possible but even probable, Le Bel has shown, by reasoning from a general principle of the calculus of probabilities.

Experiment has not been slow to justify this prediction. At the present time no inactive compound with a simple asymmetric carbon atom has withstood separation into two oppositely active isomers.

When first I brought forward the necessity of isomerism in the case of the asymmetric carbon atom it did not appear to me that this isomerism should necessarily and without exception be distinguished by the presence of rotatory power. In short, it appeared to me possible, *a priori*, that the difference of the four groups combined with the same carbon atom was of itself insufficient to cause activity and that some special condition in the groups themselves must be looked for. However, since then, the great diversity of active bodies with which we have become acquainted appears to exclude any such restriction, and the difference of the groups alone appears sufficient. In a word, the presence of the asymmetric carbon atom is sufficient of itself to produce optical activity.

III—More Complicated Cases

The fundamental idea of the foregoing theory is applicable also to compounds in which the atoms of carbon are united in what is called single linking—that is, when two atoms of carbon are united to each other. Here the fundamental principle of the tetrahedric grouping requires that the two atoms of carbon shall occupy the centre of one of the tetrahedrons and an angle of the other.

We have successively to apply the theory to various cases; as, for instance, the case in which one of the carbon atoms is asymmetric—that is, when the four groups with which one of the carbon atoms is united are all different; and, again, the case where both the linked carbon atoms are asymmetric, each being combined with different atoms, or groups of atoms.

The theory can be applied to the case of isomerism in the presence not merely of two asymmetric carbon atoms, but of any number of such atoms. It is easy to see that the number of possible isomers doubles itself for each asymmetric carbon atom, and for n such atoms will be $2n$; and that these isomers are always grouped in pairs, having opposite rotatory power and enantiomorphous crystalline form.

There is also the case where, though there are present two or more asymmetric carbon atoms, the formula is symmetrical,

since each carbon atom is united with similar atoms or groups of atoms. In such cases, we have a body destitute of rotatory power, not by compensation of oppositely active isomers, but by its active atomic structure. In fact, the two parts of the molecule being the non-superposable images of each other, will have an equal but opposite action on polarised light.

What applies to the special case of two asymmetric carbon atoms applies equally to a great number of such atoms, provided the essential condition—symmetry in the molecular formula—is realized. The number of possible active and inactive isomers in any such cases is capable of prediction.

It has been observed that if an asymmetric carbon compound is produced in a laboratory reaction starting from one which is without the asymmetric atom, the optical activity introduced according to our own conception does not appear as such in the compound obtained, because there has been produced a mixture or compound of two isomers with equal, but opposite, activity.

There are proofs which render this supposition an almost incontestable truth. Here let us note the methods which have served to effect the separation of the isomers in question.

Separation is possible by three methods made known by Pasteur. They are based on the three following principles.

1. On the different facility with which oppositely active isomers are transformed by micro-organisms.

2. On the different aptitude of such isomers to combine with an active compound, and the difference of the products so obtained.

3. On the possibility in certain circumstances of separating the bodies in question by crystallisation.

IV—The Success of Stereo-Chemistry

Since the French edition of this work was published a very considerable amount of research has been done which bears directly on the problem of the position of the atoms in space. This theory and its consequences now form a special and important branch of chemical science, to which the name of 'stereo-chemistry' has been applied, and many chemists, including Wislicenus, von Baeyer and Emil Fischer, have devoted special attention to this branch of chemical research.

There appears to be some difference of opinion among chemists as to the stereometric isomerism conditioned by the groups attached to carbon atoms when these carbon atoms are situated in a closed chain.

The matter is, in reality, quite simple. In the first place, with regard to asymmetry of course no carbon atom situated in a closed chain can be combined with four different groups; but if it does not possess a plane of symmetry it will still be asymmetric. More simply, we may say that if the molecule has a non-superposable image it will be asymmetric. It is not always easy to ascertain this from written formulae, but by constructing models of the molecule by means of tetrahedrons we are readily able to determine on which atoms the asymmetry of the compound depends.

In a former work I began by saying: 'Modern chemical theory has two weak points. It expresses itself neither as to the relative position of the atoms in the molecule nor as to their movement.' We have here confined ourselves almost exclusively to the question of relative position. Incidentally, however, the movements of the atoms have also been considered. The very existence of asymmetry in respect of the carbon atom required that groups or atoms do not exchange places anyhow—a state of things which must inevitably result in the production of optical inactivity. But if the atoms or groups change places at all, it must be in a regular, consecutive manner.

An extension of the structural theory is necessary which shall take into account atomic movement. It may be that when we have a better insight into the nature of these movements, an extension of the structural theory in this direction, together with that extension the demonstration of which has been the purpose of this work, will in the future illumine much that is now obscure in the whole domain of the chemistry of the carbon compounds.

A Note on Edmond Rostand

On December 28, 1897, Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac was played for the first time in Paris, and received a rapturous welcome. Its flamboyance, its lofty idealism, its graceful and emphatic irony, its strangely fascinating doggerel and few bursts of real poetry charmed a public that had been consistently depressed for some years by a succession of doleful plays. Maeterlinck succeeded Ibsen, and Hauptmann followed Maeterlinck; while the bitterly pessimistic Becque and the aggressively sordid Théâtre Libre combined to educate their audiences to an understanding of the utterly miserable. But the public were tired of all these; it turned with unaffected gratitude to an author who raised the gaudy standard of poetic Romance.

Manuel

Edmond Rostand about 1910

When the curtain went down on this first performance of Cyrano, it seemed to everybody that the young dramatist (he was born April 1, 1868) had actually donned the heroic mantle of Victor Hugo, and that it became him mightily. But when the early excitement had passed critics began to ask whether he were not an extraordinarily clever writer of melodrama rather than a great Romantic. Admirers of Rostand sprang up everywhere; he was even more fiercely attacked and as warmly defended. The huge success of L'Aiglon when it was produced in 1900 seemed a conclusive answer to the critics; and in 1901 its author was honoured by election to the French Academy. Before he died, on December 2, 1918, his plays were extremely popular throughout Europe. Nevertheless, it is still widely maintained that he cannot justly be described as a great dramatist.

If we were to judge him by the majority of his plays—Les Romanesques (1894), La Princesse Lointaine (1895), La Samaritaine (1897), Chantecler (1910) and La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan, which did not appear until after his death—we should certainly endorse this opinion. In them Rostand shows himself possessed of a very pretty fancy, but no real imagination; a distressing fluency in writing platitudinous couplets; and a sense of the theatre that ceases to be a gift and becomes a grave fault. All these plays are marred by preciousness, and by their author's consciousness that he was restoring poetic drama to the French stage.

Les Romanesques, for example, is fantastic and pleasant, but very superficial. Ostensibly a homeopathic satire, it attempts to cure Romanticism of its lassitude and pallor by administering nicely calculated doses of romance. But it is unsuccessful. We are uncertain at the end of it whether Rostand's thought is ironical or romantic; whether, fundamentally, it is either. There is the same inconclusiveness in Chantecler.

La Samaritaine and La Princesse Lointaine have those qualities that please the gallery and annoy the stalls. La Samaritaine is emotionally religious; La Princesse Lointaine is a fairy story floridly told. Both are adorned with festoons of bizarre words, as promiscuously scattered as the ornaments on a Christmas tree.

Of Rostand's dramatic works, there remain Cyrano de Bergerac and L'Aiglon, and on account of these, but these alone, he deserves the title of a great dramatist. They are perhaps the best romantic dramas of the nineteenth century. Their subjects are even more romantic than, for instance, Marion de Lorme or Lucrèce Borgia—or perhaps we might say that Rostand has a more vivid feeling for colour, a greater abandon, a better developed sense of humour than Hugo. An English translation of Cyrano de Bergerac, by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard, is published by William Heinemann.

Cyrano appeals to our innate hunger for the theatrical in life, to our sympathy for an ugly man who loves a beautiful woman, to our appreciation of gallantry and pageantry. It is full of those well engineered surprises that so greatly distinguish Rostand's lyrical poetry. It blends, according to Hugo's receipt, the grotesque with the sublime; its idealism is as delicate as its mockery, and the poetry is sometimes great. Cyrano himself, it is true, is the only really carefully drawn figure in the caste, but he is giant enough to bear the weight of the play on his shoulders. It has but one fault: Cyrano is 'an unconscionable long time dying.'

L'Aiglon, again, is essentially picturesque, and its theme lends itself admirably to Rostand's genius for creating effective tableaux. L'Aiglon (The Eaglet) is the unfortunate son of Napoleon I, and the play represents his life in Austria.

When we come to appraise Rostand, we see that his genius was greater than his art. He tried to construct great drama from poetry and pageantry, and failed, but he infused his own individual spirit into two of his plays, and they will be immortal.

Edmond Rostand

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EDMOND ROSTAND

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Outlined by Edgar Preston

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Cyrano de Bergerac	Le Bret	Lignière	Lise
Christian de Neuvillette	Vicomte de Valvert	Montfleury	Mother Marguerite
Comte de Guiche	Captain Carbon de Castel-Jaloux	Roxane	Sister Marthe
Ragueneau		The Duenna	Sister Claire, &c., &c.

The Scene is Paris, and the date 1640

First Act: The Hall of the Hôtel de Bourgogne

A PLAY 'La Clorise,' is to be performed in the hall of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Among the first of the spectators to enter are Christian de Neuvillette—young, handsome, but intellectually quite ordinary—who is in love with the beautiful Roxane, yet afraid to declare his passion; Lignière, a besotted poet of talent, who has given offence in high quarters over certain rather incisive verses of his composition; and Ragueneau, 'the poets' pastrycook' in whose shop many hungry men of letters find much-needed nourishment gratis. The kindly little man, who himself has poetical aspirations, enquires frequently for Monsieur de Bergerac, 'rhymer and fighter, physician and musician,' as his friends describe him. Evidently this Gascon gentleman is one to be reckoned with. His audacity, like his swordsmanship and his learning, is extraordinary. Very poor and excessively proud, he will accept favours from none—he speaks his mind to highest and lowest alike, ever ready to support the word at the épée's point—hating all that is inferior and false, protector of the weak, scorner of the oppressor, champion of lost causes, and one of the Cadets of Gascony. But from under his wide-brimmed beaver with its triple plume emerges a nose the biggest, most grotesque was ever seen—a nose so remarkable that folk not knowing him would say: "When is he going to take it off?" And woe betide him who should deride this extravagant proboscis! "His blade," says Ragueneau, "might be the half of Fate's sharp shears."

The principal actor announced to play in the piece to be performed is one Montfleury, an obese, pompous impostor, whom Cyrano de Bergerac, resolved to punish him, has forbidden to appear on the boards for a month. All those who know the Gascon's temper are curious to see what will happen should Montfleury defy him.

Meanwhile the hall fills rapidly. Roxane has come escorted by the Comte de Guiche—himself a Gascon, but of the 'supple, cold, successful sort'—who is plotting to get her in his power. All eyes are turned on her wonderful fair beauty; and Christian, as he gazes from afar, is more than ever in love. Cardinal Richelieu, from behind the grating of his box, sees everything, unseen. De Guiche, the great man's nephew, 'has his ear,' and is therefore to be feared.

The play begins, and Montfleury starts to deliver the opening lines. He has not gone far ere a voice from the middle of the hall sternly bids him cease. The place is soon in an uproar, some taking the one side, some the other. The actor tries time after time, but Cyrano—for he it is—will not let him proceed. Some of the bolder, or more foolish, of the spec-

CYRANO DE BERGERAC
From a contemporary portrait

tators approach the interrupter aggressively. Cyrano faces them, offering to fight each one of them in turn—and there is no response! At length Montfleury, utterly discomfited, leaves the stage. The manager interposes to remark that the public will have their money back. Thereupon Cyrano tosses a purse on to the stage. It was his month's allowance.

The spectators are preparing to leave when much better entertainment is unexpectedly offered them. Vicomte de Valvert, one of the companions of Comte de Guiche, is rash enough to twit Cyrano on the size of his nose, which, of course, means an encounter on the spot. Full of banter, Monsieur de Bergerac offers to compose a *ballade* while they fight and promises to touch his adversary at the end of the 'envoy.' He is as good as his word. At the close of the final quatrain the bewildered Vicomte receives a thrust, and is led away by his friends, while the imperturbable victor is overwhelmed with congratulations.

Roxane is Cyrano's cousin. He loves her passionately, but his disfigurement prevents him from telling her so. After the duel her maid comes to him with a message to say her mistress wishes to speak with him privately. They manage to meet that evening at Ragueneau's. For the first time in his life Cyrano is nervous; he can hardly wait for the appointed hour. Meanwhile Lignière arrives, excited and distressed. He has had word that an ambush has been prepared for him. No fewer than a hundred men are posted by the Porte de Nesle, to see that the outspoken poet does not reach home. It is de Guiche's revenge.

"How many men did you say?" asks Cyrano. "A hundred? Bah! I'll see to it that you sleep in your own bed to-night." Exalted by the thought of his coming meeting with Roxane, he feels capable of anything. He, Cyrano, will lead the way, sword in hand. Lignière and his friends will follow just behind. Yes, and they will have music too! The fiddlers, nothing loth, join in the procession and, lighted by the candles taken from the stage, off they all go—officers, poets, actors, actresses—straight for the Porte de Nesle.

Second Act: The Poets' Eating-House

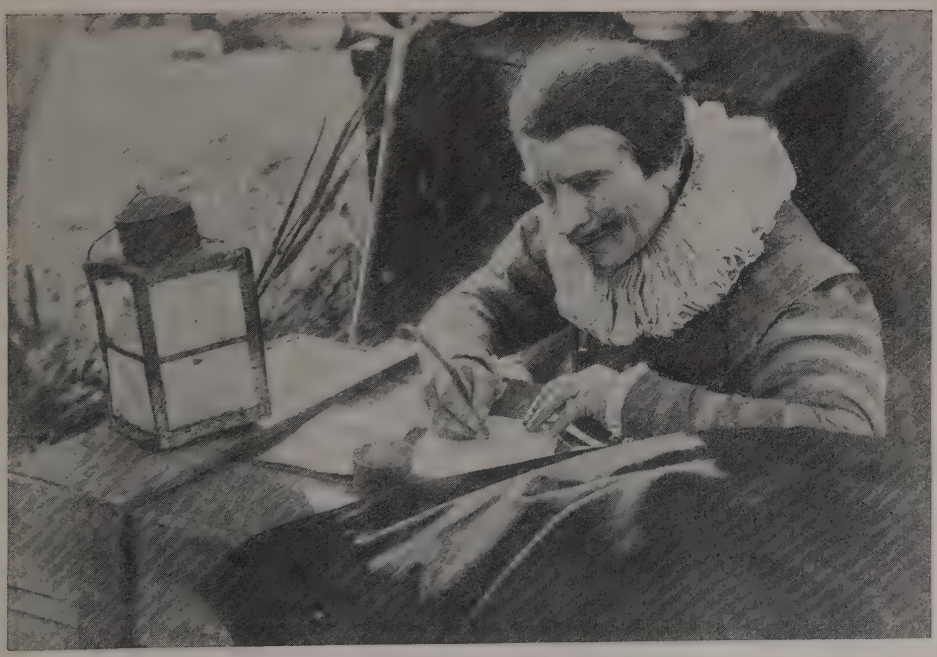
When Cyrano reaches the pastrycook's there is still an hour to kill before his meeting with Roxane. Calling for pen and paper, he writes her a love letter. While he sits there absorbed, poets and others come in, muddy and dishevelled. They tell Ragueneau the story of the great fight: how Cyrano, single-handed, has routed the ignoble hundred, leaving the pavement strewn with their bodies, their beavers, pikes and bludgeons! By this time the hero has finished his letter. Roxane and her duenna arrive and, by arrangement with Ragueneau, the others leave them alone. Loading the attendant with cakes, Cyrano bids her await her mistress outside.

De Bergerac is not left long in doubt as to the state of his fair cousin's heart. She is in love with Christian, and she has come to ask Cyrano to give him his protection, since he will be a stranger among the Cadets of Gascony, whom he has just joined. Chilled and disillusioned, Cyrano

nevertheless gives his promise to be Christian's friend. Roxane, full of gratitude, hurries away. The letter remains in the writer's pocket.

The Cadets arrive, eager to applaud their victorious companion; but he is pensive, and discourages their expansions. Presently the Comte de Guiche comes in. He has heard of Cyrano's exploit and, though it tells against himself, he can hardly resist expressing his admiration. He would be friendly; but the proud Gascon is haughty and will accept no favours. At the request of their captain—Carbon de Castel-Jaloux—Cyrano presents the Cadets to de Guiche. A little later, when the Count has admitted that the ambuscade was ordered by himself 'to punish a drunken rhymester,' Cyrano, with mock ceremony, lays at his feet some of the hats left behind by the routed bravos, which have been picked up and spitted on a sword by a jovial Cadet. De Guiche departs, with a warning to Cyrano that if he continue to tilt at windmills he may find himself caught and rolled in the mud. "Or lifted to the stars!" is the soldier-poet's rejoinder. His faithful friend Le Bret, when they are alone, remonstrates with him for making so many enemies. But Cyrano tells him "it pleases him to displease."

Christian, who does not know Cyrano, makes the acquaintance of his brother Cadets. They are disposed to hold aloof, because he is a Northerner and no Gascon. To show his mettle, Christian interrupts Cyrano time after time while he is recounting the fight with de Guiche's bullies, and makes rude reference to his nose. To the amazement of all, de Bergerac submits to these insults, and at length tells the Cadets to leave him alone with the newcomer. They go out, and Cyrano and Christian are face to face. When the younger man learns the identity of the other he is full of apologies. Cyrano laughs, and tells him of his recent interview with his fair cousin. He even offers to instruct him in the lover's eloquence he lacks, and even gives him the letter he has just written. It is, Cyrano explains, the sort of thing a poet carries about with him, and the lady will never know that Christian is not the author. Henceforth they are bosom friends.



CYRANO DE BERGERAC WRITES A LOVE LETTER TO ROXANE
Courtesy of Pathé Frères

Third Act: Roxane's Kiss

CYRANO is outside Roxane's house in the old Marais quarter. The duenna tells her he is there, and Roxane appears on the balcony. Proudly she reads part of the letter Christian has sent her. The timid lover writes like a poet, she declares, and she is more in love with him than ever. At that moment de Guiche is seen approaching, and Cyrano, anxious lest he be seen, goes into the house.

De Guiche tells Roxane, who has come down to the door, that he is leaving for Arras, which the French are to besiege. Will she not grant him this last night? He will pretend to march with the troops, but delay his departure till the morrow. Feigning compliance, Roxane induces the Count to go away till nightfall. She goes indoors, and Cyrano bids her good-bye, but remains in hiding near the house. Soon Christian appears. He is rash enough to have appointed to meet his lady, quite unprepared with the needful words. The result is disastrous. Seated with her on the seat beneath her window, all the bashful lover can stammer is "I love you." "Yes," replies Roxane. "That's the right theme. Now improvise; embroider; give rein to your feelings; be splendid, like your letter!" But no words come; and soon, disgusted, Roxane goes in, slamming the door in his face.

Cyrano comes to the rescue. Standing beside Christian, below the balcony and out of sight, he tells him to call Roxane, who opens the window and, rather unwillingly, listens as Christian tries to make his peace. This time he is eloquence in person, for Cyrano, at his elbow, prompts him phrase by phrase. Presently, the night being dark, Cyrano takes Christian's place and, changing his voice, pours into her eager ear a passionate avowal of his love. Moved by his eloquence, Roxane tells him to climb to her from the seat. Cyrano mounts, and now, still hidden by the night, he is close to her. He pleads for a kiss, as proof of her affection; and, just at the right moment, gives way to Christian, who receives the embrace he has so little deserved.

De Guiche, who is lurking in a monastery hard by, sends a Capuchin monk to Roxane with a letter. It is to tell her the regiment is about to march, and he will be with her at the hour arranged. Roxane, by the light of a lantern, reads the letter aloud, altering its sense and making it appear that the Capuchin has been sent by de Guiche to unite her in wedlock with Christian. After a little simulated objection, Roxane 'resigns herself,' and the monk soon makes them man and wife. De Guiche arriving just as the ceremony has begun, Cyrano, muffled in his cloak, delays him outside the house with a long, fantastic story of how he has fallen from the clouds. When at last the impatient Count shakes himself free of the supposed lunatic, it is only to see the newly-wedded pair awaiting him on the threshold. Mortified and furious, at once he has revenge. The Cadets were not to have gone to Arras; but now de Guiche tells Christian to make his adieux without a moment's delay; the Gascons go with the rest of the regiment. Christian has to tear himself from Roxane's embraces, as, weeping, she implores Cyrano to guard her husband from harm. Cyrano promises to do his best, and undertakes that Roxane shall have many letters.

Fourth Act: The Cadets of Gascony

CAPTAIN CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX'S company of Gascon Cadets are encamped outside Arras, held by the Spanish forces. Themselves threatened with attack by the enemy from the rear, their food supplies are cut off; in fact, the besiegers are besieged, and they are starving. It is near daybreak, and Cyrano has just returned from his nightly excursion through the enemy lines. Has he not promised that Roxane shall have frequent letters from Christian? He laughs when Le Bret reminds him of the risk he runs, and goes off to write again. The Cadets awake reluctantly; at least, they feel no pangs of hunger while asleep. Cyrano does his best to cheer his companions and, other things failing, he orders the fifers to play the old tunes of Languedoc. Soon most of the Cadets are in tears.

De Guiche is seen approaching. "Don't let him see we're suffering!" cries de Bergerac. "Out with your cards and dice, and puff your pipes!" Presently the Count coldly informs them that the Spaniards will attack an hour hence, having discovered that most of the besieging troops have been withdrawn. All the Cadets have to do is to 'be good enough to get killed,' and so gain time, pending the return of the main force, whose departure is merely a ruse. This is a further act of vengeance on de Guiche's part against the Cadets generally, and Christian and de Bergerac in particular. There is little chance of so small a body being able to withstand an attack in force, and probably they will all be killed.

Soon after de Guiche has gone the sound of carriage bells is heard outside the ramparts, shots are fired, and a voice cries: "On the King's Service." The drums begin to roll, and all the Cadets rise and uncover. The carriage stops, the step is lowered, the door is opened and out steps—Roxane! "What king do you serve?" asks de Guiche, who has returned. "The only king—King Love!" she cries gaily. But how, asks Cyrano, has she contrived to get through the Spanish lines. "I smiled at them and said I was going to see my lover," she explains. "The hidalgos were gallant beyond belief." "But—" exclaims Christian, remembering Roxane is his wife. "Oh!" she laughs. "Had I said *husband* I should never have got through!"

ROXANE, CYRANO AND CHRISTIAN IN THE CAMP OUTSIDE ARRAS
Courtesy of Pathé Frères

They all try to induce her to go away out of danger, but she flatly refuses, and when de Guiche has gone off to inspect his guns she causes consternation by declaring she is hungry and wants something nice to eat. "But, good Heavens! where are we to get it?" "Out of my carriage, of course." And, sure enough, the *carosse* is full of provisions—pies and birds and joints and wines—everything the famished fighters have been dreaming of. And the coachman is none other than Ragueneau, the cook, who has gone into Roxane's service.

In a trice all are as happy as kings. Before de Guiche reappears all traces of the meal are hidden, and he is not a little astonished at the difference in the appearance of the Cadets, who with bright eyes and flushed faces are dancing by now! When he gets the chance, Cyrano warns Christian not to be surprised should Roxane speak of all the letters she has received—two every day; and presently she tells her husband it was these letters—these wonderfully lovely letters—that made her so eager to rejoin him. At first it was his handsome face she had loved; now it is his heart, his soul that has drawn her to him. Even were he ugly, disfigured, she must adore him always. Christian at last begins to realize the truth and, fighting having begun, he rushes off to his place on the ramparts. At the first volley from the enemy he falls, mortally wounded.

and dies, with Roxane, in utter despair, beside him. On Christian's body she finds a letter addressed to her. Cyrano has written it and given it to him. There is a tear-stain on it and blood. Having read the letter, Roxane weeps. "And he is dead!" Cyrano, drawing his sword and preparing to continue the fight, says sadly to himself:

For me there's naught to do but die to-day,
Since, though she know it not, 'tis me she mourns.

Fifth Act: Cyrano's Gazette

It is fifteen years later—1655. Mother Marguerite and Sisters Marthe and Claire sit at their needlework under the trees in the Convent Park, home of the Ladies of the Cross, in Paris. This mild Saturday afternoon in autumn they are talking of Monsieur de Bergerac, who has visited them on that day every week since Roxane joined their community when her husband died. Roxane, still robed in black and wearing her widow's veil, approaches. She is escorted by the Duc de Grammont, lately Comte de Guiche. The Mother and Sisters retire to their duties indoors. The Duke has come to ask Roxane if there is any hope for him—if she intends to wear her widow's weeds for ever? She answers that she is unchanged, and tells him Christian's last letter is still near her heart. Le Bret joins them as they are talking of M. de Bergerac. He tells the Duke Cyrano continues to make enemies and gets thinner daily. As poor as ever and as proud, he almost starves and has but one decent suit to his back. But the chief anxiety of Cyrano's faithful friend is lest some day one of the impostors he has exposed may do him injury. Living all alone in one poor room, de Bergerac might some night be murdered in his bed. "I heard a hint the other day," remarks de Grammont, before making his adieux, "that Cyrano might meet his death by accident."

Roxane goes indoors for a while, leaving Le Bret with Ragueneau, who has just arrived, full of excitement. The former pastrycook tells how Cyrano has been knocked down and injured by a beam of wood, let slip by a lackey from a street window. "Not dead!" exclaims Le Bret. "No, but sorely hurt in the head, and now lying senseless on his bed, to which I carried him." The pair hurry off to Cyrano's room, to see how he fares, and as they go Roxane returns. She has brought her tapestry work, and presently two sisters join her. They carry the big armchair in which M. de Bergerac is wont to sit each week, while he makes them laugh and recites to them his 'Gazette' of news. Roxane is surprised that the hour of his visit should already be past—never before in all these years has her cousin been a minute late.

As she speaks, Cyrano appears on the steps. He is very pale, and his hat is pulled down over his eyes. He advances slowly and with visible effort, leaning heavily on his stick. His appearance is not remarked by Roxane, whose eyes are engaged on her work. At once Cyrano, taking his seat, makes apology for his lateness—a tiresome person has inopportunely detained him. "You sent him away?" inquired Roxane, still weaving. "I sent *her* away, cousin," he replies, "and told her to come again in an hour." "Oh, I shall not let you go till evening," says Roxane, laughing. "Perhaps," rejoins Cyrano softly, "I may have to leave you a little earlier than that."

"See how the leaves are falling," says Roxane, after a pause. "But come, cousin, tell us the news, the latest from your Gazette." Cyrano, with affected gaiety, but paler than ever, and struggling with his pain, begins his weekly recital. He has not gone far before he suddenly comes to a stop. He has fainted. Alarmed, Roxane raises his head, and he revives, declaring it was nothing. Then, as dusk approaches, he says to her: "You promised me that one day I might read the letter that never leaves you. May I read it now?" She takes the letter from the sachet in her breast, and he reads it aloud. As Cyrano reads, Roxane is astonished by his emotion. Silently slipping behind his chair, she looks over his shoulder. It is almost dark now, and it is impossible that the reader should be able to see the handwriting.

All at once the truth is revealed to Roxane. He knows the letter by heart. He wrote it, as he wrote all the others—and the voice of the balcony is his. Challenged with all this, Cyrano denies it; but when she persists his denials grow feebler. "And all the time you have loved me?" "No, dear love, I never loved you." "And the tear-stain here was yours?" "The blood was his."

By this time Le Bret and Ragueneau have returned. They are shocked to see Cyrano, who shows his head covered with bandages. "So that was why he fainted but a little while ago!" exclaims Roxane; and they tell her what has happened.

"Yes," says Cyrano. "Fate has ever jested with me. I would have liked to die pierced through the heart by a foeman worthy of my steel. And now I meet my fate in an ambush, from behind, and at a lackey's hand. So I have failed in all—even in my death."

The tones of the organ in the chapel are heard. "Ah, good," says Cyrano faintly. "I needed a little music." Roxane's arms are around him. "Live!" she implores him. "I love you! And all your sorrows have been caused by me." "No," he declares. "Even my mother could not think me good to look upon. I had no sister. I feared the mocking eye of one whom I might come to love. In you, Roxane, at least I have found a woman friend; and thanks to you a woman's robe has trailed across my life."

Exhausted, and near his end, Cyrano sinks back in his chair, but of a sudden he starts to his feet, and as his friends go to support him, he waves them back and draws his sword. "Let no one help me—only the tree!" And he leans against the chestnut's trunk. Then, thrusting right and left, and sweeping wide circles with his blade, he faces the end. "Come on, come on!" he shouts. "Falsehood, Compromise, Prejudice, Cowardice, yes, and you, Stupidity! Despite you all, I take with me, uncreased, unsullied, my Plume, my Pride!"

Hercule Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac raises his sword high above his head; he staggers forward; the blade falls from his hand. He is dead—and on his lips a smile.

A Landmark in the English Novel

FANNY BURNEY

EVELINA

In many respects the conditions attending the publication of Evelina resembled those of Jane Eyre seventy years later. It was issued anonymously by a firm that did not know the name of the writer, and only the children of the household from which the book came knew its origin. It was published in 1778 under the title Evelina, or A Young Lady's Entrance into the World, and achieved an immediate and immense success which gave the author, a shrinking and modest little body, a foremost place in the literary world of her day. Macaulay's recorded opinion of it is 'Evelina was the first tale written by a woman, and purporting to be a picture of life and manners, that lived or deserved to live. It took away reproach from the novel.' An outline of Fanny Burney's Diary and Letters published under her married name of D'Arblay appears at page 2294 of *The World's Great Books*. Several inexpensive editions of Evelina are procurable.

I—Deserted

Lady Howard to the Rev. Mr. Villars

Can anything be more painful to the friendly mind than a necessity of communicating disagreeable intelligence? I have just had a letter from Madame Duval, who has lately used her utmost endeavours to obtain a faithful account of whatever related to her ill-advised daughter; and having some reason to apprehend that upon her death-bed her daughter bequeathed an infant orphan to the world, she says that if you, with whom she understands the child is placed, will procure authentic proofs of its rela-

tionship with her, you may send it to Paris, where she will properly provide for it.

Her letter has excited in my daughter, Mrs. Mirvan, a strong desire to be informed of the motives which induced Madame Duval to abandon the unfortunate Lady Belmont at a time when a mother's protection was peculiarly necessary for her peace and reputation, and I cannot satisfy Mrs. Mirvan otherwise than by applying to you.

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard

Your ladyship did but too well foresee the perplexity and uneasiness of which Madame Duval's letter has been productive. In regard to my answer I most humbly request your ladyship to write to this effect: 'That I would not upon any account intentionally offend Madame Duval, but that I have unanswerable reasons for detaining her granddaughter at present in England.'

Complying with the request of Mrs. Mirvan, I would say that I had the honour to accompany Mr. Evelyn, the grandfather of my young charge, when upon his travels, in the capacity of a tutor. His unhappy marriage, immediately upon his return to England, with Madame Duval, then a waiting-girl at a tavern, contrary to the entreaties of his friends, induced him to fix his abode in France. He survived the ill-judged marriage but two years.

Mr. Evelyn left me the sole guardianship of his daughter's person till her eighteenth year, but in regard to fortune he left her wholly dependent on her mother. Miss Evelyn was brought up under my care. In her eighteenth year, her mother, then married to Monsieur Duval, sent for her to Paris, and at the instigation of her husband tyrannically endeavoured to effect a union between Miss Evelyn and one of his nephews. Miss Evelyn soon grew weary of such usage, and rashly, and without a witness, consented to a private marriage with Sir John Belmont, a very profligate young man, who had but too successfully found means to insinuate himself into her favour. He promised to conduct her to England—he did. O madam, you know the rest! Disappointed of the fortune he expected by the inexcusable rancour of the Duvals, he infamously burnt the certificate of their marriage and denied that they had ever been united!

She flew to my protection, and the moment that gave birth to her infant put an end at once to the sorrows and the life of its mother. That child, madam, shall never know the loss she has sustained. Not only affection, but my humanity recoils at the barbarous idea of deserting the sacred trust reposed in me.

II—A Visit to Town

Lady Howard to Mr. Villars

Your last letter gave me infinite pleasure. Do you think you could bear to part with your young companion for two or three months? Mrs. Mirvan proposes to spend the ensuing spring in London, whither for the first time my grandchild will accompany her, and it is their earnest wish that your amiable ward may share equally with her own daughter the care and attention of Mrs. Mirvan. What do you say to our scheme?

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard

I am grieved, madam, to appear obstinate, and I blush to incur the imputation of selfishness. My young ward is of an age that happiness is eager to attend—let her then enjoy it! I commit her to the protection of your ladyship. Restore her but to me all innocence as you receive her, and the fondest hope of my heart will be amply gratified.

Evelina Anville to Mr. Villars

We are to go on Monday to a private ball given by Mrs. Stanley, a very fashionable lady of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance. I am afraid of this ball; for, as you know, I have never danced but at school. However, Miss Mirvan says there is nothing in it. Yet I wish it was over.

. . . . .

We passed a most extraordinary evening. A private ball this was called; but, my dear sir, I believe I saw half the world!

The gentlemen, as they passed and repassed, looked as if they thought we were quite at their disposal and only

waited for the honour of their commands; and they sauntered about in an indolent manner, as if with a view to keep us in suspense.

Presently a gentleman, who seemed about six-and-twenty years old, gaily, but not foppishly dressed, and indeed extremely handsome, with an air of mixed politeness and gallantry, desired to know if I would honour him with my hand. Well, I bowed, and I am sure I coloured; for indeed I was frightened at the thought of dancing before so many strangers *with* a stranger. And so he led me to join in the dance.

He seemed desirous of entering into conversation with me; but I was seized with such panic that I could hardly speak a word. He appeared surprised at my terror and, I fear, thought it very strange.

His own conversation was sensible and spirited; his air and address open and noble; his manners gentle, attentive and infinitely engaging; his person is all elegance, and his countenance the most animated and expressive I have ever seen. The rank of Lord Orville was his least recommendation. When he discovered I was totally ignorant of public places and public performers, he ingeniously turned the discourse to the amusements and occupations of the country; but I was unable to go further than a monosyllable in reply, and not even so far as that when I could possibly avoid it.

Tired, ashamed and mortified, I begged at last to sit down till we returned home. Lord Orville did me the honour to hand me to the coach, talking all the way of the honour I had done *him!* Oh, these fashionable people!

THERE is no end to the troubles of last night. I have gathered from Maria Mirvan the most curious dialogue that ever I heard. Maria was taking some refreshment, and saw Lord Orville advancing for the same purpose himself, when a gay-looking man, Sir Clement Willoughby, I am told, stepped up and cried, "Why, my lord, what have you done with your lovely partner?"

"Nothing!" answered Lord Orville, with a smile and a shrug.

"By Jove!" said the man, "she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw!"

Lord Orville laughed, but answered, "Yes, a pretty, modest-looking girl!"

"Oh, my lord," cried the other, "she is an angel!"

"A silent one," returned he.

"Why, my lord, she looks all intelligence and expression!"

"A poor, weak girl," answered Lord Orville, shaking his head. "Whether ignorant or mischievous I will not pretend to determine; but she attended to all I said to her with the most immovable gravity."

Here Maria was called to dance, and so heard no more.

Now, tell me, sir, did you ever know anything more provoking? 'A poor, weak girl! Ignorant or mischievous!' What mortifying words! I would not live here for the world. I care not how soon I leave.

III—An Unlucky Meeting

Evelina to Mr. Villars

HOW much will you be surprised, my dearest sir, at receiving so soon another letter from London in your Evelina's writing. An accident, equally unexpected and disagreeable, has postponed our journey to Lady Howard at Howard Grove.

We went last night to see the 'Fantocini,' a little comedy in French and Italian, by puppets, and when it was over, and we waited for our coach, a tall, elderly, foreign looking woman brushed quickly past us, calling out, "My God! What shall I do? I have lost my company, and in this place I don't know anybody."

"We shall but follow the golden rule," said Mrs. Mirvan, "if we carry her to her lodgings."

We therefore admitted her to our coach to carry her to Oxford Road. Let me draw a veil over a scene too cruel for a heart so compassionate as yours, and suffice it to know that this foreigner proved to be Madame Duval—the grandmother of your Evelina!

When we stopped at her lodgings she desired me to accompany her into the

house, and said she could easily procure a room for me to sleep in.

I promised to wait upon her at what time she pleased the next day.

What an unfortunate adventure! I could not close my eyes the whole night.

Mrs. Mirvan was so kind as to accompany me to Madame Duval's house this morning. She frowned most terribly on Mrs. Mirvan, but received me with as much tenderness as I believe she was capable of feeling. She avowed that her intention in visiting England was to make me return with her to France. As it would have been indecent for me to have quitted town the very instant I discovered that Madame Duval was in it, we have determined to remain in London for some days. But I, my dear and most honoured sir, shall have no happiness till I am again with you.

Mr. Villars to Evelina

Secure of my protection, let no apprehensions of Madame Duval disturb your peace. Conduct yourself towards her with all the respect and deference due to so near a relation, remembering always that the failure of duty on her part can by no means justify any neglect on yours. Make known to her the independence I assure you of, and when she fixes the time for her leaving England, trust to me the task of refusing your attending her.

Evelina to Mr. Villars

I have spent the day in a manner the most uncomfortable imaginable. Madame Duval, on my visiting her, insisted upon my staying with her all day, as she intended to introduce me to some of my own relations. These consisted of a Mr. Brangton, who is her nephew, and three of his children—a son and two daughters—and I am not ambitious of being known to more of my relations if they have any resemblance to those whose acquaintance I have already made.

I had finished my letter to you when a violent rapping at the door made me run downstairs, and who should I see in the drawing-room but Lord Orville!

He inquired of our health with a degree of concern that rather surprised me, and when I told him our time for London is almost expired, he asked, "And does Miss Anville feel no concern at the idea of the many mourners her absence will occasion?"

"Oh, my lord, I'm sure you don't think"—I stopped there, for I hardly knew what I was going to say. My foolish embarrassment, I suppose, was the cause of what followed; for he came and took my hand, saying, "I do think that whoever has once seen Miss Anville must receive an impression never to be forgotten."

This compliment—from Lord Orville—so surprised me that I could not speak, but stood silent and looking down, till recollecting my situat on I withdrew my hand and told him I would see if Mrs. Mirvan was in.

I have since been extremely angry with myself for neglecting so excellent an opportunity of apologising for my behaviour at the ball.

Was it not very odd that he should make me such a compliment?

Mrs. Mirvan secured places last night for the play at Drury Lane Theatre in the front row of a side box. Sir Clement Willoughby, whose conversation with Lord Orville respecting me on the night of the ball Miss Mirvan overheard, was at the door of the theatre, and handed us from the carriage. We had not been seated five minutes before Lord Orville, whom we saw in the stage-box, came to us; and he honoured us with his company all the evening. To-night we go to the opera, where I expect very great pleasure. We shall have the same party as at the play, for Lord Orville said he should be there and would look for us.

IV—A Compromising Situation

Evelina to Mr. Villars

I could write a volume of the adventures of yesterday.

While Miss Mirvan and I were dressing for the opera, what was our surprise to see our chamber-door flung open and the two Miss Brangtons enter the room! They advanced to me with great familiarity, saying, "How do you do, cousin? So we've caught you at the

glass! Well, we're determined to tell our brother of that!" Miss Mirvan, who had never before seen them, could not at first imagine who they were, till the elder said: "We've come to take you to the opera, miss. Papa and my brother are below, and we are to call for your grandmother as we go along."

I told them I was pre-engaged, and they hastened away, saying, "Well, her grandmamma will be in a fine passion, that's one good thing!"

And indeed, shortly afterwards, Madame Duval arrived, her face the colour of scarlet and her eyes sparkling with fury, and behaved so violently that to appease her I consented, by Mrs. Mirvan's advice, to go with madame's party.

At the opera I was able, from the upper gallery, to distinguish the happy party I had left, with Lord Orville seated next to Mrs. Mirvan. During the last scene I perceived, standing near the gallery door, Sir Clement Willoughby. I was extremely vexed, and would have given the world to have avoided being seen by him in company with a family so low bred and vulgar.

As soon as he was within two seats of us he spoke to me. "I am very happy, Miss Anville, to have found you, for the ladies below have each a humble attendant, and therefore I am come to offer my services here."

"Why, then," cried I, "I will join them." So I turned to Madame Duval, and said, "As our party is so large, madame, I will go down to Mrs. Mirvan that I may not crowd you in the coach."

And then, without waiting for an answer, I suffered Sir Clement to hand me out of the gallery.

We could not, however, find Mrs. Mirvan in the confusion, and Sir Clement said, "You can have no objection to permitting me to see you safe home?"

While he was speaking I saw Lord Orville, who advanced instantly towards me and, with an air and voice of surprise, said, "Do I see Miss Anville?"

I was inexpressibly distressed to suffer Lord Orville to think me satisfied with the single protection of Sir Clement Willoughby, and could not help exclaiming, "Good heaven, what can I do?"

"Why, my dear madam," cried Sir Clement, "should you be thus uneasy? You will reach Queen Anne Street almost as soon as Mrs. Mirvan, and I am sure you cannot doubt being as safe."

Just then the servant came and told him the carriage was ready, and he handed me into it, while Lord Orville, with a bow and a half-smile, wished me good-night. When I reached home Miss Mirvan ran out to meet me, and who should I see behind her but—Lord Orville, who, with great politeness, congratulated me that the troubles of the evening had so happily ended, and said he had found it impossible to return home before he inquired after my safety.

I am under cruel apprehensions lest Lord Orville should suppose my being on the stairs with Sir Clement was a concerted scheme.

V—A Growing Acquaintance

Evelina to Mr. Villars

Bristol Hotwells.—Lord Orville is coming to Bristol with his sister, Lady Louisa Larpent. They are to be at the Honourable Mrs. Beaumont's, and it will be impossible to avoid seeing him, as Mrs. Selwyn is very well acquainted with Mrs. Beaumont.

This morning I accompanied Mrs. Selwyn to Clifton Hill, where, beautifully situated, is the house of Mrs. Beaumont. As we entered the house I summoned all my resolution to my aid, determined rather to die than to give Lord Orville reason to attribute my weakness to a wrong cause. On his seeing me, he suddenly exclaimed, "Miss Anville!" and then he advanced and made his compliments to me with a countenance open, manly and charming, a smile that indicated pleasure, and eyes that sparkled with delight. The very tone of his voice seemed flattering as he congratulated himself upon his good fortune in meeting with me.

During our ride home Mrs. Selwyn asked me if my health would now permit me to give up my morning walks to the pump-room for the purpose of spending a week at Clifton; and as my health is now very well established, to-morrow, my dear

sir, we are to be actually the guests of Mrs. Beaumont. I am not much delighted at this scheme, for greatly as I am flattered by the attention of Lord Orville, I cannot expect him to support it as long as a week.

. . . . .

We were received by Mrs. Beaumont with great civility, and by Lord Orville with something more.

The attention with which he honours me seems to result from a benevolence of heart that proves him as much a stranger to caprice as to pride. I am not now merely easy, but even gay in his presence · true politeness banishes all embarrassment

VI—A Happy Ending

Evelina to Mr. Villars

And now, my dearest sir, if the perturbation of my spirits will allow me, I will finish my last letter from Clifton Hill.

This morning, when I went downstairs, Lord Orville was the only person in the parlour. I felt no small confusion at seeing him alone after having recently avoided him.

As soon as the usual compliments were over, I would have left the room, but he stopped me.

"I have been so unfortunate as to forfeit your friendship; your eye shuns mine and you sedulously avoid my conversation. Tell me what I have done, and how to deserve your pardon."

"Oh, my lord!" cried I, "I have never dreamt of offence; if there is any pardon to be asked it is rather for me than for you to ask it."

"You are all sweetness and condescension!" cried he; "but will you pardon a question essentially important to me? Had, or had not, Sir Clement Willoughby any share in causing your inquietude?"

"No, my lord," answered I, with firmness, "none in the world. He is the last man who could have any influence over my conduct."

Just then Mrs. Beaumont opened the door, and in a few minutes we went in to breakfast. When she spoke of my journey a cloud overspread the countenance of Lord Orville, and on Mrs. Selwyn asking me to seek some books for her in the parlour, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door, and approached me with a look of great anxiety.

"You are going, then," he cried, taking my hand, "and you give me not the smallest hope of your return?"

"Oh, my lord!" I said, "surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me!"

"Mock you!" repeated he earnestly; "no, I revere you! You are dearer to me than language has the power of telling!"

I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraved on my heart; but his protestations were too flattering for repetition; nor would he suffer me to escape until he had drawn from me the most sacred secret of my heart!

To be loved by Lord Orville, to be the honoured choice of his noble heart—my happiness seems too infinite to be borne.

. . . . .

I could not write yesterday, so violent was the agitation of my mind, but I will not now lose a moment till I have hastened to my best friend an account of the transactions of the day.

Mrs. Selwyn and I went early in Mrs. Beaumont's chariot to see my father, Sir John Belmont. What a moment for your Evelina when, taking my hand, she led me forward into his presence!

He had, however, seen me first, for in a voice scarce articulate he exclaimed, "My God! does Caroline Evelyn still live? Lift up thy head, thou image of my long-lost Caroline! Yes, yes! I see thou art her child! She lives, she is present to my view!"

"Yes, sir," cried I, "it is your child if you will own her!"

He folded me in his arms. "Own thee?" he repeated, "Yes, my poor girl, and heaven knows with what bitter contrition!"

. . . . .

All is over, my dearest sir, and the fate of your Evelina is decided! This morning, with tearful joy, and trembling gratitude, she united herself for ever with the object of her dearest, her eternal affection.

I have time for no more; the chaise now waits which is to conduct me to Berry Hill and the arms of the best of men.

GEORGE BORROW

WILD WALES

IN 1854 Borrow went on a tour in Wales with his wife and step-daughter, producing a record of his travels in Wild Wales, its People, Language and Scenery, which was published in 1862. The book received curt treatment from most of the critics, but The Spectator declared that Borrow had written 'the best book about Wales ever published.' This verdict has been endorsed by admirers of Wales and of Borrow. Less imaginative than his earlier works, it is more natural and cheerful; it is a faithful record of studies of Welsh scenery and characteristics, and affords many a delightful glimpse of the remarkable personality of its author. Outlines of Borrow's The Bible in Spain, The Zincali, Lavengro, and The Romany Rye appear at pages 283, 1575, 2131 and 2264 respectively.

I—Its People, Language and Scenery

IN the summer of the year 1854, myself, wife and daughter determined upon going into Wales to pass a few months there. It was my knowledge of Welsh, such as it was, that made me desirous that we should go to Wales. In my boyhood I had been something of a philologist and had learnt some Welsh, partly from books and partly from a Welsh groom. I was well versed in the compositions of various of the old Welsh bards, especially those of Dafydd ap Gwilym, whom I have always considered as the greatest poetical genius that has appeared in Europe since the revival of literature.

So our little family started for Wales on July 27, and next day we arrived at Chester. Three days later I sent my wife and daughter by train to Llangollen, and on the following morning I left Chester for Llangollen on foot. After passing through Wrexham, I soon reached Rhiwabon, whence my way lay nearly west.

A woman passed me going towards Rhiwabon. I pointed to a ridge to the east, and asked its name. The woman shook her head and replied, "Dim Saesneg" (No English).

"This is as it should be," said I to myself; "I now feel I am in Wales." I repeated the question in Welsh.

"Cefn bach," she replied—which signifies the little ridge.

"Diolch iti," I replied, and proceeded on my way.

On arriving at Llangollen I found my wife and daughter at the principal inn. During dinner we had music, for a Welsh harper stationed in the passage played upon his instrument 'Codiad yr ehedydd.' "Of a surety," said I, "I am in Wales!"

The beautiful valley of the Dee, or Dwy, of which the Llangollen district forms part, is called in the British tongue Glyndyfrdwy. The celebrated Welsh chieftain, generally known as Owen Glendower, was surnamed after the valley, which belonged to him.

Connected with the Dee there is a wonderful Druidical legend to the following effect. The Dee springs from two fountains, high up in Merionethshire, called Dwy Fawr and Dwy Fach, or the great and little Dwy, whose waters pass through those of the lake of Bala without mingling with them, and come out at its northern extremity. These fountains had their names from two individuals, Dwy Fawr and Dwy Fach, who escaped from the Deluge, and the passing of the waters of the two fountains through the lake, without being confounded with its flood, is emblematic of the salvation of the two individuals from the Deluge, of which the lake is a type.

I remained at Llangollen for nearly a month, first of all ascending to Dinas Bran, a ruined stronghold of unknown antiquity, which crowns the top of the mighty hill on the northern side of the valley; then walking more than once over the Berwyn hills; then visiting the abbey of the Vale of the Cross, where lies buried the poet Iolo Goch, the friend of Owen Glendower; then making an expedition on foot to Ruthin.

Before leaving Llangollen I went over the Berwyn again to the valley of Ceiriog, to see the birthplace of Huw Morris, the great Royalist poet, whose pungent satires on King Charles's foes ran like wild fire through Wales. Through a maze of tangled shrubs, in pouring rain, I was led to his chair—a mouldering stone slab forming the seat, and a large slate stone the back, with the poet's initials cut in it.

I uncovered, and said in the best Welsh I could command, 'Shade of Huw Morris, a Saxon has come to this place to pay that respect to true genius which he is ever ready to pay.' I then sat down in the chair, and commenced repeating the verses of Huw Morris. The Welsh folk who were with me listened patiently and approvingly in the rain, for enthusiasm is never scoffed at by the noble, simple-minded, genuine Welsh, whatever treatment it may receive from the coarse-hearted, sensual, selfish Saxon.

On a brilliant Sunday morning in late August, I left Llangollen on foot for Bangor, Snowdon and Anglesey. I walked through Corwen to Cerrig y Drudion, within sight of Snowdon. At the inn, where I spent the night, the landlady remarked that it was odd that the only two people not Welshmen she had ever known who could speak Welsh should be in her house at the same time. The other man, I found, was an Italian of Como, with whom I conversed in his native tongue.

Next morning, I started to walk to Bangor, a distance of thirty-four miles. After passing across a stretch of flat country, I reached Pentre Voelas, and soon found myself in a wild, hilly region. Presently I arrived at a cottage just inside the door of which sat a good-looking, middle-aged woman, engaged in knitting, the general occupation of Welsh females.

"Good-day," said I to her in Welsh. "Fine weather."

"In truth, sir, it is fine weather for the harvest."

"Are you alone in the house?"

"I am, sir; my husband has gone to his labour."

"Have you any children?"

"Two, sir, but they are out in service."

"What is the name of the river near here?"

"It is called the Conway. You have heard of it, sir?"

"Heard of it! It is one of the famous rivers of the world. One of the great poets of my country calls it the old Conway."

"Is one river older than another, sir?"

"That's a shrewd question. Can you read?"

"I can, sir."

"Have you any books?"

"I have the Bible, sir."

"Will you show it me?"

"Willingly, sir."

On opening the book the first words which met my eye were 'Gad i my fyned trwy dy dir!' (Let me go through your country. Numbers xx, 22.)

"I may say these words," said I—"let me go through your country."

"No one will hinder you, sir, for you seem a civil gentleman."

"No one has hindered me hitherto. Wherever I have been in Wales I have experienced nothing but kindness."

"What country is yours, sir?"

"England. Did you not know that by my tongue?"

"I did not, sir. I took you for a Cumro of the south."

I departed, and proceeded through a truly magnificent country to the celebrated Vale of Conway. Then I turned westwards to Capel Curig, and from there walked over wild, sterile hills, and down a gloomy valley with enormous rock walls on either hand, to Bethesda and Bangor, where my family awaited me.

II—On Snowdon's Lofty Summit

On the third morning after our arrival at Bangor we set out for Snowdon. Snowdon is interesting on various accounts. It is interesting for its picturesque beauty; it is interesting from its connexion with Welsh history. But it is from its connexion with romance that Snowdon derives its chief interest. Who does not associate it with the heroes of romance, Arthur and his knights?

We went through Carnarvon to Llanberis, and there I started with Henrietta,

my daughter, to ascend the hill, my wife not deeming herself sufficiently strong to encounter the fatigue of the expedition. For some way the ascent was anything but steep, but towards the summit the path became much harder; at length, however, we stood safe and sound upon the very top of Snowdon.

"Here," said I to Henrietta, "you are on the top crag of Snowdon, which the Welsh consider, and perhaps with justice, to be the most remarkable crag in the world; which is mentioned in many of their old wild romantic tales, and some of the noblest of their poems, amongst others, in The Day of Judgement, by the illustrious Goronwy Owen."

To this harangue Henrietta listened with attention; three or four English, who stood nigh, with grinning scorn, and a Welsh gentleman with much interest.

The Welshman, coming forward, shook me by the hand, exclaiming, "Wyt ti Lydaueg?" (Are you from Brittany?)

"I am not a Llydauan," said I; "I wish I was, or anything but what I am, one of a nation amongst whom any knowledge, save what relates to money-making, is looked upon as a disgrace. I am ashamed to say that I am an Englishman."

My family then returned to Llangollen, whilst I took a trip into Anglesey to visit Llanfair, the birthplace of the great poet, Goronwy Owen, whose works I had read with enthusiasm in my early days. I went on to Holyhead, and ascended the headland. The prospect, on every side, was noble, and in some respects this Pen Santaidd reminded me of Finisterra, the Gallegan promontory which I had ascended some seventeen years before.

Next morning I departed for Beddgelert by way of Carnarvon. After passing by Lake Cwellyn, where I conversed with the Snowdon ranger, an elderly man who is celebrated as the tip-top guide to Snowdon, I reached Beddgelert, and found the company at the hotel there perhaps even more disagreeable than that which I had left behind at Bangor. Beddgelert is the scene of the legend of Llywelyn ap Jorwerth's dog Gelert, a legend which, whether true or fictitious, is singularly beautiful and affecting.

On the way to Festiniog next day I entered a refreshment-place, where I was given a temperance drink that was much too strong for me. By mixing it with plenty of water, I made myself a beverage tolerable enough; a poor substitute, however, to a genuine Englishman for his proper drink, the liquor which, according to the Edda, is called by men ale, and by the gods, beer.

Between this place and Tan-y-Bwlch I lost my way. I obtained a wonderful view of the Wyddfa towering in sublime grandeur to the west, and of the beautiful but spectral mountain Knicht in the north; to the south the prospect was noble indeed—waters, forests, hoary mountains and, in the far distance, the sea. But I underwent sore hardships ere I found my way again, and I was feeling much exhausted when I entered the Grapes Inn at Tan-y-Bwlch.

In the parlour was a serious-looking gentleman, with whom, as I sipped my brandy-and-water, I entered into a discourse that soon took a religious turn. He told me that he believed in Divine predestination, and that he did not hope to be saved; he was predestined to be lost. I disputed the point with him for a considerable time, and left him looking very miserable, perhaps at finding that he was not quite so certain of eternal damnation as he had hitherto supposed.

An hour's walking brought me to Festiniog, the birthplace of Rhys Goch, a celebrated bard, and a partisan of Owen Glendower. Next morning I crossed a wild and cheerless moor that extended for miles and miles, and entered a valley with an enormous hill on my right. Presently meeting four men, I asked the foremost of them its name.

"Arenig Vawr," he replied, or something like it.

I asked if anybody lived upon it.

"No," he replied; "too cold for man."

"Fox?" said I.

"No! too cold for fox."

"Crow?" said I.

"No; too cold for crow; crow would be starved upon it." He then looked me in the face, expecting probably that I should smile. I, however, looked at him

with all the gravity of a judge, whereupon he also observed the gravity of a judge, and we continued looking at each other with all the gravity of judges till we both simultaneously turned away.

Shortly afterwards I came to a beautiful valley; a more bewitching scene I never beheld. I was now within three miles of Bala, where I spent the night at an excellent inn. The name of the lake of Bala is Llyn Tegid, which signifies Lake of Beauty; and certainly this name was not given for nothing.

Next day, shortly after sunset, I reached my family at Llangollen and remained there for some weeks, making excursions to Chirk Castle and elsewhere. On October 21 I left my family to make preparations for their return to England, and myself departed for South Wales.

III—Wanderings in South Wales

I WALKED first to Llan Rhyadr, visited Sycharth and Llan Silin, where Huw Morris is buried, saw the cataract of the Rhyadr, and crossed the hills to Bala. After remaining a day in this beautiful neighbourhood, I crossed a stupendous pass to Dinas Mawddwy, in the midst of the region once inhabited by the red-haired banditti of Mawddwy, the terror of the greater part of North Wales. From there I passed down a romantic gorge, through which flows the Royal Dyfi, to Mallwyd, where I spent the night.

Next morning I descended the valley of the Dyfi to Machynlleth, a thoroughly Welsh town situated among pleasant green meadows. At Machynlleth, in 1402, Owen Glendower had a parliament and was formally crowned King of Wales. To Machynlleth came Dafydd Gam, with the view of assassinating Owen, who, however, had him seized and conducted in chains to a prison in the mountains of Sycharth.

On November 2, I left Machynlleth by a steep hill to the south, whence there is a fine view of the Dyfi valley, and set out for the Devil's Bridge. The road was at first exceedingly good and the scenery beautiful. Afterwards I had to pass over very broken ground, and the people of whom I asked my way were Saxon-haters and uncivil. Night was coming on fast when I reached the inn of Pont Erwyd.

Next day I went on to the Devil's Bridge in the agreeable company of a Durham mining captain, who had come to this country thirty-five years before to help in opening Wales—that is, by mining in Wales in the proper fashion.

Arrived at the Devil's Bridge, I viewed its magnificent scenery, and especially observed the cave of the Wicked Children, the mysterious Plant de Bat, sons of Bat or Bartholomew, who concealed themselves in this recess and plundered the neighbourhood. Finally, they fell upon a great gentleman on the roads by night, and not only robbed, but murdered him.

"That job was the ruin of Plant de Bat," an old postman told me, "for the great gentleman's friends hunted after his murderers with dogs, and at length came to the cave and, going in, found it stocked with riches, and the Plant de Bat sitting upon the riches, not only the boys, but their sister, who was as bad as themselves. So they took out the riches and the Plant de Bat, and the riches they did give to churches and hospitals, and the Plant de Bat they did execute, hanging the boys and burning the girl."

AFTER a visit to the Minister's Bridge, not far distant, a place very wild and savage, but not comparable in sublimity with the Devil's Bridge, I determined to ascend the celebrated mountain of Plynlimmon, where arise the rivers Rheidol, Severn and Wye. I caused my guide to lead me to the sources of each of the three rivers. That of the Rheidol is a small, beautiful lake, overhung on two sides by frightful crags. The source of the Severn is a little pool some twenty inches long, covered at the bottom with small stones; the source of the Wye is a pool not much larger. The fountain of the Rheidol stands apart from the others, as if, proud of its own beauty, it disdained their homeliness. I drank deeply at all three sources.

Next day I went by Hafod and Spitty Ystwith over a bleak moorland country to the valley of the Teivi, and turned reverently aside to the celebrated monastery of Strata Florida, where is buried Dafydd

ap Gwilym, the greatest genius of the Cymbric race. In this neighbourhood I heard a great deal of the exploits of Twm Shone Catti, the famous Welsh robber who became a country gentleman and a justice of the peace.

From Tregaron, eight miles beyond Strata Florida, I went on to Llan Ddewi Brefi and Lampeter, and crossed over to Llandovery in the fair valley of the Towny. From there I went over the Black Mountains, in mist and growing darkness, to Gutter Vawr, and thence to Swansea. Through a country blackened with industry, I walked to Neath; thence in rainy weather to Merthyr Tydvil, where I went to see the Cyfartha Fawr Ironworks. Here I saw enormous furnaces and heard all kinds of dreadful sounds.

From Merthyr Tydvil I journeyed to Caerfili by Pen-y-Glas; then to Newport; then by Caer Went, once an important Roman station and now a poor, desolate place, to Chepstow. I went to the Wye and drank of the waters at its mouth, even as some time before I had drunk of the waters at its source. Returning to the inn, I got my dinner and, placing my feet against the sides of the grate, I drank wine and sang Welsh songs till ten o'clock. Then I proceeded to the railroad station and took a first-class ticket to London.

A Model of Controversial Literature

JEREMY BENTHAM

A FRAGMENT ON GOVERNMENT

WHEN he was studying at Oxford, as a boy of fifteen, Bentham attended lectures by Sir William Blackstone, and declared that even then he detected the fallacies in Blackstone's eulogy of the British constitution. In 1776 he published anonymously his A Fragment on Government, or A Comment on the Commentaries, which was variously attributed to Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden and Lord Ashburton. Admirably written and free from the mannerisms of his later works, by its criticism of Blackstone's famous Commentaries on the Laws of England the book was a new point of departure in jurisprudence. An outline of Bentham's other great work, The Principles of Morals, appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. A Fragment on Government is published by the Clarendon Press.

I—Sir William Blackstone's Sophistries

THE present is an age of discoveries in the natural world. If there is no room for discovery in the moral world, there is certainly room for proposing reformation therein; though we may suspect that an adequate examination of the moral data would provide what would be in effect discoveries—with so little method and precision have the consequences of this fundamental axiom, 'it is the greatest happiness of the greatest number that is the measure of right and wrong,' been as yet developed.

When an author of great name avowedly opposes every endeavour to improve the laws, the interests of reformation demand the downfall of his works. Such an one is the author of the Commentaries on the Laws of England. With this end in view, I examined the introductory volume, and there found a digression, which suffices to form the subject of this essay, as exemplifying the fundamental defects pervading the whole work.

Avowedly, our author is an expositor of the law as it is, not a censor of the law as it ought to be. When, therefore, he departs from this function to defend abuses, he is all the more personally responsible for the sophistries employed in doing so. It is no less a duty to censure laws when they are wrong than to justify them when right. If nothing is ever found fault with, nothing will ever be mended.

Free criticism has no dangers. If there be institutions which it is 'arrogant' for a private individual to attack, there are others which it is effrontery to defend. But it would appear that it was 'indecent' and 'arrogant' of Beccaria to condemn torture!

Had this work, then, been purely expository, I should not have made it

my business to attack it. It is the censorial, or critical, portion which demands these animadversions. But I have confined myself to criticising this particular section not because it contains the most flagrant and most censurable passages—many of the most outrageous are to be found not here, but elsewhere—but because, while it presents a fair average sample of the author's methods, it is also definitely separable from the rest, and capable of being dealt with apart.

But while with this freedom I expose our author's ill deserts, let me not be backward in acknowledging and paying homage to his various merits. Correct, elegant, unembarrassed, ornamented, the style is such as could scarce fail to recommend a work still more vicious in point of matter to the multitude of readers. He it is, in short, who, first of all institutional writers, has taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman, put a polish upon that rugged science, and cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of office.

The function of the expositor lies partly in the realm of history—of what has been in the past—partly in that of demonstration of what is, to-day. Our author's employment of history is graceful, but I have not tested its accuracy. Similarly, under the head of demonstration I pass by so much as is concerned with details of particular institutions. And as to his arrangement or classification, he has excelled his predecessors and done perhaps the very best that a technical nomenclature will admit of. But a technical nomenclature necessarily provides an unsatisfactory basis. The natural and obvious basis for us is the tendency of actions to produce happiness, which we call utility; and their divergence from the production of happiness, which we call mischievousness. And this basis would be applicable equally to any and every legal system.

Manifestly, a technical nomenclature is no sort of help to such a classification. It is to our author's credit that, in spite of being hampered by this established nomenclature, he has succeeded in introducing intelligible and illuminating groupings; as of 'corporal injuries,' of offences 'against peace—health—personal security—property—liberty.' And even in his criticisms there are occasionally found remarks which are just and interesting. Defects are pointed out, remedies proposed.

But such passages are so entirely antagonistic to the author's general attitude that it is difficult to believe that they are his own. One would think some angel had been sowing wheat among his tares.

As for myself, my object is necessarily to overthrow rather than set up. So far as I have permitted myself anything in the way of construction, my aim has been not so much to think for the reader as to put him upon thinking for himself; and among the few positions of my own which I have found occasion to advance are some which I know very well are likely to be received with warm objections. But it is not possible for him who would serve the public faithfully to please it also at all times.

II—Government and Its Forms

Our author begins by saying that 'Society always existed; there was no universal state of nature, no formal social contract. What we mean by the original contract is the informal understanding that the community should protect the individual, who should obey the community. When society is once formed, government results, of course.'

Thus we seem to have society identified with the state of nature, and opposed to government; and then identified with government: without which, he says, men would remain in a state of nature; which state of nature he has already denied ever to have existed. As for the contract, there never was one; yet he declares that one was made when government began!

Now, the real meaning of these contradictions would seem to be that society is used in two senses—natural society, the state of nature, opposed to government; political society, government, opposed to the state of nature. In the second, the persons associated are in the habit of paying obedience to a definite governor or

body of governors; in the first, they are not.

The distinction is really one of degree. The habit of obedience is never totally absent, never present in absolute completeness. Political obedience is to the will of the governor, expressed or tacit, exemplified respectively in our Statute Law and Common Law. The habit of obedience was more perfect in the time of the Saxons than in that of the Britons, and is again more perfect in our own day.

Our terminology, in short, is not absolute, but relative. As compared with the Briton, the Saxon was in a state of political society; as compared with us, in a state of natural society. Similarly, the same man may be a governor in one relation and a subject in another; or at one time the subject and at another the governor of the same persons. If we can draw a definite line at all between natural and political society, it is by recognizing the latter only and always where names of office are established—as king, sachem, senator and the like.

Again, when a political society having been formed one portion breaks away, it is difficult to ascertain the precise moment at which this portion becomes a new and independent political society. When did the Dutch provinces, or Rome, or Venice, become separate states? A similar problem is the degree of disobedience which constitutes revolt. These are points which we must leave unsolved for the present, returning to our author.

As to the 'original contract,' I had hoped that the notion had been demolished by Mr. Hume. The thing is a pure fiction; and though fictions have had their use, they are now only mischievous.

This one had its use. The theory was that a compact had been made between king and people, the former promising to govern the latter so as to subserve their happiness. If the king broke his promise, the compact became void. The promise was to govern in subservience to the law; but a king may act against the happiness of the people without breaking the law, or by wresting the law against them, and even a breach of the law may cause less injury than active resistance.

Now, compacts ought to be kept solely because the keeping of them conduces to utility. The obedience required by the compact is obligatory only so long as the mischiefs of obedience are less than those of resistance.

But, in actual fact, neither king nor people makes such a promise. Besides, if the undertaking were for the one to aim at, and the other to submit to, the injury of the people, it would be, *ipso facto*, void; which proves that a promise is not, *per se*, obligatory. And, if it were, it would bind only those who made it, not their descendants or neighbours. The one criterion of obligation must be utility, and can be nothing else.

Our author's second heading is 'Forms of Government.' We must have governors; they must be persons endowed in the highest degree with the divine attributes—power, goodness, wisdom. By power he appears to mean neither physical nor political power, actually predominant, but the capacity for exercising political power when attained. Such capacity may more easily be found in one than in many, since promptitude of will constitutes a great part of it.

As to how governments came into being, we learn that the 'founders of them' must have recognized in the chosen governors these three supreme attributes. Apparently he is thinking of 'founders' like Lycurgus and Solon, who projected a completely organized state offhand. But apply this notion to states 'founded' by conquest, and it becomes ridiculous.

Next, having adopted the ancient classification—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy—he identifies the sovereign power with that of making laws; and remarks that the British Constitution comes under none of the three. That subject we discuss presently.

According to his definitions, monarchy is where the sovereignty is vested in one person, aristocracy in several, democracy in all. According to the ancients, all forms are reducible to one or other of these three—except the British, which was unknown to them. He appears to consider that there is not much to choose between the three. Other forms are mentioned as

'corruptions' of these three—called tyranny, oligarchy and ochlocracy.

But as the classification rests exclusively on the number of governors, it is difficult to see where the 'corruption' comes in. He gives us power as the special endowment of monarchy, wisdom of aristocracy, goodness of democracy, each being somewhat deficient in the other endowments. It does not seem to have struck him that the government of all is the government of none.

III—The British Constitution

Now, however, we learn that the British Constitution exemplifies no one of the three types, but is a happy blend or balance of all three; the sovereignty being vested in three independent bodies—the Crown, monarchic; the peers, aristocratic; the commons, democratic. Thus each of the three 'endowments' has its full measure of influence. At the same time, we are introduced to a new element of sovereignty—the executive power. It is no easy matter to define its content. Does it include control of the army, of taxation, of war and peace?

Again, are the three branches of the legislature independent? Two of them control an immense number of the elections to the third, whose members are largely dependent on the king for offices of dignity and profit; while the king depends on both the others, but especially the commons, for his daily bread. Besides, how rash is the assumption that the peers actually possess the aristocratic qualities! And again, *ex hypothesi*, the peers are wiser than the commons; yet a duke's son may sit among the latter. And again, is there any reason for expecting peers to be wiser than members of the commons?

Aristocracies are wiser than democracies because they are composed of the more experienced citizens. Experience in government, or in other affairs? The only thing which gives our peers greater experience is one which our author doesn't even notice—that they sit for life instead of only for a term of years. And that implies only more opportunity of experience; and that is balanced by many commoners having a stronger interest in the acquisition of experience.

But numbers afford the sole definitive distinction between aristocracy and democracy; so the peers must be aristocrats. But what will happen if peers are multiplied till they outnumber the members of the other house?

However, we have enough to arrive at an arithmetical demonstration that the constitution has all the merit of each type—the maximum of strength, in the Crown; of wisdom, in the lords; of goodness, in the commons. Being thus all-powerful, all-wise and all honest, it is all-perfect.

Only, by the same method, we might prove it all-weak, all-foolish and all-knavish, since two of the three branches of the legislature are deficient in power, two in wisdom and two in goodness!

IV—The Making of Laws

Next comes what the author designates the right of the supreme power to make laws. 'The power of making laws constitutes the supreme authority; therefore to make laws is its right.'

If this means anything, it is merely that the persons who do exercise supreme authority have the right to do so. What follows shows the aim of the argument to be that the supreme power ought always, without exception, to be obeyed. The intention of a state is for all its members to act as if they had but one will, which is practicable only if they all submit to the one will—*viz.* that of the supreme authority. But how shall our author reply to the individualist who has never consented to submit his will to authority?

In the face of active discontent, the argument advanced is futile; people will not admit that the fictitious compact has imposed an overwhelming obligation to submit. But next, it is startling to find the duty of submission changed not only into permission to resist, but a positive duty of resistance.

'No human law should be suffered to contradict the law of nature and the law of revelation. Should it do so, we are bound to transgress that human law.'

But if there is no test of what law contravenes a law of nature, other than the inexpediency of that law, and if every law can be proved repugnant to some text of scripture in somebody's view, this rule will permit practically anyone who dislikes any law to resist it in arms. The only guide we can find is the principle of utility, accurately apprehended and steadily applied; and our formula is, that resistance is justified when, and only when, 'the probable mischiefs of resistance are less than the probable mischiefs of submission.'

No common sign of such a juncture can be named. That is, the limitation of the governor's authority is not definite; nor is it here that the distinction between a free and despotic government is to be found, but in the distribution of power and the title to exercise it, the liberty of criticism and the liberty of association.

The limitation, then, does not lie in the supreme power itself. In the absence of an express convention, no law is *per se* illegal or void. Those who claim that it can be so demand in effect that either the people or the magistracy shall over-ride the legislature. This last would be going a long way to making the judiciary the real supreme power.

The supreme power is, however, limitable by express convention. That is, if the limit fixed by such convention is transgressed, we have at once that 'common sign' referred to above; the disposition of the subjects to obey the government disappears. Of course, such a convention must be subject to modification by somebody, but not the governing body itself.

The whole question of the limitation of authority would be immensely simplified by being referred to the principle of utility and the formula enunciated; because this rests not on abstract theory, but on matter of (probable) fact—the consequences of a particular course of action. Contending parties would at least have common ground on which approximate agreement might be reached, instead of starting severally from irreconcilable postulates.

LASTLY, we come to the author's theory of the duty of the supreme government to make laws. You do not require to prove that it is anyone's duty to discharge the function for which he exists. Perhaps what is meant is, a duty to make laws known and understood. But the term duty is in any case awkward in such a context. My (political) duty is to do that which I shall be punished for not doing; but the supreme authority is not liable to punishment. The sanction of religious, or moral, duty is equally punishment in one form or another. But the duty of making laws is no more a moral or a religious than a political one. The term duty is misplaced; it can only be applied figuratively. In the sense that it is desirable that the legislature should make its will known, I accept the proposition most heartily.

My object in this essay—to show that the disquisitions of our author are really unmeaning—is not an empty one, since it will teach the student to emancipate his judgement from the shackles of authority and not pay himself with words; to place more confidence in his own strength and less in the infallibity of great names; to see that our author has not spoken the last word in the exposition of the law. The prophet is yet to come; I have but prepared the way for him.

JEREMY BENTHAM, philosopher, jurist and reformer, was born in London, February 15, 1748, the son of an attorney. Educated at Westminster and Oxford, he was called to the bar in 1772, but soon ceased to practise, although he spent the whole of his life in legal studies. For over twenty years he was negotiating with the government for the erection of a model prison, receiving £23,000 by way of compensation when the scheme was abandoned. A friend of the leading philosophers and statesmen of his day, Bentham gave a great impetus to radicalism by the establishment of The Westminster Review in 1823. He died June 6, 1832, his skeleton being preserved in the museum of University College, London.

Finest Work of Hungary's Greatest Romancer

MAURUS JOKAI

TIMAR'S TWO WORLDS

IN 1845, when he was barely twenty, Maurus Jokai achieved some success with his play The Jew Boy, and in the same year his first romance, Working Days, was published serially in a Budapest paper, appearing in book form in 1845. An enthusiastic nationalist, he became suspect during the revolution of 1848 and for the next fourteen years devoted himself assiduously to literary work, producing no fewer than thirty great romances besides much other miscellaneous work. On the re-establishment of the Hungarian constitution in 1867 he again took an active part in politics, but his literary productiveness still remained astounding, not merely in quantity, although altogether he produced some hundreds of volumes, but in quality, the best of it deserving the permanence it is likely to obtain. Amongst the finest of his later works is Timar's Two Worlds, a rare combination of descriptive power, humour and pathos which has exercised no small influence upon European fiction of the romantic order. The following epitome is based on an admirable translation by Mrs. Hegan Kennard published by Blackwood, by whose permission it is included here.

I—How Ali Saved His Daughter

A MOUNTAIN-CHAIN, pierced through from base to summit—a gorge four miles in length walled in by lofty precipices; and between these walls flows the Danube in its rocky bed.

At this time there were no steamers on the Danube, but a vessel, called the *St. Barbara*, approaches, drawn against the stream by thirty-two horses. The fate of the vessel lies in the hands of two men, the pilot and the captain.

The name of the captain is Michael Timar. He is a man of about thirty, with fair hair and dreamy blue eyes.

At the door of the ship's cabin sits a man of fifty, smoking a Turkish chibouque. Euthemio Trikaliss is the name under which he is registered in the way-book, and he is the owner of the cargo. The ship itself belongs to a merchant of Komorn called Athanas Brazovics.

Out of one of the cabin windows looks the face of a young girl, Timéa, the daughter of Euthemio, and the face is as white as marble. Timéa and her father are the only passengers on the *St. Barbara.*

When the captain lays aside his speaking-trumpet he has time to chat with Timéa, who understands only modern Greek, which the captain speaks fluently.

It is always a dangerous voyage, for the current is fierce and the rocks are death-traps. To-day, too, the *St. Barbara* was pursued by a Turkish gunboat. But the vessel makes its way safely, in spite of current and rocks, and the Turkish gunboat gives up the chase.

Three days later the *St. Barbara* had reached the island of Orsova; the plains of Hungary are to the north of the river, Serbia to the south.

Provisions had run short and Timar decided to go on shore. There were no signs of human habitation at first, but Timar's sharp eyes had discovered a faint smoke rising above the tops of the poplars. He worked his way in a small skiff through the reeds, reached dry land, pushed through hedges and bushes, and then stood transfixed with admiration.

A cultivated orchard of some five or six acres was before him, and beyond that a flower garden, full of summer bloom.

Timar went up through the orchard and flower garden to a cottage, built partly in the rock and covered with creepers. A huge, black Newfoundland dog was lying before the door.

A woman's voice answered Timar's 'good-morning,' and the dog raised no objection to the captain going indoors.

"It never hurts good people," said the woman.

Timar explained his mission. The wind had brought his vessel to a standstill; he was short of provisions, and he had two passengers who would be grateful for shelter on land for the night.

The woman promised him food and a room for his passengers in exchange for grain, and at her word the dog brought him by a better path to the river.

Presently Timar was back again with Euthemio and Timéa, and now a young girl appeared, whom the housewife called Noemi.

Before supper was over, the growling of the dog announced a new arrival, and a man of youthful appearance, who introduced himself as Theodor Krisstyan, an old friend of the lady of the house, whom he called Madame Thérèse, entered and made himself quickly at home. It was plain that his hostess both feared and disliked Theodor, while Timar, who had met him before, regarded him as a spy in the pay of the Turkish government.

In the morning the wind had gone down, Theodor had vanished, and Timar and his passengers prepared to renew their journey.

Thérèse told Timar her story before he left; how she and her daughter Noemi had lived there for twelve years, and who the objectionable Theodor was. Then she added in a whisper, "I fancy this man Krisstyan's visit was either on your account or that of the other gentleman. Be on your guard if either of you dreads the discovery of a secret."

Trikaliss looked very gloomy when he heard the stranger had left before sunrise, and the following night he called Timar to his cabin.

"I am dying," he said. "I want to die—I have taken poison. Timéa will not wake till all is over. My true name is not Euthemio Trikaliss, but Ali Tschorbadschi. I was once governor of Candia, and then treasurer in Stamboul. You know there is a revolution proceeding in Turkey; my turn was coming. Not that I was a conspirator, but the treasury wanted my money and the seraglio my daughter. Death is easy for me, but I will not let my daughter go into the harem nor myself be made a beggar. Therefore I hired your vessel, and loaded it with grain. The owner, Athanas Brazovics, is a connexion of mine. By a miracle we got safely through the rocks and whirlpools of the river and eluded the pursuit of the Turkish brigantine, and now I stumble over a straw into my grave.

"That man who followed us last evening was a spy of the Turkish government. He recognized me, and sealed my fate. The government would not demand me from Austria as a political refugee, but as a thief. This is unjust, for what I took was my own. But I am pursued as a thief, and Austria gives up escaped thieves if Turkish spies can trace them. By dying I can save my daughter and her property. Swear to me by your faith and your honour you will carry out my instructions. Here in this casket is about a thousand ducats. Take Timéa to Athanas Brazovics, and beg him to adopt my daughter. Give him the money; he must spend it on the education of the child; and give him also the cargo, and beg him to be present when the sacks are emptied. You understand!"

The dying man looked in Timar's face, and struggled for breath. "Yes—the Red Crescent!" he stammered. "The Red Crescent!" Then the death-throes closed his lips—one struggle, and he was a corpse.

II—Timar Tempted and Fallen

When the *St. Barbara* had nearly reached Komorn it struck an uprooted tree, lying in ambush under water, and immediately began to sink. It is absolutely impossible to save a vessel wrecked in this way. The crew all left the sinking craft, and Timar rescued Timéa, and with her the casket with the thousand ducats.

Then the captain drove off with the fatherless girl to the house of Athanas Brazovics in the town of Komorn.

At first Athanas kissed Timéa very heartily, but when he learnt that his vessel was lost, and all Timéa's property, except the thousand ducats, and the wheat sacks—now spoilt by water—he altered his tune.

He and his wife Sophie decided that Timéa should live with them as an adopted child, and at the same time attend on their daughter Athalie as a waiting-maid. Athalie and her mother treated the poor girl with scornful contempt.

As for Timar, Athanas turned on him savagely, as though the captain could have prevented the wreck!

On the advice of his friend, Lieutenant Katschuka, who was betrothed to Athalie, Timar purchased the sunken grain next day when it was put up for auction, buying the whole cargo for 10,000 gulden. "You will do the poor orphan a good turn if you buy it," said the lieutenant. "Otherwise, the value of the cargo will all go in salvage."

Timar at once made arrangements for hauling up the sacks and for the drying and grinding of the corn, and all day labourers were at work on the wreck.

At nightfall Timar, left alone, noticed one sack differently marked from the rest—marked with a red crescent! Within this sack was a long leathern bag. He broke it open and found it full of diamonds, emeralds and sapphires richly set in girdles and bracelets and rings. A whole heap of unset diamonds was in an agate box. The whole treasure was worth at least 1,000,000 gulden. The *St. Barbara* had carried a million on board!

"To whom does this treasure belong?"

So Timar put the question to himself, and answered it.

"Why, whom should it belong to but you? You bought the sunken cargo, just as it is, with the sacks and the grain. If the treasurer stole the jewels from the sultan, the sultan probably stole them in his campaigns."

"And Timéa?"

"Timéa would not know how to use the treasure, and her adopted father would absorb it, and get rid of nine-tenths of it. What would be the result if Timéa gets it? She would be a rich lady, and would not cast a look at you from her height. Now things are the other way—you will be a rich man and she a poor girl. You do not want the treasure for yourself. You will invest it profitably, and when you have earned with the first million a second and a third, you will go to the poor girl and say, 'There, take it—it is all yours; and take me, too.' You only wish to become rich in order to make her happy."

The moon and the waves cried to Timar, "You are rich—you are a made man!"

But when it was dark an inward voice whispered, "You are a thief!"

From that day all Timar's undertakings flourished, and step by step he reached the summit of an ordinary successful business man's ambition—the title of nobility. At the same time Brazovics, who had treated Timar with brutal inconsiderateness because of the wreck of the *St. Barbara*, went steadily down-hill.

Lieutenant Katschuka had declared all along that he could not marry Athalie without a dowry, and when the wedding day arrived, Brazovics, unable to face his creditors and knowing himself bankrupt, penniless and fraudulent, committed suicide. Katschuka immediately declared the engagement at an end. In his heart he had long wearied of Athalie, and looked with desire on Timéa. The orphan girl from the first had loved the lieutenant with silent, unspoken affection.

When the Brazovics' house was put up for sale Timar bought it outright, furniture and all, and then said to Timéa, "From this day forth you are the mistress of this house. Everything in it belongs to you, all is inscribed in your name. Accept it from me. You are the owner of the house, and if there is a little shelter for me in your heart, and you did not refuse my hand—then I should be only too happy."

Timéa gave her hand to Timar, and said in a low, firm voice, "I accept you as my husband, and will be a faithful and obedient wife."

This man had always been so good to her. He had saved her life when the *St. Barbara* was sinking. He had given her all her heart could desire except one thing, and that belonged to another.

III—The Ownerless Island

On his betrothal to Timéa a great burden was lifted from the soul of Timar. Since the day when the treasure of Ali Tschorbadschi had enabled him to achieve power and riches, Timar had been haunted by the voice of self-accusation: "This money does not belong to you. You are a thief!"

But now the defrauded orphan had received back her property. Only Timar

forgot that he had demanded in exchange the girl's heart.

Timéa promised to be a faithful and obedient wife, but on the wedding-day when Timar said, "Do you love me?" she only opened wide her eyes and asked, "What is love?"

Timar found he had married a marble statue; and that all his riches would not buy his wife's love. He became wretched, conscious that his wife was unhappy, that he was the author of their mutual misery.

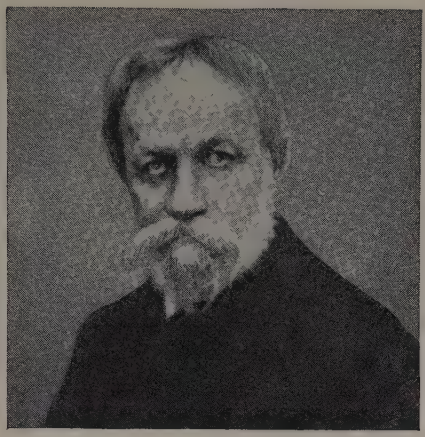
Then, in the early summer, Timar went off from Komorn to shoot water-fowl. He meant to go to the ownerless island at Ostrova—it was three years since that former visit.

Thérèse and Noemi welcomed him cordially at the island, and Timar forgot his troubles when he was with them. Thérèse told him her story; how her husband, ruined by the father of Theodor Krisstyan and by Athanas Brazovics, had committed suicide, and how, forsaken and friendless, she had brought her child to this island, which neither Austria nor Turkey claimed, and where no tax-collector called. With her own hands she had turned the wilderness into a paradise, and the only fear she had was that Theodor Krisstyan, who had discovered her retreat, might reveal it to the Turkish government.

Thérèse had no money and no use for it, but she exchanged fruit and honey for grain, salt, clothes and hardware, and the people with whom she bartered were not inclined to gossip about her affairs.

So no news concerning the island ever went to Vienna, Komorn, or Constantinople, and the fact of Timar's great prosperity had not reached the islanders. He was welcomed as a hard-working man, and Thérèse did not know that Timar had been powerful enough to get a ninety years' lease of the island from both Turkish and Austrian governments; perhaps no very difficult matter, as the existence of the island was unknown, and there were fees to be paid over the concession.

When he told her what he had done, Noemi threw her arms round his neck.



MAURUS JOKAI was born at Komorn, February 19, 1825, and educated at Pressburg and Papa. He was intended for the law and qualified as an advocate, but he found legal work uncongenial, and in 1845 went to Budapest and devoted himself to literature and journalism. In 1846 he was appointed editor of Eletkepek, the leading Hungarian literary journal, and also edited the humorous weekly paper Ustokos, from 1858 to 1881, and the political daily Hon from 1863. Always interested in politics, Jokai sat in the lower house of the Hungarian parliament from 1861-97, when he was appointed a member of the house of magnates. He died at Budapest, May 5, 1904.

Theodor Krisstyan was furious, but Timar procured him a post in Brazil, and for a long time the disreputable spy was too far off to be troublesome.

And now on this island Timar found health and rest. It became his home, and for the summer months every year he would slip away from Komorn, and no one, not even Timéa, guessed his secret. When he returned Timéa's cold, white face was still an unsolved riddle to her husband. She would greet him kindly, but never was there any token that she loved him. She had never been his wife except in name. Timar's ever-increasing business operations were excuse for his long absences, but all the same the double life he was leading made him ill. He could not tell Timéa of Thérèse and Noemi, and he could not tell them on the island that he was married.

Timéa, on her side, devoted herself more and more to her husband's business in his absence, and when Major Katschuka once called and asked her if she could not arrange for a divorce, she answered gently, "My husband is the noblest man in the world. Should I separate from him who has no one but me to love him? Am I

to tell him that I hate him, I who owe everything to him, and who brought him no dowry but a loveless heart ? "

Timar learnt from Athalie, who lived in Timéa's house, of this reply, and felt more in despair than ever. He wanted Timéa to be happy. And he wanted to go away, and leave all his riches behind and settle on the island. Now more than ever was he wanted on the island, for Thérèse had died of heart failure, and the years had made Noemi a woman.

IV—'My Name is Nobody'

It was winter, and Timar had gone off alone to a house that belonged to him near a frozen lake. He felt the time had come for flight, but whither ?

Theodor Krisstyan had turned up again. In Brazil he had heard a story of Ali Tschorbadschi's jewels from an old criminal from Turkey, and he had returned to blackmail Timar. But he did not find him till Timar was at the frozen lake.

Krisstyan's story was not true. Timar knew that the accusations were false as he listened to the vagabond's indictment. He had not 'killed' Timéa's father, nor 'stolen' his treasure. But he had played a false game, and his position was a false one. Krisstyan demanded a change of raiment, and Timar let him take clothes and shirts. But at last the blackmailer's demands became too insolent, and Timar drove him out of the house.

And now it seemed to Timar that his own career was finished. This ruffian Krisstyan could expose the foundation of his wealth, and how could he live discredited before the world ?

On the frozen water there were great fissures between the blocks of ice. Within the waves of the lake death would come quickly. Timar walked out on the ice, and there before him the head of Theodor Krisstyan rose in the water and then sank. The spy had not known the treachery of the fissures.

Timar fled to the ownerless island, and when the corpse of Krisstyan was recovered, in an advanced stage of decomposition, Timéa declared she recognized her husband's clothes.

So the body of Theodor Krisstyan was buried with great pomp, and a year later Timéa married Major Katschuka, and then haunted by the doubt whether her first husband was really dead, pined away.

No blessing rested on the wealth Timar left behind him. The only son Timéa bore to the major was a great spendthrift, and in his hands the fabulous wealth vanished as quickly as it had grown.

. . . .

And what is passing, meanwhile, on the ownerless island ?

Forty years have passed since Timar's disappearance from Komorn, and the island is now a complete model farm. Recently, a friend of mine, an ardent naturalist, took me to the island. I had heard as a child of Timar and his wealth.

Every inch of ground is utilised or serves to beautify the place. The tobacco grown here has the most exquisite aroma, and the beehives look from a distance like a small town with many-shaped roofs.

It is easy to see that the owner of the island understands luxury, and yet that owner never has a farthing to call his own ; no money ever enters the island. Those, however, who need the exports know also the requirements of the islanders, and bring them for barter.

The whole colony consisted of one family, and each was called only by his Christian name. The six sons of the first settler had married women of the district, and the numbers of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren already exceeded forty. Poverty was unknown ; they lived in luxury ; each knew some trade, and if they had been ten times as many, their labour would have supported them.

When we arrived on the island, the nominal head of the family, a well-built man of forty, received us cordially, and in the evening presented us to his parents.

When my name was mentioned to the old man he looked long at me, and a visible colour rose in his cheeks. I began to tell him of what was going on in the world, that Hungary was now united to Austria, and that the taxes were very heavy.

He blew a cloud from his pipe, and the smoke said, " My island has nothing to do with that, we have no taxes here."

I told him of wars, financial panics, the strife of religion and politics, and the smoke seemed to say, "We wage war with no one here. Thank God, we have no money here and no elections or ministers."

Presently the old man asked me where I was born, and what my profession was? And when I told him that I wrote romances he said, "Guess my story. There was once a man who left a world in which he was admired and respected, and created a second world in which he was loved."

"May I venture to ask your name?" I said.

The old man seemed to grow a head taller; then, raising his trembling hands, he laid them on my head. And it seemed to me as if once, long, long before those same hands had rested on my head when childish curls covered it, and that I had seen that noble face before.

"My name is Nobody," he replied to my question; and after that night I saw him no more during our stay on the island.

The privileges granted by two governments to the owner of the island will last for fifty years more. And who knows what may happen in fifty years?

The Greatest Orator of All Time

DEMOSTHENES

THE PHILIPPICS

Abridged from the Greek Original

By universal consent the greatest orator the world has ever known, Demosthenes identified himself for life with the interests of Athens, becoming the foremost administrator in the state as well as its most eloquent orator. From 351 B.C. onwards he delivered a series of masterly speeches of which the most notable are the Olynthiacs and the Philippics, in which he endeavoured to awaken his countrymen to the menace of Macedonian domination. His fame chiefly rests upon these, and perhaps more especially upon the speech On the Crown, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

I—'Men of Athens, Arouse Yourselves!'

The subject under discussion on this occasion, men of Athens, is not new, and there would be no need to speak further on it if other orators deliberated wisely. First, I advise you not to regard the present aspect of affairs, miserable though it truly is, as entirely hopeless. For the primary cause of the failure is your own mismanagement. If any consider it difficult to overcome Philip because of the power that he has attained, and because of our disastrous loss of many fortresses, they should remember how much he has gained by achieving alliances.

If, now, you will emulate his policy, if every citizen will devote himself assiduously to the service of his country, you will assuredly recover all that has been lost, and punish Philip. For he has his enemies, even among his pretended friends. All dread him, because your inertia has prevented you from providing any refuge for them. Hence the height of arrogance which he now displays and the constantly expanding area of his conquests.

When, men of Athens, will you realize that your attitude is the cause of this situation? For you idle about, indulging in gossip over circumstances, instead of grappling with the actualities. Were this antagonist to pass away, another enemy like him would speedily be produced by your policy, for Philip is what he is not so much through his own prowess as through your own indifference.

As to the plan of action to be initiated, I say that we must inaugurate it by providing fifty triremes, also the cavalry and transports and boats needed for the fleet. Thus we should be fully prepared to cope with the sudden excursions of Philip to Thermopylae or any other point. Besides this naval force, you should equip an army of 2,000 foot soldiers, of whom 500 should be Athenians, the remainder mercenaries, together with 250 cavalry, including 50

Athenians. Lastly, we should have an auxiliary naval contingent of ten swift galleys.

We are now conducting affairs farcically. For we act neither as if we were at peace, nor as if we had entered on a war. You enlist your soldiers not for warfare, but for religious pageants and for parades and processions in the market-place. We must consolidate our resources, embody permanent forces, not temporary levies hastily enlisted, and we must secure winter quarters for our troops in those islands which possess harbours and granaries for the corn.

No longer, men of Athens, must you continue the mere discussion of measures without ever executing any of your projects. Remember that Philip sustains his power by drawing on the resources of your own allies.

But by adopting my plan you will at one and the same time deprive him of his chief sources of supply and place yourselves out of the reach of danger. The policy he has hitherto pursued will be effectually thwarted. No longer will he be able to capture your citizens, as he did by attacking Lemnos and Imbros, or to seize your sacred state galley, as he did on his descent at Marathon.

But, men of Athens, you spend far larger sums of money on the splendid Panathenaic and Dionysian festivals than on your naval and military armaments. Moreover, those festivals are always punctually celebrated, while your preparations for war are always behindhand. Then, when a critical juncture arrives, we find our forces are totally inadequate to the emergency.

HAVING larger resources than any other state, you, Athenians, have never adequately availed yourselves of them. You never anticipate the movements of Philip, but simply drift after him, sending forces to Thermopylae if you hear he is there, or to any other quarter where he may happen to be. Such policy might formerly be excused, but now it is as disgraceful as it is intolerable. Are we to wait for Philip's aggressiveness to cease? It never will do so unless we resist it. Shall we not assume the offensive and descend on his coast with some of our forces?

Nothing will result from mere oratory and from mutual recrimination among ourselves. My own conviction is that Philip is encouraged by our inertia, and that he is carried away by his own successes, but that he has no fixed plan of action that can be guessed by foolish chatterers. Men of Athens, let us for the future abandon such an attitude, and let us bear in mind that we must depend not on the help of others, but on ourselves alone. Unless we go to attack Philip where he is, Philip will come to attack us where we are.

II—Beware the Guile of Philip

NOTHING, men of Athens, is done as a sequel to the speeches which are delivered and approved concerning the outrageous proceedings of Philip. You are earnest in discussion; he is earnest in action. If we are to be complacently content because we employ the better arguments, well and good; but if we are successfully to resist this formidable and increasing power, we must be prepared to entertain advice that is salutary, however unpalatable, rather than counsel which is easy and pleasant.

If you give me any credit for clear perception, I beg you to attend to what I plead. After subduing Thermopylae and the Phocians, Philip quickly apprehended that you could not be induced by any selfish considerations to abandon other Greek states to him. The Thebans, Messenians and Argives he lured by bribes. But he knew how, in the past, your predecessors scorned the overtures of his ancestor, Alexander of Macedon, sent by Mardonius the Persian to induce the Athenians to betray the rest of the Greeks. It was not so with the Argives and the Thebans, and thus Philip calculates that their successors will care nothing for the interests of the Greeks generally. So he favours them, but not you.

Everything demonstrates Philip's animosity against Athens. He is instinctively aware that you are conscious of his plots against you, and ascribes to you a feeling of hatred against him. Eager to be be-

forehand with us, he continues to negotiate with Thebans and Peloponnesians, assuming that they may be beguiled with ease.

I call to mind how I addressed the Messenians and the Argives, reminding them how Philip had dishonourably given certain of their territories to the Olynthians. Would the Olynthians then have listened to any disparagements of Philip? Assuredly not. Yet they were soon shamefully betrayed and cheated by him. It is unsafe for commonwealths to place confidence in despots. In like manner were the Thessalians deceived when he had ejected their tyrants and had restored to them Nicea and Magnesia, for he instituted the new tyranny of the Decemvirate. Philip is equally ready with gifts and promises on the one hand, and with fraud and deceit on the other.

"By heaven," said I to those auditors, "the only infallible defence of democracies against despots is the absolute refusal of all confidence in them. Always to mistrust them is the only safeguard. What is it that you seek to secure? Liberty? Then do you not perceive that the very titles worn by Philip prove him to be adverse to this? For every king and tyrant is an enemy to freedom and an opponent to laws."

But though my speeches and those of other emissaries were received with vociferous applause, all the same those who thus manifested profound approbation will never be able to resist the blandishments and overtures of Philip. It may well be so with those other Greeks. But you, O Athenians, surely should understand your own interests better. For otherwise irreparable disaster must ensue.

In justice, men of Athens, you should summon the men who communicated to you the promises which induced you to consent to peace. Their statements misled us; otherwise, neither would I have gone as ambassador, nor would you have ceased hostilities. Also, you should call those who, after my return from my second embassy, contradicted my report. I then protested against the abandonment of Thermopylae and of the Phocians.

They ridiculed me as a water drinker, and they persuaded you that Philip would cede to you Oropus and Euboea in exchange for Amphipolis, and also that he would humble the Thebans and at his own charges cut through the Chersonese. Your anger will be excited in due time when you realize what you have hitherto disregarded, namely, that these projects on the part of Philip are devised against Athens.

LET me remind you it was Aeschines himself who induced you by his persuasion to abandon Thermopylae and Phocis. By possessing control over these, Philip now commands also the road to Attica and Peloponnesus.

Hence the present situation is this, that you must now consider, not distant affairs, but the means of defending your homes and of conducting a war in Attica, that war having become inevitable through those events, grievous though it will be to every citizen when it begins. May the gods grant that the worst fears be not fully confirmed!

III—Athens Must Head the War

VARIOUS circumstances, men of Athens, have reduced our affairs to the worst possible state, this lamentable crisis being due mainly to the specious orators who seek rather to please you than wisely to guide you. Flattery has generated perilous complacency, and now the position is one of extreme danger. I am willing either to preserve silence, or to speak frankly, according to your disposition. Yet all may be repaired if you awaken to your duty, for Philip has not conquered you; you have simply made no real effort against him.

Strange to say, while Philip is actually appropriating portions of our territory, some among us affirm that there is really no war. Thus, caution is needed in speech, for those who suggest defensive measures may afterwards be indicted for causing hostilities. Now, let those who maintain that we are at peace propose suitable plans. But if you are invaded by an armed aggressor, who pretends to be at peace with you, what can you do but initiate measures of defence?

Both sides may profess to be at peace, and I do not demur; but it is madness to

DEMOSTHENES was born at Athens, c. 385 B.C., and brought up by guardians who dissipated his patrimony. He studied under Isaeus, the great forensic orator, and devoted himself to advocacy and to public life. His great ideals were the regeneration of Athens as leader of the Hellenic world and resistance to Macedonian aggression. In 324 B.C. he was accused of corruption and lived abroad until the death of Alexander in 323, when he was recalled to head the movement for Athenian independence. In 322 he committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of the Macedonians.

From a statue in the Vatican

style that a condition of peace which allows Philip to subjugate all other states and then assail you last of all. He is preparing to attack you, while securing immunity from the danger of being attacked by you.

If we wait for him to declare war, we wait in vain. For he will treat us as he did the Olynthians and the Phocians. Professing to be their ally, he appropriated territories belonging to them. Do you imagine he would declare war against you before commencing operations of encroachment? Never, so long as he knows that you are willing to be deceived.

By a series of operations he has been infringing the peace: by his attempt to seize Megara, by his intervention in Euboea, by his excursion into Thrace. I reckon that the virtual beginnings of hostilities must be dated from the day that he completed the subjugation of the Thracians. From your other orators I differ in deeming any discussion irrelevant respecting the Chersonese or Byzantium. Aid these, indeed; but let the safety of all Greece alike be the subject of your deliberations.

PHILIP has been conceded liberties of encroachment and aggression, by you first of all, such as in former days were always contested by war. He has attacked and enslaved city after city of the Greeks. You Athenians were for seventy-three years the supreme leaders in Hellas, as were the Spartans for twenty-nine years. Then after the battle of Leuctra the Thebans acquired paramount influence. But neither you nor these others ever arrogated the right to act according to your pleasure.

If you appeared to act superciliously towards any state, all the other states sided with that one which was aggrieved. Yet all the errors committed by our predecessors and by those of the Spartans during the whole of that century were trivial compared with the wrongs perpetrated by Philip during these thirteen years. Cruel has been his destruction of Olynthus, of Methone, of Apollonia, and of thirty-two cities on the borders of Thrace, and also the extermination of the Phocians. And now he domineers ruthlessly over Thessaly and Euboea. Yet all we Greeks of various nationalities are in so abjectly miserable a condition that, instead of arranging embassies and declaring our indignation, we entrench ourselves in isolation in our several cities.

It must be reflected that when wrongs were inflicted by other states, by us or the Spartans, these faults were at any rate committed by genuine sons of Greece. How much more hateful is the offence when perpetrated against a household by a slave or an alien than by a son or other member of the family! But Philip is not even a reputable barbarian, but only a vile fellow of Macedon, a country from which formerly even a respectable slave could not be purchased!

What is lacking to his unspeakable arrogance? Does he not assemble the Pythian games, command Thermopylae, garrison the passes, secure prior access to the oracle at Delphi, and dictate the form of government for Thessaly? All this the Greeks look upon with toleration; they seem to regard it as they would some tempest, each hoping it will fall on someone else. We are all passive and despondent, mutually distrusting each other instead of the common foe.

How different the noble spirit of former days! How different that old passion for liberty which is now superseded by the love of servitude! Then corruption was so deeply detested that there was no pardon for the guilt of bribery. Now venality is laughed at and bribery goes unpunished. In ships, men, equipment and revenues our resources are larger than ever before, but corruption neutralises them all.

But preparations for war are not sufficient. You must not only be ready to encounter the foes without, but must punish those who among you are the creatures of Philip, like those who caused the ruin of Olynthus by betraying the cavalry and by securing the banishment of Apollonides. Similar treachery brought about the downfall of other cities. The same fate may befall us.

When we have done all that is needful for our own defence, let us next send our emissaries to all the other states with the intelligence that we are ready. If you imagine that others will save Greece while you avoid the conflict, you cherish a fatal delusion. This enterprise devolves on you; you inherit it from your ancestors.

IV—Exterminate the Traitors!

Men of Athens, your chief misfortune is that, though for the passing moment you heed important news, you speedily scatter and forget what you have just heard.

You must become more deeply convinced than you have been hitherto that our destruction is the supreme anxiety of Philip. The special object of his hatred is your democratic constitution. Our mode of procedure is a mockery, for we are always behind in the execution of our schemes. You must form a permanent army with a regular organization, and with funds sufficient for its maintenance.

Most of all, money is needed to meet coming requirements. There was a time when money was forthcoming and everything necessary was performed. Why do we now decline to do our duty? In a time of peril to the commonwealth the affluent should freely contribute of their possessions for the welfare of the country; but each class has its obligations to the state and should observe them.

Many and inveterate are the causes of our present difficulties. You, O Athenians, have surrendered the august position which your predecessors bequeathed you, and have indolently permitted a stranger to usurp it. The present crisis involves peril for all the states, but for Athens most of all; and that not so much on account of Philip's schemes of conquest, as of your neglect.

How is it, Athenians, that none affirms concerning Philip that he is guilty of aggression, even while he is seizing cities, while those who advise resistance are indicted as inciting to war? The reason is that those who have been corrupted believe that if you do resist him you will overcome him, and they can no longer secure the reward of treachery.

Remember what you have at stake. Should you fall under the dominion of Philip, he will show you no pity, for his desire is not merely to subdue Athens, but to destroy it. The struggle will be to the death; therefore, those who would sell the country to him you must exterminate without scruple.

LOUIS XIV AT THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF NIMEGUEN BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED PROVINCES, AUGUST 10, 1678

From the painting by Charles Le Brun at Budapest

VOLTAIRE

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV

It was while he was residing in Berlin, between 1751 and 1753, on the invitation of Frederick the Great, that Voltaire finished and printed his Siècle de Louis XIV, a work which had occupied his attention intermittently for some ten or twelve years. Louis XIV had succeeded his father at the age of five years in 1643 : his nominal reign covers seventy-one years, and throughout the fifty-three years which followed Mazarin's death his declaration 'L'état, c'est moi' had been politically and socially a truth. He controlled France with an absolute sway ; under him she achieved a European ascendancy without parallel save in the days of Napoleon, and while he did not achieve his aim of making France the dictator of Europe, under him she became the unchallenged leader of literary and artistic culture and taste, the universal criterion. Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV contains a great miscellany of interesting matter treated by a man of acute intellect and richest literary powers who also had access to much important private information.

An outline of his Age of Louis XV appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

I—France Under Mazarin

We do not propose to write merely a life of Louis XIV ; our aim is a far wider one. It is to give posterity a picture, not of the actions of a single man, but of the spirit of the men of an age the most enlightened on record.

Every period has produced its heroes and its politicians, every people has experienced revolutions ; the histories of all are of nearly equal value to those who desire merely to store their memory with facts. But the thinker, and that still rarer person the man of taste, recognizes only four epochs in the history of the world—those four fortunate ages in which the arts have been perfected ; the great age of the Greeks, the age of Caesar and of Augustus, the age which followed the fall of Constantinople, and the age of Louis XIV ; which last approached perfection more nearly than any of the others.

On the death of Louis XIII, his queen, Anne of Austria, owed her acquisition of the regency to the Parlement of Paris. Anne was obliged to continue the war with Spain, in which the brilliant victories of the young Duc d'Enghien, known to fame as the Great Condé, brought him sudden glory, and unprecedented prestige to the arms of France.

But internally the national finances were in a terribly unsatisfactory state. The measures for raising funds adopted by the minister Mazarin were the more unpopular because he was himself an Italian. The Paris Parlement set itself in opposition to the minister ; the populace supported it ; the resistance was organized by Paul de Gondi, afterwards known as the Cardinal de Retz. The court had to flee from Paris to St. Germain. Condé was won over by the queen-regent ; but the nobles, hoping to recover the power which Richelieu had wrenched from them, took the popular side. And their wives and daughters surpassed them in energy.

A very striking contrast to the irresponsible frivolity with which the whole affair was conducted is presented by the grim orderliness with which England had at that very moment carried through the last act in the tragedy of Charles I. In France the factions of the Fronde were controlled by love intrigues.

Condé was victorious. But he was at feud with Mazarin, made himself personally unpopular, and found himself arrested when he might have made himself master of the government. A year later the tables were turned ; Mazarin had to fly and the Fronde released Condé. The civil war was renewed ; a war in which no principles were at stake, in which the popular party of yesterday was the unpopular party of to-day ; in which there were remarkable military achievements, much bloodshed and much suffering, and which finally wore itself out in 1653, when

Mazarin returned to undisputed power. Louis XIV was then a boy of fifteen.

Mazarin had achieved a great diplomatic triumph by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648; but Spain had remained outside that group of treaties; and, owing to the civil war of the Fronde, Condé's successes against her had been to a great extent made nugatory—and now Condé was a rebel and in command of Spanish troops. But Condé met his match in Turenne with a French army.

At this moment, Christina of Sweden was the only European sovereign who had any personal prestige. But Cromwell's achievements in England now made each of the European statesmen anxious for the English alliance; and Cromwell chose France. The combined arms of France and England were triumphant in Flanders, when Cromwell died; and his death changed the position of England. France was financially exhausted, and Mazarin now desired a satisfactory peace with Spain.

The result was the Treaty of the Pyrenees, by which the young King Louis took a Spanish princess in marriage, an alliance which ultimately led to the succession of a grandson of Louis to the Spanish throne. Immediately afterwards, Louis' cousin, Charles II, was recalled to the throne of England. This closing achievement of Mazarin had a triumphant aspect; his position in France remained undisputed till his death in the next year (1661). He was a successful minister; whether he was a great statesman is another question. His one real legacy to France was the acquisition of Alsace.

II—The French Supremacy in Europe

On Mazarin's death Louis at once assumed personal rule. Since the death of Henry the Great, France had been governed by ministers; now she was to be governed by the king—the power exercised by ministers was precisely circumscribed. Order and vigour were introduced on all sides; the finances were regulated by Colbert, discipline was restored in the army, the creation of a fleet was begun. In all foreign courts Louis asserted the dignity of France; it was very soon evident that there was no foreign power of whom he need stand in fear. New connexions were established with Holland and Portugal. England under Charles II was of little account.

To a king on the watch for an opportunity an opportunity soon presents itself. Louis found his when Philip IV of Spain was succeeded by the feeble Charles II. He at once announced that Flanders reverted to his own wife, the new king's elder sister. He had already made his bargain with the Emperor Leopold, who had married the other infanta.

Louis' armies were overrunning Flanders in 1667, and Franche-Comté next year. Holland, a republic with John de Witt at its head, took alarm; and Sir William Temple succeeded in effecting the Triple Alliance between Holland, England and Sweden. Louis found it advisable to make peace, even at the price of surrendering Franche-Comté for the present.

Determined now, however, on the conquest of Holland, Louis had no difficulty in secretly detaching the voluptuary Charles II from the Dutch alliance. Holland itself was torn between the faction of the de Witts and the partisans of the young William of Orange. Overwhelming preparations were made for the utterly unwarrantable enterprise.

As the French armies poured into Holland, practically no resistance was offered. The government began to sue for peace. But the populace rose and massacred the de Witts; young William was made stadtholder. Ruyter defeated the combined French and English fleets at Sole Bay. William opened the dykes and laid the country under water, and negotiated secretly with the emperor and with Spain. Half Europe was being drawn into a league against Louis, who made the fatal mistake of following the advice of his war minister Louvois, instead of Condé and Turenne.

In every court in Europe Louis had his pensioners intriguing on his behalf. His newly created fleet was rapidly learning its work. On land he was served by the great engineer Vauban, by Turenne, Condé, and Condé's pupil, Luxembourg. He decided to direct his own next cam-

LOUIS XIV, KING OF FRANCE
After the painting by Jean de la Haye

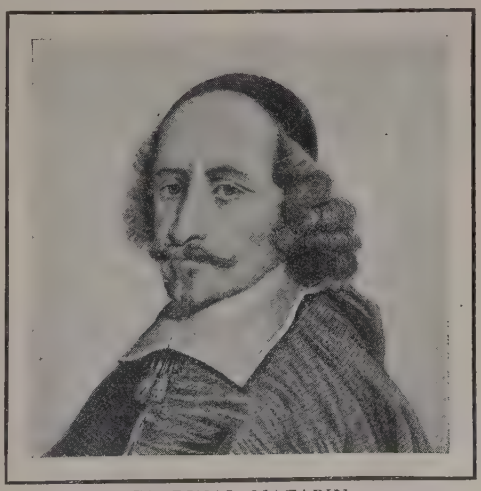
paign against Franche-Comté. But during the year Turenne, who was conducting a separate campaign in Germany with extraordinary brilliancy, was killed; and after this year Condé took no further part in the war. Moreover, the Austrians were now in the field, under Montecuculi.

In 1676-8 town after town fell before Vauban, a master of siege work as of fortification; Louis, in many cases, being present in person. In other quarters, also, the French arms were successful. Especially noticeable were the maritime successes of Duquesne, who was proving himself a match for the Dutch commanders. Louis was practically fighting and beating half Europe single-handed, as he was now getting no effective help from England or his nominal ally, Sweden. Finally, in 1678, he was able practically to dictate his own terms to the allies. The peace had already been signed when William of Orange attacked Luxembourg before Mons; a victory, on the whole, for him, but entirely barren of results. With this peace of Nimeguen, Louis was at the height of his power.

By assuming the right of interpreting for himself the terms of the treaty, he employed the years of peace in extending his possessions. No other power could now compare with France, but in 1688 Louis stood alone, without any supporter, save James II of England. And he intensified the general dread by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the expulsion of the French Huguenots.

The determination of James to make himself absolute, and to restore Romanism in England, caused leading Englishmen to enter on a conspiracy—kept secret with extraordinary success—with William of Orange. The luckless monarch was abandoned on every hand, and fled from his kingdom to France, an object of universal mockery. Yet Louis resolved to aid him. A French force accompanied him to Ireland and Tourville defeated the united fleets of England and Holland. At last France was mistress of the seas; but James met with a complete overthrow at the Boyne. The defeated James, in his flight, hanged men who had taken part against him. The victorious William proclaimed a general pardon. Of two such men, it is easy to see which was certain to win.

Louis had already engaged himself in a fresh European war before William's landing in England. He still maintained his support of James. But his newly acquired sea power was severely shaken at La Hogue. On land, however, Louis'



CARDINAL MAZARIN
After the painting by Champaigne

arms prospered. Luxembourg in Flanders, and Catinat in Italy, won the foremost military reputations in Europe. On the other hand, William proved himself one of those generals who can extract more advantage from a defeat than his enemies from a victory, as Steinkirk and Neerwinden both exemplified. France, however, succeeded in maintaining a superiority over her foes, but the strain before long made a peace necessary. She could not dictate terms as at Nimeguen. Nevertheless, the treaty of Ryswick, concluded in 1697, secured her substantial benefits.

III—The Spanish Succession

THE general pacification was brief. North Europe was soon aflame with the wars of those remarkable monarchs, Charles XII and Peter the Great; and the rest of Europe over the Spanish succession. The mother and wife of Louis were each eldest daughters of a Spanish king; the mother and wife of the Emperor Leopold were their younger sisters. Austrian and French successions were both barred by renunciations; and the absorption of Spain by either power would upset utterly the balance of power in Europe. There was no one else with a plausible claim to succeed the childless and dying Charles II. European diplomacy effected treaties for partitioning the Spanish dominions; but ultimately Charles declared the grandson of Louis his heir. Louis, in defiance of treaties, accepted the legacy.

JOHN, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
After the painting by Godfrey Kneller

The whole weight of England was then thrown on to the side of the Austrian candidate by Louis' recognition of James Edward Stewart as rightful King of England. William, before he died, had successfully brought about a grand alliance of European powers against Louis; his death gave the conduct of the war to Marlborough. Anne was obliged to carry on her brother-in-law's policy. Elsewhere, kings make their subjects enter blindly on their own projects; in London the king must enter upon those of his subjects.

When Louis entered on the war of the Spanish Succession he had already, though unconsciously, lost that grasp of affairs which had distinguished him; while he still dictated the conduct of his ministers and his generals. The first commander who took the field against him was Prince Eugene of Savoy, a man born with those qualities which make a hero in war and a great man in peace. The able Catinat was superseded in Italy by Villeroi, whose failures, however, led to the substitution of Vendôme.

But the man who did more to injure the greatness of France than any other for centuries past was Marlborough—the general with the coolest head of his time; as a politician the equal, and as a soldier immeasurably the superior, of William III. Between Marlborough and his great colleague Eugene there was always complete harmony and complete understanding, whether they were campaigning or negotiating.

In the Low Countries Marlborough gained ground steadily, without any great engagement. In Germany the French arms were successful, and at the end of 1703 a campaign was planned with Vienna for its objective. The advance was inter-

RECEPTION OF THE GRAND CONDÉ BY LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES, 1674
After the painting by Gérôme

cepted in 1704 by the junction of Eugene and the forces from Italy with Marlborough and an English force. The result was the tremendous overthrow of Hochstedt, or Blenheim. The French were driven over the Rhine.

Almost at the same moment English sailors surprised and captured the Rock of Gibraltar, which England still holds. In six weeks, too, the English mastered Valencia and Catalonia for the archduke, under the redoubtable Peterborough.

Affairs went better in Italy (1705); but in Flanders Villeroi was rash enough to challenge Marlborough at Ramillies in 1706. In half an hour the French army was completely routed, and lost 20,000 men; city after city opened its gates to the conqueror; Flanders was lost as far as Lille. Vendôme was summoned to Italy to replace Villeroi, whereupon Eugene attacked the French in their lines before Turin and dispersed their army, which was forced to withdraw from Italy, leaving the Austrians masters there.

Louis seemed on the verge of ruin; but Spain was loyal to the Bourbon. In 1707 Berwick won for the French the signal victory of Almanza. In Germany, Villars made progress. Louis actually designed an invasion of Great Britain in the name of the Pretender, but the scheme collapsed. He succeeded in placing a great army in the field in Flanders; it was defeated by Marlborough and Eugene at Oudenarde. Eugene sat down before Lille, and took it. The lamentable plight of France was made worse by a cruel winter.

Louis found himself forced to sue for peace, but the terms of the allies were too intolerably humiliating. They demanded that Louis should assist in expelling his own grandson from Spain. "If I must make war, I would rather make it on my enemies than on my children," said Louis.

Once more an army took the field with indomitable courage. A desperate battle was fought by Villars against Marlborough and Eugene at Malplaquet. Villars was defeated, but with as much honour to the French as to the allies.

Louis again sued for peace, but the allies would not relax their monstrous demands. Marlborough, Eugene and the Dutch Heinsius all found their own interest in prolonging the war. But with the Bourbon cause apparently at its last gasp

in Spain, the appearance there of Vendôme revived the spirit of resistance.

Then the death of the emperor and the succession to his position of his brother, the Spanish claimant, the Archduke Charles, meant that the allies were fighting to make one dominion of the Spanish and German Empires. The steady advance of Marlborough in the Low Countries could not prevent a revulsion of popular sentiment, which brought about his recall and the practical withdrawal from the contest of England, where Bolingbroke and Oxford were now at the head of affairs. Under Villars, success returned to the French standards in Flanders.

Hence came in 1713 the peace of Utrecht, for the terms of which England was mainly responsible. It was fair and just, but the English ministry received scant justice for making it. The emperor refused at first to accept it; but, when isolated, he agreed to its corollary, the peace of Rastadt. Philip was secured on the throne of Spain.

Never was there a war or a peace in which so many natural expectations were so completely reversed in the outcome. What Louis may have proposed to himself after it was over, no one can say, for he died the year after the treaty of Utrecht.

IV—The Court of the Grand Monarque

THE brilliancy and magnificence of the court, as well as the reign of Louis XIV, were such that the least details of his life seem interesting to posterity, just as they excited the curiosity of every court in Europe and of all his contemporaries. Such is the effect of a great reputation. We care more to know what passed in the cabinet and the court of an Augustus than for details of Attila's and Tamerlane's conquests.

One of the most curious affairs in this connexion is the mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask, who was placed in the Ile Sainte-Marguerite just after Mazarin's death, was removed to the Bastille in 1690, and died in 1703. His identity has never been revealed. That he was a person of very great consideration is clear from the way in which he was treated; yet no such person disappeared from public life. Those who knew the secret carried it with them to their graves.

Once the man scratched a message on a silver plate and flung it into the river. A fisherman who picked it up brought it to the governor. Asked if he had read the writing, he said, "No; he could not read himself, and no one else had seen it." "It is lucky for you that you cannot read," said the governor. And the man was detained till the truth of his statement had been confirmed.

The king surpassed the whole court in the majestic beauty of his countenance; the sound of his voice won the hearts which were awed by his presence; his gait, appropriate to his person and his rank, would have been absurd in anyone else. In those who spoke with him he inspired an embarrassment which secretly flattered an agreeable consciousness of his own superiority. That old officer who began to ask some favour of him, lost his nerve, stammered, broke down, and finally said: "Sire, I do not tremble thus in the presence of your enemies," had little difficulty in obtaining his request.

Nothing won for him the applause of Europe so much as his unexampled munificence. A number of foreign savants and scholars were the recipients of presents or pensions; among Frenchmen who were similarly benefited were Racine, Quinault, Fléchier, Chapelain, Cotin, Lulli.

A series of ladies, from Mazarin's niece, Marie Mancini, to Mme. la Vallière and Mme. de Montespan, held sway over Louis' affections; but after the retirement of the last, Mme. de Maintenon, who had been her rival, became and remained supreme. The queen was dead; and Louis was privately married to her in January 1686, she being then past fifty.

Françoise d'Aubigné was born in 1635, of good family, but born and brought up in hard surroundings. She was married to Scarron in 1651; nine years later he died. Later, she was placed in charge of the king's illegitimate children. She supplanted Mme. de Montespan, to whom she owed her promotion, in the king's favour. The correspondence in the years preceding the marriage is an invaluable

record of that mixture of religion and gallantry, of dignity and weakness, to which the human heart is so often prone, in Louis; and in the lady, of a piety and an ambition which never came into conflict. She never used her power to advance her own belongings.

In August 1715, Louis was attacked by a mortal malady. His heir was his great-grandson; the regency devolved on Orleans, the next prince of the blood. His powers were to be limited by Louis' will, but the will could not override the rights which the Paris Parlement declared were attached to the regency. The king's courage did not fail him as death drew near.

"I thought," he said to Mme. de Maintenon, "that it was a harder thing to die." And to his servants: "Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?"

The words he spoke while he embraced the child who was his heir are significant.

"You are soon to be king of a great kingdom. Above all things, I would have you never forget your obligations to God. Remember that you owe to Him all that you are. Try to keep at peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do not imitate me in that, or in my excessive expenditure. Consider well in everything; try to be sure of what is best, and to follow that."

V—How France Flourished Under Louis XIV

At the beginning of the reign the genius of Colbert, the restorer of the national finances, was largely employed on the extension of commerce, then almost entirely in the hands of the Dutch and English. Not only a navy, but a mercantile marine was created; the West India and East India companies were both established in 1664. Almost every year of Colbert's ministry was marked by the establishment of a new industry.

Paris was lighted and paved and policed, almost rebuilt. Louis had a marked taste for architecture, for gardens and for sculpture. The law owed many reforms to this monarch. The army was reorganized; merit, not rank, became the ground of promotion; the bayonet replaced the pike, and the artillery was greatly developed. When Louis began to rule there was no navy. Arsenals were created, sailors were trained, and a fleet came into being which matched those of Holland and England.

Even a brief summary shows the vast changes in the state accomplished by Louis. His ministers seconded his efforts admirably. Theirs is the credit for the details, for the execution; but the scheme, the general principles, were due to him. The magistrates would not have reformed the laws, order would not have been restored in the finances, discipline in the army, police throughout the kingdom; there would have been no fleet, no encouragements of the arts; none of all those improvements carried out systematically, simultaneously, resolutely, under various ministers, had there not been a master, greater than them all, imbued with the general conceptions and determined on their fulfilment.

The spirit of common sense, the spirit of criticism, gradually progressing, insensibly destroyed much superstition; insomuch that simple charges of sorcery were excluded from the courts in 1672. Such a measure would have been impossible under Henry IV or Louis XIII. Nevertheless, such superstitions were deeply rooted. Everyone believed in astrology; the comet of 1680 was regarded as a portent.

In science France was, indeed, outstripped by England and Florence. But in eloquence, poetry, literature and philosophy the French were the legislators of Europe. One of the works which most contributed to forming the national taste was the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld. But the work of genius which in itself summed up the perfections of prose and set the mould of language was Pascal's Lettres Provinciales. The age was characterised by the eloquence of Bossuet. The Télémaque of Fénelon, the Caractères of La Bruyère, were works of an order entirely original and without precedent.

Racine, less original than Corneille, owes a still increasing reputation to his unfailing elegance, correctness and truth; he carried the tender harmonies of poetry and the

graces of language to their highest possible perfection. These men taught the nation to think, to feel and to express itself.

The other arts had made little progress in France before this period. Lulli introduced an order of music hitherto unknown. Poussin was our first great painter in the reign of Louis XIII; he has had no lack of successors. French sculpture has excelled in particular.

And we must remark on the extraordinary advance of England during this period. We can exhaust ourselves in criticising Milton, but not in praising him. Dryden was equalled by no contemporary, surpassed by no predecessor. Addison's Cato is the one English tragedy of sustained beauty. Swift is a perfected Rabelais. In science, Newton and Halley stand to-day supreme; and Locke is infinitely the superior of Plato.

VI—Religion Under Louis XIV

To preserve at once union with the see of Rome and maintain the liberties of the Gallican Church—her ancient rights; to make the bishops obedient as subjects without infringing on their rights as bishops; to make them contribute to the needs of the state without trespassing on their privileges, required a mixture of dexterity and firmness which Louis almost always showed.

The one serious and protracted quarrel with Rome arose over the royal claim to appoint bishops. The French Assembly of the Clergy supported the king; but the famous Four Resolutions of that body were ultimately repudiated by the bishops personally, with the king's consent.

Dogmatism is responsible for introducing among men the horror of wars of religion. Following the Reformation, Calvinism was largely identified with republican principles. In France, the fierce struggles of Catholics and Huguenots were stayed by the accession of Henry IV; the Edict of Nantes secured to the former the privileges which their swords had practically won. But after his time they formed an organization which led to further contests, ended by Richelieu.

Favoured by Colbert, to Louis the Huguenots were suspect as rebels who had with difficulty been forced to submission. By him they were subjected to constantly increasing disabilities. At last the Huguenots disobeyed the edicts against them. Still harsher measures were adopted; and the climax came in 1685 with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, following on the 'dragonnades' in Alsace. Protestantism was proscribed. The effect was not the forcible conversion of the Calvinists, but their wholesale emigration; the transfer to foreign states of an admirable industrial and military population. Later, the people of the Cévennes rose, and were put down with great difficulty, though Jean Cavalier was their sole leader worthy the name. In fact, the struggle was really ended by a treaty, and Cavalier died a general of France.

Calvinism is the parent of civil wars. It shakes the foundations of states. Jansenism can excite only theological quarrels and wars of the pen. The Reformation attacked the power of the Church; Jansenism was concerned exclusively with abstract questions. The Jansenist disputes sprang from problems of grace and predestination, fate and free-will—that clueless labyrinth.

A hundred years later Cornelius Jansen, bishop of Ypres, revived these questions. Arnauld supported him. The views had authority from Augustine and Chrysostom, but Arnauld was condemned. The two establishments of Port Royal refused to sign the formularies condemning Jansen's book, and they had on their side the brilliant pen of Pascal. On the other were the Jesuits. Pascal, in the Lettres Provinciales, made the Jesuits ridiculous with his incomparable wit. The Jansenists were persecuted, but the persecution strengthened them.

But the crown, the bishops and the Jesuits were too strong for the Jansenists, especially when Le Tellier became the king's confessor. But the affair was not finally brought to a conclusion, and the opposing parties reconciled, till after the death of Louis. Ultimately, Jansenism became merely ridiculous. The fall of the Jesuits was to follow in due time.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT

THE LILAC SUNBONNET

Outlined by the Author

ENCOURAGED by the success of The Stickit Minister in 1893, S. R. Crockett devoted the whole of his very great intellectual energy to the writing of fiction, and in 1894 produced no fewer than three novels, The Raiders (see page 1217), The Lilac Sunbonnet, and Mad Sir Uchtred, confirming his place among the most popular writers of Scottish fiction who loomed very large in the public eye in the last decade of the nineteenth century. The versatility of his genius is admirably exhibited in the contrast between the vigorous drama of The Raiders and the tender sentiment of The Lilac Sunbonnet, and both stories rank high by virtue of the straightforward simplicity of the narrative and the actuality with which they convey the local atmosphere of the author's native Galloway. Our outline of this charming story was specially prepared for *The World's Great Books* by Mr. Crockett himself, with the permission of his publisher, Fisher Unwin.

I—The Blanket Washing

WINSOME CHARTERIS and Ralph Peden, student in divinity, had made acquaintance at a blanket-washing by the side of Loch Grenoch. In fact, she had put him to flight, all unknowing, by sitting down to take off her stockings to 'tramp the blankets,' so that he had left a couple of Hebrew books and a sheaf of notes in the hands of the enemy.

The next day he had gone back (presumably to look for these), and by their means had made the acquaintance of the young mistress of Craig Ronald, and of her faithful follower and protector, Miss Meg Kissock.

Now they were walking, silently and composedly, side by side up the farm loaning under the elder trees, over the brook at the watering-place to which, in her hoydenish days, Winsome had often ridden the horses when the ploughman loosed Bell and Jess from the plough. In those days she rode without a side-saddle. Sometimes she did it yet, when the spring gloamings were gathering fast; but no one knew this except Jock Forrest, the ploughman, who never spoke any more than he could help, but was a hero to work.

Silence deep as that of a dead yesterday wrapped about the farmhouse of Craig Ronald. The hens were all down under the lee of the great orchard hedge, chuckling and chunnering low to themselves, and nestling with their feathers spread balloonwise. Down where the grass was in shadow a mower was sharpening his blade. The clear, metallic sound of the 'strake' or polishing-strop, covered with pure white Loch Skerrow sand set in grease, which scythe-men universally use in Galloway, cut through the slumbrous hum of the noonday air as the blade itself cuts through the lush meadow grass. The bees in the purple flowers beneath the window boomed a mellow bass, and the grasshoppers made love by millions in the couch grass, chirring in a thousand fleeting raptures.

"Wait while I go in," commanded Winsome, indicating a chair in the cool, blue-flagged kitchen, which Meg Kissock had marked out in white, with whorls and crosses of immemorial antiquity, the same that her Pictish forefathers had cut deep into the hard Silurian rocks of the southern uplands.

It was a little while before, in the dusk of the doorway, Winsome appeared looking paler, fairer, and more infinitely removed from the young man than before. Instinctively he wished himself out with her again on the broomy knowe. He seemed somehow nearer to her there. Yet he followed obediently enough.

Within the shadowed 'ben'-room of Craig Ronald all the morning an oddly assorted pair of old people had been sitting—as, indeed, every morning they sat, one busily reading and often looking up to talk.

while the other, the master of the house himself, sat silent, a majestic and altogether pathetic figure, looking solemnly out with wide-open, dreamy eyes, waking to the actual world of speech and purposeful life only at rare intervals.

But Walter Skirving was keenly awake when Ralph Peden entered. It was, in fact, he, and not his partner, who spoke first—for Walter Skirving's wife, among other things, had learned when to be silent, and that was only when she must.

"You honour my hoose," said the old man, "though it grieves me indeed that I canna rise to receive yin o' your family an' name. But what I have is at your service, for it was your noble father that led the faithful into the wilderness on the day o' the Great Apostasy!"

The young man shook him by the hand. He had no bashfulness here; he was on his own ground. This was the very accent of the society in which he moved in Edinburgh.

"I thank you," he said, quietly and courteously, stepping back at once into the student of divinity. "I have often heard my father speak of you. You were the elder from the south who stood by him on that day. He has ever retained a great respect for you."

"It *was* a great day," Walter Skirving muttered, letting his arm rest on the little square deal table which stood beside him with his great Bible open upon it; "a great day! Aye, Maister Peden's laddie in my hoose! He's more nor welcome."

"THIS is my grandmother," said Winsome, who stood entirely quiet behind her chair, swinging the sunbonnet in her hand. From her flower-set corner the old lady held out her hand. With a touch of his father's old-fashioned courtesy, Ralph stooped and kissed it. Winsome instinctively put her own hand quickly behind her, as though he had kissed that. Once such practices have a beginning, who knows where they may end? She had not expected it of him, though, curiously, she thought no worse of him for his gallantry.

But the lady of Craig Ronald was obviously greatly pleased.

"The lad has guid bluid in him. That's the minnie o' him, nae doot. She was a Gilchrist, o' Linwood, up on Nithsdale. What she saw in your faither to tak' him, I dinna ken ony mair than I ken hoo it cam' to pass that I am the mistress o' Walter Skirving's hoose the day. Come oot ahint my chair, lassie; dinna be lauchin' ahint folk's backs. D'ye think I'm no mistress o' my ain hoose yet, for a' that ye are sic a grand hoosekeeper, wi' your way o't."

The accusation was wholly gratuitous. Winsome had been grave with a great gravity. But she came obediently out and seated herself on a low stool by her grandmother's side. There she sat, holding her hand and leaning her elbow on her knee.

RALPH thought he had never seen anything so lovely in his life—an observation entirely correct. The old lady was clad in a dress of some dark material, softer than brocade, which, like herself, was more beautiful in its age than ever in youth. Folds of snowy lawn covered her breast and fell softly about her neck, fastened there by a plain black pin. Her face was like a portrait by Henry Raeburn, so beautifully soft, and venerable and sweet. The twinkle in her brown eyes alone told of the forceful and restless spirit which was imprisoned within.

She had been reading a new volume by the Great Unknown, which the Lady Elizabeth had sent her over from the neighbouring House of Greatorix. She had laid it down on the entry of the young man. Now she turned sharp upon him.

"Let me look at ye, Maister Ralph Peden! Whaur gat ye the 'Ralph'? That's nae westland Whig name. Aye, aye, I mind—what's comin' o' my memory? Yer grandfaither was auld Ralph Gilchrist—na, na, there was no yin o' them weel-faured—muckle-moo'd Gilchrists, they ca'ed them. It'll be your faither that you favour."

"Grandmother——" began Winsome warningly, anxious lest she should say something to offend the guest of the house. But the lady did not heed her gentle monition.

"Was't you that ran awa' frae a bonny lass yestreen?" she queried, sudden as a flash of summer lightning.

It was now the turn of both the younger folk to blush. Winsome reddened with

vexation at the thought that he should think that she had seen him run and gone about telling of it. Ralph only grew redder and redder and remained speechless. He did not think of anything at all.

"I am fond of exercise," he said at last, falteringly.

The gay old lady rippled into a delicious silver stream of laughter; a little thin, but charmingly provocative. Winsome did not join, but she looked up imploringly at her grandmother, leaning her head back till her tresses swept the carpet.

When Mistress Skirving recovered herself: "Exerceese, quo' he; heard ye ever the like o' that? In my young days lads o' speerit took their 'exerceese' comin' to see a bonny lass—juist as I was sayin' to Winifred yestreen nae farther gane. Hoot awa', twa young folk! The simmer days are no lang. Wae's me, but I had my share o' them! Tak' them while they shine, bankside an' burnside an' the bonny heather. Aince they bloomed for Ailie Gordon. Aince she gaed hand in hand alang the braes, where noo she'll gang nae mair. Awa' wi' ye, ye're young an' honest. Twa auld cankered carles are no fit company for twa young folks like you. Awa' wi' ye; gie him bite and sup; dinna be strange wi' his mither's bairn; the guid man has spoken for the daddy o' him."

Thus was Ralph Peden made free of the Big House of Craig Ronald.

II—Winsome and Ralph Walk Together

WINSOME was not a young woman of great experience in these matters, but she had the natural instinct for the possibilities of love without which no woman comes into the world—at once armour defensive and weapon offensive. She knew very surely that one day Ralph Peden would tell her that he loved her; but in the meantime it was so very pleasant that it was a pity the uncertain days should come to an end so soon. So she resolved that they should not; at least, not just yet. She had not yet faced the question of what she would say to him when the day could no longer be postponed.

She did not care to face it. For 'sufficient unto the day is the good thereof' is quite as excellent a precept as its counterpart. But, all the same, she wished she could tell him to keep his shoulders back.

A sudden resolve sprang full-armed from her brain. Winsome had that strange irresponsibility which comes sometimes irresistibly to some men and women in youth, to say something as an experiment which she well knew that she ought not to say, simply to see what would happen. It was a tendency which more than once had got her into trouble.

"I wish you would keep back your shoulders when you walk!" she said, quick as a flash, stopping and turning sideways to face Ralph Peden.

Ralph, walking thoughtfully with the usual student stoop, stood openly aghast, as though not daring to reply, lest his ears had not heard aright. This naturally provoked his mentor.

"I said, why do you not keep your shoulders back?" repeated Winsome, sharply, with a kind of irritation at his silence or at her own speech.

He had no right to make her feel uncomfortable, whatever she might choose to say.

"I did not know—I thought—nobody ever told me," said Ralph, stammering and catching at the word which came uppermost, just as he had often done in college when Professor Thriepneuk, who was as fierce in the class-room as he was mild at home, cornered him upon a quantity.

"Well, then," said Winsome, "if everyone is so blind, it is time that someone should tell you now."

Ralph squared himself up like a drill-sergeant, holding himself so straight that Winsome laughed outright, and that so merrily that Ralph laughed too, well content in a moment that the dimple in her cheek should play at hide-and-seek with the flush of her clear skin.

So they had come to the stile, and Ralph's heart beat stronger, and a nervous tension of expectation quivered through him, bewildering his judgement. But Winsome was very clear-headed, and though that touchstone of womankind, the white of her eyes, was as dewy and clear as that of a child, she was no simpleton. She had read many men and women

in her time, for it is the same in essence to rule Craig Ronald as to rule Rome.

"This is your way," she said, sitting down on the stile. "I am going to John Scott's to see about the lambs. It will be breakfast-time at the Manse before you get back."

"I will come with you to John Scott's," he said, with an undertone of eagerness.

"Indeed, that you will not," said Winsome promptly. "You will go home and take to your book—after you have changed your shoes and stockings," she added, practically.

"Well, then, let me bid you good-bye, Winsome," said Ralph.

Her heart was warm to hear him say 'Winsome'—for the first time. She was about to give him her hand, when she saw something in his eye.

"Mind, you are not to kiss it as you did Granny's yesterday; besides, there are John Scott's dogs on the brow of the hill," she said, pointing upwards.

Ralph could only look more crestfallen still. He fell back on his old formula.

"I said before that you are a witch——"

"And you say it again?" queried Winsome, with careless nonchalance, swinging her bonnet by its strings. "Well, you can come back and kiss Granny's hand some other day. You are something of a favourite with her."

But she had presumed just a hair-breadth too far on Ralph's tenderness. He snatched the lilac sunbonnet out of her hands, tearing, in his haste, one of the strings off, and leaving it in Winsome's fingers, from which it fell to the ground. Then he kissed it once and twice outside where the sun shone on it, and again, inside, where it had rested on her head.

"You have torn it," she said complainingly, yet without anger.

"I am very glad," said Ralph Peden, coming nearer to her with a light in his eyes that she had never seen before.

Winsome dropped the string, snatched up the bonnet, and fled up the hill as trippingly as a young doe, towards the herd's cottage. At the top of the fell she paused a moment with her hand on her side, as if out of breath. Ralph was still holding the torn bonnet-string in his hand.

He held it up, hanging loose like a pennon from his hand. She could hear the words come clear up the hill. "I'm very—glad I—tore—it, and I *will* come and—see—your—grandmother!"

"Of all the——" Winsome stopped for want of words, speaking to herself as she turned away up the hill.

She did not finish her sentence, as she adjusted the outraged sunbonnet on her curls, tucking the remaining string within the crown; but as she turned again to look, Ralph was carefully folding up the string and putting it in his pocket-book.

"I shall never speak to him again as long as I live," she said, compressing her lips so that a dimple that Ralph had never seen came out on the other side. This, of course, closed the record in the case. Yet in a little while she added thoughtfully, "But he is very handsome, and I think he will keep his shoulders back now. Not, of course, that it matters, seeing I am never to speak to him any more."

John Scott's dogs were by this time leaping upon her, and that worthy shepherd was coming along a steep hill-slope.

Winsome turned for the last time. Against the broad, dark sapphire expanse of the loch, just where the great march dyke stepped off to bathe in the summer water, she saw something black that waved a hand and sprang over lightly.

Winsome sighed, and said a little wistfully, yet not sadly, "Who would have thought it of him? It just shows!" All which is a warning to maids that the meekest worm may turn. She looked wistfully at her sunbonnet. "I can easily sew another on, any way," she concluded, after some thought.

III—Jess the Gypsy

As usual, the love situation was complicated. Meg Kissock had many lads, and refused openly to give the preference to any. Her sister Jess, dark and gypsy-like, was in love with young Ralph Peden, and determined to prevent his falling in love with Winsome—which, indeed, was already past praying for.

Then Agnew Greatorix was determined to make love to Winsome Charteris by

fair means or foul, and Jess, in order to secure the divinity student, was willing to aid him. So when Ralph Peden made a tryst with Winsome—strictly for the purpose of asking her advice as to his future—his letter by treachery fell into the hands of Jess the gypsy. She herself had a rendezvous for the same evening with Agnew Greatorix, of Greatorix Castle. So Jess read, re-sealed and passed the letter on to its owner. As Winsome unfolded it, her eye seemed to take in the whole of the writing at once; 'beloved' occurred twice and 'Winsome dear' twice.

Without a moment's hesitation she sat down and wrote a line. It was her first love tryst. Yet, if it had been her twentieth she could not have been readier.

'I shall be at the gate of the hill-pasture,' so she wrote, 'to-night at ten o'clock.'

And so she gave the note to Jess to deliver.

But as the message reached Ralph Peden, it summoned him to be at the Bridge of Grannoch. Whom Winsome's card called to meet her will be seen hereafter.

IV—At the Bridge Head

Over the manse of Dullarg, still and grey, with only two men in it, and over the low-walled rectangular farm-steading of Craig Ronald, fell alike the equable midsummer night. Ten o'clock on an early July evening is in Galloway only a modified twilight. But as the sun went down behind the pines he sent an angry gleam athwart the green braes. The level cloud-band into which he plunged drew itself upward to the zenith and, like the lid of a gigantic eye, shut down as though God in His heaven were going to sleep, and the world were to be left alone.

It was the dark of the moon, and even if there had been full moon its light would have been as completely shut out by the cloud canopy as was the mild diffusion of the blue-grey twilight. So it happened that, as Ralph Peden took his way to his first love tryst, it was all he could do to keep the path, so dark had it become. But there was no rain—hardly yet even the hint or promise of rain.

Suddenly his whole soul rose in revolt within him. Certainly now he heard a light and swift footstep. There was a darker shape coming towards him against the dim, faint glimmer of the loch. It was his love, and she had come out to meet him at his bidding. He had dreamed of an angel, and lo! now he should touch her in the hollow of the night and find that she was a warm, breathing woman.

Wrapped from head to foot in a soft, close shawl, she came to him. He could see her only as something darker than darkness against the canopy of night. So, in the blissful dark, which makes lovers brave, he opened his arms to receive her. For the first time in his life he drew them to him again not empty.

The electric thrill of the contact, the yielding quiescence of the girl whom he held to his breast, stilled his heart's tumultuous beating. She raised her head and their lips drew together into a long kiss. What was this thing? It was a kiss in which he tasted a strange alien flavour even through the passion of it. A sense of wrong and disappointment flowed round Ralph's heart.

So, on the bridge in the darkness, where many lovers had stood since the first Pict trysted his dark-browed bride by the unbridged water, the pair stood very still. They only breathed each other's breath.

"Beloved," he said tenderly, looking down, "you are very good to come!"

For all reply a face was held close pressed to his. The mists of the night made her cheek damp. He passed his hand across the ripples of her hair. Half hidden by the shawl, he could feel the crisping of the curls under his fingers.

There was a growing brightness low down in the west. Strangely and slowly the gloomy eyelid of cloud which had fallen athwart the evening lifted for a moment its sullen rainy fringe; a misty twilight of lurid light flowed softly over the land. The shawl fell back like a hood from off the girl's shoulders. She looked up, throbbing and palpitating. Ralph Peden was clasping Jess Kissock in his arms. He had kissed her of his own free

will, and her heart rejoiced over Winsome. 'So much, at least, she cannot take from me.'

Ralph Peden's heart stopped beating for a tremendous interval of seconds. Then the dammed-back blood-surge drove thundering in his ears. He swayed and would have fallen but for the parapet of the bridge and the clinging arms about his neck. All his nature and love in full career stopped dead. Ralph would have broken away, indignant and amazed, but her arms and eyes held him close prisoner, the dismayed turmoil in his own heart momentarily aiding.

"Yes, Ralph Peden," Jess Kissock said, cleaving to him, "I know you hate me, because it is I and not another. You think me a wicked girl to come to you in her place. But you called her because you loved her, and I have come because I loved you as much and more. Have I not as much right? Do not dream that I came for aught but that. Have I not as good a right to love as she?"

She prisoned his face fiercely between her hands, and held him off from her at arm's length as if to see into his soul by the glow of the lingering lake of ruddy light low in the west.

"In your Bible where is there anything that hinders a woman from loving? Yet I know you will despise me for loving you, and hate me for coming in her place."

"I do not hate you," said Ralph, striving to go without rudely unclasping the girl's hands. Her arms fell instantly about his neck, the hands locking themselves behind.

"No, you shall not go till you have heard all, and then you can cast me into the loch as a worthless thing that you are better rid of."

SUDDENLY Jess Kissock slipped down and clasped him about the knees. Her hair had broken from its snood and streamed, a cloud of intense black, across her shoulders. He could see her only weirdly and vaguely, as one sees another by the red light of a wood ember in the darkness. She seemed like a beautiful pure angel, lost by some mischance not her own, praying to him out of the hollow pit of the night.

"If you do not love me, let me but serve you. I would slave so hard! See, I am strong——"

She seized his hands, gripping them till his fingers clave together with the pressure.

"Ah, see how I love you!" her fingers seemed to say. Then she kissed his hands, wetting them with the downfalling of her tears.

The darkness settled back thicker than before. He could not see the kneeling woman whose touch he felt. He strove to think what he should do, his emotion and his will surging in a troubled maelstrom about his heart.

BUT just then, from out of the darkness high on the unseen hill above them, there came a cry—a woman's cry of pain, anger and ultimate danger.

"Ralph, Ralph, come to me—come!" it seemed to say to him. Again and again it came, suddenly faltered, and was silenced as if smothered—as though a hand had been laid across a mouth that cried and would not otherwise be silenced.

Ralph sprang clear of Jess Kissock in a moment. It was his love's voice. She was calling to him—Ralph Peden—for help. Without a thought for the woman whose despairing words he had just listened to, he turned and ran, plunging into the thick darkness of the woods, tearing hillward in the direction of the cry.

But he had not gone far when another cry was heard—not the cry of a woman this time, but the shorter, shriller, more piercing yell of a man at the point of death—some deadly terror at his throat, choking him. Mixed with this came also unearthly, wordless, inhuman howlings, as of a wild beast triumphing. For a dozen seconds these sounds dominated the night. Then upon the hill they seemed to sink into a moaning and a long, low cry, like the whining of a beaten dog. Lights gleamed about the farm, and Ralph could vaguely see, as he sprang out of the ravine, along which he and Winsome had walked, dark forms flitting here and there with lanterns. In another moment he was out on the moor, ranging like a wild, questing hound, seeking the cause of the sudden and hideous outcry.

V—At the Hill Gate

By Jess Kissock's system of exchange of love trysts Winsome Charteris found herself at ten o'clock that night at the gate of the hill pasture—and in the arms of Agnew Greatorix. Wrapped in his military cloak, with a triumphant look in his handsome face, he smiled down upon her.

The leaping soul of pure disembodied terror stood in Winsome's eyes. Fascinated like an antelope in the coils of a python, she gazed, her eyes dilating and contracting—the world whirling about her, the soul of her bounding and panting to burst its bars.

"Winsome, my darling!" he said, "you have come to me. You sent for me. You are mine!"—bending his face to hers.

Not yet had the power to speak or to resist come back to her, so instant and terrible was her surprise. But at the first touch of his lips upon her cheek, the very despair brought back to her tenfold her own strength. She pushed against him with her hands, straining him from her by the rigid tension of her arms, setting her face far back from his, but still unable to break the clasp of his arms about her.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she cried, in a hoarse and laboured whisper.

"Gently, gently, fair and softly, my birdie," Greatorix said, still smiling. "Surely you have not forgotten that you sent for me to meet you here. Well, I am here, and I am not such a fool as to come for nothing."

The very impossibility of words steeled Winsome's heart.

"I send for you!" cried Winsome. "I never had a message or word with you in my life to give you a right to touch me with your little finger. Let me go, and this instant, Agnew Greatorix!"

"Winsome, sweetest girl, it pleases you to jest. Have I not your own letter in my pocket telling me where to meet you? Did you not write it? I am not angry. You can play out your play, and pretend you do not care for me, as much as you like, but I will not let you go. I have loved you too long, though till now you were cruel and would neither listen nor yet give me hope. So when I got your letter, I knew it was love, after all, that had been in your eyes as I rode away."

"Listen," said Winsome eagerly. "There is some terrible mistake; I never wrote a line to you——"

"Well, it matters little. It was to me that your letter came, brought by your messenger to the castle an hour ago. So here I am, and here you are, my beauty, and we shall just make the best of it, as lovers should when the nights are short."

He closed his arms about her, forcing the strength out of her wrists with slow, rude, masculine muscles. A numbness and deadness ran through her limbs as he compelled her nearer to him. With a great effort she forced herself back a step from him, and just as she felt the breath of his mouth upon hers her heart made way through her lips.

"Ralph! Ralph! Help me—help! Oh, come to me!" she cried, in her extremity of terror and the oncoming rigor of unconsciousness.

The next moment she dropped limp and senseless into the arms of Agnew Greatorix. For a long moment he held her up, listening to the echoes of that great cry, wondering if it woke up the whole world; or if, indeed, there was none to answer in that solitary place. But only a wild bird of the moorland wailed, like a lost soul too bad for heaven, too good for hell, wandering for ever.

Agnew Greatorix laid Winsome down on the heather, lifeless and still, her white face resting in a nest of golden curls, the red band of her mother's Indian shawl behind all.

But as the insulter stooped to take his will of her lips, now pale and defenceless, something that had been crouching beast-like in the heather for an hour, tracking and tracing him like a remorseless crawling horror, suddenly sprang with a whinnying rush upon him as he bent over Winsome's prostrate body—gripped straight at his throat and bore him to the ground.

So unexpected was the assault that, strong man as Greatorix was, he had not

the least chance of resistance. He reeled at the sudden constriction of his throat by hands that hardly seemed human, so wide was their clutch, so terrible the stringency of their grasp. He struck wildly at his assailant, but, lying on his back with the biting and strangling thing above him, his arms only met one another in vain blows. He felt teeth as of a wild beast meet in his throat, and in the sudden agony he sent abroad the mighty roar of a man in the grips of death by violence.

It was this terrible cry ringing across the hills that brought the farmsteading suddenly awake, and sent the lads swarming about the house with lanterns. But it was Ralph alone who, having heard the first cry of his love, ran straight onward, with a terrible stitch in his side which caught his breath and threw him to the ground almost upon the white-wrapped body of his love.

But on the other side, against the grey glimmer of the march dyke, he could see the twitchings of some terrible agony.

A light shone across the moor, fittully wavering as the searchers cast its shade from side to side. Ralph saw the face of Meg Kissock, with slow Jock Forrest behind her, carrying a lantern. Meg ran to the side of her mistress.

"Bring the lantern here," he said, leaving Winsome in the hands of Meg. Jock Forrest brought the lantern round, and there on the grass was Agnew Greatorix, with Daft Jock Gordon, the parish 'innocent,' above him, his sinewy hands gripping the man's neck and his teeth set in his throat.

Without a word Ralph pulled the mad man off and flung him, panting and furious, upon the heather, where Jock Forrest set his foot upon him, for he still growled and gnashed his teeth and struggled in sullen fury to get at his fallen enemy. With his hat Ralph brought water from a deep moss-hole and dashed it upon the face of Winsome. In a little while she began to sob in a heart-broken way, while Meg took her head upon her knees and soothed her.

VI—Epilogue

But all was cleared, in spite of the machinations of Jess. Ralph and Winsome settled at Craig Ronald. Leaving the Church, he gave himself up to literature. Meg Kissock married the silent ploughman, and the plotter Jess established herself as the mistress of Greatorix Castle, where she is reported to have made her authority so strong that the nominal master dare hardly call his soul his own. For Jess knew how to make the best of a defeat.

Once again Craig Ronald lies bright in a dreaming day in mid-September. The reapers are again in the fields. Far away there is a crying of voices. The cornfields by the bridge are white with bloomy and mellow whiteness. Some part of the oats is already down. Close in among the standing crop there is a series of rhythmic flashes, the scythes are swinging like a long wave that curls over here and there.

Up through the orchard comes a girl, tall and graceful, but with a touch of something nobler and stiller that does not come to girlhood. It is the seal of the diviner Eden grace which comes only after the Eden pain.

Winsome Peden carries more than ever of the old grace and beauty; and the eyes of her husband, who has been finishing the proof of his next volume, and at intervals looking over the busy fields to Loch Crannoch, tell her so as she comes.

But before they had time to move, the rollicking storm-cloud of younglings again come tumultuously up the stairs—Winifred far in front, Allan toddling in the rear.

"See what granny has put on my head!" cried Mistress Winifred the younger, whose normal manner of entering a room suggested a revolution.

"Oo!" said Allan, pointing with his chubby finger, "Yook, yook! Mother's sitting on favver's knee! Rock-a-by, favver, rock-a-by!"

But Ralph had no eyes for anything but the old sunbonnet in which the piquant flower face of Mistress Winifred was all but lost. It was frayed and faded, and it had again lost both strings.

Then he looked up and kissed the wife who was still his sweetheart, because the love which the lilac sunbonnet had brought to them so many years ago was still fresh with the dew of their youth.

AUGUSTE FOREL

THE SENSES OF INSECTS

IN 1874 Auguste Forel made himself known as an entomologist by his prize essay on the Ants of Switzerland, and thereafter was a constant contributor to scientific journals both in Switzerland and Belgium. He made the senses and mental faculties of insects his chief study, and has recorded the fact that his study of the beehive led him to his mature convictions as to the right constitution of the state—views which may be described as Socialism with a difference. His work on insects has served the study of human psychology, and is in itself perhaps the most important contribution to insect psychology ever made by a single student. The delightful work which is here epitomised, The Senses of Insects, originally appeared in three parts in a Swiss scientific journal, under the title Experiments and Critical Remarks on the Senses of Insects, and was re-issued by the author in volume form in 1900, being afterwards translated into English by Macleod Yearsley and published by Methuen.

I—Insect Activity and Instinct

THIS subject is one of great interest, as much from the standpoint of biology as from that of comparative psychology. The very peculiar mechanism of instincts always has its starting-point in sensations. To comprehend this mechanism it is essential to understand thoroughly the organs of sense and their special functions.

It is further necessary to study the co-ordination which exists between the action of the different senses and leads to their intimate connexion with the functions of the nerve centres, that is to say, with the specially instinctive intelligence of insects. The whole question is, therefore, a chapter of comparative psychology, a chapter in which it is necessary to take careful note of every factor, to place oneself, so to speak, on a level with the mind of an insect, and to avoid the anthropomorphic errors with which works upon the subject are filled.

At the same time the other extreme must equally be avoided—'anthropophobia,' which at all costs desires to see in every living organism a 'machine,' forgetting that a 'machine' which lives, that is to say, which grows, takes in nutriment and strikes a balance between income and expenditure, which, in a word, continually reconstructs itself, is not a 'machine,' but something entirely different.

In other words, it is necessary to steer clear of two dangers. We must avoid (1) identifying the mind of an insect with our own, but, above all, (2) imagining that we, with what knowledge we possess, can reconstruct the mind by our chemical and physical laws.

On the other hand, we have to recognize the fact that this mind and the sensory functions which put it on its guard are derived, just as with our human selves, from the primitive protoplasmic life. This life, so far as it is specialised in the nervous system by nerve irritability and its connexions with the muscular system, is manifested under two aspects. These may be likened to two branches of one trunk.

(*a*) *Automatic* or *instinctive* activity. This, though perfected by repetition, is definitely inherited. It is uncontrollable and constant in effect, adapted to the circumstances of the special life of the race in question. It is this curious instinctive adaptation—which is so intelligent when it carries out its proper task, so stupid and incapable when diverted to some other purpose—that has deceived so many scientists and philosophers by its insidious analogy with humanly constructed machines.

But, automatic as it may appear, instinct is not invariable. In the first place, it presents a racial evolution which of itself alone already demonstrates a certain degree of plasticity from generation to generation.

It presents, further, individual variations which are more distinct as it is less deeply

fixed by heredity. Thus the divergent instincts of two varieties, *e.g.* of insects, present more individual variability and adaptability than do those instincts common to all species of a genus.

In short, if we carefully study the behaviour of each individual of a species of insects with a developed brain (as has been done by P. Huber, Lubbock, Wasmann and myself, among others, for bees, wasps and ants), we are not long in finding noteworthy differences, especially when we put the instinct under abnormal conditions. We then force the nervous activity of these insects to present a second and plastic aspect, which to a large extent has been hidden from us under their enormously developed instinct.

(*b*) The *plastic* or *adaptive* activity is by no means, as has been so often suggested, a derivative of instinct. It is primitive. It is even the fundamental condition of the evolution of life. The living being is distinguished by its power of adaptation ; even the amoeba is plastic. But in order that one individual may adapt itself to a host of conditions and possibilities, as is the case with the higher mammals and especially with man, the brain requires an enormous quantity of nerve elements. But this is not the case with the fixed and specialised adaptation of instinct.

In secondary automatism, or habit, which we observe in ourselves, it is easy to study how this activity, derived from plastic activity, and ever becoming more prompt, complex and sure (technical habits), necessitates less and less expenditure of nerve effort. It is very difficult to understand how inherited instinct, hereditary automatism, could have originated from the plastic activities of our ancestors. It seems as if a very slow selection, among individuals best adapted in consequence of fortunate parentage, might perhaps account for it.

To sum up, every animal possesses two kinds of activity in varying degrees, sometimes one, sometimes the other predominating. In the lowest beings they are both rudimentary. In insects, special automatic activity reaches the summit of development and predominance ; in man, on the contrary, with his great brain development, plastic activity is elevated to an extraordinary height, above all by language, and before all by written language, which substitutes graphic fixation for secondary automatism, and allows the accumulation outside the brain of the knowledge of past generations, thus serving his plastic activity, at once the adapter and combiner of what the past has bequeathed to it.

According to the families, *genera* and species of insects, the development of different senses varies extremely. We meet with most striking contrasts, and contrasts which have not been sufficiently noticed. Certain insects, dragon-flies, for instance, live almost entirely by means of sight. Others are blind, or almost blind, and subsist exclusively by smell and taste (insects inhabiting caves, most working ants). Hearing is well developed in certain forms (crickets, locusts), but most insects appear not to hear, or to hear with difficulty. Despite their thick, chitinous skeleton, almost all insects have extremely sensitive touch, especially in the antennae, but not confined thereto.

It is absolutely necessary to bear in mind the mental faculties of insects in order to judge with a fair degree of accuracy how they use their senses. We shall return to that point when summing up.

II—The Vision of Insects

In vision we are dealing with a certain definite stimulus—light, with its two modifications, colour and motion. Insects have two sets of organs for vision, the faceted eye and the so-called simple eye, or ocellus. These have been historically derived from one and the same organ. In order to exercise the function of sight the facets need a greater pencil of light rays by night than by day. To obtain the same result we dilate the pupil. But nocturnal insects are dazzled by the light of day, and diurnal insects cannot see by night, for neither possesses the faculty of accommodation. Insects are specially able to perceive motion, but

there are only very few insects that can see distinctly.

For example, I watched one day a wasp chasing a fly on the wall of a veranda, as is the habit of this insect at the end of summer and in the autumn. She dashed violently in flight at the flies sitting on the wall, which mostly escaped. She continued her pursuit with remarkable pertinacity, and succeeded on several occasions in catching a fly, which she killed, mutilated and bore away to her nest. Each time she quickly returned to continue the hunt.

In one spot of the wall was stuck a black nail, which was just the size of a fly, and I saw the wasp very frequently deceived by this nail, upon which she sprang, leaving it as soon as she perceived her error on touching it. Nevertheless, she made the same mistake with the nail shortly after. I have often made similar observations.

We may certainly conclude that the wasp saw something of the size of a fly, but without distinguishing the details; therefore she saw it indistinctly. Evidently a wasp does not only perceive motion; she also distinguishes the size of objects. When I put dead flies on a table to be carried off by another wasp, she took them, one after another, as well as spiders and other insects of but little different size placed by their side. On the other hand, she took no notice of insects much larger or much smaller put among the flies.

Most entomologists have observed with what ingenuity and sureness dragon-flies distinguish, follow and catch the smallest insects on the wing. Of all insects, they have the best sight. Their enormous convex eyes have the greatest number of facets. Their number has been estimated at 12,000, and even at 17,000. Their aerial chases resemble those of the swallows. By trying to catch them at the edge of a large pond, one can easily convince oneself that the dragon-flies amuse themselves by making sport of the hunter; they will always allow one to approach just near enough to miss catching them. It can be seen to what degree they are able to measure the distance and reach of their enemy.

AUGUSTE FOREL was born at Morges, in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, September 1, 1848, and studied at the universities of Zurich and Vienna. In 1873 he was appointed assistant medical officer of a hospital for the insane at Munich, and in 1879 became professor of psychiatrics at Zurich and director of the cantonal asylum at Burgholzli. He gave up his professorship in 1897 and settled at Chigny near Morges. Apart from his entomological interests Forel specialised in the anatomy of the brain and the aural system. He became a recognized authority on hypnotism and won an international reputation as a reformer of penological methods.

It is an absolute fact that dragon-flies, unless it is cold or in the evening, always manage to fly at just that distance at which the student cannot touch them; and they see perfectly well whether one is armed with a net or has nothing but his hands; one might even say that they measure the length of the handle of the net, for the possession of a long handle is no advantage. They just fly out of reach of one's instrument, whatever trouble one may give one's self by hiding it from them and suddenly lunging as they fly off.

Whoever watches butterflies and flies will soon see that these insects can also measure the distance of such objects as are not far from them. The males and females of bees and ants distinguish one another on the wing. It is rare for an individual to lose sight of the swarm or to miss what it pursues flying. It has been proved that the sense of smell has nothing to do with this matter. Thus insects, though without any power of accommodation for light or distance, are able to perceive objects at different distances.

It is known that many insects will blindly fly and dash against a lamp at night, until they burn themselves. It has

often been wrongly thought that they are fascinated.

We ought first to remember that natural lights, concentrated at one point like our artificial lights, are extremely rare in nature. The light of day, which is the light of wild animals, is not concentrated at one point. Insects, when they are in darkness—underground, beneath bark or leaves—are accustomed to reach the open air, where the light is everywhere diffused, by directing themselves towards the luminous point. At night, when they fly towards a lamp, they are evidently deceived, and their small brains cannot comprehend the novelty of this light concentrated at one spot. Consequently, their fruitless efforts are again and again renewed against the flame, and the poor innocents end by burning themselves.

Several domestic insects, which have become little by little adapted to artificial light in the course of generations, no longer allow themselves to be deceived thereby. This is the case with house-flies.

Bees distinguish all colours, and seldom confound any but blue and green; while wasps scarcely react to differences of colour, but note better the shape of an object, and note, for instance, where the place of honey is; so that a change of colour on the disk whereon the honey is placed hardly upsets them. Wasps have a better sense of smell than bees.

The chief discovery regarding the vision of insects made in the last thirty years is that of Lubbock, who proved that ants perceive the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, which we are unable to perceive.

It has lately been proved also that many insects appreciate light by the skin.

They do not see as clearly as we do; but when they possess well-developed eyes they appreciate size, and more or less distinctly the contours of objects.

Ants have a great faculty for recognition, which probably testifies to their vision and visual memory. Lubbock observed ants which actually recognized each other after more than a year of separation.

III—Smell, Taste, Hearing, Pain

SMELL is very important in insects. It is difficult for us to judge of, since man is of all the vertebrates, except the whales perhaps, the one in which this sense is most rudimentary. We can evidently, therefore, form only a feeble idea of the world of knowledge imparted by a smell to a dog, a mole, a hedgehog, or an insect.

The instruments of smell are the antennae. A poor ant without antennae is as lost as a blind man who is also deaf and dumb. This appears from its complete social inactivity, its isolation, its incapacity to guide itself and to find its food. It can, therefore, be boldly supposed that the antennae and their power of smell, as much on contact as at a distance, constitute the social sense of ants, the sense which allows them to recognize one another, to tend their larvae, and mutually help one another, and also the sense which awakens their greedy appetites, their violent hatred for every being foreign to the colony, the sense which principally guides them—a little helped by vision, especially in certain species—in the long and patient travels which they have to undertake, which makes them find their way back, find their plant-lice, and all their other means of subsistence.

As the philosopher Herbert Spencer has well pointed out, the visceral sensations of man, and those internal senses which, like smell, can only make an impression of one kind as regards space—two simultaneous odours can only be appreciated by us as a mixture—are precisely those by which we can gain little or no information relative to space. Our vision, on the contrary, which localises the rays from various distant points of space on various distinct points of our retina at the same time, is our most relational sense, that which gives us the most vast ideas of space.

But the antennae of insects are an olfactory organ turned inside out, prominent in space and, further, very mobile. This allows us to suppose that their sense of smell may be much more relational than ours, that the sensations thence derived give them ideas of space and of direction which may be qualitatively different from ours.

Taste exists in insects, and has been very widely written on, but somewhat inconclusively. The organs of taste probably are to be found in the jaws and at the base of the tongue. This sense can be observed in ants, bees and wasps; and everyone has seen how caterpillars especially recognize by taste the plants which suit them.

Much has been written on the hearing of insects; but, in my judgement, only crickets and several other insects of that class appear to perceive sounds. Erroneous views have been due to confusing hearing with mechanical vibrations.

We must not forget that the specialisation of the organ of hearing has reached in man a delicacy of detail which is evidently not found again in lower vertebrates.

Pain is much less developed in insects than in warm-blooded vertebrates. Otherwise, one could not see either an ant, with its abdomen or antennae cut off, gorge itself with honey; or a humble-bee, in which the antennae and all the front of the head had been removed, go to find and pillage flowers; or a spider, the foot of which had been broken, feed immediately on this, its own foot, as I myself have seen; or, finally, a caterpillar, wounded at the 'tail' end, devour itself, beginning behind, as I have observed more than once.

IV—Insect Reason and Passions

INSECTS, then, possess our five senses (save, perhaps, hearing) in a well-differentiated condition, and with a specialised energy which we may suppose analogous to ours. The quality of their sight, nevertheless, in divers respects differs widely from ours. Certain among them see the ultra-violet rays, which we do not see. Many insects have, further, a sort of smell-on-contact which allows, amongst other things, ants to distinguish their comrades from their enemies, and to perceive the chemical quality of various bodies which they touch with their antennae, in which the sense is situated. It would appear that their sense of smell, both on contact and at distance, must be relational to space, *i.e.* it must apprise the insect of the relative position of bodies. Have they any other special sense which we have not? The affirmative is possible, for the ultra-violet sight, which we lack, certainly constitutes a peculiar variety of vision in them.

Insects reason, and the most intelligent among them, the social hymenoptera, especially the wasps and ants, even reason much more than one is tempted to believe when one observes the regularly recurring mechanism of their instincts. To understand these reasonings well, it is necessary to mislead their instinct.

Further, one may remark little bursts of plastic judgement, of combination—extremely limited, it is true—which, in forcing them an instant from the beaten track of their automatism, help them to overcome difficulties and to decide between two dangers. From the point of view of instinct and intelligence, or rather of reason, there are not, therefore, absolute contrasts between the insect, the mammal and the man.

Finally, insects have passions which are more or less bound up with their instincts. And these passions vary enormously, according to the species. I have noted the following traits of character among ants: choler, hatred, devotion, activity, perseverance and gluttony.

I have added thereto the discouragement which is sometimes shown at the time of a defeat, and which can become real despair; the fear which is shown among ants when they are alone, while it disappears when they are numerous.

I CAN add further the momentary temerity whereby certain ants, knowing the enemy to be weakened and discouraged, hurl themselves alone in the midst of masses of enemies larger than themselves.

When we study the manners of an insect, it is necessary for us to take account of its mental faculties as well as of its sense organs. Intelligent insects make better use of their senses, especially by combining them in various ways. It is possible to study such insects in their homes in a more varied and more complete manner, allowing greater accuracy of observations.

GEORGE BERKELEY

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE

THE most eminent metaphysician that Ireland has produced, George Berkeley issued his first publication, two mathematical essays, in 1707, his Theory of Vision in 1709 and his Principles of Human Knowledge in 1710. This last work is one of the most notable and important of that sequence of metaphysical systems which, beginning with Descartes, constitute what is known as modern philosophy. Berkeley is to be regarded as the founder of the philosophy of idealism as opposed to the realism of Hobbes. In a clear, almost Platonic style, he shows by an analysis of sense-perception that the external world is really dependent for its very existence on the spirit. The Principles of Human Knowledge, together with Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, and New Theory of Vision, is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Analysis of Perception

IT is evident to anyone who takes a survey of the objects of human knowledge that they are either ideas actually imprinted on the senses, or else such as are perceived by attending to the passions and operations of the mind; or, lastly, ideas formed by help of memory and imagination, either compounding, dividing, or representing those originally perceived in the aforesaid ways. By sight, touch and other senses, I receive various sensations; and any group of sensations, frequently accompanying one another, comes to be known as one thing. Thus, a certain colour, taste, smell, figure and consistence having been observed to go together, are accounted one distinct thing—for instance, an apple.

But, besides this endless variety of objects of knowledge, there is also the 'mind,' 'spirit,' 'soul,' or 'myself,' which perceives them. Neither our thoughts nor imaginations, nor even the sensations which compose the objects of perception, can exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving them. It is impossible that objects should have any existence out of the minds for which they exist; to conceive them as existing unperceived is a mere abstraction. Whence it follows that there is no other substance but spirit, or that which perceives.

Some, indeed, distinguish between 'primary' and 'secondary' qualities, and hold that the former, such as extension, figure, motion and solidity, have some existence outside of the mind in an unthinking substance which they call 'matter.' But extension, figure and motion are only ideas existing in the mind, and neither these ideas nor their archetypes can exist in an unperceiving substance.

The very notion of what is called 'matter' involves a contradiction within it. Not only primary and secondary qualities alike, but also 'great' and 'small,' 'swift' and 'slow,' 'extension,' 'number,' and even 'unity' itself, being all of them purely relative, exist only in the mind. The conception of 'material substance' has no meaning but that of 'being' in general.

Even if we were to give to the materialists their 'external bodies,' they are by their own confession no nearer to knowledge how our ideas are produced, since they own themselves unable to comprehend in what manner body can act upon spirit, or how it is possible that it should imprint any idea on the mind.

It is evident that the production of ideas in our minds can be no reason why we should suppose corporeal substances to exist, since the rise of those ideas is acknowledged to remain equally inexplicable with or without the supposition of material existences. In short, if there were external bodies, it is impossible that we should ever come to know it; and if

there were not, we should have the same reasons to think there were, that we have now.

We perceive a continual succession of ideas; some are anew excited, others are changed or totally disappear. There is, therefore, some cause of these ideas, whereon they depend, which produces and changes them. This cause must be a substance; but it has been shown that there is no corporeal or material substance. It remains, therefore, that the cause of ideas is an incorporeal active substance or spirit.

A spirit is one simple, undivided, active being; as it perceives ideas it is called the 'understanding,' and as it produces or otherwise operates about them, it is called the 'will.' Such is the nature of spirit that it cannot be of itself perceived, but only by the effects which it produces.

The ideas of sense are more strong, lively and distinct than those of the imagination; they have likewise a steadiness, order and coherence, and are excited in a regular series, the admirable connexion whereof sufficiently testifies the wisdom and benevolence of its Author. The set rules or established methods, wherein the mind that we depend on excites in us the ideas of sense, are called the 'laws of nature.'

These we learn by experience, and so obtain a sort of foresight which enables us to regulate our actions for the benefit of life. In general, to obtain such or such ends such or such means are conducive; and all this we know, not by discovering any necessary connexion between our ideas, but only by the observation of the laws of nature.

And yet this constant uniform working, which so evidently displays the goodness and wisdom of that governing spirit whose will constitutes the laws of nature, is so far from leading our thoughts to Him that it rather sends them wandering after second causes. For when we perceive certain ideas of sense constantly followed by other ideas, and we know that it is not of our own doing, we forthwith attribute power and agency to the ideas themselves, and make one the cause of another, than which nothing can be more absurd.

II—The Roots of Scepticism

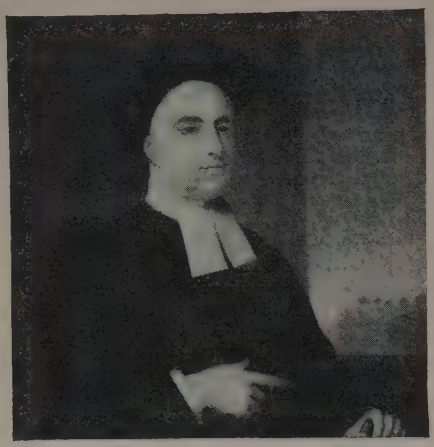
SEVERAL difficult and obscure questions, on which abundance of speculation hath been thrown away, are by our own principles entirely banished from philosophy. 'Whether corporeal substance can think,' 'whether matter be infinitely divisible,' 'how matter operates on spirit'—these and the like inquiries have given infinite amusement to philosophers in all ages. But since they depend on the existence of matter, they have no longer any place in our principles.

It follows, also, that human knowledge may be reduced to two heads—knowledge of ideas and knowledge of spirits. Our knowledge of the former hath been much obscured and we have been led into very dangerous errors, by supposing a twofold existence of the objects of sense, the one 'intelligible,' or in the mind, the other 'real,' and without the mind; whereby unthinking things are thought to have a natural subsistence of their own, distinct from being perceived by spirits.

This is the very root of scepticism; for so long as men thought that real things subsisted without the mind, and that their knowledge was only so far 'real' as it was conformable to 'real things,' they could not be certain that they had any real knowledge at all.

So long as we attribute a real existence to unthinking things, distinct from their being perceived, it is not only impossible for us to know the nature of any real unthinking being, but it is impossible for us even to know that it exists. Hence it is that we see philosophers distrust their senses, and doubt of the existence of heaven and earth, and of everything they see or feel.

But all this doubtfulness, which so bewilders and confounds the mind, vanishes if we annex a meaning to our words and do not amuse ourselves with the terms 'absolute,' 'external,' 'exist,' and such like, signifying we know not what. I can as well doubt of my own being as of the being of those things which I perceive by sense; the very existence of unthinking beings consists in their being perceived.



GEORGE BERKELEY was born near Thomastown, Kilkenny, March 12, 1685, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he became a fellow in 1707. He came to London in 1713 and formed the acquaintance of Steele, Swift, Pope and other notable literary men. In 1724 he emigrated to Newport, Rhode Island, with a view to founding a college at Bermuda for training missionaries to the North American Indians. The scheme fell through and Berkeley returned to London. In 1734 he was consecrated Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland and retained the bishopric until 1752 when he resigned and retired to Oxford, where he died January 14, 1753.

It were a mistake to think that what is here said derogates in the least from the reality of things. The unthinking beings perceived by sense exist in those unextended, indivisible substances, or spirits, which act, think and perceive them; whereas philosophers vulgarly hold that the sensible qualities exist in an inert, extended, unperceiving substance, which they call 'matter,' to which they attribute a natural subsistence distinct from being perceived by any mind whatsoever, even the eternal mind of the Creator.

As we have shown the doctrine of matter to have been the main support of scepticism, so likewise upon the same foundation have been raised all the impious schemes of atheism and irreligion. All these monstrous systems have so visible and necessary a dependence on this supposed material substance that, when this cornerstone is once removed, the whole fabric cannot choose but fall to the ground.

On the same principle does not only fatalism but also idolatry depend in all its varying forms. Did men but consider that the sun, moon and stars, and every other object of the senses, are only so many sensations in their minds, which have no other existence but barely being perceived, they would never fall down and worship their own ideas, but rather address their homage to that Eternal Invisible Mind which produces and sustains all things.

As in reading books a wise man will choose to fix his thoughts on the sense rather than lay them out on grammatical remarks; so, in perusing the volume of nature, it seems beneath the dignity of the mind to affect an exactness in reducing each particular phenomenon to general rules, or showing how it follows from them. We should propose to ourselves nobler views, such as to recreate and exalt the mind, with a prospect of the beauty, order, extent and variety of natural things; hence, by proper inferences, to enlarge our notions of the grandeur, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator.

The reason that is assigned for our being thought ignorant of the nature of spirits is our not having an idea of them. But it is manifestly impossible that there should be any such idea. A spirit is the only substance wherein the unthinking beings or ideas can exist; but that this substance which supports or perceives ideas should itself be an idea is manifestly absurd.

From the opinion that spirits are to be known after the manner of an idea or sensation have arisen many heterodox tenets and much scepticism about the nature of the soul. It is even probable that this opinion may have produced a doubt in some whether they had any soul at all distinct from their body, since they could not find that they had an idea of it.

But the spirit is a real thing, which is neither an idea nor like an idea. What I am myself, that which I denote by the term 'I,' is what we mean by soul or spiritual substance; and we know other spirits by means of our own soul, which in that sense is an image or idea of them.

By the natural immortality of the soul we mean that it is not liable to be either broken or dissolved by the ordinary laws of nature or motion. The soul itself is indivisible, incorporeal, unextended and is consequently incorruptible.

III—Our Knowledge of God

THOUGH there be some things which convince us that human agents are concerned in producing them, yet it is evident to everyone that those things which are called the works of nature—that is, the far greater part of the ideas or sensations perceived by us—are not produced by, nor dependent on, the wills of men. There is, therefore, some other spirit that causes them, since they cannot subsist themselves.

If we attentively consider the constant regularity, order and concatenation of natural things, the surprising magnificence, beauty and perfection of the larger, and the exquisite contrivance of the smaller parts, together with the exact harmony and correspondence of the whole—I say, if we consider all these things, and at the same time attend to the import of the attributes, one eternal, infinitely wise, good, and perfect, we shall clearly perceive that they belong to the aforesaid Spirit, who works all in all, and by whom all things consist.

Hence it is evident that God is known as certainly and immediately as any other mind or spirit whatsoever, distinct from ourselves. We may even assert that the existence of God is far more evidently perceived than the existence of men, because the effects of nature are infinitely more numerous and considerable than those ascribed to human agents. There is not one mark that denotes a man, or effect produced by him, which does not more strongly evince the being of that Spirit who is the Author of nature.

It seems to be a general pretence of the unthinking herd that they cannot see God. Could we but see Him, say they, as we see a man, we should believe that He is, and, believing, obey His commands. But we need only open our eyes to see the sovereign Lord of all things with a more full and clear view than we do any one of our fellow-creatures. We do not see a man, if by 'man' is meant that which lives, moves, perceives and thinks as we do; but only such a collection of ideas as directs us to think there is a distinct principle of thought and motion like to ourselves, accompanying and represented by it. After the same manner we see God.

Men are surrounded with such clear manifestations of Deity, yet are so little affected by them that they seem, as it were, blinded with excess of light.

A World-Story in English Setting

ELIZA LYNN LINTON

THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON

AT the age of three-and-twenty Eliza Lynn, as she then was, embarked on a literary career, and as a journalist, contributor to magazines and novelist, wrote industriously for more than fifty years. In 1872 she achieved considerable success with The True History of Joshua Davidson, a powerfully simple story that has had much influence on working-class thought. The book was published by Methuen, by whose permission the following epitome has been prepared. Among the most notable of Mrs. Linton's other books are Sowing the Wind (1867), Patricia Kemball (1874), The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland, which is largely autobiographical (1885), and My Literary Life (1899).

I—A Cornish Christ

JOSHUA DAVIDSON was the only son of a village carpenter, born in the small hamlet of Trevalga, on the North Cornwall coast, in the year 1835. There was nothing very remarkable about Joshua's childhood. He was always a quiet, thoughtful boy, and from his earliest years noticeably pious. He had a habit of asking why, and of reasoning out a principle, from quite a little lad, which displeased people, so that he did not get all the credit from the schoolmaster and the clergyman to which his diligence and good conduct entitled him.

He was never well looked on by the vicar since a famous scene that took place in the church one Sunday. After catechism was over, Joshua stood out before the rest, just in his rough country clothes as he was, and said very respectfully to the vicar, Mr. Grand, "If you please, sir, I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, my lad. What have you to say?" said Mr. Grand rather shortly.

"If we say, sir, that Jesus Christ was God," said Joshua, "surely all that He said and did must be the real right? There cannot be a better way than His?"

"Surely not," Mr. Grand made answer.

"And His apostles and disciples, they showed the way, too?" said Joshua.

"And they showed the way, too, as you say; and if you come up to half they taught you'll do well, Joshua."

The vicar laughed a little laugh as he said this, but it was a laugh, Joshua's mother said, that seemed to mean the same thing as a 'scat'—our Cornish word for a blow—only the boy didn't see it.

"Yes; but, sir, if we are Christians, why don't we live as Christians?"

"Ah, indeed, why don't we?" said Mr. Grand. "Because of the wickedness of the human heart; because of the world, the flesh and the devil."

"Then, sir, if you feel this, why don't you and all the clergy live like the apostles and give what you have to the poor?" cried Joshua, clasping his hands and making a step forward, the tears in his eyes. "Why do you live in a fine house, and have grand dinners, and let Peggy Bray nearly starve in that old mud hut of hers, and Widow Tregellis there, with her six children, and no fire or clothing for them? I can't make it out, sir!"

"Who has been putting these bad thoughts into your head?" said Mr. Grand sternly.

"No one, sir. I have been thinking for myself. Michael, out by Lion's Den, is called an infidel—he calls himself one. And you preached last Sunday that no infidel can be saved. But Michael helped Peggy and her child when the orphan fund people took away her pension; and he worked early and late for Widow Tregellis and her children, and shared with them all he had, going short for them many a time. And I can't help thinking, sir, that Christ would have helped Peggy, and that Michael, being an infidel and such a good man, is something like that second son in the parable who said he would not do his Lord's will when he was ordered, but who went all the same——"

"And that your vicar is like the first?" interrupted Mr. Grand angrily.

"Well, yes, sir, if you please."

There was a stir among the ladies and gentlemen when Joshua said this; and some laughed a little, under their breath, and others lifted up their eyebrows and said, "What an extraordinary boy!" But Mr. Grand was very angry, and said, in a severe tone, "These things are beyond the knowledge of an ignorant lad like you, Joshua. I consider you have done a very impertinent thing to-day, and I shall mark you for it!"

"I meant no harm. I meant only the truth and to hear the things of God," repeated Joshua sadly, as he took his seat among his companions, who tittered.

And so Joshua was not well looked on by the clergyman, who was his enemy, as one may say, ever after.

"Mother," said Joshua, "I mean, when I grow up, to live as our Lord and Saviour lived when He was on the earth."

"He is our example, lad," said his mother. "But I doubt lest you fall by over-boldness."

II—Faith that Moveth Mountains

Joshua did not leave home early. He wrought at his father's bench and was content to bide with his people. But his spirit was not dead if his life was uneventful. He gathered about him a few youths of his own age, and held with them prayer-meetings and Bible readings, either at home in his father's house, or in the fields when the throng was too great for the cottage.

No one ever knew Joshua tell the shadow of a lie, or go back from his word, or play at pretence. And he had such an odd way of coming right home to us. He seemed to have felt all that we felt and to have thought all our thoughts.

The youths that Joshua got together as his friends were as well-conditioned a set of lads as you would wish to see—sober, industrious, chaste. Their aim was to be thorough and like Christ. Joshua's great hope was to bring back the world to the simplicity and broad humanity of Christ's acted life.

He was but a young man at this time, remember—enthusiastic, with little or no scientific knowledge, and putting the direct interposition of God above the natural law. Wherefore, he accepted the text about faith removing mountains as literally true. And one evening he went down into the Rocky Valley, earnest to try conclusions with God's promise and sure of proving it true.

He prayed to God to grant us this manifestation—to redeem His promise. Not a shadow of doubt chilled or slacked him. As he stood there in the softening twilight, with his arms raised above his head and his face turned up to the sky, his countenance glowed as Moses' of old. He seemed inspired, transported beyond himself, beyond humanity.

He commanded the stone to move in God's name, and because Christ had promised. But the rock stood still, and a stonechat went and perched on it.

Another time he took up a viper in his hand, quoting the passage, 'They shall take up serpents.' But the beast stung him, and he was ill for days after.

"Take my advice," said the doctor. "Put all these thoughts out of your head. Get some work to do in a new part of the country, fall in love with some nice girl and marry as soon as you can make a home for her. That's the only life for you, depend upon it."

"God has given me other thoughts," said Joshua, "and I must obey them."

The doctor said afterwards that he was quite touched by the lad's sweetness and wrong-headedness combined.

The failure of these trials of faith perplexed us all, and profoundly afflicted Joshua.

"Friends," he said at last, "it seems to me—indeed, I think we must all see it now—that His Word is not to be accepted literally. The laws of nature are supreme, and even faith cannot change them. Can it be," he then said solemnly, "that much of the Word is a parable—that Christ was truly as He says of Himself, the corner stone, but not the whole building, and that we have to carry on the work in His spirit, but in our own way, and not merely to try and repeat His acts?"

It was after this that we noticed a certain restlessness in Joshua. But in time he had an offer to go up to London to follow his trade at a large house in the City, and got me a job as well, that I might be alongside of him. For we were like brothers. A few days before he went, Joshua happened to be coming out of his father's workshop just as Mr. Grand was passing, driving the neat pair-horse phaeton he had lately bought.

"Well, Joshua, and how are you doing? And why have you not been to church lately?" said the parson, pulling up.

"Well, sir," said Joshua, "I don't go to church, you know."

"A new light on your own account, hey?" and he laughed mockingly.

"No, sir; only a seeker."

"The old path's not good enough for you?"

"I must answer for my conscience to God, sir," said Joshua.

"And your clergyman, appointed by God and the state to be your guide, what of him? Has he no authority in his own parish?"

"Look here, sir," said Joshua, quite respectfully; "I deny your appointment as a God-given leader of souls. The Church is but the old priesthood as it existed in the days of our Lord. I see no sacrifice of the world, no brotherhood with the poor——"

"The poor!" interrupted Mr. Grand disdainfully. "What would you have, you young fool? The poor have the laws of their country to protect them and the Gospel preached to them for their salvation."

"Why, sir, the poor of our day are the lepers of Christ's, and who among you Christian priests consorts with them? Who ranks the man above his station, or the soul above the man?"

"Now we have come to it!" cried Mr. Grand. "I thought I should touch the secret spring at last! And you would like us to associate with you as equals—is that it, Joshua? Gentlemen and common men hob-and-nob together, and no distinctions made? You to ride in our carriages, and perhaps marry our daughters?"

"That's just it, sir. You are gentlemen, as you say, but not the followers of Christ. If you were, you would have no carriages to ride in, and your daughters would be what Martha and Mary and Lydia and Dorcas were, and their title to ladyhood founded on their degrees of goodness."

"Shall I tell you what would be the very thing for you?" said Mr. Grand, quite quietly.

"Yes, sir; what?" asked Joshua eagerly.

"This whip across your shoulders! And, by George, if I were not a clergyman, I would lay it there with a will!" cried the parson.

No one had ever seen Joshua angry since he had grown up. His temper was proverbially sweet and his self-control was a marvel. But this time he lost both.

"God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" he cried, with vehemence. "You are the gentleman, sir, and I am only a poor carpenter's son; but I spurn you with a deeper and more solemn scorn than you have spurned me!"

He lifted his hand as he said this, with a strange and passionate gesture, then turned himself about and went in, and Mr. Grand drove off more his ill-wisher than before. He also made Joshua's father suffer for his son, for he took away his custom from him and did him what harm in the neighbourhood he could.

III—Is Christ's Way Livable?

In London a new view of life opened to Joshua. The first thing that struck him in our workshop was the avowed infidelity of the workmen. Distrust had penetrated to their inmost souls. Christianity represents to the poor, not Christ tender to the sinful, visiting the leprous, the brother of publicans, at Whose feet sat the harlots and were comforted, but the gentleman taking sides with God against the poor and oppressed, an elder brother in the courts of heaven kicking the younger out of doors.

At this time Joshua's mind was like an unpiloted vessel. He was beset with doubts, in which the only thing that kept its shape or place was the character of Christ. For the rest, everything had failed him. During this time he did not neglect what I suppose may be called the secular life. He attended all such science classes as he had time for and, being naturally quick in study, he picked up a vast deal of knowledge in a very short time; he interested himself in politics, in current social questions, specially those relating to labour and capital, and in the conditions of the poor.

So his time passed, till at last one evening, "Friends," he said, "I have at last cleared my mind and come to a belief. I have proved to myself the sole meaning of Christ: it is humanity. The modern Christ would be a politician. His aim would be to raise the whole platform of society. He would work at the destruction of caste, which is the vice of all creeds and institutions. He would accept the truths of science and He would teach that a man saves his own soul best by helping his neighbour. Friends, the doctrine I have chosen for myself is Christian Communism, and my aim will be, the life after Christ in the service of humanity."

It was this which made him begin his 'night school,' where he got together all who would come, and tried to interest them in a few homely truths in the way of cleanliness, health, good cooking and the like, with interludes, so to speak, of lessons in morality.

We lodged in a stifling court, Church Court, where every room was filled as if cubic inches were gold, as indeed they are to London house-owners, if human life is but dross. Opposite us lived Mary Prinsep, who was what the world calls lost—a bad girl—a castaway—but I have reason to speak well of her, for to her we owe the life of Joshua. Joshua fell ill in our wretched lodgings, where we lived and did for ourselves, and I was obliged to

leave him for twelve hours and more at a stretch; but Mary Prinsep came over and nursed him, and kept him alive. We helped her all we could, and she helped us. This got us the name of associating with bad women.

Among the rest of the doubtful characters with which our court abounded was one Joe Traill, who had been in prison many a time for petty larceny and the like. He was one of those who stink in the nostrils of cleanly, civilized society, and who are its shame and secret sore. There was no place for Joe in this great world of ours. He said to Joshua one night in his blithe way that there was nothing for him but to make a running fight of it, now up, now down, as his luck went.

"Burglary's a bad trade," said Joshua.

"Only one I've got at my fingers' ends, governor," laughed the thief; "and starvation is a worse go than quod."

"Well, till you've learnt a better, share with us," said Joshua. So now we had a reformed burglar and a reformed prostitute in our little circle.

"It is what Christ would have done," said Joshua, when he was remonstrated with.

But the police did not see it. Wherefore, 'from information received,' Joshua and I were called up before the master and had our dismissal from the shop, and we found ourselves penniless in the wilds of London. But Joshua was undisturbed. He told both Joe and Mary that he would not forsake them, come what might.

It was a hard time and, bit by bit, everything we possessed passed over the pawnbroker's counter, even to our tools. But when we were at the worst Joshua received a letter enclosing a five-pound note, 'from a friend.' We never knew where it came from, and there was no clue by which we could guess. Immediately after both Joshua and I got a job, and Joe and Mary still bided with us.

Joshua's life of work and endeavour brought with it no reward of praise or popularity. It suffered the fate of all unsectarianism, and made him to be as one man in the midst of foes. He soon began to see that the utmost he could do was only palliative and temporary. So he

ELIZA LYNN LINTON was born at Keswick, Cumberland, February 10, 1822, daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite. She came to London in 1845, and devoted herself to literature and journalism, publishing her first novel, Azeth the Egyptian, anonymously in 1847. In 1858 she married W. J. Linton, the eminent wood engraver who also was a poet of considerable merit, but after nine years of married life husband and wife parted, although they always remained on amicable terms, as is clearly demonstrated by the beautiful correspondence they maintained. W. J. Linton died at Newhaven, Connecticut, on New Year's Day, 1898, and Mrs. Linton died in London on July 14 of the same year.

turned to class organization as something more hopeful than private charity. When the International Workingmen's Association was formed, he joined it as one of its first members; indeed, he mainly helped to establish it. And though he never got the ear of the International, because he was so truly liberal, he had some little influence, and what influence he had ennobled their councils as they have never been ennobled since.

One evening, Joe Traill, who had been given a situation, came into the night school staggering drunk and made a commotion, and though Joshua quieted him, after being struck by him, the police, attracted by the tumult, came up into the room and marched Joshua and myself off to the police station, where we were locked up for the night. As we had to be punished, reason or none, we were both sent to prison for a couple of weeks.

Such backslidings and failures as that of Joe Traill were among the greatest difficulties of Joshua's work. Men and women whom he had thought he had cleansed and set on a wholesome way of

living, turned back again to the drink and the devilry of their lives, and the various sectarians who came along all agreed that the cause of his failures was—Joshua was not a Christian!

Next a spasmodic philanthropist, Lord X., struck up a friendship with Joshua, who, he said, wanted, as a background, a man of position. This led to Joshua's first introduction into a wealthy house of the upper classes, and the luxury and lavishness almost stupefied him. Lady X. liked Joshua, and felt he was a master-spirit, but when she came to Church Court, and found out what Mary had been, she went away offended and we saw her no more.

IV—The Pathway of Martyrdom

SOMETIMES Joshua went as a lecturer to various towns, for his political associates were willing to use his political zeal, though they did not go in for his religious views. He insisted on the need of the working classes raising themselves to a higher level in mind and circumstance, and on the right of each man to a fair share of the primary essentials for good living. His discourses roused immense antagonism, and he was sometimes set upon and severely handled by the men to whom he spoke. I have known swindlers and murderers more gently entreated.

When, after the war between France and Prussia the Commune declared itself in Paris, Joshua went over to help, as far as he could, in the cause of humanity. I went with him, and poor, loving, faithful Mary followed us. But there, notwithstanding all that we and others of like mind could do, blood was shed which covered liberty with shame, and in the confusion that followed Mary was shot as a *pétroleuse* while she was succouring the wounded. We buried her tenderly, and I laid part of my life in her grave.

On our return Joshua was regarded as the representative of social destruction and godless licence, for the very name of the Commune was a red rag to English thought.

At last we came to a place called Lowbridge, where Joshua was announced to lecture on Communism in the town hall. Grave as he always was, that night he was grave to sadness, like a martyr going to his death. With what seemed like a premonition of a final parting he shook hands with me before going on the platform, and said, "God bless you, John; you have been a true friend to me."

In the first row in front of him was the former clergyman of Trevalga, Mr. Grand, who had lately been given the rich living of Lowbridge and one or two stately cathedral appointments. At the first word Joshua spoke there broke out such a tumult as I had never heard in any public meeting. The yells, hisses, cat-calls, whoopings, were indescribable. It only ceased when Mr. Grand rose and, standing on a chair, appealed to the audience to "Give him your minds, my men, and let him understand that Lowbridge is no place for a godless rascal like him."

I will do Mr. Grand the justice to say I do not think he intended his words to have the effect they did have. A dozen men leaped on the platform, and in a moment I saw Joshua under their feet. They had it all their own way, and while he lay on the ground, pale and senseless, one, with a fearful oath, kicked him twice on the head. Suddenly a whisper went round, they all drew a little way off, the gas was turned down, and the place cleared as if by magic. When the lights were up again, I went to lift him—and he was dead.

The man who had lived the life after Christ more exactly than any human being ever known to me was killed by the Christian party of order. So the world has ever disowned its best when they came.

THE death of my friend has left me not only desolate but uncertain. Like Joshua in earlier days, my mind is unpiloted and un-anchored. Everywhere I see the sifting of competition, and nowhere Christian protection of weakness; everywhere dogma adored, and nowhere Christ realized. And again, I ask, Which is true—modern society in its class strife and consequent elimination of its weaker elements, or the brotherhood and communism taught by the Jewish Carpenter of Nazareth? Who will answer me? Who will make the dark thing clear?

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER
WILLIAM TELL

AFTER having abandoned dramatic literature for more than ten years, Schiller returned to it again in 1799, and in the last seven years of his life produced a series of dramas remarkable in the variety both of their subjects and their treatment. In 1803 he began work on the final form of William Tell, his last completed drama, which was finished in 1804 after much study for local colour. As in Wallenstein, Schiller here chose a historical subject involving wide issues, and treated it with panoramic breadth. This drama of the Swiss people is concerned less with the personal fate of the hero than with the struggle of a nation to free itself from tyranny. It struck a patriotic note at the time of its appearance, when Germany was on the eve of her deepest humiliation, and no German drama had before or has since produced so deep or enduring an impression. An outline of Carlyle's Life of Schiller appears at page 1799. Various inexpensive translations of William Tell are obtainable.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Gessler, Governor of Schwytz and Uri	**Kuoni**, herdsman	**Walter and William**, Tell's sons
Stauffacher	**Ruodi**, fisherman	**Rudolph der Harras**, Gessler's Master of the Horse
Walter Furst	**Hedwig**, wife of Tell, daughter of Furst	**Johannes Parricida**, Duke of Suabia
William Tell	**Armgart**	**Master Mason**
Melchthal	**Mechthild**	**Taskmaster** **A Crier**
Baumgarten	**Elspeth**	**A Fisherman** and his son
Reding	**Friesshart and Leuthold**, soldiers	
Rosselmann, the Priest		

First Act

SCENE I.—*A rocky shore of the Lake of Lucerne opposite Schwytz.* **Kuoni** *and* **Ruodi** *watch the threatening thunderstorm, when* **Baumgarten** *rushes in breathlessly.*

BAUMGARTEN : For God's sake, ferryman, your boat! Quick, quick!
My life's at stake—they're close upon my heels!
It is the viceroy's men are after me.
The imperial seneschal, who dwelt at Rossberg—
Kuoni : How! What! The Wolfshot? Is it he pursues you?
Baum. : He'll ne'er hurt man again!
Ruodi : What is this you've done?
Baum. : What every free man in my place had done.
Mine own good household right I have enforced
'Gainst him that would have wrong'd my wife—my honour.
Heavens, whilst we speak the time is flying fast!
Kuoni : Quick, ferryman, and set the good man over.
Ruodi : Impossible! A storm is close at hand,
Wait till it pass! You must.
Baum. : Almighty heaven,
Then I am lost!
Kuoni : Look, who comes here? 'Tis Tell!
Tell (*entering with a crossbow*) **:** What man is he that here implores for aid?
Kuoni : He is from Alzellen and, to guard his honour [Wolfshot.
From touch of foulest shame, has slain the
The viceroy's troopers are upon his heels.
Ruodi : Well, there is Tell can steer as well as I,
He'll be my judge if it be possible.
Am I to plunge into the jaws of hell?
I should be mad to dare the desperate act.
Tell : The brave man thinks upon himself the last.
Put trust in God, and help him in his need!
Ruodi : Safe in the port, 'tis easy to advise.
There is the boat and the lake, try you!
Tell : In God's name, then, give me the boat!
Console my wife if I should come to grief,
I could not choose but do as I have done.

[*He leaps into the boat and pushes off.* **Ruodi** *and* **Kuoni** *anxiously watch the storm-tossed boat, when a troop of horsemen arrive in pursuit.*

Horseman : Curse on you, he's escaped! You helped him off,
And you shall pay for it! Fall on their herds!
Down with the cottage, burn it! Beat it down!
[*They rush off.*
Ruodi : Righteous heaven! Oh, when will come
Deliverance to this doom-devoted land?

SCENE II.—*Near Altdorf. On an eminence a castle in progress of erection. The* **Taskmaster** *is urging the workmen with a stick, and shakes an old man who sinks down exhausted. He then retires up the stage.*

MASON : I'll drown the mallet in the deepest lake,
That served my hand on this accursed pile.
[*Enter* **Tell** *and* **Stauffacher.**

Stauffacher : Oh, that I had not lived to see this sight!
Tell : What hands have built my friend, hands can destroy.
[*Pointing to the mountains.*
That home of freedom God hath built for us.

[*People enter bearing a cap upon a pole, followed by a* **Crier** *and a tumultuous crowd.*

Crier : Ye men of Uri, ye do see this cap;
'Tis the lord governor's good will and pleasure
The cap shall have like honour as himself;
All do it reverence with bended knees,
And head uncovered; thus the king will know
Who are his true and loyal subjects here.
His life and goods are forfeits to the crown
That shall refuse obedience to the order.
(*Loud laughter. Procession passes on.*)
Mason : The cap of Austria? A snare
To get us into Austria's power, by heaven!
Workman : No freeborn man will stoop to such disgrace. [*They retire up.*
Tell : You see how matters stand. Farewell!
Stauf. : My heart's so full, and has so much to tell you.
Tell : Endure in silence! We can do no more.
Stauf. : And you desert the common cause so sadly?
Tell : I was not born to ponder and select,
But when your course of action is resolved,
Then call on Tell, you shall not find him fail.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—**Walter Furst's** *house.* **Furst** *and* **Melchthal.**

MELCHTHAL : What have I done so heinous that I must
Skulk here in hiding, like a murderer?
I only laid my staff across the fists
Of the pert varlet when, before my eyes,
By order of the governor he tried
To drive away my handsome team of oxen.
Furst : Oh, we old men can scarce command ourselves. [bounds.
What wonder, then, if youth breaks out of
Melch. : I'm sorry for my father's sake.
Maybe they'll bear him hard, the poor old man!
Furst : Away! I hear a knock! Perhaps
A message from the viceroy! Get thee in!
[**Melchthal** *retires. Enter* **Stauffacher.**
Welcome, Stauffacher, welcome to my roof!
What seek you here in Uri? [thing
Stauffacher : I come to bring you tidings of a
That has been done at Sarnen worse than all.
A thing to make the very heart run blood!
Furst : What is it?
Stauf. : There dwells in Sarnen, then,
An upright man, named Henry of the Halden.
The Landenberg, to punish some offence
Committed by the old man's son, required
He should produce his son upon the spot;
And when the old man protested, and with truth,
That he knew nothing of the fugitive,
The tyrant called his torturers and made
The wretches fling the old man to the ground
And plunge the pointed steel into his eyes.
Furst : Merciful Heaven!
Melch. (*rushing out*) **:** Into his eyes?
Stauf. : Who is this youth? His son! Oh, heaven!
Melch. : Blind, did you say? Quite blind—and both his eyes?
Stauf. : Ah, I must swell the measure of your grief,
Instead of soothing it. They've left him naught!
Blind and in rags he moves from door to door.
Melch. : Hence, craven-hearted prudence, hence! And all [blood!
My thoughts be vengeance, and the despot's
Stauf. (*to* **Furst**)**:** The measure's full—and are we then to wait
Till some extremity—
Melch. : Peace! What extremity
Remains for us to dread? What, when our eyes
No longer in their sockets are secure?
Heaven! Wherefore did we learn
To bend the crossbow—wield the battle-axe?
Furst : If the three cantons thought as we three do,
Something might then be done with good effect.
Stauf. : When Uri calls, when Unterwald replies,
Schwytz will be mindful of her ancient league.
Furst : Hear me. Upon the lake's left bank
A meadow lies, by shepherds called the Rootli;
'Tis where our canton bound'ries verge on yours.
Thither by lonely bypaths let us wend
At midnight, then deliberate o'er our plans.
Let each bring with him there ten trusty men,
All one at heart with us; and then we may
Consult together for the general weal
And, with God's guidance, fix what next to do.
Stauf. : So let it be.

Second Act

SCENE.—*The midnight meeting on the Rootli.* **Melchthal, Baumgarten, Furst, Stauffacher** *and their friends, thirty-three in all, eleven from each canton, are assembled round a fire.*

STAUFFACHER : And so I say,
Nature's primeval state returns again,
Where man stands hostile to the fellow-man;
And if all other means shall fail his need,
One last resource remains—his own good sword.
Our dearest treasures call to us for aid,
Against the oppressor's violence; we stand
For country, home, for wives, for children here!
All (*clashing their swords*) **:** Here stand we for our homes, our wives, our children.
Reding : What plan, then, is most likely to succeed?
Furst : To keep our ancient rights inviolate,
Not lawless innovation, is our aim.
Let Caesar still retain what is his due.
What needs must be, we'll do, but nothing more.
We'll drive these tyrants and their minions hence
And raze their strongholds to the ground,
Yet shed, if possible, no drop of blood.
Red. : The enemy is arm'd as well as we,
And, rest assured, he will not yield in peace.
Stauf. : We will surprise him, ere he is prepared.

WILLIAM TELL

From the bronze statue by Kissling at Altdorf, Switzerland

Meyer : Rossberg and Sarnen both must be secured.
Before a sword is drawn in either canton.
Winkelried : What if till Christmas we delay? At Sarnen
'Tis the custom for the serfs to throng the castle
Bringing the governor their annual gifts.
Thus may some ten or twelve selected men
Enter the castle and secure the gates.
Melchthal : The Rossberg I will undertake to scale,
I have a sweetheart in the garrison,
Who'll lower me at night a hempen ladder.
Red. : Are all resolved in favour of delay ?
Stauf. (*counting the hands*) : Twenty to twelve is the majority.
Furst : If on the appointed day the castles fall,
From mountain on to mountain we shall speed
The fiery signal : in the capital
Of every canton quickly rouse the landsturm.
The tyrants, seeing our martial front, will take
Safe conduct forth beyond our boundaries.
Stauf. : Not so with Gessler. He will make a stand,
Surrounded with his dread array of horse.
Baumgarten : Place me where'er a life is to be lost ;
I owe my life to Tell, and cheerfully
Will pledge it for my country. Look—the sun !
Rosselmann : By this fair light which greeteth us before
Those other nations living far beneath,
A band of brothers true we swear to be,
Never to part in danger or in death !
[*They repeat his words.*
We swear we will be free, as were our sires,
And sooner die than live in slavery !
[*All repeat as before.*
We swear to put our trust in the Most High,
And not to quail before the might of man !
[*All repeat as before, and embrace each other.*

Third Act

SCENE.—*A meadowland near Altdorf.* **Friesshart** *and* **Leuthold** *on guard by the cap on a pole.* **Mechthild, Elspeth** *and their children.*

MECHTHILD : There hangs the viceroy ! Your obeisance, children !
Elspeth : I would to God he'd go, and leave his cap !
Friesshart : Out of the way !
Go, send your husbands here,
If they have courage to defy the order.
[*Enter* **Tell** *with a crossbow, leading his son* **Walter** *by the hand. They are about to pass on, when* **Friesshart** *stops them.*]
Friess. : Stand, I command you, in the emperor's name !
Tell : What would ye ? Wherefore do ye stop me thus ?
Friess. : You've broken the mandate and must go to prison.
Walter : Father to prison ! Help ! This way, you men !
[*Men pour in from all sides, among them* **Furst, Melchthal** *and* **Stauffacher** ; *the peasants want to rescue* **Tell**, *and hustle* **Friesshart** *and* **Leuthold,** *who shout for help. Enter* **Gessler**, *on horseback,* **Rudolph der Harras** *and armed attendants.*]
Harras : Room for the viceroy !
Gessler : Drive the clowns apart :
Who calls for help ? Why do you hold this man ?
Friess. : I'm stationed sentinel beside the cap ;
This man I apprehended in the act
Of passing it without obeisance due.
Gess. : And do you, Tell, so lightly hold your king,
And me, who act as his viceregent here,
That you refuse obeisance to the cap ?
Tell : Pardon me, good my lord ! The action sprung
From inadvertence—not from disrespect.
Ges. (*after a pause*) : I hear, Tell, you're a master with the bow—
Is that boy thine, Tell ?
Tell : Yes, my gracious lord.
Gess. : Then, Tell, let's see thy skill. Make ready now,
To shoot an apple from the stripling's head !
See, that thou hit'st the apple at the first,
For, shouldst thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
Tell : What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask ?
What, from the head of mine own child ! No, no !
Gess. : Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy !
Furst : My lord, we bow to your authority ;
But, oh, let justice yield to mercy here !
Walter : Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man !
Say where am I to stand ? I do not fear.
Gess. : Bind him to yonder lime-tree !
Walter : What ! Bind me !
No, I will not be bound ! I will be still !
Quick, father, show them what thy bow can do.
[*He goes to the tree, and an apple is placed on his head.*]
Gess. : Now to your task ! Men bear not arms for naught.
It pleases you to carry bow and bolt ;
Well, be it so. I will prescribe the mark.
Tell. : Release me from this shot ! Here is my heart ! [*Bares his breast.*
Gess. : 'Tis not thy life I want. I want the shot.
No storm affrights thee, when a life's at stake.
Now, saviour, help thyself—Thou savest all !
Walter : Shoot, father, shoot ! Fear not !
Tell : It must be !
[*He gets his bow ready, then sticks another arrow in his belt, then takes aim and shoots.*
Stauffacher : The boy's alive !
Many Voices : The apple has been struck !
Walter (*runs in with the apple*) : Here is the apple, father ! Well I knew
You would not harm your boy.
[**Tell** *embraces him and sinks down.*
Gess. : By Heaven, the apple's cleft right through the core !
It was a master shot, I must allow.
But, Tell, why did you place—I saw it well—
A second arrow in the belt ? Nay, speak !

Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth.
Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life. [my life
Tell : Since you have promised not to take
I will, without reserve, declare the truth.
If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have missed.
Gess. : Well, Tell, I promised thou shouldst have thy life.
Yet, as I know the malice of thy thoughts,
I'll have thee carried hence and safely penn'd.
Seize on him, guards ! Remove him to my ship !
At Küssnacht I will see him safely lodged. [*Exit.*
Furst : All's over now ! He is resolved to bring
Destruction on myself and all my house.
Country People (*surrounding* **Tell**) : Our last remaining comfort goes with you !
Tell : Farewell !
Walter : Oh, father, father, father dear !
Tell : Thy Father is on high—appeal to Him !
Stauff. : Have you no message, Tell, to send your wife ?
Tell (*clasping the boy to his breast*) : The boy's uninjured. God will succour me !
[*Tears himself away and follows the soldiers.*

Fourth Act

SCENE I.—*Storm on Lake of Lucerne. Fisherman and boy have been watching* **Gessler's** *ship tossed by the storm, until it has disappeared behind a cliff. After a while, enter* **Tell** *with his crossbow. He looks round wildly, then throws himself on his knees and stretches out his hands towards heaven.*

BOY : See, father, a man on's knees. Who can it be ?
Fisherman : Who is it ? God in heaven ! What, William Tell !
How came you hither ? Speak !
Tell : From yonder vessel.
Boy : Where is the viceroy ?
Tell : Drifting on the waves.
I lay on deck, fast bound with cords, disarm'd,
In utter hopelessness. Then we put forth,
The viceroy, Harras and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm.
A storm swept down upon us with such force
That every oarsman's heart within him sank.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this wise accost him :
' You see our danger, and your own, my lord ?
Now, here is Tell, a stout and fearless man.
How if we should avail ourselves of him
In this emergency ? ' The viceroy then
Addressed me thus, ' If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,
I might consent to free thee from thy bonds.'
They loosed the cords, and made me take the helm.
I kept a watchful eye upon the shore,
And when I had descried a shelving crag
I brought the vessel's stern close to the rock ;
Then snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the watery hell.
Fisherman : But you will be in peril, should perchance
The viceroy 'scape this tempest with his life.
Tell : I heard him say, as I lay bound on board,
At Brunnen he proposed to disembark,
And, crossing Schwytz, convey me to his castle.
Which is the nearest way to Arth and Küssnacht ?
Fisherman : My boy can show you to the nearest road.
Tell : Then do me this one favour—speed to Bürglen.
My wife is anxious at my absence. Tell her
That I am free, and in secure concealment.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A rocky pass near Küssnacht.*

TELL (*enters with his crossbow*) : Through this ravine he needs must come. There is
No other way to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it.
From yonder point my shaft is sure to hit.
The straitness of the gorge forbids pursuit.
Now, Gessler, balance thine account with heaven !
My boys, poor innocents, my loyal wife,
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy rage !
[*Enter* **Armgart** *with several children.*
Armgart : Here he cannot escape me. He *must* hear me.
Friesshart (*coming hastily down the pass*) : Make way, make way ! My lord, the governor,
Is close behind me, riding down the pass.
[*Exit* **Tell. Gessler** *and* **Harras** *appear on horseback at the upper end of the pass.*]
Armg. : Mercy, lord governor ! Oh, pardon, pardon !
Gessler : Why do you cross me on the public road ? Stand back, I say.
Armg. : My husband lies in prison.
My wretched orphans cry for bread. Have pity !
Pity, my lord, upon our sore distress !
Justice, my lord ! Ay, as thou hopest for justice
From Him who rules above, show it to us !
Gess. : Give way, or else my horse shall ride you down.
[**Armgart** *throws her children and herself upon the ground before him.*
Gess. : Drag her away, lest I forget myself.
And do some deed I may repent me of.
Harras : My lord, the servants cannot force their way ;
The pass is blocked up by a bridal train.
Gess. : This braggart spirit of freedom I will crush.
I will proclaim a new law through the land ;
I will——
[*An arrow pierces him and he falls to the ground.*
Oh, God ! I die ! That shot was Tell's.
Tell (*on the rocks above*) : Thou knowest the marksman—I, and I alone.
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe ; thou'lt be our curse no more.
[*He disappears.*
Armg. (*holds up a child*) : Look, children, how a tyrant dies !

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—*A common near Altdorf. The keep of Uri in the background, with the scaffolding still standing, as in first act.* **Ruodi, Kuoni, Mason** *and country folk.*

RUODI : See there ! The beacons on the mountain heights !
Kuoni : The enemy's routed.
Mason : And the forts are storm'd.
Ruodi : And we of Uri, do we still endure
Upon our native soil the tyrant's keep ?
All : Down with it !
[*They fall upon the building on every side. Enter* **Furst, Melchthal** *and* **Baumgarten.**
Melchthal : What ! Stands the fortress still, when Sarnen lies
In ashes and the Rossberg's in our hands ?
[*Children cross the stage with fragments of wood.*
Children : We're free ! We're free !
Furst : Oh, what a joyous scene !
Stauffacher (*entering quickly*) : The emperor is murdered !
Furst : Gracious heaven !
Stauff. : The doer makes the deed more dreadful still ;
It was his nephew, his own brother's son,
Duke John of Austria, who struck the blow.
But where is Tell ? Shall he, our freedom's founder,
Alone be absent from our festival ?
Come, to his dwelling let us all repair
And bid the saviour of our country hail !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of* **Tell's** *cottage.* **Hedwig, Walter** *and* **William.**

HEDWIG : My own dear boys ! Your father comes to-day ;
The country owes its liberty to him ! [in it.
Walter : And I, too, mother, bore my part
[*She embraces him. A* **Monk** *appears at the door.*
William : See, yonder stands a holy friar.
Hed. : Go lead him in.
Will. : Come in, good man. Mother will give you food.
Monk (*uneasily*) : Where am I ? In what country ? Tell me.
Walt. : How ?
Are you bewildered that you know not where ?
You are at Burglen, in the land of Uri.
Monk (*to* **Hedwig**) : Are you alone ? Your husband, is he here ?
Hed. : I am expecting him. But what ails you, man ?
There's something in your looks that omens ill !
Touch not my garments, monk !
Walt. (*springs up*) : Mother, here's father !
Hed. (*trembling*) : Oh, my God !
Will. (*running after his brother*) : My father !
[**Tell** *and the children enter together.* **Hedwig** *falls on his neck.*
Hed. : Oh, Tell, what anguish have I borne for thee ! (**Monk** *becomes attentive.*)
Tell : Forget it now, and live for joy alone !
Hed. : Oh, Tell ! Tell ! (*Steps back, dropping his hand*). How dost thou return to me ?
This hand ? This hand——
Tell (*firmly*) : Has shielded you and set my country free.
Freely I raise it in the face of heaven !——
Who is this friar here ?
Hed. : Ah, I forgot him ;
Speak thou with him ; I shudder at his presence.
Tell (*examining him closely*) : You are no monk. Who are you ?
Monk : You have slain
The governor who did you wrong. I, too,
Have slain a foe, who robb'd me of my rights.
He was no less your enemy than mine.
Tell (*drawing back*) : You are—oh, horror ! Go, go, my dear wife !
In, children, in ! Unhappy man, you are—
Hed. : Alas ! what is it ? Come !
[*Exit with the children.*
Tell : You are the Duke
Of Austria—I know it. You have slain
The emperor, your uncle and liege lord.
Slain him—your king, your uncle ! And the earth
Still bears you ! And the sun still shines on you !
Johannes : I hoped to find compassion at your hands.
You took, like me, revenge upon your foe !
Tell : Unhappy man ! Dare you confound the crime
Of blood-imbued ambition with the act
Forced on a father in mere self-defence ?
I have no part with you. You murdered, I
Have shielded all that was most dear to me.
Cease to pollute the home of innocence !
[**Johannes** *turns to depart.*
And yet my soul bleeds for you. Gracious heaven,
So young, of such a noble line—an outcast—
Joh. : If you have pity or a human heart—
[*Falls down before him.*
Tell : Stand up, stand up, I say !
Joh. : Not till you give
Your hand in promise of assistance to me.
Tell : Can I assist you ? Can a sinful man ?
Yet get you up—how black soe'er your crime—
You are a man. I, too, am one. From Tell
Shall no one part uncomforted. I will
Do all that lies within my power. Hear, then !
You must to Italy—to Saint Peter's city—
There cast yourself at the pope's feet—confess
Your guilt to him and ease your laden soul !
Joh. : Will he not to the avengers yield me up ? [God.
Tell : Whate'er he does, accept it as from
[*Alp horns and many voices are heard.*
But I hear voices ! Hence !
Hed. (*hurrying in*) : Where art thou, Tell ?
My father comes, and in exulting bands
All the confederates approach.
Joh. (*covering himself*) : Woe's me
I dare not tarry 'mong these happy men !
Tell : Go, dearest, give this man to eat ;
And when he quits you, turn your eyes away,
So that you do not see which way he goes.
[*Exeunt* **Johannes** *and* **Hedwig.** *The whole stage fills rapidly with peasants led by* **Stauffacher.**]
All : Long live brave Tell, our shield, our [saviour !

CHINA'S FIVE CLASSICS

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THERE are three great religions in China, each with its sacred books. They are the following: (1) Confucianism, or that system of ethics and religion which goes back to Confucius, and is, in a large measure, due to his teaching, though he professed to have been simply a conserver of past ideas and practices. (2) Taoism (from *Tao*, reason, or way), more a philosophy than a religion. Its metaphysic is a kind of Hegelianism, the absolute idea determining everything. The heart and soul of its ethics is meditation; man reaches his highest moral development by reflecting upon the nature of being, etc. A religion proper it is not, for, from the beginning to the end of its great Bible, The Tao-ti-king (Book of the Way), there is not a word about God or about a future life. (3) Foism, from *Fo*, the Chinese form of Buddha. This is the name given to Chinese Buddhism, which differs from the Buddhism of Ceylon and Burma as Lamaism, the Buddhism of Tibet, does. All these three religions are recognized in China, and so great is the religious indifference in that country that some think it quite the correct thing to profess all the religions, and many own allegiance to two of them. But the principal religion of the country, that favoured by the government and followed by the bulk of the inhabitants, is the one connected with the name of Confucius, who was born in 551 B.C., and died at the age of seventy-three in 478 B.C. The proper name of this great religious reformer was not Kong-fu-tse, whence Confucius is derived, but Kong-tsi. The oldest Chinese religion of which there is any extant record is that reflected in the Chinese Classics and the Four Books of China. Complete translations of these books are given in the volumes on Confucianism in The Sacred Books of the East, which have been drawn upon considerably in preparing these epitomes by the courtesy of the Clarendon Press.

General Note on Confucianism

THE recognized sacred books of Chinese Confucianism are of two kinds. Firstly, the five Primary Classics, or the Five *Kings*; and secondly the four Secondary Classics, or the Four Books. Though additions and alterations have been made, there can be no doubt that in the Five Classics and the Four Books we have the genuine teaching of Confucius and his immediate followers. There are several points, however, which deserve to be noted.

First, the political state of society prevailing at the times implied in these writings was feudalism. There were many states with their several rulers, all of them however, subject to the 'Son of Heaven,' as the King, or Emperor, of China was called.

Secondly, the teaching of Confucius himself was unsystematic and, as a rule, unstudied, so that to get a connected view of his opinions one has to read largely the account of his conversations and draw therefrom general principles. The same remark can be made of Buddha, Socrates and Jesus.

Thirdly, the Chinese Classics (primary and secondary) deal for the most part with political themes; ethics and religion occupy a very subordinate place in them. They contain speeches by rulers and sages, incidents from the lives of distinguished men, leaders in political, intellectual and social matters, etc. There are many topographical notes and a large number of detailed descriptions of the methods of government adopted in the various states making up the kingdom. We find a large number of references to divination, a goodly number of songs and hymns, and also a considerable historical element.

Confucius did not claim to have been the author either of the religion connected with his name or of the literature in which it is taught; he poses merely as a transmitter, not a creator. He loved the fathers, as the Chinese always do, and his one ambition was to hand on the religion and the religious literature which he had received from them.

It is of importance, however, to remember that China's ancient books make no claim to have any authority beyond that of their human originators. It has even been said that Confucianism is only a

system of morals and etiquette, not a religion. But the constant references to God, to sacrifice, to spirits of heaven and earth, to temples in which the supreme God, and especially ancestors, are worshipped, make such a view absolutely untenable. No one, however, has claimed for the Chinese that they are a very religious people ; their thoughts are limited almost entirely to the present world, and when they sacrifice and offer worship, it is rather as a means by which the good things of this life can be obtained.

The Five Classics, the chief standard writings of the Chinese, are called by Legge, whose spelling is followed by the present writer, the Five *Kings* = Five Books. Professor Giles spells the latter word *Ching*, following a different dialectical pronunciation. These five classics are named as follows: The Yi King, or Book of Changes ; the Shu King, or Book of History ; the Shih King, or Book of Odes ; the Li King, or Book of Rites ; and the Ch'un Ch'iu King, or Book of Spring and Autumn.

I—The Yi King, or Book of Changes

THE Yi King is the oldest of all the classics, being usually ascribed to Wan Wang, whose son, Wu Wang, founded the Chow Dynasty in 1122 B.C. It is the most difficult as well as the most ancient literary monument of the Chinese kingdom. For twenty years its meaning baffled the great Chinese scholar, Dr. James Legge, who, however, afterwards, as he thought, reached the core of the matter and has explained it in his own complete translation in The Sacred Books of the East.

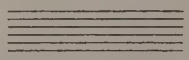
It must be remembered, however, that the Yi King, as we have it and as it is translated by Legge, is made up of two quite distinct parts : first, the original text such as Confucius used, and second, the appendix to each part of the text, which explains the text, or rather very often gives it a meaning it never had originally. The text is older than the time of Confucius, but the appendices are later, belonging for the most part to the century between 450 and 350 B.C.

The Yi King is made up of sixty-four essays, expressed in enigmatical and symbolical language. They deal with political, social and ethical themes. The basis of the essays is a system of lines and half lines. One of each of these is placed over itself and each pair over the other, so that four binograms result. Adding in a similar way an additional line and half-line, we get eight trigrams. By repeating this process we obtain 16, 32 and 64 figures.

But why should the process stop at 64, and what does it all mean ? We have no explicit answer to these questions. Taking the text by itself, no modern scholar, even though a Chinese, could form the slightest idea as to the sense intended. In the appendices, however, called the 'Ten Wings,' we have a traditional explanation. All this apparent gibberish of lines is a system of divination, the latter playing a very important part in the ancient life of China.

The lines are said to have been copied from stripes on the back of a tortoise, but the present writer is inclined to the opinion that they represent a method of divination by lot ; strips of wood or paper, corresponding to lines and half-lines, were shuffled up and made to appear in different orders. In the summaries that now follow the usual interpretations are adopted.

1. The Khien hexagram is thus represented :



This figure represents the great power that calls all things into being, preserving order and well-being in the universe. The lines have the following significance.

The first (the lowest) is a sign that the dragon is lying hid. It is, therefore, no time for action. (The sun is in eclipse, it is no time for action.)

The second means that the dragon is in the field. Now, therefore, is the time to meet the grand man. (Fine weather ; it is, therefore, the time to act.)

In the third line we see the good man active and succeeding and at night resting and reflecting. (There is now danger, and precaution is necessary.)

The next line (the fourth) symbolises the dragon yet in the deep, though ready to leap forth; there will be no mistake in this case. (The sun is about to rise.)

In the fifth line we see the dragon flying across the heavens. (The sun is in full sheen; this is a good time to meet the grand man; it is the time for vigorous action.)

In the sixth line (the top) the dragon has exceeded proper bounds. Something is going to happen that will cause trouble (the sun at its zenith, burning plants and causing sunstroke to men).

If the dragons represented in this hexagram were to be beheaded, there would be good luck. In the appendix, the Khien, the originating power, is said to be the wise man who rules on the earth as the sun does in the sky.

2. The Khwan hexagram is thus represented:

This hexagram, all the lines of which are halved, represents the great power that has called things into existence and preserves them.

In the first divided line we see the strong man treading on hoar-frost. The strong ice will very soon come.

The second line, divided, denotes the attributes of straightness, squareness and greatness. It is a sign that whatever is undertaken will be successful and advantageous.

The third line, divided, shows the strong man keeping on, under difficulties, until a successful issue is reached.

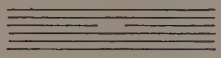
The fourth line, divided, shows a tied-up sack. The lesson in this case is that there will be no praise or blame in the case supposed.

The fifth line, divided, signifies the yellow under-garment. Lesson: good fortune in abundance is about to come.

The sixth line, divided, is a symbol of dragons fighting out in the open, their blood being purple and yellow.

Hexagrams 1 and 2 are closely alike, though not quite. The lesson in the first is that the good man must lead. In the second, the good man that is intended has to follow the other; his virtue consists in obedience. The ideal man of the second hexagram is like the mare, to be led and not to lead.

3. The hexagram with the third line divided:



The general idea suggested by this figure is that of a man treading on a tiger's tail without being bitten. It foretells success in the enterprise under consideration.

The first line, undivided, from the top, shows the individual in question walking in his usual path; he may safely go forward.

The second line, undivided, shows a man walking on an even and easy path; he may proceed without fear.

The third line, divided, means a man with one eye, who thinks he can see well; a lame man who imagines he can walk well, and a man who treads on a tiger's tail and gets bitten. The whole is a sign of misfortune—we have a fool playing the part of a great ruler.

The fourth line, undivided, denotes a man treading on a tiger's tail. This man will be fearful and cautious, but will nevertheless prosper in what he undertakes.

The fifth line, undivided, indicates the firm treading of a man. It is a sign that, however firmly the man in question treads, there is danger before him.

The sixth line, undivided, is an indication that we are to survey the whole path that is trodden, and note the omens connected therewith. If the course is complete, he who chooses it will prosper. The commentary adds that the whole hexagram is a symbol of weakness treading on strength.

The above specimens are as unintelligible as anything can well be. This is because we have no clear means of penetrating the mystery of it all.

The Yi King has an interest for students of the history of speculation, since it is claimed by the philosophers of the Sung Period (began A.D. 960) to be the authority for their atheistic system of politics. Legge, however, denies strongly that the Yi King teaches atheism, or anything that even approaches it.

II—The Shu King, or Book of History

THE Shu[1] King is a compilation, originally of a hundred documents, belonging to periods ranging from 2357 B.C., when Yao became emperor, down to the reign of King Hsiang (651–619 B.C.), the last representative of the Kau (Chow) Dynasty.

The three or four earliest books belong to a later date than the events they record, but the history from about 2000 B.C. is narrated in documents of the same time as the several occurrences described. The first two books refer to Yao and Shun, whose reigns lasted from 2357 to 2205 B.C. —the Golden Age of China, as it is regarded. Much the greater part of the Shu is written in prose, but a portion is in verse. This Book of History is not a complete connected history, but simply a collection of independent documents written in the several reigns with which they deal.

Of the hundred books which, according to tradition, originally formed the Shu King only thirty have survived, the rest having probably perished about 213 B.C., when the usurping emperor, Khin, issued an edict that all the ancient classics of China should be burnt, private copies included.

I—The Book of the Thang Dynasty

THANG is the name given to the dynasty to which Yao belongs. The account of Yao here, though largely mythical, rests upon a basis of fact.

The flood which he diverted is no doubt suggested by a great inundation of the river called China's Sorrow, on account of the devastation wrought by it.

In a similar way, the Babylonian deluge myth had its counterpart in the annual rising of the Euphrates and Tigris and the great destruction caused thereby. Some think that the deluge referred to in the present book is really at bottom the Noachian Deluge.

The Canon of Yao

The Emperor Yao of long ago was a reverent, intelligent and generous man. His many qualities of head and heart gained him great renown in all parts of the earth. He united the people previously at feud, causing knowledge to spread and prosperity to abound.

Then there came a great flood upon the land, the waters overtopping the highest mountain and threatening the very heavens themselves. The Emperor Yao commanded now one, and now another, to deal with the great catastrophe; but all in vain, until at length his choice fell on Shun, who was recommended to him by the skill and goodness which he had displayed. To him the Emperor Yao gave his own two daughters to wife, and at length the throne as well.

Shun accepted the king's daughters and also his throne, the latter during a solemn service in the Temple of Ancestors. He at once set about examining the heavenly bodies so as to have safe guidance. He also sacrificed to the supreme God and to the inferior deities, the Six Honoured Ones.

Moreover, he offered sacrifices to the gods of rivers and mountains, and also to the spirits of the land. He visited other parts of his dominions, offering similar sacrifices. He divided the country into twelve provinces, erecting on a hill in each an altar. He exercised unwonted clemency in the penalties which he imposed for crimes of various kinds. Instead of the severest penalties—cutting off the nose, feet, etc.—he substituted banishment. For minor offences prisoners were flogged, fines being exacted in certain cases. But those prisoners who were guilty of very serious crimes, and who repeated their offences, showing no repentance, were put to death.

After a glorious reign of eighteen years the aged Emperor Yao died, and for three years the people wept for him as for a father, all kind of musical instruments being hushed and no singing being heard anywhere.

Then Shun became sole emperor, and set about the completion of those reforms

[1] The word *Shu* means literally 'a pencil speaking'; then it comes to be used of any written composition, and so a book. Confucius used the term especially for records such as the Shu King embraces.

which he had inaugurated in the reign of Yao, his father-in-law. He selected ministers who were men of high character, and of approved wisdom. One he made to be the Minister of Agriculture, another to be Minister of Music and Poetry, a third to be Minister of Education, and yet another to organize and superintend the modes of communication in the land. After ruling fifty years he went on high to the God of Heaven.

The Counsels of the Great Yu and of Yi and Ki

THE great Yu (Shun's successor) said to Shun, "If only the emperor could act well his part, and the ministers theirs, there would be happiness and abundance in the land."

King Shun answered with words of approval.

"Men who are good and wise," said he, "ought to be rewarded. All good words and good deeds should be recognized by the ruling powers. We do well to be influenced by words of appreciation and praise uttered by the sages. We do better if we pursue a life of goodness and beneficence, protecting the poor and the helpless with no regard to any kind of reward."

Said Yu: "All virtuous conduct issues in a prosperous life, while the wickedness of the wicked man lands him in poverty and distress."

Said Yi, the Minister of Forestry: "Observe carefully the laws and ordinances of the land, and avoid idleness and excessive indulgence. Let nothing come between you and the wisest and best of your subjects. Act with precision in all matters which are obviously right; but have a care when doubtful courses present themselves. Do not confound what you desire and what your subjects have a claim to. What is just, not what is convenient and pleasing to you, is to have your chief countenance and support. If you treat even the barbarians around you wisely, generously and justly, they will of their own accord submit themselves to your rule and support your authority."

"Think, O Emperor Shun," said the great Yu, "of these things. The virtuous ruler is the nourisher of his people; he will see to it that there is no lack in the land of water, fire, wood, metal and soil, together with its produce. He will be solicitous not only for the material comforts of his subjects, but also for their education and their virtue; for these last are indispensable to the prosperity of any nation."

In reply, the aged emperor said to Yu: "I am now between ninety and one hundred years old, and the labour of my office wearies me; do thou, turning aside from all indolence, undertake the governing of this my people. Thou hast in thine own office exhibited great industry, ability and unselfishness. Though thou hast no pride, there is no peer to thee in skill. Though thou boastest not, thy equal in virtue is not to be found. Heaven has evidently set its mind on thee to be my successor, and it becomes thee to give good heed to thy ways. Follow along the path of righteousness, not stepping aside this way or that. Listen not to foolish speech, nor follow counsels which are doubtful. The ruler must make himself the most loved, the most trusted and the most heeded of all the inhabitants of the land; for how could people exist as a nation without someone at their head? But, on the other hand, people also are necessary. For how without them could the king rule, and the land be cultivated and defended?"

"BUT, O great ruler," said Yu, "Kaoyao, thy Minister of Crime, is more fit in ability and character to rule than I am, and if thou are uncertain on the matter, let it be decided by the omens to be obtained from stalks and tortoise-shell."

"All this," said Shun, "have I done. I have consulted the divining stalks, the tortoise-shell, and also the spirits of mountains and rivers, and their decision was unanimous—thou art the man."

Yu at last consented to become regent. But in the very beginning of his regency a formidable task presented itself to him, for the powerful lord of Miao and his people refused to recognize either the emperor or his lieutenant. For thrice ten years did this rebellion continue, and Yu was puzzled how to bring it to an end.

Then came to him Ki, the Minister of Agriculture, and said: "Virtue and humility are all-availing with Heaven.

Once on a while the emperor himself went out into the fields in dire distress crying daily to Heaven, and to his deceased parents, and his prayers were at length answered. If virtuous entreaties of the kind prevail with Heaven, how much more among the people of earth."

Then began Yu to advance towards the lord of Miao and his people, sending gifts and using peaceful language. In a very few days the rebels were won over to loyalty and love of the emperor. Thus counsels of peace accomplished in a few days what harsher measures had failed to bring about in more than three decades of time.

II—The Books of the Hsia Dynasty

From this point the Shu King deals with the Hsia (2205–1766 B.C.) dynasty founded by Yu, and later dynasties. The documents incorporated in all the parts from now on are contemporary with the incidents they describe.

The Achievements of the Great Yu

During the reign of his predecessor, Shun, there was, as already related, a great flood, which seemed to threaten the ruin of the land. Yu—at that time regent—put forth almost superhuman efforts to check the evil and to reassure the bewildered people. Trees were cut down to make boats; passages were opened through mountains and hills that the water might find its way to the sea; river-beds and canals were deepened; grain was sown on the water, and the people were taught to buy what they wanted in exchange for what they could do without. In the language of one of the poets of the day, "But for Yu we should all have been fishes."

On his becoming sole occupant of the throne, Yu inaugurated many great reforms. He defined the boundaries of the various provinces, determining the quality of soil in each part, and fixing the rates to be paid accordingly, so that taxation might be proportioned to income.

The Songs of the Five Sons

These consist of five brief songs concerning government, all ascribed to the great Yu, though they occur in the history of the reign of his successor, Thai Khang, who reigned 2188–2160 B.C., whose sons, during an attack on their father's kingdom, each recited one of these songs, all of which, however, are supposed to embody the counsels of the great Yu.

The first said: "Our great ancestor taught us that the people should be cherished and not down-trodden. The people are a country's root, and their condition, therefore, determines that of the country."

The second said: "Ruin ever follows in a country where the inhabitants are given over to luxurious living—wine, seductive music, gorgeous palaces and the like. Virtue alone can save a country."

The third said: "We have fallen away from the virtuous deeds of old King Yao, and hence devastation and anarchy are all over the land."

The fourth said: "Our ancestors taught us wisdom, but we are fools, and suffer for our folly. We have wrecked our temples and extinguished our sacrificial fire. Heaven is therefore angry with us."

The fifth said: "Whither shall we seek refuge? Our own people are our bitterest foes, and we have made them so by our tyranny and injustice. We have forsaken the good old ways of the fathers, and confusion of face covers us. Though we repent, the past is irrevocable, and we must suffer for what we have done."

The Execution of Hsi and Ho

Towards the beginning of the reign of Kung-kang (2159–2147 B.C.), Hsi and Ho, the principal ministers of the board of astrology, were found to have paid more attention to drinking and rioting than to the duties of their high office as imperial astrologers. The signs in the heaven above, so closely watched by their predecessors, had been neglected, so that the state, lacking proper guidance, fell into disorder and the people suffered. The emperor resolved to put an end to the evil by executing the two men who were the cause of it. He appointed successors, who carefully observed the mind of the gods as revealed in the heavenly bodies, and Heaven smiled once more upon king and people, for the piety of a people never fails to secure their prosperity.

III—The Books of the Shang Dynasty

THE Shang Dynasty (1766–1460 B.C.) is also called the dynasty of Yin, and also that of Yin Shang, so that in these parts of the Shu, Shang, Yin and Yin Shang are interchangeable. The records of this dynasty filled originally forty books. Of these, only eleven have come down to us, the rest having probably perished in the holocaust ordered by Khin in 213 B.C.

The Emperor Thang's Pronouncement

Thang, first emperor of the Shang Dynasty, overcame his predecessor of the Hsia Dynasty and, on ascending the throne, issued the following declaration to his subjects.

"O ye multitudes of men," said he, "listen to this declaration of mine. God has given to us all moral discernment, and if we follow its lead we shall be always in the right path. It is the business of a sovereign to walk in this path and to direct his people into the same. It is Heaven's way to prosper the good and to inflict misery upon the bad. Therefore, since I am charged with the execution of Heaven's decree, I could do no other than put to death my God-defying and people-destroying forerunner. I have sought divine guidance, and hereby undertake to regulate my life, and to govern according to the revealed will of Heaven."

The Counsels of I Yin

When, in 1754 B.C., Thang died, his chief minister, I Yin, sacrificed, on behalf of the government, to the deceased emperor, presenting his grandson, Thai Kia, the new monarch, before the shrine of his predecessor. In order to guide the young monarch in the discharge of his newly imposed duties, I Yin proceeded to describe the virtues of the former emperors.

"The rulers of olden time practised virtues, and therefore secured Heaven's smile and favour. The spirits of hills and rivers, birds and beasts, had all of them a period of peace, and all things prospered throughout the dominions. But their descendants departed from the good old ways of their fathers and, therefore, by Heaven's decree the government was plucked out of their hands. The instrument of Heaven's will was King Thang, who founded the new dynasty and brought back the piety and integrity of the former days. He gave heed to men's rights, and listened to the complaints of the orphan, the widow and the oppressed. He sought out wise rulers, and warned them against dancing and idle singing, and against wealth and wine and women.

"Mayest thou, O Emperor Thai Kia, give heed to these things, and let thine own life and the life of thy ministers be regulated according to them. Thy predecessor, O my master, kept his eye ever on Heaven's commands, preserving and supporting the spirits of Heaven and earth, and those of land and grain, and of the ancestral temple. Give thou heed, I beseech thee, to these supreme matters. Without a ruler the people lack guidance. Without the people a ruler lacks a sphere of government."

THE emperor, bowing respectfully before his minister, said, "I was aforetime but a child, not knowing the right way, and therefore not walking in it. By my own deeds and devices I defied all the rules of propriety. Such a life would speedily have landed me in ruin, for, while a man may escape, by repentance, calamities due to Heaven's appointment, self-caused disasters are irrevocable. Hitherto I have spurned thy word, but from this time forward I shall give heed to thy counsels."

Bowing to the ground, I Yin continued his speech.

"It is the duty of a king to seek knowledge and virtue, to be kind to the poor, perplexed and suffering ones as if they were his own children. Do not, O Emperor, abandon thyself to a life of idle luxury. Worship thine ancestors and thus show thy filial piety. Heaven is partial only to the good and wise. Even though a bad man sacrifice to all the gods, nothing that he offers will count. Think not of small importance the daily life of thy subjects; have regard to their burdens, their difficulties and discouragements. Do not feel too secure upon thy throne.

Consider the dangers that beset thee; make to thyself friends in thine own dominions and thou shalt be safe against the attacks of foreign nations. When unwelcome words meet thine ear ask first, 'Are they true?' before resenting them. When pleasing words are spoken to thee ask first, 'Are they true, or are they merely the flattering sounds of sycophants?' No manner of progress in personal or in governmental virtue is possible without high aim and undivided effort."

The Power of Virtue

On the eve of his retirement from office I Yin had thus addressed his monarch: "Heaven will continue to bless the emperor and his dominions if he continues in the right way. Thang's predecessor despised and defied great Heaven, and was therefore abandoned to his foes, Thang being divinely chosen in his stead. But why, pray, fell the choice on Thang? It was not through any personal partiality, nor was it on account of his transcendent intellectual gifts; it was all owing to Thang's virtue. Good and evil come not upon men arbitrarily, but according to the lives that they live. As, then, O Emperor, thy virtue obtained thee the throne, that virtue will, if persisted in, preserve it to thee, and to thy seed for ever. Then, having closed a prosperous reign, thou shalt be a door in the temple of thy ancestors."

The Emperor Pan-kang defends the Removal of the Capital from Ho to Yin

[It is from this new capital that the Shang Dynasty gets henceforth to be called the Yin or Yin Shang Dynasty. It should be pointed out that we have now jumped about 300 years. The gap between the reigns of Thai Kia (1754–1713 B.C.) and Pan-kang (1401–1374 B.C.), was originally filled up by documents now lost.]

The Emperor Pan-kang pleaded and protested as follows: "My predecessor, Zu-yi, fixed on this capital [Ho] because he thought it best for the people. But I have consulted the tortoise-shell and the divining stalks, and they have answered: 'This is no capital for thee; Yin must be the kingdom's centre and heart.' My ancestors consulted Heaven by the omens, and they acted on the decision of God, removing the capital five times. Why should we now be disobedient to the divine oracle? Ye who resist the change commanded by Heaven are too fond of repose and unwilling to face the exertion needed to make the change. But you will assuredly bring down upon us the divine ire, and there will be distress and destruction among us. We do well to listen to Heaven's voice, as my forerunners for about three centuries have done.

"Be ye content and obedient, and let us pass on to the new home. I shall show no favour to kindred or friends. The guilty one shall suffer though he be my son, and the well-doer shall have his reward though he be poor and low born and to me a stranger.

"The prosperity of the country is my one concern, and it ought to be yours. Therefore, be united and God-fearing, and follow the omens. Let us arise! Those of you who still hold out against fulfilling the manifest will of Heaven, I will cut off their noses and exterminate them and their families so that they shall have no more seed in the land and the remembrance of them shall be blotted out for ever."

Exhortations of the Emperor Pan-kang on reaching the new Capital

"Now, O my people, in this new divinely chosen home be content, industrious and obedient, and Heaven will prosper the work of your hands. My distinguished ancestor Thang had, 300 years ago and more, chosen this site as the capital of his empire as Heaven had directed him. Heaven has now shown its approval of Thang's choice by enabling me to realize it. In the early years of my reign I listened to your counsels and followed the best of them. None of you then dared resist the decision of the tortoise-shell and the divining stalks. I will henceforth choose as governors of districts and heads of departments men animated by a love for the people, whose mind is set, not on a life of ease, luxury and self-enrichment, but on doing what is best for people and country."

Advice of the Emperor Wu-ting to Yueh on his appointment as Prime Minister

[The two preceding reigns are passed over in silence; probably the documents dealing with them have been lost.]

The Emperor Wu-ting (1324–1264 B.C.), mourned his father's death the accustomed three years, and even at the close of this period he felt no inclination to exercise the functions of his high office. Whereupon his ministers remonstrated: "We, O king, await thy instructions; speak thou to us, and we will listen."

To this the king made a written answer. "When I was meditating and feared that my skill and virtue fell far behind those of my predecessors, I had a dream in which I thought God gave me a helper both good and competent. And when I awoke I found that the helper who had stood before me in my dream answered in all respects to Yueh. I accordingly appoint him to be my prime minister, begging him morning and evening to teach me virtue and wisdom. 'Think of me,' said I, 'as a knife; I will use you as a whetstone. Regard me as crossing the great stream; then I will make a boat of you to get me to the other side. If I am thought of as gasping in a year of drought, then thou shalt be to me as copious showers of refreshing rain. Do thou and thy fellow ministers unite in helping me to tread in the footsteps of my predecessors, so that the land may abound in peace and comfort.'"

The new prime minister said: "O Emperor, all things happen in harmony with Heaven's will, and for the good of the people. Let the emperor take Heaven, which is intelligent and just, as his pattern. His ministers will then follow in his wake, and the country will rejoice in a rule of righteousness. Since good government depends upon good governors, office should be conferred on account of fitness and not because of personal favouritism. Do not act precipitately, but consider what thou doest. Trust not thyself too much. To think beyond reason of thine own virtue is to lose it, and to rely upon thine own skill excessively is to make great mistakes. When, however, thou dost make mistakes, be forward to acknowledge them. Multiply not ceremonies when sacrificing to Heaven. Let thy thought be rather on a virtuous life."

The emperor thanked his minister for his sage counsels, and added, "It is not difficult for a ruler to know his duty, but to do it; this is the task, this the labour."

The Emperor Zu-kang rebuked for offering too great a sacrifice to his deceased father, Wu-ting

Upon the death of Wu-ting, Zu-kang ascended the throne and, following custom, presented an offering to his deceased father. But the appearance of a crowing pheasant at the moment of sacrifice was taken as an omen that the offering was excessive, whereupon the minister Zuki, wishing to administer a gentle rebuke to his imperial master, said, "O your majesty, thy ancestors were Heaven's good gift, and it is meet that thou shouldst offer them appropriate sacrifices. But they are not God. Keep thou, therefore, thy offering within the prescribed limits."

The Officer Zui rebukes the Emperor

[The emperor is Shau, the last sovereign of the Yin, or Shang, dynasty, who reigned 1154–1123 B.C. A period of some hundred years is passed over in silence, probably because the documents have been lost.]

The Duke of Western China had made a successful attack upon the district Li, threatening the power of the emperor himself.

The emperor's loyal officer, Zui, seeing the imminent danger, presented himself before his imperial master.

"May it please your majesty, but the Duke of the West has taken Li, and Heaven has granted omens that the dynasty of Yin (Shang) is nearing its end. No other issue out of the present situation is seen by those who have consulted the tortoise-shell and the divining stalks. Thou hast brought this calamity upon thy country by thy sensual and senseless life. We have on our side the influence of thine ancestors, but thy evil life neutralises all the good they did. Therefore it is that Heaven has rejected us and, withholding the harvest, has refused us bread. Thy people have no love for the emperor or for his government."

Said the king, in answer, "Did not Heaven at my birth favour by its signs my appointment to be the head of this land? How then can that same Heaven give now signs of a contrary kind?"

To this the loyal officer answered: "Heaven has registered thy many and great crimes, and how canst thou appeal to that offended Heaven? Thou hast cast thyself off from Heaven's smile by thine own crimes and immorality; thou hast brought evil upon thy country, but thy days will be quickly ended."

The Count of Wei[1] seeks Counsel from Two Other Nobles

"O senior and junior master, the house of Yu can no longer dominate this kingdom. The ancient members of this house achieved great deeds of righteousness and brought down Heaven's smile and benediction upon the people. But our emperor has abandoned himself to a life of drunkenness and general licentiousness, officers and people give themselves up to a life of impurity, indulgence, deceit and robbery. We are mad, O masters, but why give ye no counsel at this crisis?"

The senior master broke his silence and said, "O thou royal son, Heaven is angry with the house of Yu, and is deluging it with calamities. The emperor shows no reverence for his ancestors, or for the aged, or for the worthy. The people indulge in the use of strong drinks, and they, together with their leaders, steal animals offered in sacrifice, and no punishment follows. The ruin of this dynasty is at hand, and my counsel to thee, royal son and brother, is—flee to other regions, and let us sacrifice to our ancestors, who will not fail us in this time of need."

IV—The Books of the Kau Dynasty

THE remaining parts of the Shu King which are drawn upon belong to the Kau (Chow) Dynasty, 1122–256 B.C. —*i.e.* 867 years. It was under this dynasty that Confucius and his disciple Mencius lived and laboured. There were originally thirty-eight documents in the part of the Shu dealing with this dynasty, but of these only twenty-eight remain, twenty, at least, of them being indisputably genuine.

Wu addresses the Princes, Armies and Officers

Wu, chief of the West, resolved to invade the empire ruled then by the last member of the house of Shang and, gathering his leaders and helpers together, delivered to them three discourses.

1. The duty of the sovereign—addressed especially to the princes and inferior nobles.

"Heaven and earth, begetters of all creatures, have endowed man most of all. The man of highest intelligence is made king; that is, the father of his people. But Shau, the present emperor, has neither reverence for Heaven nor respect for men. He lives a life of drunkenness and lust, and cruelly oppresses the poor and helpless ones. Wherefore great Heaven was indignant with him, and imposed it upon my father to avenge these barbarities. But my father died ere the divinely imposed task was performed, and it now devolves upon me to accomplish this work. Do ye therefore, O hereditary rulers of the people, help me in this undertaking."

2. Heaven's will and intention—addressed to the assembled armies.

"O ye armies of the West, listen to my words. It is said that the good and the bad man each finds the day too short for the good and bad they would respectively do. So Shau, our wicked sovereign, goes on his evil way and finds each day too short for his execrable deeds. He has banished the wise, the old and the good, and associates only with the dissolute and foolish. His ministers are become like himself, dissolute, drunken, lustful and oppressive. There is no justice nor pity, nor piety in the land. The burdened and cruelly oppressed people cry to Heaven for redress, and Heaven, loving the people, has commissioned me, as previously my father, to be the deliverer of my country and my fellow-countrymen. His people are disunited and enfeebled by vice, mine are united and strong by their virtue. O my brave ones, join your energies and your hearts with mine, and let us strike this blow for freedom

[1] The Count of Wei was son of the former emperor and brother of the present one. The date of this piece is probably the last year of the dynasty of Yu, 1123 B.C.

and happiness and religion. So shall we hand on a heritage of prosperity, piety and virtue to unborn generations."

3. Exhortation to unity and firmness of purpose, addressed to the officers.

"O my valiant officers, all virtuous acts are of Heaven. The Emperor Shau has bidden defiance to Heaven, which has therefore abandoned him and laid on us the duty of freeing the land of this pest. He has expelled his wisest instructors and his most trustworthy ministers, taking to himself in their stead ignorant and profligate self-seekers. He will pass all bounds of reason and limits of bearing to please his atrocious wife. God's patience is at an end, vengeance has been decreed and we are to be the instruments by which this curse is to be brought to ground. Do you, my officers, stand by me in this conflict. We must march forward as one man. Let thus salvation come to our people."

Wu Conquers and is Made Emperor

At length Wu marched against the armies of Shau, winning an easy victory, for virtue is braver and more constant in every battle than vice. Wu was in due course set on his father's and brother's throne. Peace and plenty returned to the land, virtue ruled the people, and the sacrifices were once more properly and regularly offered. The new sovereign reorganized the government, placing in high office only those who were competent and good. He had the people taught virtue and good deportment, such as belonged to the various grades of society at the time. He re-established the laws regulating the rites of mourning. He paid great deference to virtue, rewarding outstanding acts of virtue and punishing offenders against morals and manners. His influence was so transcendent that a mere wave of his hand sufficed to secure obedience.

The Principle of Government, or the Great Plan

[This very important document is ostensibly assigned to the reign of Wu, who began to reign in 1122. Actually it is a product of the Hsia Dynasty (2205–1766 B.C.), the largest part of it being the work of the great Yu. Tradition has it that the Count

CONFUCIUS
From an old print

of Khi, Shau's prime minister, refused to recognize Wu, his master's successor and (as he thought) usurper. Wu respected his loyalty to his fallen sovereign. Subsequently he consented to meet the new emperor in his palace. Soon after arriving the new sovereign asked his advice as to the principles of government. We have his reply in The Great Plan, which is really an attempt to put together a scheme of government suited to the time and country.]

When at length the Count of Khi agreed to visit the new sovereign at his court, the latter asked him to set forth and explain the principles according to which a sovereign should govern.

Said the Count of Khi: "Heaven communicated to Yu the nine great principles. Of these the following are to be noticed.

1. "The five elements[1]: water, fire, wood, metal and earth. The sovereign

[1] Compare the four elements (earth, water, air and fire) of the Pythagoreans, *i.e.* in this particular case the four forms in which the matter shows itself. But the Chinese word rendered 'elements' above means something active, moving, and full of latent energy.

must understand the properties of these in order to provide for the material well-being of his people.

2. "The five personal matters [*i.e.* human characteristics corresponding to the above five elements]. These are proper demeanour, reasonable speech, clear perception, distinct hearing, clear and wise sayings. No sovereign rules aright who lacks these qualities.

3. "The eight things of which government must take special cognisance. These are food, wealth and articles of commerce, sacrifice, the business of the Minister of Works, the business of the Minister of Instruction, the business of the Minister of Crime, the respect due to guests, the organization and training of the army.

4. "Time dividers. The planet Jupiter is to indicate the close of the year; the moon is to regulate the month; the sun, stars, planets and zodiacal spaces all having to do with special dates or festivals in the calendar.

5. "The essentials of good government. In the sovereign there ought to exist moral excellence in its purest form and its highest degree, and this will cause him to have true happiness in himself. Moreover, his own virtue will be appropriated by his people, who will themselves in turn become happy, and the happiness of the sovereign and of the people will react upon each other so that the land will be in a state of comfort, peace and rest. The subjects of the sovereign must on no account combine for unlawful purposes, nor must the emperor act unjustly or oppressively towards the friendless, the orphan, or the widow. Nor shall he be afraid of the rich and powerful when justice has to be put in force. There is to be no partiality in the government, but all are to be judged without exception according to righteousness.

6. "The three virtues. These three virtues must characterise every government. In times of peace, just and proper dealings towards all and between all. In times of anarchy and violence, the use of vigorous repressive measures. In times of tranquillity, gentle rule. Only the sovereign can confer honours, give rewards to well-doers, or receive the taxes.

7. "The means by which doubts are to be dissolved. Officers must be appointed whose special task it will be to divine by the tortoise-shell and the stalks of the Khi plant.

"Whenever, O sovereign, thou canst not decide concerning any matter, first consult thine own thoughts; secondly, consult thy officers; thirdly, consult thy people; fourthly, consult the tortoise-shell; and fifthly, consult the divining stalks. If all these yield one and the same answer it is called 'the general agreement'; immediate action should be taken accordingly.

"If the tortoise-shell and the divining stalks agree, act also, even though officers and people counsel inaction.

"Similarly, if officers, shell and stalks agree, act, though your own thoughts and the thoughts of the common people oppose. Act, too, when the people, the shell and the stalks agree, though your own thoughts and the ministers incline to a different policy.

"It is, however, unlucky, and inaction is advisable in external matters, when the common people oppose, though the other omens are favourable. Under the same circumstances, however, internal undertakings are lucky, and are to be prosecuted.

"When the shell and the stalks say 'no,' while officers and people say 'yes,' it is safest to stand still; action is unlucky.

8. "Natural appearances. Rain, sunshine, heat, cold, wind and moderate weather. When the first five occur together in the degree in which they are wanted, plants and trees grow luxuriously. But if in any of them there is a deficiency or an excess, plants and trees will pine and die.

"The sovereign ought to examine all these signs throughout the year, and see to it that the products of nature are carefully watched.

9. "These are the five sources of happiness. Long life, riches, health of body and peace of mind, love of virtue, obedience to Heaven's will. But there are six greatest misfortunes: shortened life, sickness, mental anxiety, poverty, sin and weakness."

III—The Shih King, or Book of Poetry

THE ancient Chinese attached a good deal of importance to music and to poetry. Indeed, there was a Minister of Music, his duties including poetry and dancing as well as music. The Emperor Shun, who died in 2205 B.C., once said to his Minister of Music, 'Poetry is the expression of earnest thought, singing being the prolonged utterance of the expression.' Here in this definition the rhythmical character of poetry is ignored, though there is no true poetry without it.

In a preface to the Shih King, attributed to Confucius, we read, 'Poetry is the product of earnest thought. Thought cherished in the mind becomes earnest, but expressed in words it becomes poetry. When feelings are manifested we get these stages: sighs and exclamations when words are unavailing; prolonged utterance as in song; and, thirdly, dancing when the first and the second inadequately express the feeling. Nothing, however, moves Heaven and earth or spirits more efficiently than poetry.'

The Shih is arranged usually in stanzas of four or more lines, in which rhyme is hardly ever absent. Generally, three lines are made to rhyme, sometimes two, and occasionally four or more.

The Shih contains 305 poems and the titles of six others, the poems belonging to these latter having been lost. The above poems are arranged in four parts, which will be separately noticed when they are summarised.

The odes in the Shih date probably from the reign of the great Yu, who died in 2188 B.C., to the time of Confucius, who died in 478 B.C., to whom we probably owe the collection, and who thought the study of the Book of Poetry of the utmost importance.

Both Confucius and Mencius never tired of quoting the songs of the Shih. Lord Avebury formed so high a conception of the book that he included it in his Hundred Great Books of the World, though he had personally no strong liking for the Chinese classics.

The Chinese commentators read into the odes mystical and esoteric meanings which do not originally belong to them, and which in fact rob them of their beauty. In the epitomes which follow, these later forced meanings of the commentators are entirely ignored.

Rhymed versions, fuller prose translations, commentaries and exegeses will be found in the following works: The Book of Chinese Poetry, by C. F. Romilly Allen (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.); The Shih King, by J. Legge (Sacred Books of the East, volume 3, Clarendon Press); Chinese Literature, by H. A. Giles (William Heinemann); and also in the Manuals on Comparative Religion, by Allan Menzies, De la Saussaye, and several others.

I—The Quo Fang[1]

THIS part is made up of ballads sung by the inhabitants of the various feudal states, and forwarded regularly to the imperial palace, with a view to reflecting the goings-on and sentiments of the various states.

Wedding Song to the Emperor Wen

Said one of the women of the imperial harem: As on the river's brink I was gathering flowers wherewith to welcome home our sovereign master and his bride, I heard a bird lovingly and sweetly calling to his mate. So said I: 'May this be an omen of my master's happiness with his new-won bride. Long and long had he yearned for his loved one, his mind of nights been oft distracted by fears and doubts, which now at length are at an end, for his fair lady is his.' So let us by our music and feasting celebrate the joy that fills the palace.

A Wife's Lament for an Absent Husband

My heart is weary and sad, for my loved one is gone into a far country leaving me alone in my tears. I lately strayed into the fields to gather the beautiful flowers, but my heart so failed me that I flung the flowers away and filled not my basket. Then I resolved with servants and horses

[1] *Quo*, kingdoms, feudal states; *Fang*, manners.

to ascend a high mount close by that I might catch sight of my loved one coming back to his home. But the ascent was too steep; horses and servants fell to the ground exhausted, and I failed to reach the mountain summit, and my heart once more gave way. Then brought I forth my sacred wine-cups and, filling them with the juice of the grape, poured forth their contents on the ground as a libation to the gods, and besought them to give me back my loved one.

The Widow's Sacrifice

In the early morn, ere yet the sky is tinged with the grey of dawn, the weeping widow wends her way through fields and lanes, through valleys, over mountains, till she reaches the ancestral temple of him she had loved and lost. There she presents her costly sacrifice to the departed one, returning with a sense of love requited and duty done.

Chuang Chiang's Grief at Her Husband's Fickleness

O thou golden sun, thou silver moon, give me back my husband's love. Little thought ye, O my beloved parents, that he to whom ye gave me would prove thus false to me. It is not his harsh words that my young life blight, but his coldness and the attentions he gives to rivals. O ye gods, bend ye his heart once more to me, or I die of grief.

The Solitary[1]

He makes himself a home in this lonely spot between towering mountains, and beside a sweetly murmuring rill. Here will he spend the rest of his days, brooding on life and its mystery. He has seen life in all its phases and seen it long, and is wearied, wearied of the game that men are playing. Here will he abide far removed from men's vanities and chattering, delighting in his own thoughts and in simple scenes.

An Independent Lady Lover

If thou wilt me love, all is well; I will thee love. But if thou keep me outside thy heart, well, be it so; there are plenty of fish in the sea as good as the best that have yet been caught.

The Duke Shu Tuan as a Hunter

Forth to the chase goes Shu with his horses four, marching with all the symmetry of a dance. On they go, passing through reed-beds and forests, starting the game, which never escapes. See yon tiger with his gleaming eyes. With his own hands Shu the monster grips, laying him down dead. His hunting over, Shu doffs his quiver and his bow, returning home laden with tokens of his skill and valour.

No Place Like Home

Many a weary day and night spent we under the sun's glare on those high, bare hills. At length we returned from the war to our homes and loved ones, but I said, 'Perhaps my home is deserted, and my loved one dead or plighted to another.' But all at once my own home gleamed in sight, unseen for three long years. It was still occupied, still swept and clean, warm and to me welcome, for my lady-love was still its queen, and had remained true. We fondly embraced each other, and now in my own home, where is love and happiness, I am content to pass my life, not envying the king his castle or the duke his palace.

II—The Lesser Ya, or Minor Songs

THE Lesser Ya are called also Songs for the Minor Festivals, Eulogies and Festival Songs.

A Festive Song

Here we have gathered from sundry quarters. Let our musicians, singers, players, strike up a jubilant note. Hand the dainties round. Pour out the wine. Let glad music resound through the festal halls.

Another Festal Song

The gods of heaven and earth bless him who is lavish in hospitality. I have provided the best wine, and slain fatted lambs. So eat, drink, my friends, and be happy, and let the strains of music regale our hours.

Chant at a Royal Banquet by Grateful Guests

May heaven preserve thee, our royal host, in happiness and in virtue, sparing thee all evil and even the fear of it. As

[1] The man who retires to live alone a life of meditation is much esteemed in China.

long as mountain summits rear themselves aloft shall thy fame abide. As rivers widen on their way to the ocean so may thy prosperity extend. In thy filial piety thou sacrificest to dukes and kings of long ago, and in return their spirits answer, 'Thy descendants shall never fail, and thy seed shall be on thy throne for ever and ever.'

The King's Gift[1]

This very day there comes to me a friend and a trusted defender of the crown and country. He shall be welcomed with drums and bells, and to him shall be given one of the red lacquered bows hanging around the hall. Let us in his honour drain the cup and drink until to-morrow's sun has reached his meridian.

Take Rest

Why goest thou ever after the waggon, dust-blinded? If thou continuest so thou shalt fill thy mind with anguish, and banish all cheery thoughts. Therefore rest thou awhile, and laugh and be jolly. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. Why not don your festal robes, and drink your wine, and have your feast of music and of mirth? Soon you will die and others enjoy what you have.

In Honour of the Emperor Sacrificing to his Ancestors on Harvest Thanksgiving Day

The seed sown has grown to an abundant harvest. Our barns are full, and our hearts gladdened. So offer we to the shades of the dead our sacrifices of wine and viands. The food is carefully roasted and boiled. The tables are spread with choicest foods and sparkling wine.

When the feasting is over the master of ceremonies thus addresses the imperial master: 'Your majesty has offered a noble repast to the heavenly spirits, and they have smelt a sweet savour, and will bless abundantly.' Amid the beating of drums, and the ringing of bells, the representatives[1] of the gods retire.

III—The Greater Ya

THE Greater Ya, or Greater Songs, also called Greater Songs of the Festivals.

Family Festival

Hither, kinsfolk all, recline ye on your divans. Let the servants fill you the goblets that the host may toast each guest, and each guest make reply. Nor must music of voice, of drum and of lute be absent. The master bids us at the last drink the health of the older ones with a wish that in old age they may have youthfulness and peace.

Sons and Daughters

Their sons shall lie on couches and be clothed in royal robes, with sceptres for their playthings—they, the future princes of the land. Their daughters shall lie on the ground, wrappers they shall wear, their playthings being tiles [used as spindles]. They shall spend their time thinking about food and spirits. No sorrow shall they cause their parents.

Woman a Bane

A clever man founds a city, a clever woman lays it low. Woman is ever a bird of evil omen: a long-tongued woman is a flight of steps leading to trouble. Misfortune comes not from Heaven, but from woman.

IV—Temple and Altar Hymns

MOST of these hymns were recited or sung during the ancestral worship of the Shang and Kau (Chow) dynasties, and also of the marquises of Lu. Though the Shih is silent with regard to the worship of ancestors of the common people, yet from the Doctrine of the Mean (chapter 18), and other ancient Chinese writings, it is clear that this worship prevailed, and was indeed commanded.

In these and in other odes it is made quite evident that the ancient Chinese had a distinct idea of the Supreme Being, as Legge, Giles and others have shown, though some take a contrary view. In one ode we read, 'God is great and rules in Majesty.' In another, 'How mighty is

[1] Among the ancient Chinese it was the custom for the king or emperor on a festive occasion to present distinguished warriors each with a bow and one hundred arrows. A yellow riding-jacket is presented now such as Chinese Gordon once received.

[1] During a sacrificial banquet the ancestors invoked were represented by living personators, who ate and drank for them, and received the honours accorded to them.

God, the ruler of the universe; how terrible is His Majesty.'

Hymn to the Emperor Wen

Here gather we at the ancestral temple of the all-virtuous Emperor Wen, honouring his memory, sacrificing at his shrine and praying to be on earth as good and wise as he is now in heaven. We gratefully acknowledge his services to the state: may we emulate his virtues!

Harvest Hymn

O ye ancestral shades, grant us this year rich and abundant harvests. May our granaries be stored with rice and grain, and our storehouses be filled with fruit. And of our abundance we will offer unto you sweet wine and viands most precious.

Meditation of the Emperor Cheng

O thou shade of my father, whose throne I have ascended, help me to execute those wise and beneficent designs formed by thy discerning mind. Let thy sainted soul once more inhabit these halls, bringing thy son comfort and guidance, until he becomes possessed of the wisdom which thou didst display on earth. Great father, hear!

The Confession of the Emperor Cheng

I have lived a life foolish and wicked, and it has brought me grief of soul. But I have repented. Long dallied I with sin as a child with what it thinks an innocent insect which grows to be a stinging wasp. I have suffered and learnt; I will do wrong no more.

(*Continued at page* 3148)

Mordant Comedy by a Brilliant Elizabethan

PHILIP MASSINGER

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

OF all Shakespeare's immediate successors one of the most powerful, as well as the most prolific, was Philip Massinger. The full extent of his literary activities is not known, as a great deal of his work has been lost; he is, however, now known to have been part author of plays usually attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher. Fifteen of the plays—tragedies, tragi-comedies and comedies—which he wrote independently are extant; five others were accidentally destroyed in the eighteenth century. Though his characters are to a great extent conventional, Massinger had few rivals in the art of plot and construction, and his verse is rhetorical and picturesque. His masterpiece is A New Way to Pay Old Debts, printed in 1632, but probably written between 1625 and 1626. This satirical comedy retained its popularity longer than any other of Massinger's plays, and kept possession of the stage into the nineteenth century, contributing in Sir Giles Overreach a great character to the English drama. The play is published in Dent's series of the Temple Dramatists.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Lovell, an English lord
Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner
Wellborn, a prodigal, nephew to Sir Giles
Allworth, a young gentleman, page to Lord Lovell, stepson to Lady Allworth
Marrall, a term-driver, a creature of Sir Giles Overreach
Willdo, a parson
Lady Allworth, a rich widow
Margaret, Sir Giles's daughter

The scene is laid in an English county

First Act

SCENE I.—*A room in* Overreach's *house. Enter* Overreach *and* Marrall.

OVERREACH: This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long to upbraid me
With my close cheat put on him. Will not cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Marrall: I've used all means; and the last night I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And since I've charged all of your friends and tenants
To refuse him even a crust of mouldy bread.
Over.: Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:
Then, if I prove he have but robbed a hen roost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Mar.: I'll do my best, sir.
Over.: I'm now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell;
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell.
He's come into the country; and my aims
Are to invite him to my house.
Mar.: I see.
This points at my young mistress.

Over. : She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable—
Yes, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
[*Exit* **Overreach**. *Enter* **Wellborn**.
Mar. : Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
Is there no purse to be cut? House to be broken?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Wellborn : Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Despite the rhetoric that the fiend has taught you,
I am as far as thou art from despair.
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Come, dine with me, and with a gallant lady.
Mar. : With the lady of the lake or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. : With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. : Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. : Mark thee with what respect I am entertained.
Mar. : With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips!
Well. : 'Tis not far off; go with me; trust thine eyes.
Mar. : I will endure thy company.
Well. : Come along, then.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The country.* **Marrall** *assures* **Overreach** *that the plot on* **Wellborn** *succeeds. The rich* **Lady Allworth** *has feasted him and is fallen in love with him; he lives to be a greater prey than ever to* **Overreach.** *Angered at the information,* **Overreach,** *who has himself attempted in vain to see her, knocks his creature down, mollifying him afterwards with gold.*

Second Act

SCENE I.—*A chamber* in **Lady Allworth's** *house.* **Lovell** *and* **Allworth** *discovered. Having heard of the mutual attachment of* **Margaret** *and* **Allworth, Lord Lovell** *has assured the latter that he will help bring it to a successful issue, and that neither the beauty nor the wealth of* **Sir Giles's** *daughter shall tempt him to betray* **Allworth's** *confidence. Enter* **Marrall,** *and with him* **Overreach,** *who from what he has seen of their behaviour at a dinner given by him in* **Lord Lovell's** *honour believes that* **Lovell** *wishes to marry* **Margaret** *and that* **Lady Allworth** *is enamoured of* **Wellborn.** *To further this latter match and to prosecute new designs against* **Wellborn,** *he has lent him a thousand pounds.*

OVERREACH : A good day to my lord.
Lovell : You are an early riser, Sir Giles.
Over. : And reason, to attend your lordship.
Go to my nephew, Marrall.
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit. [*Exit* **Marrall.**
Lov. : I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. : 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry [plead
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham; get a licence,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Lov. : Haste your return,
Allworth : I will not fail, my lord.
[*Exit.*
Over. : I came not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you, nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. : You are a right kind father.
Over. : You'll have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
Would it not serve to entertain your friends?
Lov. : A well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. : She the mistress?
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only he but like it, and would have it,
I say ere long 'tis his.
Lov. : Impossible.
Over. : You do conclude too fast.
'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for these, once Wellborn's
(As, by her dotage on him, I know they will be),
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say, aloud, they are yours.
Lov. : I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are too dear to me.
Over. : Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, borne by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
I'll ruin the country to supply your waste:
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.
Lov. : Are you not moved with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By these practices?

Over. : Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. : I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. : 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter I am marble.
My haste commands me hence: in one word, therefore,
Is it a match, my lord?
Lov. : I hope that is past doubt now.
Over. : Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind,
Not fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One storey higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
[*Exit.*
Lov. : He's gone; I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
Am bathed in a cold sweat.

SCENE II.—*A chamber in* **Sir Giles's** *house. Enter* **Wellborn** *and* **Marrall.**

WELLBORN: Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Marrall : This only, in a word: I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds; which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat (as I'm sure he will),
Be you but rough, and say, he's in your debt
Ten times the sum upon sale of your land.
The deed in which you passed it over to him
Bid him produce: he'll have it to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies. I'll instruct you farther
As I wait on your worship.
Well. : I trust thee.
[*Exeunt. Enter* **Margaret** *as if in anger, followed by* **Allworth.**
Margaret : I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms not taking from his honour
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge,
Shows a confidence that deceives his lordship.
Allworth : I hope better, good lady.
Marg. : Hope, sir, what you please; I have
A father and, without his full consent,
I can grant nothing.
[*Enter* **Overreach,** *having overheard.*
Overreach : I like this obedience.
But whatever my lord writes must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. (*Aside*) Sweet Master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant.
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? In name of madness,
What could his honour write more to content you?
Marg.: Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,
Not hurried away in the night, I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.
All. : My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off;
And he desires there should be no delay.
Marg. : Give me but in the church, and I'm content.
Over. : So my lord have you, what care I who gives you?
Lord Lovell would be private, I'll not cross him.
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Gotham, and called Parson Willdo.
Marg. : What warrant is your ring? He may suppose
I got that twenty ways without your knowledge.
Your presence would do better.
Over. : Still perverse!
Paper and ink there.
All. : I can furnish you.
Over. : I thank you; I can write then.
[*Writes on his book.*
All. : You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
'Marry her to this gentleman.'
Over. : Well advised. [**Margaret** *kneels.*
'Tis done; away—my blessing, girl? Thou hast it. [*Exeunt* **Allworth** *and* **Margaret.**
Over. : Farewell! Now all's cocksure.
Methink I hear already knights and ladies
Say, 'Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? Has her honour
Slept well to-night?' Now for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow—
I have him here. [*Exit.*

Third Act

SCENE I.—*A chamber in* **Lady Allworth's** *house. Enter* **Lovell** *and* **Lady Allworth** *contracted to one another. He has told her that only a desire to promote the union of her promising young stepson,* **Allworth,** *with* **Margaret Overreach** *tempted him into a seeming courtship of* **Sir Giles's** *daughter. She has told him that her somewhat exaggerated courtesies and attentions to* **Wellborn** *were an obligation paid to one who in his prosperous days had ventured all for her dead husband. To them enter* **Wellborn** *in a rich habit.*

LADY ALLWORTH: You're welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.
Wellborn : Your creature, madam.
I will never hold [it.
My life mine own, when you please to command

Lady All. : I'm glad my endeavours prospered. Saw you lately
Sir Giles, your uncle ?
Well. : I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions
About his daughter. This last night he looked for
Your lordship at his house ; but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplexed and troubled.
Overreach (*outside*) : Ha ! find her, booby ; thou huge lump of nothing.
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. : May't please your lordship,
For some ends of my own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing.
Lovell : You shall direct me. (*Steps aside.*)

[*Enter* **Overreach,** *with distracted looks, driving in* **Marrall** *before him.*

Over. : Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady,
And the lord, her husband ? Are they in your house ?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy.
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make curt'sies
When she nods on you ; which you must receive
As a special favour.
Lady All. : When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony I shall pay it ;
Meantime, I neither know nor care where she is.
Over. : Nephew !
Well. : Well.
Over. : No more !
Well. : 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. : I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage—do you hear ? Of a stolen marriage ;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened.
I name no parties. [**Lady Allworth** *turns away.*
Well. : Well, sir, and what follows ?
Over. : Marry, this, since you are peremptory. Remember
Upon mere hope of your great match I lent you
A thousand pounds. Put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the jail.
Shall I have security ?
Well. : No, indeed, you shall not ;
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment ;
Your great looks fright not me. And whereas, sir,
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that is truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. : Oh, monstrous impudence ! Did I not purchase
The land left by thy father ?
[*Enter servant with a box.*
Is not here
The deed that does confirm it mine ?
Marrall : Now, now.
Well. : I do acknowledge none. I ne'er passed o'er
Any such land ; I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust ; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law.
Lady All. : In my opinion, he advises well.
Over. : Good, good ; conspire with your new husband, lady.
(*To* **Wellborn**) Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie ! I draw out
The precious evidence. (*Opens the box*) Ha !
Lady All. : A fair skin of parchment.
Well. : Indented, I confess, and labels, too ;
But neither wax nor words. How ? Thunder-struck !
Is this your precious evidence, my wise uncle ?
Over. : What prodigy is this ? What subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription—the wax
Turned into dust ? Do you deal with witches, rascal ?
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. : To save thee would beggar the stock of mercy.
Over. : Marrall !
Mar. : Sir.
Over. (*flattering him*) : Though the witnesses are dead,
Help with an oath or two ; and for thy master
I know thou wilt swear anything to dash
This cunning sleight ; the deed being drawn, too,
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this ?
Mar. : I have a conscience not seared up like yours ;
I know no deeds.
Over. : Wilt thou betray me ?
Mar. : Yes, and uncase you, too. The lump of flesh,
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten,
Can now anatomise you, and lay open
All your black plots.
Over. : But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish and kneel in vain to die,
These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here.
I play the fool and make my anger but ridiculous.
There will be a time, and place, there will be, cowards !
When you shall feel what I dare do.
After these storms, at length a calm appears.
[*Enter* **Parson Willdo.**
Welcome, most welcome ; is the deed done ?
Willdo : Yes, I assure you.
Over. : Vanish all sad thoughts !
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my right honourable, right honourable daughter.
A lane there for my lord !

PHILIP MASSINGER, English dramatist, was born at Salisbury in November 1583, of an old Salisbury family. His father was a member of parliament, and was attached to the household of the second and third earls of Pembroke. Massinger was entered at St. Alban Hall, Oxford, in 1602, leaving in 1606 without taking a degree. Coming to London, he established himself as a playwright, writing in association with Cyril Tourneur, Thomas Dekker and John Fletcher, and working mainly for the king's company of players. Massinger died suddenly in March 1640, at his house near the Globe Theatre, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

[*Loud music. Enter* **Allworth, Margaret** *and* **Lovell.**

Margaret : Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
(*Kneeling*) This is my husband.

Over. : How ?

Allworth : So I assure you.

Over. : Devil ! Are they married ?

Willdo : They are married, sir ; but why this rage to me ?
Is not this your letter, sir ? And these the words,
'Marry her to this gentleman.' [not ;

Over. : I never will believe it, 'death ! I will
That I should be gulled, baffled, fooled, defeated
By children, all my hopes and labours crossed.

Well. : You are so, my grave uncle, it appears.

Over. : Village nurses revenge their wrongs with curses.
I'll waste no words, but thus I take the life
Which, wretch, I gave to thee.

[*Offers to kill* **Margaret.**

Lovell : Hold, for your own sake !

Over. : Lord ! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel ; and again desire thee
As thou'rt a soldier, let us quit the house
And change six words in private.

Lov. : I am ready.

Lady All. : Stay, sir ; would you contest with one distraited !

Over. : Are you pale ?
Borrow his help ; though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both, as I am, hemmed in thus.
Alone, I can do nothing, but I have servants
And friends to succour me ; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, or leave one throat uncut
Hell add to my afflictions ! [*Exit.*

Mar. : Is't not brave sport ?

All. (*to* **Margaret**) **:** Nay, weep not, dearest, though't express your pity.

Mar. : Was it not a rare trick,
An't please your worship, to make the deed nothing ?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public ; certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.

Well. : You are a rascal. He that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me. Instantly begone.

Mar. : At this haven false servants still arrive.

[*Exit. Re-enter* **Overreach.**

Willdo : Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies and, if my judgement err not,
He's mad beyond recovery.

Over. : Were they a squadron of pikes, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them ?

[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*

I'll fall to execution—ha ! I am feeble :
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of 't ! And my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Are these the hangmen ?
But I'll be forced to hell like to myself ;
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you. [*Rushes forward.*

Well. : There's no help ;
Disarm him first, then bind him.

Marg. : Oh, my dear father !

[*They force* **Overreach** *off.*

All. : You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. : Pray take comfort.
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distraction ; and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you and this the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach ; for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

[*Takes* **Lady Allworth's** *hand.*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

COMING to Paris in 1823 to seek his fortune, Dumas soon became known as a talented poet and dramatist, achieving real success with his romantic dramas Henry III (1829), Christine (1830) and Antony (1831). As a novelist he began by writing short stories, until his collaboration with Auguste Maquet, which began in 1839, led to the production of the Chroniques de France —that admirable series of historical novels in which he proposed to reconstruct the whole course of French history. In 1844 appeared The Three Musketeers, in eight volumes, which was based on the Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan by Courtels de Sandras (1701). The stupendous adventures of the resourceful d'Artagnan and his three friends Athos, Porthos and Aramis are as famous in England as in France, and tribute to their fascination has been paid by Thackeray, Stevenson and Andrew Lang. An outline of Twenty Years After, a sequel to The Three Musketeers, appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. Many inexpensive translations of the novel are obtainable.

I—The Musketeer's Apprenticeship

D'ARTAGNAN was without acquaintances in Paris, and now on his arrival he was committed to fight with three of the most distinguished of the king's musketeers.

Coming from Gascony, a youth, with all the pride and ambition of his race, D'Artagnan had brought no money with him, but only a letter of introduction from his father to M. de Tréville, captain of the musketeers. But he had been taught that by courage alone could a man now make his way to fortune, and that he was to bear nothing, save from the cardinal—the great Cardinal Richelieu, or from the king —Louis XIII.

It was immediately after his interview with M. de Tréville that D'Artagnan, well trained at home as a swordsman, quarrelled with the three musketeers.

First, on the palace stairs he ran violently into Athos, who was suffering from a wounded shoulder.

"Excuse me," said D'Artagnan. "Excuse me, but I am in a hurry."

"You are in a hurry?" said the musketeer, pale as a sheet. "Under that pretence, you run against me; you say 'Excuse me!' and you think that sufficient. You are not polite; it is easy to see that you are from the country."

D'Artagnan had already passed on, but this remark made him stop short.

"However far I may come it is not you, monsieur, who can give me a lesson in manners, I warn you."

"Perhaps," said Athos, "you are in a hurry now, but you can find me without running after me. Do you understand me?"

"Where and when?" said D'Artagnan.

"Near the Carmes-Deschaux at noon," replied Athos. "And please do not keep me waiting, for at a quarter past twelve I will cut off your ears if you run."

"Good!" cried D'Artagnan. "I will be there at ten minutes to twelve."

At the street gate Porthos was talking with the soldiers on guard. Between the two there was just room for a man to pass, and D'Artagnan hurried on, only to find himself enveloped in the long velvet cloak of Porthos, which the wind had blown out.

"The fellow must be mad," said Porthos, "to run against people in this manner! Do you always forget your eyes when you happen to be in a hurry?"

"No," replied D'Artagnan, who, in extricating himself from the cloak, had observed that the handsome cloth of gold coat worn by Porthos was only gold in front and plain buff at the back, "no, and thanks to my eyes, I can see what others cannot see."

"Monsieur," said Porthos angrily, "you stand a chance of getting chastised if you run against musketeers in this fashion.

I shall look for you at one o'clock behind the Luxembourg."

"Very well, at one o'clock then," replied D'Artagnan, turning into the street.

A few minutes later D'Artagnan annoyed Aramis, the third musketeer, who was chatting with some gentlemen of the king's musketeers. As D'Artagnan came up Aramis accidentally dropped an embroidered pocket-handkerchief and covered it at once with his foot to prevent observation. D'Artagnan, conscious of a certain want of politeness in his treatment of Athos and Porthos, and determined to be more obliging in future, stooped and picked up the handkerchief—much to the vexation of Aramis, who denied all claim to the delicate piece of cambric.

D'Artagnan not taking the rebukes of Aramis in good part, they fixed two o'clock as the hour of meeting.

The two young men bowed and separated, Aramis going up the street which led to the Luxembourg, whilst D'Artagnan, finding that it was near noon, took the road to the Carmes-Deschaux, saying to himself. "Decidedly I can't draw back; but at least if I am killed, I shall be killed by a musketeer."

Knowing nobody in Paris, D'Artagnan went to his appointment without a second.

It was just striking twelve when he arrived on the ground, and Athos, still suffering from his old wound, was already waiting for his adversary.

Athos explained with all politeness that his seconds had not yet arrived.

"If you are in haste, monsieur," said D'Artagnan, "and if it be your will to despatch me at once, do not inconvenience yourself. I am ready. But if you would wait three days till your shoulder is healed, I have a miraculous balsam given me by my mother, and I am sure this balsam will cure your wound. At the end of three days it would still do me a great honour to be your man."

"That is well said," said Athos, "and it pleases me. Thus spoke the gallant knights of Charlemagne. Monsieur, I love men of your stamp, and I can tell that if we don't kill each other, I shall enjoy your society. But here come my seconds."

"What!" cried D'Artagnan as Porthos and Aramis appeared. "Are these gentlemen your seconds?"

"Yes," replied Athos. "Are you not aware that we are never seen one without the others, and that we are called the three inseparables?"

"What does this mean?" said Porthos, who stood astonished.

"This is the gentleman I am to fight with," said Athos, pointing to D'Artagnan and saluting him.

"Why, I am also going to fight with him," said Porthos.

"But not before one o'clock," replied D'Artagnan.

"Well, and I also am going to fight with that gentleman," said Aramis.

"But not till two o'clock," said D'Artagnan calmly. "And now you are all assembled, gentlemen, permit me to offer you my excuses."

At this word 'excuses' a cloud passed over the brow of Athos, a haughty smile curled the lip of Porthos, and a negative sign was the reply of Aramis.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, throwing up his head. "I ask to be excused in case I should not be able to discharge my debt to all three; for M. Athos has the right to kill me first. And now, gentlemen, I repeat, excuse me, but on that account only, and—guard!"

At these words D'Artagnan drew his sword, and at that moment so elated was he that he would have drawn his sword against all the musketeers in the kingdom.

Scarcely had the two rapiers sounded on meeting, when a company of the cardinal's guards appeared on the scene. At that time there was not only a standing feud between the king's musketeers and the guards of Cardinal Richelieu, there was also a prohibition against duelling.

"The cardinal's guards! The cardinal's guards!" cried Aramis and Porthos at the same time. "Sheathe swords, gentlemen! Sheathe swords!" But it was too late.

Jussac, commander of the guards, had seen the combatants in a position which could not be mistaken.

"Hullo, musketeers," he called out; "fighting, are you, in spite of the edicts?

Well, duty before everything. Sheathe your swords, please, and follow us."

"That is quite impossible," said Aramis politely. "The best thing you can do is to pass on your way."

"We shall charge upon you, then," said Jussac, "if you disobey."

"There are five of them," said Athos, "and we are but three. We shall be beaten, and must die on the spot, for on my part I will never face my captain as a conquered man."

Athos, Porthos and Aramis instantly closed in, and Jussac drew up his soldiers.

In that short interval D'Artagnan determined on the part he was to take; it was a decision of life-long importance. He had to choose between the king and the cardinal and, the choice made, it must be persisted in. He turned towards Athos and his friends. "Gentlemen," said he, "allow me to correct your words. You said you were but three, but it appears to me we are four. I do not wear the uniform, but my heart is that of a musketeer."

"Withdraw, young man, and save your skin!" cried Jussac.

The three musketeers thought of D'Artagnan's youth, and dreaded his inexperience.

"Try me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "and I swear to you that I will never go hence if we are conquered."

Athos pressed the young man's hand, and cried, "Well, then! Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, forward!"

The nine combatants rushed upon each other with fury, and the battle ended in the utter discomfiture of the cardinal's guards, one of whom was slain and three badly wounded. The musketeers returned walking arm in arm. D'Artagnan marched between Athos and Porthos, his heart full of delight.

"If I am not yet a musketeer," said he to his new friends, "at least I have entered upon my apprenticeship."

II—The Queen's Diamonds

The king, always jealous of Richelieu's guards, was extremely pleased when he heard from M. de Tréville of the fight that had taken place. He gave D'Artagnan a handful of gold and promised him a place in the ranks of the musketeers at the first vacancy; in the meantime he was to join a company of royal guards. From this time the life of the four young men became common, for D'Artagnan fell quite easily into the habits of his three friends.

Athos, who was scarcely thirty years old, was of great personal beauty and intelligence of mind. He never spoke of women, he never laughed, rarely smiled, and his reserved and silent habits seemed to make him a much older man.

Porthos not only talked much, but he talked loudly, not caring whether anyone listened to him. He would talk about anything except the sciences, alleging that from childhood dated his inveterate hatred of learning. The physical strength of Porthos was enormous, and with all the vanity of a child he was a thoroughly loyal and brave man.

As for Aramis, he always gave out that he intended to take orders in the Church, and was merely a musketeer for the time being. Aramis revelled in intrigues and mysteries.

What the real names of his comrades were D'Artagnan had no idea. That the names they bore had been assumed was all he knew.

The motto of the four was 'all for one, one for all.' D'Artagnan had already earned the dislike of Cardinal Richelieu by his part in the fight with the cardinal's guards; it was not long before his daring gave greater cause for offence.

The king suspected his wife, Anne of Austria, of being in love with the Duke of Buckingham, and the cardinal suspected the queen of intriguing with Buckingham against France. Now, a secret interview had taken place at the palace between Buckingham and the queen, and the cardinal, who employed spies everywhere, found out this as he found out everything, and determined to destroy the queen's reputation, for there was deadly enmity between Anne of Austria and Richelieu.

Buckingham had received from the queen a set of diamond studs—a present from the king—as a keepsake; so the cardinal dispatched a certain lady, a

woman of rare beauty, known as 'Milady,' to England, to get hold of two of these studs.

Then the cardinal, by fostering the royal suspicion, persuaded the king to give a grand ball whereat the queen should wear the diamond studs. By this means Louis would be convinced of Buckingham's visit, for the set of studs would be incomplete.

The queen was in despair. It was D'Artagnan and the three musketeers who saved her honour. D'Artagnan loved Madame Bonacieux, a confidential dressmaker of the queen's; and this woman, devoted to her royal mistress, gave D'Artagnan a secret note from the queen to Buckingham.

D'Artagnan went at once to M. de Tréville, obtained leave of absence for himself and his friends, and set out for England. It was not a minute too soon, for the cardinal had already made plans to prevent any such counter-move, giving orders that no one was to sail from France without a permit.

Between Paris and Calais, Porthos, Aramis and Athos were all left behind, wounded by Richelieu's guards, and D'Artagnan only effected a passage to Dover by fighting a young noble who held a permit to leave France.

Once in England, D'Artagnan hastened to find Buckingham. The latter discovered, to his horror, that Milady had already become possessed cunningly of two of the precious studs, and D'Artagnan had to wait while the skill of the first English jeweller made good the loss beyond detection.

He returned to Paris with the twelve studs in time for the royal ball. Milady had already given the two she had stolen to the cardinal, who had passed them on to the king.

"What does this mean, Monsieur le Cardinal?" said the king severely when, in the middle of the ball, he found, to his joy, that the queen was already wearing twelve diamonds.

"It means, sire," the cardinal replied, with vexation, "that I was anxious to present her majesty with two studs, but did not dare to offer them myself."

"I am very grateful," said Anne of Austria, fully alive to the cardinal's defeat, "only I am afraid these two studs must have cost your eminence as much as all the others cost his majesty."

The man, D'Artagnan, to whom the queen owed this extraordinary triumph over her enemy stood unknown in the crowd that gathered round the doors. It was only when the queen retired that someone touched him on the shoulder and bade him follow. He readily obeyed. D'Artagnan waited in an ante-room of the queen's apartments; he could hear voices within, and presently a hand and an arm, marvellously white and beautiful, came through the tapestry.

D'Artagnan felt that this was his reward. He dropped on his knees, seized the hand, and touched it modestly with his lips. Then the hand was withdrawn, and in his own a ring was left. The tapestry closed, and his guide, no other than Madame Bonacieux, reappeared and escorted him hastily to the corridor.

III—The Musketeers at La Rochelle

The siege of La Rochelle was an important affair, one of the chief political events of the reign of Louis XIII.

For a time D'Artagnan was separated from his friends, for the musketeers were escorting the king to the seat of war, and our intrepid Gascon was with the main army. It was now that D'Artagnan began to realize that he had attracted, not only the displeasure of the cardinal, but also the deadly hatred of Milady, the cardinal's secret agent, whose overtures at friendship, made in the cardinal's interest, he had insulted before leaving Paris, and whose secret shame he had discovered.

Twice his life was nearly taken by hired assassins, and the third time a present of wine turned out to be poisoned.

To add to his natural discomfort, Madame Bonacieux had disappeared from Paris, and probably was in prison.

The arrival of the musketeers restored his spirits, and the four were again inseparable. One drawback to their

D'ARTAGNAN AND ANNE OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE
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intercourse was the fact that the cardinal and his spies were all over the camp and that it was difficult to talk confidentially without being overheard.

In order to secure privacy for a conference, they decided to go and breakfast in a bastion near the enemy's lines, and wagered with some officers they would stay there an hour. It was a position of terrible danger, but the feat was accomplished, and the wild undertaking of the musketeers was acclaimed with tremendous enthusiasm in the French camp.

The noise reached the cardinal's ears, and he inquired its meaning.

" Monseigneur," said the officer, "three musketeers and a guard laid a wager that they would go and breakfast in the Bastion St. Gervais, and they breakfasted and held it for two hours against the enemy."

" Did you inquire the names of those three musketeers ? "

" Yes, monseigneur. MM. Athos, Porthos and Aramis."

" Still the three braves ! " muttered the cardinal. " And the guard ? "

" M. D'Artagnan ! "

" Still my reckless young friend ! I must have these four men as my own."

That same night the cardinal spoke to M. de Tréville of the episode of the bastion and gave permission for D'Artagnan to become a musketeer, " for such men should be in the same company," he said.

One night during the siege, the three musketeers, seeking D'Artagnan, were

met in a country lane by the cardinal, travelling, as he often did, with a single attendant. Athos recognized him, and the cardinal bade the three men escort him to a lonely inn. At the door they all alighted. The landlord of the inn received the cardinal, for he had been expecting an officer to visit a lady who was within. The three musketeers were accommodated in a large room on the ground floor, and the cardinal passed up the staircase as a man who knew his road. Porthos and Aramis sat down at the table to dice, while Athos walked up and down the room in a thoughtful mood. To his astonishment, Athos found that, the stovepipe being broken, he could hear all that was passing in the room above.

"Listen, Milady," the cardinal was saying, "this affair is of utmost importance. A small vessel is waiting for you at the mouth of the river. You will go on board to-night and set sail to-morrow morning for England. Half an hour after I have gone, you will leave here. When you reach England, you will seek the Duke of Buckingham, explain to him that I have proofs of his secret interviews with the queen, and tell him that if England moves in support of the besieged in La Rochelle I will at once ruin the queen."

"But what if he persists in spite of this in making war?" said Milady.

"If he persists? Why, then, he must be got rid of. Some woman doubtless exists, handsome, young and clever, who has a grievance against the duke; and some fanatic can be found to be her instrument."

"The woman exists, and the fanatic will be found," returned Milady. "And now, will monseigneur permit me to speak of my enemies, as we have spoken of yours?"

"Your enemies? Who are they?" asked Richelieu.

"First, there is a meddlesome little woman called Bonacieux. She was in prison at Nantes, but has been conveyed to a

THE MOTTO OF THE FOUR WAS 'ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL'

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convent by an order which the queen obtained from the king. Will your eminence find out where that convent is?"

"I don't object to that."

"Then I have a much more dangerous enemy than the little Bonacieux, and that is her lover, the wretch D'Artagnan. I will get you a thousand proofs that he has conspired with Buckingham."

"Very well; get me proof, and I will send him to the Bastille."

For a few seconds there was silence while the cardinal was writing a note.

Athos at once got up and told his companions he had gone out to see if the road was safe, and left the house.

The cardinal gave his final instructions to Milady and departed with Porthos and Aramis. No sooner had they turned an angle of the road than Athos re-entered the inn, marched boldly upstairs and, before he had been seen, had bolted the door.

Milady turned round, and became exceedingly white.

"The Count de la Fère!" she said.

"Yes, Milady, the Count de la Fère in person. You believed him dead, did you not, as I believed you to be?"

"What do you want? Why do you come here?" said Milady in a hollow voice.

"I have followed your actions," said Athos sternly. "It was you who had Madame Bonacieux carried off; it was you who sent assassins after D'Artagnan and poisoned his wine. Only to-night you have agreed to assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, and expect D'Artagnan to be slain in return. Now, I care nothing about the Duke of Buckingham; he is an Englishman, but D'Artagnan is my friend."

"M. D'Artagnan insulted me," said Milady.

"Is it possible to insult you?" said Athos. He drew out a pistol and cocked it. "Madame, you will instantly deliver to me the paper you have received from the cardinal; or, upon my soul, I will blow out your brains."

ATHOS slowly raised his pistol until the weapon almost touched the woman's forehead. Milady knew too well that with this terrible man death would certainly come unless she yielded. She drew the paper out of her bosom and handed it to Athos.

"Take it," she said, "and be accursed."

Athos returned the pistol to his belt, unfolded the paper, and read:

'It is by my order, and for the good of the state, that the bearer of this has done what he has done.

Dec. 3rd, 1627. RICHELIEU.'

Athos, without looking at the woman, left the inn, mounted his horse and, galloping across country, managed to get in front, on the road, before the cardinal had passed.

For a second, Milady thought of pursuing the cardinal in order to denounce Athos; but unpleasant revelations might be made, and it seemed best to carry out her mission in England, and then, when she had satisfied the cardinal, to claim her revenge.

IV—The Doom of Milady

MILADY accomplished the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth, and Richelieu was relieved of the fear of English intervention at La Rochelle.

But the doom of Milady was at hand.

The king, weary of the siege, had gone to spend a few days quietly at St. Germains, taking for an escort only twenty of the musketeers, and at Paris the four friends had obtained from M. de Tréville a few days' leave of absence.

Aramis had discovered the convent where Madame Bonacieux was confined; it was at Bethune, and thither the musketeers hastened. Unfortunately, Milady reached Bethune first. She had come there to await the cardinal's orders, and learnt that D'Artagnan was on his way with an order from the queen to take Madame Bonacieux to Paris. Milady immediately dispatched a messenger to the cardinal, and at the very moment when the musketeers were at the front entrance, she poured a powder into a glass of wine and bade Madame Bonacieux drink.

"It is not the way I meant to avenge myself," said Milady, as she hastily left the convent by the back gate, "but, *ma foi*, we do what we must!"

The deadly poison did its work. Constance Bonacieux expired in D'Artagnan's arms.

Then the four musketeers, joined by Lord de Winter, who had arrived from England in hot pursuit of Milady, his sister-in-law, set out to overtake the woman who had wrought so much evil.

They came up with Milady at a solitary house near the village of Erquinheim.

The four servants of the musketeers guarded the house; Athos, D'Artagnan, Aramis, Porthos and de Winter entered.

"What do you want?" screamed Milady.

"We want Charlotte Backson, first called Countess de la Fère, and afterwards Lady de Winter," said Athos. "M. D'Artagnan, it is for you to accuse her first."

"I accuse this woman of having poisoned Constance Bonacieux, and of having attempted to poison me, and I accuse her of having engaged assassins to shoot me," said D'Artagnan.

"I accuse this woman of having procured the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham," said Lord de Winter. "Moreover, my brother, who made her his heiress, died suddenly of a strange disease."

"I married this woman and gave her my name and wealth, and found afterwards she was branded as a felon," said Athos.

THE musketeers and Lord de Winter passed sentence of death upon the miserable woman.

She was taken out to the river bank and beheaded, and her body dropped into the middle of the stream.

"Let the justice of Heaven be done!" they cried in a loud voice.

Within three days the musketeers were back in Paris. Then the cardinal summoned D'Artagnan to his presence.

"You are charged with having corresponded with the enemies of France, with having surprised state secrets, and with having attempted to thwart the plans of your general," said the cardinal.

"The woman who charges me—a branded felon—Milady de Winter, is dead," replied D'Artagnan.

"Dead!" exclaimed the cardinal. "Dead!"

"We have tried her and condemned her," said D'Artagnan. Then he told the cardinal of the poisoning of Madame Bonacieux, and of the subsequent trial and execution.

The cardinal shuddered before he answered quietly, "You will be tried and condemned."

"Monseigneur," said D'Artagnan, "though I have the pardon in my pocket, I am willing to die."

"What pardon?" said the cardinal, in astonishment. "From the king?"

"No, a pardon signed by your eminence." D'Artagnan produced the precious paper which Athos had forced Milady to give him before her journey to England.

FOR a time the cardinal sat looking at the paper before him. Then he slowly tore it up.

"Now I am lost," thought D'Artagnan. "But he shall see how a gentleman can die."

The cardinal went to a table and wrote a few lines on a parchment.

"Here, monsieur," he said; "I have taken away from you one paper; I give you another. Only the name is wanting in this commission, and you must fill that up."

D'Artagnan took the document with hesitation. He looked at it, saw it was a lieutenant's commission in the musketeers, and fell at the cardinal's feet.

"Monseigneur, my life is yours. Dispose of it as you will. But I do not deserve this. I have three friends, all more worthy——"

The cardinal interrupted him.

"You are a brave young man, D'Artagnan. Fill up this commission as you will."

D'Artagnan sought out his friends, and offered the commission to them in turn.

But each declined, and Athos filled in the name of D'Artagnan.

"I shall soon have no more friends. Nothing but bitter recollections!" said D'Artagnan, thinking of Constance.

"You are young yet," Athos answered. "In time these bitter recollections will give way to sweet remembrances."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

MEMOIRS

NOTWITHSTANDING the prodigious quantity of literary work for which he was responsible—he told Napoleon that he had written twelve hundred volumes—Alexandre Dumas impressed upon all of it his own unmistakable personality. Vitality, virility and invention were the note of his genius; he abounded in enjoyment, gaiety, vanity and kindness; his nature had a richness, force and celerity that were astonishing. All these qualities are manifest in the Memoirs which were published in no fewer than twenty volumes between 1852 and 1854. The Memoirs bring the story of Dumas' life down to 1832 and while they are patently the work of a novelist as well as a chronicler, they give a most convincing impression of his courageous and brilliant youth, fired equally by art and by ambition. The Memoirs are here followed down to 1829 when the early struggles of this great French genius were brought to an end by the triumph of his play Henry III. An English translation of the Memoirs is published by Methuen in six volumes.

I—Memories of Boyhood

I WAS born on July 24, 1802, at Villers-Cotterets, a little town of the Department of Aisne, on the road from Laon to Paris, so that, writing now in 1847, I am forty-five years old. My father was the republican general, Thomas Alexandre Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie, and I still use this patronymic in signing official documents. It came from my grandfather, marquis of that name, who sold his properties in France and settled down in 1760 on vast estates in San Domingo. There, in 1762, my father was born; his mother, Louise-Cessette Dumas, died in 1772; and in 1780, when my father was eighteen, the West Indian estates were leased and the marquis returned to his native country.

My father spent the next years among the youth of the great families of that period. His handsome features—all the more striking for the dark complexion of a mulatto—his prodigious physical strength, his elegant creole figure, with hands and feet as small as a woman's, his unrivalled skill in bodily exercises, and especially in fencing and horsemanship, all marked him out as one born for adventures. The spirit of adventure was there, too. Assuming the name of Dumas because his father objected to the family name being dragged through the ranks, he enlisted as a private in a regiment of dragoons in 1786, at the age of twenty-four. Quartered at Villers-Cotterets in 1790, he met my mother, Marie-Louise-Elisabeth Labouret, whom he married two years later. Their children were one daughter, and then myself. The marquis had died in 1786.

My memory goes back to 1805, when I was three, and to the little country house, Les Fosses, we lived in. I remember a journey to Paris in the same year, and the death of my father in 1806. Then my mother, sister and I, left in poverty, went to live with grandfather and grandmother Labouret. Here, in gardens full of shady trees and gorgeous blossoms, I spent those happy days when hope extends hardly further than to-morrow, and memory hardly further than yesterday; storing my mind with classical mythology and Bible stories, the Arabian Nights, the natural history of Buffon, and the geography of Robinson Crusoe.

Then came my tenth year and the age for school. It was decided that I should go to the seminary and be educated for a priest; but I settled that matter by running away and living for three days in the hut of a friendly bird-catcher in the woods. So I passed instead into our little school of the Abbé Grégoire—a just and good man, of whom I learnt little but to love him; and from another parish priest, an uncle of mine, a few miles away, I gained a passion for shooting the hares and partridges with which our country swarmed.

But while I was living in twelve-year-old joys and sorrows, the enemy was marching on French soil and all confidence in Napoleon's star had vanished. God had forsaken him. A retreating wave of our army swept over the countryside, followed by alien forces. We lived in the midst of fighting and alarms, and my mother and her friends worked like sisters of charity. There followed Bonaparte's exile in Elba, and then the astonishing report that he had landed near Cannes and was marching on Paris. He reached the Tuileries on March 20, 1815; in May, his troops were marching through our town on their way to Waterloo, glory and the grave.

I saw him passing in his carriage, his face, pale and sickly, leaning forward, chin on breast. He raised his head, and glanced around.

"Where are we?"

"At Villers-Cotterets, sire."

"Forward! Faster!" he cried, and fell back into his lethargy. Whips cracked, and the gigantic vision had passed. That was June 11—Waterloo was the 18th. On the 20th, three or four hours after the first doubtful rumour had reached us, a carriage drew up to change horses. There was the same inert figure, and the same question and answer. The team broke into a gallop, and the fallen Napoleon was gone. Soon all went on in the ordinary way, and in our little town, isolated in the midst of its forest, one might have thought no changes had taken place; some people had had an evil dream—that was all.

My memories of this period are chiefly memories of the woods—shooting parties, now and then a wolf or boar hunt, often a poaching adventure with a friend. But at fifteen years of age I was placed in a notary's office; at sixteen I learnt to love, and shortly afterwards I saw Hamlet played by a touring company. It made a profound impression on me, awaking vast, aimless desires, strange gleams of mystery. A friend of mine, Adolphe de Leuven, himself an ardent versifier, guided me to a first sense of my vocation, and together we set to work as playwrights.

Adolphe and his father went up to live in Paris, and our plays were submitted everywhere in vain. My ardour for the great city grew daily until it became irresistible; and at last, in the absence of my notary, I made a three days' escape with a friend, saw Talma act, and was even introduced to him. His playing opened a new world to me, and the great man playfully foretold my destiny.

As one enchanted, I returned to the office, accepted my employer's rebuke as a dismissal, and went home. I was without a penny, but was immediately visited by a wonderful run of fortune. Among other strokes of luck, I sold my rascal dog for £5 to an infatuated Englishman, and won six hundred glasses of absinthe at a single game of billiards from the proprietor of the Paris coach, commuting them for a dozen free passages. I said good-bye to the dear mother and the saintly *abbé*, and found myself early on a May morning at Adolphe's door. I had come to try my fortune with my father's brothers-at-arms.

Of course, there were bitter disappointments, and when I called on General Foy he was my last hope. Alas! did I know this subject, or that, or that? My answer was always 'No.' But the general would at least keep my address; and no sooner had I written it down than he cried aloud that we were saved! It appeared that I had a good writing, and the Duke of Orleans needed another copyist.

The next morning I was engaged at a salary of twelve hundred francs. I came home for three days with my mother, and on the advice of the bird-catcher took a ticket at the lottery, which brought me 146 francs. And so, with a few bits of furniture from home, I took up my lodging in a Parisian garret.

II—Launched in Paris

Now began a life of daily work at the office, with agreeable companions, and of evenings spent at the theatre or in study. On the first night I went to the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, where a melodrama, The Vampire, was presented, and fell into conversation with my neighbour, a man of about forty, of fascinating discourse, who was inordinately impatient with the piece, and was at last turned out

of the theatre for his expressions of disapproval. His talk, far more interesting than the play, turned on rare editions of old books, on the sylphs, gnomes, Undines of the invisible world, on microscopic creatures he had himself discovered, and on vampires he had seen in Illyria. I learnt next day that this was the celebrated author and bibliophile, Charles Nodier, himself one of the anonymous authors of the play he so vilified.

Lassagne, a genial colleague in the office, not only put me in the way of doing my work, which I quickly picked up, but was good enough also to guide my reading, for I was deplorably ignorant. In those days Scribe was the great dramatist, producing innumerable clever plots of intrigue, modelled on no natural society, but on a society all his own, composed almost exclusively of colonels, young widows, old soldiers and faithful servants. No one had ever seen such widows and colonels, never soldiers spoke as these did, never were servants so devoted; yet this society of Scribe's was all the fashion.

THE men most highly placed in literature at the time when I came to Paris were MM. de Chateaubriand, Jouy, Lemercier, Arnault, Etienne, Baour-Lormian, Béranger, Charles Nodier, Viennet, Scribe, Théaulon, Soumet, Casimir Delavigne, Lucien Arnault, Ancelot, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Désaugiers and Alfred de Vigny. After them came names half-literary, half-political, such as MM. Cousin, Salvandy, Villemain, Thiers, Augustin Thierry, Michelet, Mignet, Vitet, Cavé, Mérimée and Guizot. Others, who were not yet known, but were coming forward, were Balzac, Soulié, de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Auguste Barbier, Alphonse Karr, Théophile Gautier. Madame Sand was not known until her Indiana, in 1828. I knew all this constellation, some of them as friends and supporters, others as enemies.

In December 1823, Talma made perhaps the greatest success of his life in Delavigne's L'Ecole des Vieillards, in which his power of modulating his voice to the various emotions of old age was superbly shown. But Talma was never content with his triumphs; he awaited eagerly the rise of a new drama; and when I confided to him my ambitions, he would urge me to be quick and succeed within his day. Art was all that he lived for. How wonderful a thing is art, more faithful than a friend or lover!

On the first day of 1824 I rose to be a regular clerk at 1,500 francs, and determined to bring up my mother from the country. It was now nine months since I had seen her. So she sold her tobacco shop and came up to Paris with a little furniture and a hundred louis. We were both very glad to be united, though she was anxious about my future.

I HAD by this time learnt my ignorance of much that was necessary to my success as a dramatist, and began to devote every hour of my leisure to study, attending the theatre as often as I could get a pass. A young medical man named Thibaut helped me much in my education; he took me to the hospital, where I picked up a knowledge of medicine and surgery which has repeatedly done service in my novels, and I learnt from him the actions of poisons, such as I have used in Monte Cristo.

I read also under the guidance of Lassagne, beginning with Ivanhoe, in which the pictures of medieval life cleared the clouds from my vision and gave me a far wider horizon. Next the vast forests, prairies and oceans of Cooper held me; and then I came to Byron, who died in Greece at the very time when I was entering on my apprenticeship to poetry. The romantic movement in France was beginning to invade literature and the drama, but its expression was still most evident in the younger painters.

My mother's little capital only lasted eighteen months, and I found myself forced to supplement my salary by other work. I had until now collaborated with Adolphe, but all in vain, and we now determined to associate Ph. Rousseau with our efforts. The three of us together quickly produced a vaudeville in twenty-one scenes, La Chasse et l'Amour, of which I wrote the first seven scenes, Adolphe the second seven, and Rousseau the conclusion. The piece was rejected at the Gymnase, but accepted at the Ambigu; and my share of the profits came to six francs a night.

A M. Porcher, who always had an open purse for a literary man, lent me 300 francs and with that money I printed a volume of stories under the title of Nouvelles Contemporaines, of which, however, only four copies were sold. But the next adventure was more profitable. A play by Lassagne and myself, La Noce et l'Enterrement, was presented at the Porte-Saint-Martin in November 1826, and brought me eight francs a night for forty nights.

III—Under Shakespeare's Spell

As recently as 1822 an English theatrical company, which had opened at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, had been hissed and pelted off the stage for offering the dramas of the barbaric Shakespeare. But when, in September 1827, another English company brought Shakespeare's plays to the Odéon, this contempt for English literature had changed to ardent admiration. Shakespeare had been translated by Guizot, and everyone had read Scott, Cooper and Byron.

The English season was opened by Sheridan's Rivals, followed by Allingham's Fortune's Freak. Then came Hamlet, which infinitely surpassed all my expectations. Kemble's Hamlet was amazing, and Miss Smithson's Ophelia adorable. From that very night, but not before, I knew what the theatre was. I had seen for the first time real men and women of flesh and blood, moved by real passions. I understood Talma's continual lament, his incessant desire for plays which should show him, not as a hero only, but also as a man. Romeo and Juliet, Othello, and all the other masterpieces followed. Then, in their turn, Macready and Kean appeared in Paris.

I knew now that everything in the world of drama derives from Shakespeare, as everything in the natural world depends on the sun; I knew that, after God, Shakespeare was the great creator. And from the night when I had first seen, in these English players, men on the stage forgetful of the stage, and revealing themselves, by natural eloquence and manner, as God's creatures, with all their good and evil, their passions and weaknesses, from that night my vocation was irrevocable. A new confidence was given me, and I boldly adventured on the future. Besides observing mankind, I entered with redoubled zest upon the dissection and study of the works of the great dramatists.

My attention had been turned to the story of Christine and the murder of Monaldeschi by an exquisite little bas-relief in the Salon; and reading up the history in the biographical dictionary, I saw that it held the possibility of a tremendous drama. The subject haunted my mind continually, and soon my Christine came into life and was written. But Talma was dead; I had now no friend at the theatre; and I cast about me in vain for the means of getting my play produced.

Baron Taylor was at this time the official charged with the acceptance or rejection of plays, and Charles Nodier, so Lassagne informed me, was on intimate terms with him. Lassagne suggested that I should write to Nodier, reminding him of our chat on the night of The Vampire, and asking for an introduction to the Baron. I did so, and the reply came from Baron Taylor himself, offering me an interview at seven in the morning.

At the appointed time, my heart beating fast, I rang the bell of his flat, and as I waited for someone to come, I wondered at a strange noise that was going on within—a deep, monotonous recitation, interrupted by occasional explosions of rage in a higher voice. I rang for the third time, and as a door opened within, the mysterious sounds doubled in volume. Then the outer door opened and the Baron's old servant hurried me in.

"Come in, sir," she said, "come in; the Baron is longing for you to come!"

I found Baron Taylor in his bath, and beside him a playwright reading a tragedy. The fellow had insisted on entering, had caught the examiner of plays in his bath, and was inflicting on him a play of over two thousand lines! Undaunted by the Baron's rage, and unmoved by my arrival, he proceeded with his reading, while I waited in the bedroom.

When Baron Taylor at last came in and got into bed, he was shivering with cold, and I proposed to put off my reading; but he would not hear of it and, trembling, I began my play. At the end of each act the Baron himself asked for the next, and when it was finished he leapt from bed and called for his clothes that he might go and arrange for an immediate reading before the committee at the Français.

And so a special meeting was called, and I read Christine to a gathering of the greatest actors and actresses of the time. The play was accepted by acclamation. I ran home to our rooms to tell my mother the great news of this great day, April 30, 1828, and then back to the office to copy out a heap of papers.

Christine was not, however, produced at this time. Another play on the same subject, written by a M. Brault, had also been accepted by the committee, and its author was suffering from an illness from which it was impossible that he should recover. Under these circumstances it was felt right to present the dying man's play while he was able to see it, and I willingly acceded to the requests, made by his son and friends, that my work should stand aside.

IV—Dumas Arrives

But now, by a happy chance, in a book that lay open on a table in the office, I came across the suggestions for my Henry III; and as soon as the plot had grown clear in my mind, I wrote the play in a couple of months. I was only twenty-five, and this was only my second play; yet it is as well constructed as any of the fifty which I have since written.

Béranger, the great poet of democracy, and a man at that time of unrivalled influence, was present at a private reading of Henry III, and foretold its great success. The official reading was on September 17, 1828, when the play was accepted by acclamation and the parts were cast. But my good fortune had got into the papers, and this, as well as my frequent absences at the theatre, had done me no good at the office. So I was sent for one morning by M. de Broval, the director-general, and was given, in set terms, my choice between my situation as a clerk and my literary career. Only one choice was now possible, and from that very day my salary ceased.

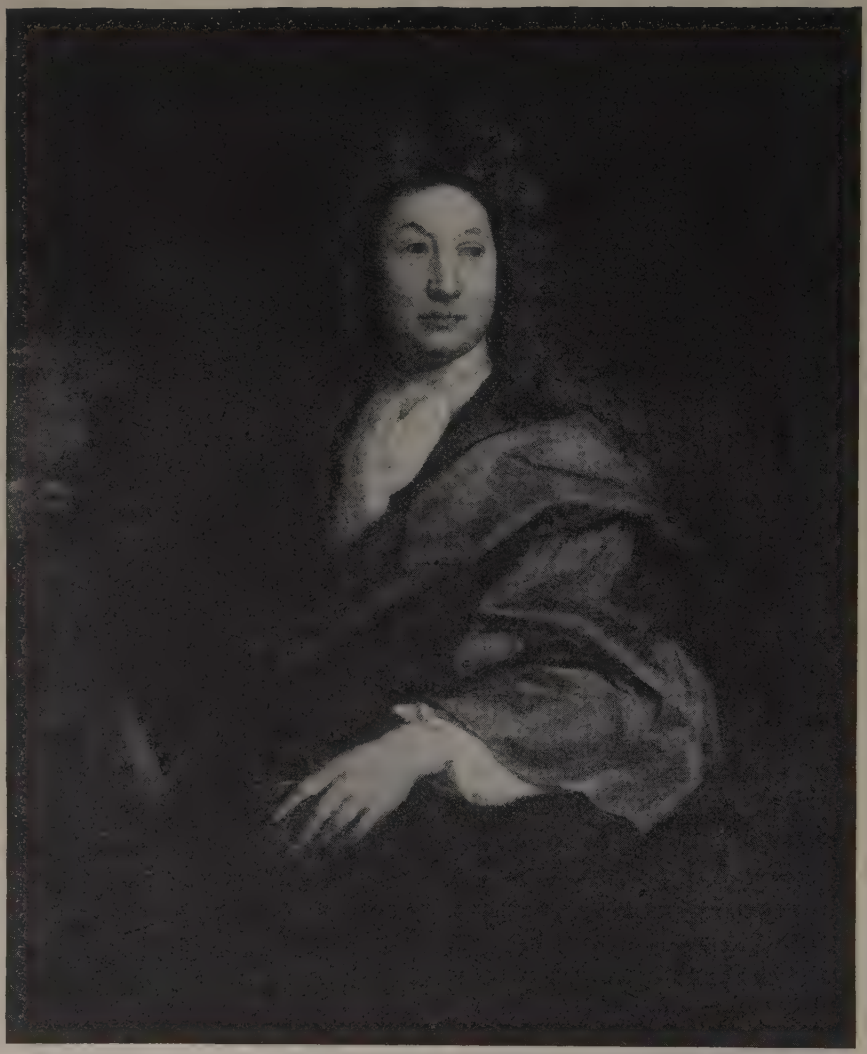
The year 1829 was that in which my position was made and my future assured. But it opened with a great sorrow. I was one day at the theatre when a messenger ran in to tell me that my mother had fallen ill. I sent for a doctor, hurried home, and found that one side of her body was totally paralysed. My sister was soon with us, having come up to town for the first night of the play. My state of mind during the following days may be imagined under the dreadful affliction of seeing my mother dying, and under the enormous burden of producing my first play.

On the day before the presentation of Henry III, I went to the palace, sent in my name to the Duke of Orleans, and boldly asked him that he would be present at the theatre on the first night. When his Highness told me that he could not come, because he had over a score of princes and princesses dining with him on that night, I suggested that he should bring them too. And so it was arranged.

February 11, so long awaited, dawned at last, and I spent the whole day until evening with my mother. I had a tiny stage-box; my sister had a box in which she entertained Boulanger, de Vigny and Victor Hugo; every other seat was sold.

The curtain went up. The first act was received sympathetically, and the second passed without disapproval. The third, I knew, would mean success or disaster. It called forth cries of fear, but also thunders of applause; never before had they seen a dramatic situation so realistically, I had almost said so brutally, presented. The fourth and fifth acts were received by a tumultuous frenzy of delight; and when the author's name was called, the Duke of Orleans himself stood up to honour it.

The days of struggle were over, the triumph had come. Utterly unknown that evening, I was next morning the talk of Paris. They little knew that I had spent the night on the floor, by the bed of my dying mother.



John Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631, and educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His literary career began in 1659, when he published some verses on the death of Cromwell. Between that year and his death on May 1, 1700, he attained a position as a poet second only to that of Milton in the seventeenth century, absolute pre-eminence as England's greatest satirist in verse, the place of honour as the first of English critics, high excellence as a dramatist and undisputed recognition as one of the greatest masters of English prose. Dryden's splendid lyrical ability is exhibited chiefly in his Odes; his quickness of response to the stimulus of contemporary events in his satires in verse; his scholarship in his translations from Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal and Boccaccio; his critical acumen and his mastery of prose in his essays and in the introductions to his works. There are echoes of the Elizabethans in his poetry, but essentially he belongs to the classical school of poetry which was brought to perfection by Pope in the next century. This portrait is from the painting after Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

JOHN DRYDEN

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

ALERTNESS to the significance of events in the world outside of his library was a predominant characteristic of John Dryden. This is manifested conspicuously in his Annus Mirabilis (the wonderful year of 1666), and in his three great satires in verse, Absalom and Achitophel, Religio Laici, and The Hind and the Panther, published respectively in 1681, 1682 and 1687. In Absalom and Achitophel he directed the whole weight of his powerful intellect to the undoing of the Earl of Shaftesbury's scheme for inducing Charles II to nominate his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, as his successor to the throne against the lawful claim of the king's brother James, who was a Roman Catholic. In the poem Absalom stands for the Duke of Monmouth, Achitophel for Lord Shaftesbury, Zimri for the Duke of Buckingham, David for Charles II and the Jebusites for the Roman Catholics. Religio Laici is a defence of the Church of England, but later Dryden adopted the Romish faith and The Hind and the Panther is an apologia for the Roman Catholic Church. Dryden's poetical works are obtainable in various editions.

A Satire

IN pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care.
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To God-like David several sons before.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born to love.
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remained,
While David undisturbed in Zion reigned.
But life can never be sincerely blest;
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites, the town so called from them,
And theirs the native right—
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.

From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Not weighed nor winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embraced,
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
By force they could not introduce these gods,
For ten to one in former days were odds;
And so their teachers mingled with the Jews,
And raked for converts e'en the court and stews,
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day.
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?

This plot, which failed for lack of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence.
For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channel, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace,
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,

To that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son;
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state.

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.

Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these,
'How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolutions of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill
(For human good depends on human will),
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.'

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes and when ambition blinds?
He thus replies, 'And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestioned right,
The faith's defender and mankind's delight,
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppressed the Jew and raised the Jebusite,
The people might assert their liberty,
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes and outruns desire.
Yet, oh, that Fate, propitiously inclined,
Had raised my birth or had debased my mind,
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betrayed it to a mean descent!'

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintained her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies.

'Against your will your arguments have shown
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne;
Not that your father's mildness I condemn,
But manly force becomes the diadem.
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor;
And every shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which, when his treasure can no more supply,
He must with the remains of kingship buy.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes,
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
He meditates revenge who least complains.
Your case no tame expedients will afford;
Resolve on death or conquest by the sword,
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots from seeming friends and secret foes.'

He said, and this advice above the rest
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love,
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites,
Whose differing parties he could wisely join
For several ends to serve the same design.
Some of their chiefs were princes in the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgement, in extremes;
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate. [relief
He laughed himself from court; then sought
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace.
Not bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is followed by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dared to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
During his office treason was no crime,
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbour as himself.

When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them ;
And, if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews,
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
If any leisure time he had from power
(Because 'tis sin to mis-employ an hour)
His business was, by writing, to persuade
That kings were useless and a clog to trade,
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.

To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breathed witness of the plot.
Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever asked the witnesses' high race
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?
Ours was a Levite and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud ;
His long chin proved his wit, his saint-like grace
A church vermilion and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat,
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness failed the prophet spoke ;
Some things like visionary flight appear ;
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where,
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgement yet his memory did excel,
Which pieced his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court ;
Impatient of high hopes, urged with renown,
And fired with near possession of a crown.
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then with a kind, compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke.
Few words he said, but easy those, and fit,
More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.

'I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate,
Though far unable to prevent your fate.
Behold a banished man, for your dear cause,
Exposed a prey to arbitrary laws !
Yet, oh that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son !
Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charmed into ease, is careless of his fame,
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away ;
But why should he his own and yours betray ?
Take, then, my tears (with that he wiped his eyes),
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies.
No court-informer can these arms accuse ;
These arms may sons against their fathers use.'

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
But common interest always will prevail ;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd that still believes their kings oppress
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless,
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen and a numerous train ;
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.

Now what relief can righteous David bring ?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king !
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows ;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were even in the worst of days ;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears,
Barzillai crowned with honour and with years.
Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood ;
In exile with his godlike prince he mourned,
For him he suffered, and with him returned.
The court he practised, not the courtier's art ;
Large was his wealth, but larger still his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior and recording muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast ;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorned,
By me, so Heaven will have it, always mourned
And always honoured, snatched in manhood's prime
By unequal fates and Providence's crime ;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son.
Another he would be too hard to find ;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanced to David's grace.
With him the sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul and noble stem ;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophet's sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies in the breach who dared to stand

And tempt the united fury of the land.
With grief they viewed such powerful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government;
The true successor from the court removed;
The plot by hireling witnesses improved.
These ills they saw and, as their duty bound,
They showed the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please
But lenitives fomented the disease.

With all these loads of injuries opprest,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The event of things, at last his patience tired,
Thus from his royal throne, by Heaven inspired,
The god-like David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

'These heaped affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight;
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall.
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Raised up to all the height his frame could bear!
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
Law they require, let law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on grace.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear;
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right,
Nor doubt th' event; for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.'

He said. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave consent.
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran.
Once more the god-like David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

Eye-Witness Account of a Country in Ferment

ARTHUR YOUNG

TRAVELS IN FRANCE

BEFORE the age of twenty Arthur Young had published several political pamphlets and four novels. His first publication on the subject of agriculture was The Farmer's Letters to the People of England, which appeared anonymously in 1767, and was followed by a number of similar works, the chief of which were The Farmer's Calendar (1771) and the series of Tours in Southern England (1768), Northern England (1770), Eastern England (1771), and Ireland (1780). In 1787 an invitation from the Comte de la Rochefoucauld induced Young to visit France. He went there a second and a third time, and in 1792 created a sensation by the publication of Travels in France during the Years 1787, 1788, 1789, a journal of his experiences during the three years that immediately preceded the Revolution. Young's account is so realistic that it is regarded as one of the most reliable records of the condition of the French people and the conduct of public affairs during that troublous period. Travels in France is included in Bohn's Popular Library

I—The State of the Country in 1787

MAY 15.—The strait that separates England, fortunately for her, from the rest of the world must be crossed many times before the traveller ceases to be surprised at the sudden and universal change that surrounds him on landing at Calais. The scene, the people, the language, every object is new. The noble improvement of a salt marsh by M. Mourons, of this town, occasioned my acquaintance some time ago with that gentleman. I spent an agreeable and instructive evening at his house.

May 17.—Nine hours' rolling at anchor had so fatigued my mare that I thought it necessary to rest her one day; but this morning I left Calais. For a few miles the country resembles parts of Norfolk and Suffolk. The aspect is the same on to Boulogne. Towards that town I was pleased to find many seats belonging to people who reside there. How often are false ideas conceived from reading and report! I imagined that nobody but farmers and labourers in France lived in the country; and the first ride I take in that kingdom shows me a score of country seats. The road is excellent.

May 18.—Boulogne is not an ugly town, and from the ramparts of the upper part the view is beautiful. Many persons from England reside here, their misfortunes in trade or extravagance in living making their sojourn abroad more agreeable than at home.

The country around improves. It is more enclosed. There are some fine meadows about Bonbrie, and several châteaux. I am not professedly on husbandry in this diary, but must just observe that it is to the full as bad as the country is good: corn miserable and yellow with weeds, yet all summer fallowed with lost attention.

May 22.—Poverty and poor crops to Amiens. Women are now ploughing with a pair of horses to sow barley. The difference of the customs of the two nations is in nothing more striking than in the labours of the sex; in England they will do very little in the fields except to glean and make hay; the first is a party of pilfering, and the second of pleasure; in France they plough and fill the dung-cart.

May 27.—At Versailles. After breakfasting with Count de la Rochefoucauld at his apartments in the palace, where he is grand master of the wardrobe, was introduced by him to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. As the duke is going to Luchon, in the Pyrenees, I am to have the honour of being one of the party.

May 30.—At Orleans. The country around is one universal flat, unenclosed, uninteresting, and even tedious, but the prospect from the steeple of the fine cathedral is commanding, extending over an unbounded plain, through which the magnificent Loire bends his stately way, in sight for fourteen leagues.

May 31.—On leaving Orleans, enter the miserable province of Sologne. The poor people who cultivate the soil here are *métayers*, that is, men who hire the land without ability to stock it; the proprietor is forced to provide seed and cattle, and he and his tenant divide the produce; a miserable system that perpetuates poverty and prevents instruction. The same wretched country continues to La Loge; the fields are scenes of pitiable management, as the houses are full of misery. Heaven grant me patience while I see a country thus neglected.

June 11.—See for the first time the Pyrenees, at the distance of 150 miles. Towards Cahors the country changes and is of a savage aspect, yet houses are seen everywhere, and one-third of it under vines. The town is bad; its chief trade and resource are vines and brandies.

June 16.—A ridge of hills on the other side of the Garonne, which began at Toulouse, became more and more regular yesterday; and is undoubtedly the most distant ramification of the Pyrenees, reaching into this vast vale quite to Toulouse, but no farther. Approach the mountains; the lower ones are all cultivated, but the higher seem covered with wood. Meet many wagons, each loaded with two casks of wine, quite backward in the carriage, and as the hind wheels are much higher than the front ones, it shows that these mountaineers have more sense than John Bull.

The wheels of these wagons are all shod with wood instead of iron. Here, for the first time, see rows of maples, with vines, trained in festoons from tree to tree; they are conducted by a rope of bramble, vine cutting or willow. They give many grapes but bad wine. Pass St. Martine, and then a large village of well-built houses, without a single glass window.

June 17.—Quit the Garonne some leagues before Serpe, where the River Neste falls into it. The road to Bagnère is along this river, in a narrow valley, at one end of which is built the town of Luchon, the termination of our journey. Having now crossed the kingdom, and been in many French inns, I shall in general observe that they are, on an average, better in two respects, and worse in all the rest, than those in England. We have lived better in point of eating and drinking than we should have done in going from London to the Highlands of Scotland at double the expense.

The common cookery of the French gives great advantage. It is true they roast everything to a chip if they are not cautioned, but they give such a number and variety of dishes that if you do not like some there are others to please your palate. The dessert at a French inn has no rival at an English one. But you have no parlour to eat in; only a room with

two, three, or four beds. Apartments badly fitted up, the walls whitewashed, or paper of different sorts in the same room, or tapestry so old as to be a fit nidus for moths and spiders, and the furniture such that an English innkeeper would light his fire with it.

For a table you have everywhere a board laid on cross-bars. Oak chairs with rush bottoms, and the back universally perpendicular, defying all idea of rest after fatigue. Doors give music as well as entrance; the wind whistles through their chinks, and hinges grate discord. Windows admit rain as well as light; when shut they are not easy to open, and when open not easy to shut.

Mops, brooms and scrubbing-brushes are not in the catalogue of the necessaries of a French inn. Bells there are none, the *fille* must always be bawled for and, when she appears, is neither neat, well-dressed, nor handsome. The kitchen is black with smoke, the master commonly the cook, and the less you see of the cooking the more likely you are to have a stomach to your dinner. The mistress rarely classes civility or attention to guests among the requisites of her trade. We are so unaccustomed in England to live in bedchambers that it is at first awkward in France to find that everybody, let his rank be what it may, lives in his bedchamber.

II—Western France in 1788

AUGUST 27, 1788.—Cherbourg. Not a place for a residence longer than is necessary. I was here fleeced more infamously than at any other town in France.

September 5.—To Montauban. The poor people seem poor indeed; the children terribly ragged, if possible worse clad than if with no clothes at all; as to shoes and stockings, they are luxuries. A beautiful girl of six or seven playing with a stick, and smiling under such a bundle of rags as made my heart ache to see her. One-third of this province seems uncultivated, and nearly all of it in misery. What have kings and ministers, and parliaments and states to answer for their prejudices, seeing millions of hands that would be industrious idle and starving through the execrable maxims of despotism, or the equally detestable prejudices of a feudal nobility. Slept at the Lion d'Or, an abominable hole.

September 21.—Came to an improvement in the midst of sombre country. Four good houses of stone and slate, and a few acres run to wretched grass, which have been tilled, but all savage, and become almost as rough as the rest. I was afterwards informed that this improvement, as it is called, was wrought by Englishmen, at the expense of a gentleman they ruined as well as themselves. I demanded how it had been done. Pare and burn, and sow wheat, then rye, and then oats. Thus it is for ever and ever! The same follies, blundering and ignorance, and then all the fools in the country said, as they do now, that these wastes are good for nothing.

The 22nd.—At Nantes, a town which has that sign of prosperity of new buildings that never deceives. The quarter of the Comédie is magnificent, all the streets at right angles and of white stone.

Nantes is as *enflammé* in the cause of liberty as any town in France can be. The conversations I have witnessed here prove how great a change is effected in the mind of the French; nor do I believe it will be possible for the present government to last half a century longer. The American revolution has laid the foundation of another in France. On the 23rd one of the twelve prisoners from the Bastille arrived here. He was the most violent of them all, and his imprisonment has not silenced him.

It wanted no great spirit of prophecy to foretell this revolution; but later events have shown that I was very wide of the mark when I talked of fifty years. The twelve gentlemen of Bretagne deputed to Versailles, mentioned above, were sent with a denunciation of the ministers for their suspension of provincial parliaments. They were at once sent to the Bastille. It was this war of the king and the parliaments that brought about the assembly of the States-General, the step being decided on by the Assembly of Grenoble, July 21, 1788.

III—The Ferment of Revolution

JUNE 5, 1789.—Passage to Calais; fourteen hours for reflection in a vehicle that does not allow one power to reflect.

The 8th.—At Paris, which is at present in such a ferment about the States-General, now holding at Versailles, that conversation is absolutely absorbed by them. The nobility and clergy demand one thing, the Commons another. The king, court, nobility, clergy, army and parliament are nearly in the same situation. All these consider with equal dread the ideas of liberty now afloat; except the king, who, for reasons obvious to those who know his character, troubles himself little even with circumstances that concern him the most intimately.

The 9th.—The business going forward at present in the pamphlet shops of Paris is incredible. Every hour produces something new. This spirit of reading political tracts spreads into the provinces, so that all presses of France are equally employed. Nineteen-twentieths of these productions are in favour of liberty, and commonly violent against the clergy and nobility. Is it not wonderful that, while the press teems with the most levelling and seditious principles, that if put into execution would overturn the monarchy, nothing in reply appears, and not the least step is taken by the court to restrain this extreme licentiousness of publication? It is easy to conceive the spirit that must thus be raised among the people.

The 10th.—Everything conspires to render the present period in France critical. The want of bread is terrible, and accounts arrive every moment from the provinces of riots and disturbances, and calling in the military to preserve the peace of the markets. It appears that there would have been no real scarcity if M. Necker would have let the corn trade alone.

The 15th.—This has been a rich day, and such a one as ten years ago none could believe would ever arrive in France. Went to the Hall of States at Versailles, a very important debate being expected on the condition of the nation. M. L'Abbé Sieyès opened it. He is a violent republican, absolutely opposed to the present government, which he thinks too bad to be regulated, and wishes to see overturned. He speaks ungracefully and uneloquently, but logically.

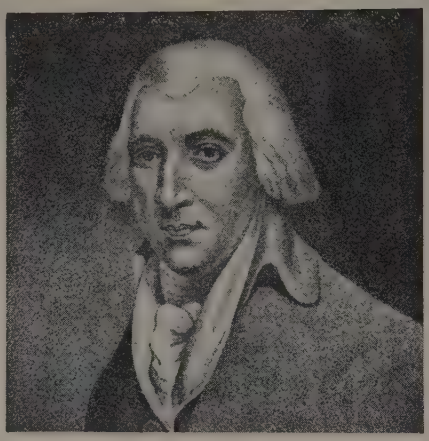
M. le Comte Mirabeau replied, speaking without notes for near an hour in most eloquent style. He opposed with great force the reasoning of the abbé, and was loudly applauded.

The 20th.—News! News! Everyone stares at what everyone might have expected. A message from the king to the presidents of the three orders, that he should meet them on Monday; and, under pretence of preparing the hall for the occasion, the French guards were placed with bayonets to prevent any of the deputies entering the room. The circumstances of doing this ill-judged act of violence have been as ill-advised as the act itself.

The 26th.—Every hour that passes seems to give the people fresh spirit. The meetings at the Palais are more numerous and more violent. Nothing less than a revolution in the government and a free constitution is talked of by all ranks of people; but the supine stupidity of the court is without example. The king's offers of negotiation have been rejected. He changes his mind from day to day.

The 15th.—At Nancy. Letters from Paris announce that all is confusion. The ministry has been removed and M. Necker ordered to quit France quietly. All to whom I spoke agreed that it was fatal news, and that it would occasion great commotion. I am told on every hand that everything is to be feared from the people, because bread is so dear; they are half starved, and consequently ready for commotion. But they are waiting on Paris, which shows the importance of great cities in the life of a nation. Without Paris I question whether the present revolution, which is fast working in France, could have had an origin.

The 20th.—To Strasburg, through one of the richest scenes of cultivation in France. I arrived there at a crisis, for a detachment of troops had brought interesting news of the revolt in Paris—the Gardes Françaises joining the people; the



ARTHUR YOUNG, writer on agriculture and social economy, was born in London, September 11, 1741, son of the Rev. Dr. Arthur Young, rector of Bradfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. He was in 1758 placed in a mercantile house at Lynn, but showed no taste for a commercial life. After his father's death in 1759, he devoted himself to farming in Suffolk and Essex, engaging in many agricultural experiments. He later travelled extensively in England, Wales, Ireland and France, making observations on the social conditions of the countries. Elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1774, Young was appointed Secretary of the Board of Agriculture in 1793. He died April 20, 1820.

little dependence on the rest of the troops; the storming of the Bastille; in a word, of the absolute overthrow of the old government.

The 21st.—I have been witness to scenes curious to a foreigner, but dreadful to Frenchmen who are considering. Passing through the square to the Hôtel de Ville, the mob were breaking the windows with stones, notwithstanding an officer and detachment of horse were there. Perceiving that the troops would not attack them, the rioters grew more violent, broke the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, attempted to beat in the door with iron bars, and placed ladders to the windows.

In about a quarter of an hour they burst through and entered like a torrent. From that minute a shower of casements, shutters, chairs, tables, sofas, books, papers, pictures, etc., rained incessantly from all the windows of the house, and next followed tiles, skirting boards, banisters, framework, and everything that could be detached from the building. The troops were quiet spectators.

IV—In Paris After the Tour

JANUARY 3, 1790.—Through the Forest of Fontainebleau to Melun and Paris. At Paris I went to my old quarters, the Hôtel de la Rochefoucauld.

The 4th.—After breakfast walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, where there is the most extraordinary sight that either French or English eyes could ever behold at Paris. The king, walking with six grenadiers of the *milice bourgeoise*, with an officer or two of his household and a page. The doors of the gardens are kept shut in respect to him, in order to exclude everybody but deputies or those who have admission tickets.

When he entered the palace the doors were thrown open to all without distinction, though the queen was still walking with a lady of her court. She also was attended so closely by the citizen guards that she could not speak, but in a low voice, without being heard by them. A mob followed her, talking very loud. Her majesty does not appear to be in health; but the king is as plump as ease can render him. By his orders there is a little garden railed off for the Dauphin to amuse himself in.

He is a very pretty, good-natured-looking boy of five or six years old, with an agreeable countenance; wherever he goes all hats are taken off, which I was glad to observe. All the family being kept thus close prisoners (for such they are in effect) afford, at first view, a shocking spectacle; and it is really so, if the fact were not absolutely necessary to effect the revolution.

The 18th.—After dining at the Duke of Liancourt's, at night friends carried to the Revolution Club at the Jacobins. The room was that where the famous league was signed. There were above a hundred deputies present, with a president in the chair; I was introduced to him as the author of the Arithmétique Politique; the president, standing up, repeated my name to the company, and demanded if there were any objections. None; and this is all the ceremony, not merely of an introduction but of an election. In this club the business that is to be brought into the National Assembly is regularly debated, and whatever passes in the club is almost sure to pass in the Assembly.

VOLTAIRE

THE AGE OF LOUIS XV

MUCH of the material contained in The Age of Louis XV was originally compiled by Voltaire and intended to be used in a history of the war of 1741, but after the publication of his Age of Louis XIV (see page 2951) he expanded it to its present form and issued the work in 1768 as a natural sequel to the earlier book. The critic is apt to find Voltaire's estimate of the Grand Monarque more than a trifle flattering, but in the record of his successor's history the note of personal praise verges on the absurd. The portrait of the victorious warrior and adored father of his people—Louis XV was still alive when the work was written—is very unconvincing. When, however, the exigencies of politeness to the monarch do not compel the author to embroider his story and when he is not speaking of remote and barbarous regions, Voltaire's history is written with knowledge and penetration. This outline has been prepared from the French text.

I—The Regency

THE age of Louis XIV was an age of great men, of the arts, of culture and refinement. We have now to review that which followed it—stormy at the outset, abounding in splendour for fifty years, closing in gloom as it had begun in faction. Louis XV was an orphan and a child. It would have been a long and dangerous affair to summon the States-General to settle the powers of the regency. It was the Parlement of Paris which set aside the will of Louis XIV and declared his grandson, Philip of Orleans, possessed of the full powers.

The regent, who hoped to succeed to the throne of France, at once allied himself closely with England and broke with the Spanish court. Alberoni, the Spanish minister, bent on seizing Sicily and Sardinia, fabricated a huge plot against France and England; the plot was revealed and frustrated by the theft of certain papers which were placed in the hands of Orleans. War broke out. The English shattered the Spanish fleet at Messina; Alberoni disappeared from European politics.

The agencies which threatened to make the regency stormy were all suppressed. The public tranquillity permitted the whole population to become absorbed in a great gamble. The Scottish adventurer, John Law, was permitted to set up his bank and the Mississippi Company on a system which, kept within due limits, would have been useful. The whole of the national finances passed under Law's control. The country was flooded with paper money. At the moment when public credit was collapsing with a crash, Law was made controller-general; immediately afterwards he was an almost penniless fugitive. France had but been the victim of an epidemic which attacked England and Holland, too. An immediate consequence of the disaster was that an immense number of people were impoverished; in sum nevertheless, the whole affair resulted in a general development of commercial enterprise.

The death of Dubois, the regent's minister, in 1723, was soon followed by that of the regent himself, just after the young king attained his majority. The Duke of Bourbon succeeded to the office of first minister. Like every member of his house, Bourbon was the victim of clerical antagonism; he was supplanted and driven from the court by Fleury, the king's tutor, afterwards cardinal. Up to the age of seventy-three, Fleury was regarded as an amiable man and a charming companion; at that age he took up the task of government, which he carried on for sixteen years with unfailing prosperity.

Happily for Europe, the first minister of England, Robert Walpole, was of a like pacific character. These two men continued to maintain nearly all Europe at peace till 1733. During this period two powers

LOUIS XV, KING OF FRANCE
From the painting by Charles Van Loo at Versailles

were established of which Europe had scarcely heard before—Russia, raised out of barbarism by Peter the Great, and Prussia. From Russia to Spain all Europe was at peace, when the death of the King of Poland, Augustus II of Saxony, plunged it once more into those discords from which it is so rarely free.

Stanislas Leczinski, whose daughter Louis had married, was duly elected; the emperor, supported by Russia, set up Augustus, son of the late king. France, in alliance with Spain and Sardinia, attacked Austria; England and Holland did not intervene. In the outcome, Lorraine went to France (temporarily to Stanislas), its Duke Francis taking Tuscany, while Don Carlos got Naples and Sicily.

JOHN LAW, CONTROLLER GENERAL, 1720
From a contemporary engraving

The emperor died in 1740. His daughter Maria Theresa claimed the Austrian succession, guaranteed under the Pragmatic Sanction. Other claimants, notably the Elector of Bavaria, came forward for portions of the inheritance. Frederick of Prussia claimed Silesia; on Maria Theresa's refusal, his armies entered the province in December 1740. The Prussian infantry, by converting imminent defeat into decisive victory at Molwitz, proved its worth. The battle was the signal for a general conflagration.

The marshal and the chevalier of Belleisle were the controlling force in France; they negotiated alliances with Prussia, Poland and Bavaria; and the Elector entered the Austrian territory. England, Holland and Hanover would not, or could not, move. Maria Theresa threw herself on the support of her Hungarian subjects, who espoused her cause with enthusiasm. But Frederick made himself master of Silesia, and the Elector of Bavaria, now the Emperor Charles VII, captured Prague. Now, however, dissensions arose among the victors; and Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law of Maria Theresa, conducted an effective defensive campaign in Bohemia. The war rolled back to the Rhine. By this time France and England, though professedly merely 'auxiliaries,' had really become principals in the war, and now (January 1743) Fleury died.

Spain and England were already at war with each other before the death of Charles VII. All Europe was involved in the general turmoil. In March 1744, Louis openly declared war both on England and on the Queen of Hungary (Maria Theresa). A French force under Conti entered Italy; but the Emperor Charles VII met with reverses. Marshal Noailles succeeded in entrapping George II of England and cutting his communications; the English, however, retrieved the position by their victory at Dettingen.

II—Louis XV in Flanders

Such was the turmoil and chaos of war and politics when Louis XV entered on his first campaign. The Emperor Charles was at Frankfort; even the validity of his imperial title was challenged. Charles of Lorraine was summoning Alsace, the three bishoprics and Franche-Comté to return to the Austrian allegiance. The English were victorious on land and masters of the sea. France herself was menaced on her German frontier. Frederick of Prussia, having secured Silesia, had already made a separate peace with Maria Theresa. Holland was threatening to join the allies.

At this moment Louis was preparing to support a Jacobite insurrection in England, and himself took command of the French armies in Flanders. This energy was followed by the capture of one

THE FRENCH AND THE ALLIES CONFRONTING EACH OTHER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY, MAY 11, 1745

From the painting by Felix Philippoteaux in the Victoria and Albert Museum

MARIE LECZINSKI, WIFE OF LOUIS XV
From the painting by Nattier

Flemish fortress after another. But the Austrian successes in Alsace drew him thither, while Marshal Saxe conducted the operations in Flanders. Frederick of Prussia renewed the French alliance at Frankfort, counterbalancing the recent treaty of Worms between the allies. Frederick's sudden march on Prague reversed the military situation.

A severe illness of the king demonstrated the passionate affection with which his subjects regarded him. On his recovery he again took the field. The fluctuations in the progress of the arms of the antagonists were extraordinarily violent and rapid, and the changes of German princes from one side to the other were kaleidoscopic. The death of the emperor in January 1745 seemed to have no effect on the hostilities. France and Prussia, practically without allies, maintained the conflict, which Austria hoped to turn to her own advantage.

Marshal Saxe was now investing Tournai; he was so ill that he had to be carried on a litter. The French force was joined by the king and the dauphin. An allied army was marching to relieve the beleagured town. Fontenoy was the scene of the battle which ensued. As the line of English regiments advanced to capture the heights they were encountered by the French Guards. "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!" cried Lord Charles Hay. "We never fire first; fire yourselves," came the answer. The hail of bullets brought down numbers on each side, but the English advanced as steadily as if they had been on parade. The French Guard were swept back. Nothing could break the English column; but it was unsupported. At the moment when the battle seemed lost to the French a last desperate attack was decided on. A mass of troops was hurled against the English, who were forced to fall back step by step, unbroken in the retreat as in the advance.

But the victory was won; it opened the way to the conquest of Flanders. Both the king and the dauphin had been in the greatest personal danger, but had refused the entreaties of Marshal Saxe that they should retire.

It is remarkable that Louis at once made overtures for a peace congress, which must have been desirable to Maria Theresa, but the influence of England prevented the success of the proposals. Tournai fell, and Ghent soon afterwards,

MARSHAL SAXE
From a contemporary engraving

in spite of a gallant attempt on the part of the English to recover it at Mesle. Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermont, Ostend followed suit. Louis returned to Paris.

Nevertheless, Austria prevailed at the imperial election. Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and husband of Maria Theresa, became emperor, despite the protest of Prussia. Frederick's own victories, however, were crowned by his capture of Dresden; after which he again made peace for himself, and was hailed in Berlin as Frederick the Great.

It now became the object of France to use the conquest of the Netherlands as a means of obtaining what she wanted in Italy, and of Austria to obtain from France compensation for the cession of Silesia to Frederick.

In the Austrian Netherlands the success of the French arms continued; soon Holland itself was threatened. In the war in Italy, France continued to play the part of an auxiliary only. The achievements there of the Franco-Spanish forces in 1745 were nullified by Frederick's withdrawal from the war after Dresden. A series of subsequent disasters was crowned by the death of Philip V of Spain. Only by an obstinate battle were the troops enabled to evacuate Piacenza, instead of surrendering. Genoa itself was obliged to submit to the Austrians, at whose mercy Italy now lay. And, meanwhile, the squadrons of the English fleet swept the seas.

The Austrians were, with difficulty, forced back into Provence, but a sudden and violent revolution at Genoa compelled their return to Italy. Louis, master of the Austrian Netherlands, again made proposals for peace. A congress was called at Breda, but none of the other sovereigns desired peace. Holland might have made itself the peace-maker of Europe; it refused that function, and the resultant French invasion brought about the revival of the office of stadtholder, conferred on the Prince of Orange. The republic was thus converted into a monarchy somewhat less limited than those of England, Sweden and Poland.

III—Episodes of the War

MEANWHILE, the enterprise, the successes and the misfortunes of Prince Charles Edward in England were perhaps the most remarkable of the events which startled Europe. Despairing of French assistance under the conditions of the European war, the young prince adopted a rash design. With only seven comrades, he sailed for the shores of Scotland.

No sooner were 300 men assembled than the royal standard was raised, and the fact was communicated to the courts of France and Spain. Reaching Perth, Charles proclaimed himself regent for his father. More adherents came in. He marched on Edinburgh; the government troops withdrew to the castle and the city was in his hands. General Cope advanced against him. The Highlanders flung themselves on the English with swords and bucklers; the novel form of attack struck the foe with panic; the rout was complete; but the prince could not capture the castle. When, marching south, he reached Carlisle, London was in a ferment. When he arrived at Derby the shops and banks in London were closed.

Irish partisans of the Stewarts in France were eager to aid him by an invasion, but this was hopelessly impracticable. The Pretender, with his communications threatened, was obliged to retire from Derby. He routed the government troops at Falkirk. But the approach of Cumberland drove him to the highlands, and his supporters were shattered at Culloden.

The fate of three kingdoms was decided in a battle between two armies of 11,000 and 7,000 men respectively. The prince became a fugitive, wandering from island to island, often escaping his pursuers by a hair's breadth. At last he was able to embark for France, the arrival, presence and departure of the boats being concealed from the government by the loyalty of the people.

An immense number of executions took place, the last victim being the octogenarian Lord Lovat, who had been the prime mover in the enterprise. A young enthusiast named Painter offered to die in place of the old man—an occurrence

scarcely possible outside of England. The unfortunate prince was forcibly ejected from France when peace was made —the last blow dealt by destiny against a family who had been kings for three hundred years.

Louis, successful wherever he was present in person with Marshal Saxe, but nowhere else, continued vain efforts to obtain peace, frustrated by the animosity of Austria and England, which now brought into the field a new ally, the Tsarina Elizabeth. Bent on seizing Maestricht, Marshal Saxe won the battle of Laufeld, but it was not sufficiently decisive. Bergen-op-Zoom, however, was captured by a surprise attack. In April 1748 the French forces concentrated on Maestricht.

Meanwhile, Commodore Anson had accomplished his great voyage round the world. It had occupied three and a half years, at the end of which Anson reached England, his ships laden with spoils to the value of £500,000.

It was not the English ministry but the enterprise of the New England merchants that contrived the capture of Louisburg, on the St. Lawrence, the key to the French possessions in North America. The New Englanders on their own initiative raised and equipped a force of 4,000 men; four men-of-war were sent to escort them. Louisburg fell after a siege of fifty days, and the whole French population of the colony was deported to France. The English command of the seas was so overwhelming that French maritime movements were utterly paralysed.

La Bourdonnais, however, had redeemed the honour of the French flag in India. Dupleix, governor of Pondicherri, in conjunction with La Bourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, attacked and took Madras. Dupleix, jealous of his colleague, broke the terms of the capitulation, though it was to La Bourdonnais that Madras surrendered. That great man's services were rewarded by rigorous imprisonment in the Bastille, while the charges made against him by Dupleix were investigated; he lived only long enough to learn of his acquittal. A British squadron besieged Pondicherri, but failed to take it, defended as it was with extreme skill and energy by Dupleix and Bussy.

At last, however, the fall of Maestricht was assured, and this taught Holland and the allies to accept the peace proposals which Louis had so persistently offered. The war ended with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The chief gains were reaped by Frederick. Europe remained divided into two camps; France, Spain, the Sicilies, Prussia and Sweden on one side; the rest on the other.

IV—The Seven Years' War

Scarcely ever has the whole of Europe enjoyed such prosperous years as those from 1748 to 1755. Commerce flourished; the arts were held in honour; Europe was like a family reunited after its quarrels. Yet the coming troubles were heralded as it were by earthquakes, especially the devastating one of Lisbon. The first catastrophe was in Sweden, where a monarchist conspiracy was discovered and the conspirators executed.

What set Europe ablaze was an Anglo-French quarrel over a question of boundaries left undefined under the treaty of Utrecht. The colonists attacked each other. Louis threatened Hanover. A league between England, Russia and the empire seemed imminent; in fear of which Prussia sought alliance with England. France threatened the English coasts, but actually struck at Minorca and seized Port Mahon—for which Admiral Byng was court-martialled and shot.

And now we are confronted by the amazing spectacle of an Elector of Brandenburg holding at bay the attack of Russia, France, the house of Austria, half the empire and Sweden; a prodigy to be explained only by the superiority of the Prussian discipline and the Prussian general. Augustus of Saxony and Poland, Maria Theresa and Elizabeth of Russia each had their grievance against Frederick —the last a purely personal one. Frederick, his alliance rejected by France, had united himself to England and Hanover. Even France and Austria, immemorial rivals, were now joined against him.

Frederick, menaced on every hand, suddenly entered Saxony and compelled

its submission. In the archives of Dresden he found warrant for his action. The emperor put him to the ban of the empire. Russia moved on Prussia through Poland; the French entered Cleves and threatened Hanover. Frederick, leaving containing forces on the east and west, dashed on Prague. His great victory was cancelled by the great defeat of Kolin. The English were defeated at Hastenbeck; but Cumberland's convention of Klosterseven was repudiated.

Soubise, advancing on Saxony, was routed by Frederick at Rosbach. Ferdinand of Brunswick, replacing Cumberland, held Richelieu in check. Though Frederick flashed into Silesia, it seemed that Austria and Russia must overwhelm him; but Russia was withdrawn from the war by court revolutions. The war raged on every side of Prussia.

But France met with nothing but disaster in every quarter of the globe. In India the French arms at first seemed successful. Dupleix supported a pretender to the throne of Arcot. The English supported the rival claimant. But from the day when Clive defeated Dupleix before Arcot the French power waned. Lally, who succeeded Dupleix in the Indian command, was vanquished at Wandewash. Pondicherri was captured. Returning to France, the hapless Lally was tried on several counts, acquitted on some, but condemned to death on others. Chandernagore also, in Bengal, had been lost. In India, nothing was left to France.

In Africa, too, nothing was left to her; the English captured both Senegal and Goree. In America the losses were far greater. Quebec and all Canada were taken—no very real loss, perhaps, for Canada always cost a great deal and gave very little return. A tenth of the expenditure on that colony if devoted to uncultivated lands in France would have brought large profits. In the West Indies, Guadeloupe and Martinique were taken. A French fleet destined for a descent on Ireland was shattered or captured or lost in Quiberon Bay. England's naval superiority has been marked at every stage of history, but was now more overwhelming than ever.

It was at this moment that Choiseul endeavoured to unite the Bourbon dynasties; but the attempt was without effect. It only laid Spanish colonies at the mercy of the English. France was utterly exhausted. In 1763 peace was made. Practically all that England had won was ceded to her. The peace was as necessary as it was humiliating, and its consequence was even more bitter when it was found that the Canadian colonists preferred to become subjects of Great Britain rather than return to French soil.

V—The Later Years of Louis XV

While 500,000 men were in arms over the election of an emperor, while Europe, America and India were being devastated, Frenchmen were absorbed in a petty warfare of the pen which made them forget Metz and Fontenoy, victories and disgraces, all that was setting Europe in turmoil. This was the mighty quarrel between the Paris Parlement and the ecclesiastical interest concerning the refusal of the sacraments to dying persons who would not accept the bull *Unigenitus*.

Thrice did the Parlement refuse to administer justice if its writs against the clericals were set aside, while the pacific king endeavoured to have all these matters referred to his own privy council, and exhorted, rebuked, or strove to conciliate the antagonists. The storm spread from Paris to the provinces. Finally, the king issued an edict forbidding the intervention of the Parlement and enjoining moderation on the clericals; but the decree was very ill received.

Great, however, was the public consternation when a certain Damiens, crazed with religious excitement, succeeded in approaching the person of the king and stabbing him. Doubtless, as the man declared to the last, it was not his intention to kill Louis, and his motive was 'religion'—in this case anti-clericalism. The wound was not mortal, and Damiens suffered the doom of Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV.

An attempt on the life of the King of Portugal, Jesuit in its origin, led to the

expulsion of the order from Portugal in 1761; and this was shortly followed in 1764 by its suppression in France and in all the Spanish and Bourbon possessions in Europe, Asia and America.

Another controversy with the Papacy cost nothing but ink and paper; but money and blood were needed to bring Corsica into subjection to France. The island was peopled largely by descendants of the ancient Carthaginians and Saracens, as well as by aborigines. For many centuries they had been subject to the Genoese Republic, but had for long been in revolt. In 1837 they had appealed to France, which intervened spasmodically, being occupied with larger conflicts.

In 1755 Pascal Paoli became the Corsican leader, a man of great qualities, who did enough for glory, but not enough either to free Corsica or to become her absolute ruler. The Genoese efforts at conquest were foiled; at last, in 1768, the republic ceded the island to France, with a nominal right of repurchase.

The bargain was good for Genoa; but could France make her purchase good? Paoli and the Corsicans would not accept a mere change of masters. That the resistance was crushed at last was due to Choiseul, as also was the prosperity of the American possessions still left to France. His ultimate reward was exile.

On May 10, 1774, Louis died of smallpox—contracted because he had refused to protect himself by inoculation. The nation, hitherto violently prejudiced against this preventive, learnt the lesson.

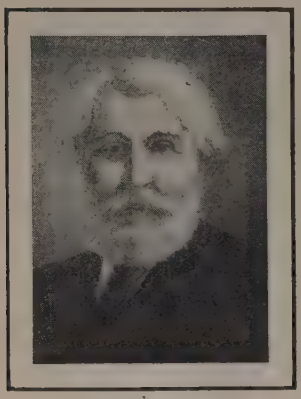
THE legal reforms of Louis XV had been directed almost exclusively to establishing uniformity of procedure. The cruelties and absurdities of the criminal law, with all its arbitrary local variations, remained in force. Torture and confiscation of goods continued, though the first was entirely repudiated by the Greeks and Romans, and the second was only introduced by Sulla. French judges could still appeal to the tyrannies of Israelite kings for legal precedents. A majority of judges could still condemn a man to death, even when the protest of a minority demonstrated that the crime was not proved.

The same spirit of blind and narrow prejudice and ignorance which rejected inoculation for smallpox dealt the deadliest blows against the magnificent enterprise of the Encyclopédie. Nevertheless, it is certain that the knowledge of nature, the spirit which has challenged the time-honoured fables graced with the name of history, and a healthy metaphysic freed from the trammels and excrescences of scholasticism, are all the fruits of this age, and that reason has reached its highest perfection. The very experiments which have themselves been disastrous and ruinous failures have been incidentally the cause of valuable discoveries.

CHARGE OF THE AUSTRIAN DRAGOONS AT THE BATTLE OF KOLIN, JUNE 18, 1757
From the painting by Koch

A Note on Ivan Turgenev

It is widely held that of all the novelists of the nineteenth century, Ivan Sergeievitch Turgenev was the only perfect artist, and this contention, although obviously too sweeping, is not altogether absurd. We must at least admit that his art was almost perfect, even if we deny that it was singular in this respect. His great prose is unquestionably of the highest order; it is a medium equally suitable for the expression of the most sombre realism or sublimely poetical ideals. The structure of his tales, too, is brilliant. In his sense of symmetry he certainly equals—it would be mere preciousness to say that he surpasses—Flaubert and de Maupassant.



Ivan Turgenev

But it is not their literary merits alone that give Turgenev's works their interest and value. The first, a sketch of peasant life, appeared in 1845, the last novel, Virgin Soil, rather more than three decades later, in 1876. These thirty-one years witnessed an unexampled diffusion of cultural influences throughout the country; the rapid advance of liberalism and the gradual stagnation of these two great civilizing forces. Turgenev was a realist gifted with extraordinary insight and a genius that enabled him to give permanent and effectual form to his accumulated impressions, so that he was able not merely to probe, but to see to the heart of the movements and tendencies that convulsed the Russian mind and Russian society. Turgenev's writings constitute an exceedingly important series of historical documents.

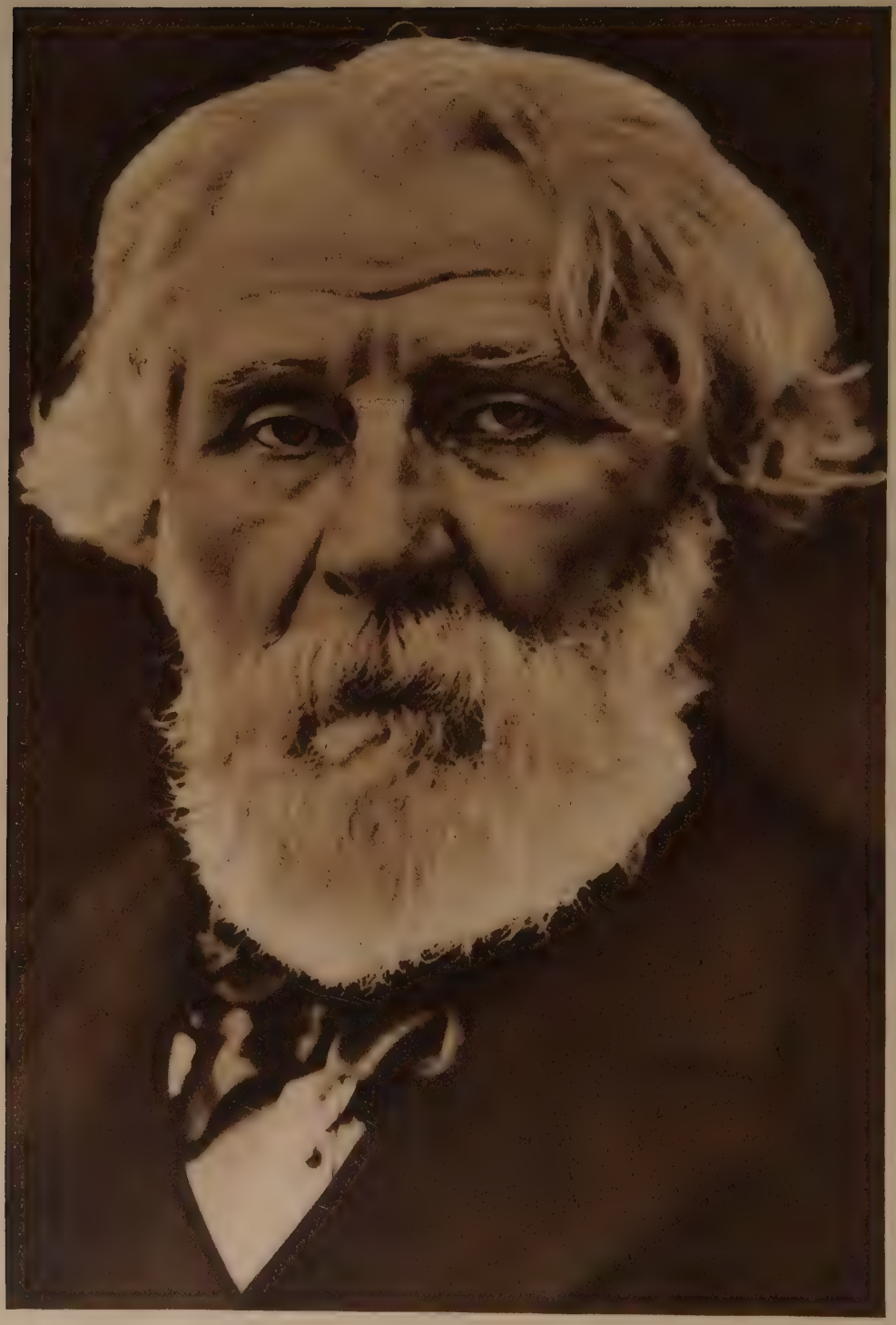
Like many of the great Russian authors of the nineteenth century, he suffered for his opinions. Born of noble parents at Orel, in Central Russia, November 9, 1818, he was educated in his own country and in Germany. He published, in 1852, a collection of studies of peasant life, labelled A Sportman's Sketches, in order to convince the censor of their innocuous character. Although this book had a very considerable effect upon public opinion, and expedited the movement for the abolition of serfdom, it is in no sense the special plea of a partisan propagandist. But it rendered Turgenev obnoxious to the government.

How completely the authorities distrusted him was shown by their action when, in 1852, he had printed in Moscow a tribute to Gogol, who had died a short time before. The publication of this article had been forbidden by the censors in S. Petersburg (Leningrad). On its appearance, therefore, Turgenev was arrested, kept in prison for a month, and sentenced to two years' sequestration on his estates; he had a narrow escape from being sent to Siberia. He left Russia in 1855, and during the remainder of his life only returned to his own country on short visits. He died in France on September 4, 1883.

Turgenev, however, was not really one of the intellectual revolutionaries whose verbal activities so disquieted the government. He was too sincere, and his sense of proportion was too well developed. In Rudin (1856), he shows at once the feebleness and the nobility of the typical Russian advanced thinker, whose mind has become so self-analytical that he is incapable either of determined action or constructive thought. The futility of Berseneff in On The Eve (1860) illustrates how completely contemporary Russian society sterilised even a vigorous intellect. Dr. Bazaroff, the hero of Fathers and Children (1862), one of the greatest of Turgenev's novels, is drawn with clear perception and obvious sympathy, yet we see that his theories are guiding him surely into a cul-de-sac of the mind.

He is a young nihilist, and in his character are all the contradictions usually found in this kind of revolutionary. He wishes to see all idealism killed—an ambition that is itself an ideal. He despises existing conventions and their slaves, while he himself is wholeheartedly and very conventionally in revolt against society. His rebellion (for his nihilism is in fact a rebellion) is in many ways superficial and childish; he is outrageously rude, for example, that he may not appear subservient.

But Turgenev was equally critical of the conservatives and thinkers who held no definite opinions. He was not merely interested in those whom he admired or disliked, but in all humanity. His insight is as clearly seen in such short stories as The Duellists and The Brigadier as in his elaborately developed novels. His genius is equally apparent in a love-story, and in psychological and social studies. Turgenev's art, nevertheless, had its limitations: his thought is not expressed with such perfect felicity in his poetry as in his novels. Turgenev's complete works translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett are published by William Heineman.



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IVAN TURGENEV

A HOUSE OF NOBLES

FOLLOWING A Sportsman's Sketches, and Rudin, A House of Nobles (Dvorianskoe Gniezdo), the first of Turgenev's longer stories, was published in 1859 and greatly increased his reputation. Here, as in Rudin, and later in Fathers and Children, Turgenev deals with the new liberal ideas that were beginning to affect the landed classes of Russia. Of all his novels, A House of Nobles is probably the best. It displays to the full Turgenev's power of characterisation, his sensitiveness and sympathy, and the melancholy that pervades all his works. The closing chapter is one of the saddest and truest passages in all novel-writing.

I—A Student's Marriage

FEDOR IVANITCH LAVRETSKY came of an ancient noble family. His father, a strangely whimsical man, determined that his son should grow up a Spartan. A gymnastic instructor was his principal teacher, although he also studied natural science, mathematics and international law. The female sex he was taught to hold in contempt, and all the gentler arts and emotions were rigorously repressed. The boy was conscious of the defects of his education, and from his eighteenth year set himself to remedy them, as far as he could. His father died when he was twenty-three; and young Lavretsky determined to go to Moscow, in the hope that diligent study might enable him to regain the ground lost in youth.

The whole tendency of his education had been to make him into a shy man; he could not get on with people; with an unquenchable thirst for love in his heart, he had never yet dared to look a woman in the face. Robust, rosy-cheeked, bearded and taciturn, he produced a strange impression on his companions, who did not suspect that this outwardly austere man was inwardly almost a child. During the first two years he spent at the university he only became fairly intimate with one student, Mihalevitch by name, from whom he took lessons in Latin.

One day at the theatre he saw in a box in the front tier a young girl leaning with her elbows on the velvet of the box. The light of youth and life played in every feature of her lovely, dark, oval face; subtle intelligence was expressed in the splendid eyes which gazed softly and attentively from under her fine brows, in the swift smile of her sensitive lips, in the poise of her head, her hands, her neck.

Suddenly the door of her box opened, and a man came in—it was Mihalevitch. The appearance of this man, almost his only acquaintance in Moscow, in the society of the girl who had suddenly absorbed his whole attention struck him as curious and significant. The performance ceased to interest Lavretsky, and at one pathetic part he involuntarily looked at his beauty; she was bending forward, her cheeks glowing. Under the influence of his persistent gaze her eyes slowly turned and rested on him.

All night he was haunted by those eyes. The skilfully constructed barriers were broken down at last; he was in a shiver and a fever, and the next day he went to Mihalevitch, from whom he learnt that her name was Barbara Paulovna Korobyin. Mihalevitch offered to introduce him; Lavretsky blushed, muttered something unintelligible and ran away. For five whole days he struggled with his timidity. On the sixth he got into a new uniform and placed himself at Mihalevitch's disposal.

Paul Petrovitch Korobyin was a retired major-general. With the intention of improving his pecuniary position, he devised a new method of speculating with public funds—an excellent method in itself—but he neglected to bribe in the right place. Information was laid against him and, as a result of the subsequent inquiry, he was advised to retire from active service.

His daughter at this time was nineteen years old, and the general found her expenses an ever-increasing tax upon his slender resources. He was, therefore, glad

to throw no obstacle in Lavretsky's way —having discovered that he was wealthy —when, six months after their first meeting, he proposed for his daughter's hand.

Barbara Paulovna had much practical sense and a very great love of comfort, together with a great faculty of obtaining it for herself. What charming travelling knick-knacks appeared from various corners of the luxurious carriage that she had purchased to convey them to Lavretsky's country home! Lavretsky, however, was not disposed to be observant at that time. He was blissful, drunk with happiness; he gave himself up to it like a child. Indeed, he was as innocent as a child, this young Hercules.

Barbara Paulovna had no mind to establish herself permanently at Lavretsky. The idea of staying in that out-of-the-way corner of the steppes never entered her head for an instant. In September she carried her husband off to St. Petersburg, where they passed two winters; the summer they spent at Tsarskoe Selo. They made many acquaintances, went out and entertained a good deal, and gave charming dances and musical evenings. Barbara Paulovna attracted guests as fire attracts moths.

Fedor Ivanitch did not altogether like such a frivolous life. He was unwilling to enter the Government service, as his wife suggested; still he remained in St. Petersburg for her pleasure. One summer and autumn they spent in Germany and Switzerland, and for the winter they went to Paris.

In Paris Barbara Paulovna made herself a little nest as quickly and as cleverly as in St. Petersburg. She soon drew round herself acquaintances—at first only Russians, afterwards Frenchmen with very excellent manners and fine-sounding names. All of them brought their friends, and La belle Mme. de Lavretsky was soon known from Chaussée d'Antin to Rue de Lille.

Fedor Ivanitch still busied himself with study, and set to work translating a well-known treatise on irrigation. "I am not wasting my time," he thought, "it is all of use; but next winter I must, without fail, return to Russia and get to work."

An unexpected incident broke his plans.

II—A Separation

Lavretsky had the most absolute confidence in his wife's every action and thought. She was always as calm, affectionate and confidential with him as she had been from the first. It was, therefore, with a feeling of stupefaction that, going one day into her boudoir during her absence, he picked up from the floor a note that disclosed her infidelity. He read it absent-mindedly, and did not understand what he had read. He read it a second time—his head began to swim, the ground to sway under his feet.

He had so blindly believed in her; the possibility of deception, of treason, had never presented itself to his mind. This young Frenchman, almost the most insignificant of all his wife's acquaintances! The fear was borne in upon him that perhaps she had never been worthy of the trust that he had reposed in her. To complete it all, he had been hoping in a few months to become a father.

All that night he wandered, half-distraught, about the streets of Paris and in the open country. In the morning he went to an hotel and sent the incriminating note to his wife, with a letter.

'The enclosed scrap of paper will explain everything to you. I cannot see you again. I imagine that you, too, would hardly desire an interview with me. I am assigning you 15,000 francs a year; I cannot give more. Send your address to the office of the estate. Do what you please, live where you please. I wish you happiness.'

A long letter came back in reply; it put the finishing touch; his last doubts vanished. She did not attempt to defend herself; her only desire was to see him; she besought him not to condemn her irrevocably.

Three days later Lavretsky left Paris. For a time he followed his wife's movements, as chronicled in Paris society papers. He learnt that a daughter had been born to him. Finally, a tragi-comic story was reported with acclamation in all the papers; his wife played an unenviable

part in it. Barbara Paulovna had become a notoriety. He ceased to follow her movements. Scepticism, half formed already by the experiences of his life and by his education, took complete possession of his heart and he became indifferent to everything.

Four years passed by till he felt himself able to return to his own country and to meet his own people. He went to the town of O——, where lived his cousin Marya Dmitrievna Kalitin, with her two daughters, Elizabeth and Helen, and his aunt Marfa Timofyevna.

III—A New Friendship

LAVRETSKY stayed a few days in O—— before going to take up his residence, as he proposed doing, at Vassilyevskoe, a small estate of his some twenty miles distant. Mounting the steps of the Kalitins' house to say good-bye before departing, he met Elizabeth coming down.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To service. It is Sunday."

"Why do you go to church?"

Liza looked at him in silent amazement.

"I beg your pardon; I did not mean to say that. I have come to say good-bye to you. I'm starting for my village in an hour."

"Well, mind you don't forget us," said Liza, and went down the steps.

"And don't forget me. And listen," he added; "you are going to church, and while you are there, pray for me too."

Liza stopped short and turned to face him

"Certainly," she said, looking straight at him. "I will pray for you too. Good-bye."

In the drawing-room he found Marya Dmitrievna. She began to gossip about a young man whom he had met the previous day, Vladimir Nikolaitch Panshin.

"I will tell you a secret, my dear cousin; he is simply crazy about my Liza. Well, he is of good family, has a capital position, and is a clever fellow; and if it is God's will, I for my part shall be well pleased." Lavretsky listened in silence, turning his hat in his hands. Finally he took his leave, and went upstairs to say good-bye to Marfa Timofyevna.

"Tell me, please," he began. "Marya Dmitrievna has just been talking to me about this—what's his name—Panshin. What sort of a person is he?"

"What a chatterbox she is, Lord save us! She told you, I suppose, as a secret, that he's turned up as a suitor. And so far, there's nothing to tell, thank God!"

"Why thank God?"

"Because I don't like the fine young gentleman, and so what's there to be glad of in it? Well, shall we see you again soon?" the old lady asked, as he rose to depart.

"Very likely, aunt; it's not so far, you know."

. . . . .

Lavretsky lived alone at Vassilyevskoe, and often rode into O—— to see his cousins.

It sometimes happens that two people who are acquainted, but not on intimate terms, all of a sudden grow more intimate in a few minutes. This was exactly what came to pass with Lavretsky and Liza. "So he is like that," was her thought, as she turned a friendly glance at him. "So you are like that," he, too, was thinking. And thus he was not much surprised when she began to speak to him about his wife.

"You will forgive me—I ought not to dare to speak of it to you—but how could you—why did you separate from her?"

LAVRETSKY shuddered. He looked at Liza, and sat down beside her. "My child," he began, "do not touch on that wound; your hands are tender, but it will hurt me just the same."

"I know," Liza continued, as though she had not heard, "I know she has been to blame. I don't want to defend her; but what God has joined, how can you put asunder? You must forgive if you wish to be forgiven."

"She is perfectly contented with her position, I assure you. But her name ought never to be uttered by you. You are too pure; you are not capable of understanding such a creature."

"Then, why did you marry her?"

Lavretsky got up quickly from his seat. "Why did I marry her? I was young and inexperienced; I was deceived; I

was carried away by a beautiful exterior. I knew no women. I knew nothing. God grant that you may make a happier marriage."

At that moment Marya Dmitrievna came in. Lavretsky did not again succeed in being alone with Liza, but he looked at her in such a way that she felt her heart at rest, and a little ashamed and sorry for him. Before he left, he had obtained from his cousin a promise that she would come over to Vassilyevskoe one day with her daughters.

When they came, Lavretsky made further opportunity to talk with Liza while the others were fishing. He led the conversation round to Panshin.

"Vladimir Nikolaitch has a good heart," said Liza, "and he is clever. Mother likes him."

"And do you like him?"

"He is nice; why should I not like him?"

"Ah!" A half-ironical, half-mournful expression crossed his face. "Well, may God grant them happiness," he muttered, as though to himself.

Liza flushed.

"You are mistaken, Fedor Ivanitch. You are wrong in thinking; but don't you like Vladimir Nikolaitch?"

"No, I don't."

"Why?"

"I think he has no heart."

"What makes you think he has no heart?"

"I may be mistaken. Time will show, however."

Liza grew thoughtful. Lavretsky began to talk to her about his daily life at Vassilyevskoe; he felt a need to talk to her, to share with her everything that was passing in his heart; she listened so sweetly, so attentively. Her few replies and observations seemed to him so intelligent.

IV—Happiness of God

GLANCING one day at a bundle of French newspapers that had been lying on the table unopened for a fortnight, Lavretsky suddenly came upon a paragraph announcing "Mournful intelligence: that charming, fascinating Moscow lady, Mme. Lavretsky, died almost suddenly yesterday."

He hastened over to O—— and communicated the news to Liza, requesting her to keep it secret for a time. They walked in the garden; Lavretsky discussed his newly-won freedom.

"Stop!" said Liza. "Don't talk like that. Of what use is your freedom to you? You ought to be thinking of forgiveness."

"I forgave her long ago."

"You don't understand me! You ought to be seeking to be forgiven."

"You are right," said Lavretsky; "what good is my freedom to me?"

"When did you get that paper?" said Liza, without heeding his question.

"The day after your visit!"

"And is it possible that you did not shed tears?"

"What is there to weep over now? Though, indeed, who knows? I might perhaps, have been more grieved a fortnight sooner."

"A fortnight?" said Liza. "What has happened in the last fortnight?"

Lavretsky made no reply, and suddenly Liza flushed violently.

"Yes, yes, you guess why. In the course of this fortnight I have come to know the value of a pure woman's heart. But I am glad I showed you that paper," Lavretsky continued, after a pause; "already I have grown used to hiding nothing from you, and I hope that you will repay me with the same confidence."

Lavretsky was not a young man; he could not long delude himself as to the nature of the feeling inspired in him by Liza. He was brought that day to the final conviction that he loved her.

Painful days followed for Fedor Ivanitch. He found himself in a continual fever. Every morning he made for the post and tore open letters and papers; nowhere did he find confirmation or disproof of the fateful news.

Late one night he found himself wandering aimlessly around the outskirts of O——. Rambling over the dewy grass, he came across a narrow path, leading to a little gate which he found open. Wandering in, he found, to his amazement, that he was in the Kalitins'

garden. In Liza's room a candle shone behind the white curtain; all else was dark. The light vanished as he looked.

"Sleep well, my sweet girl," he whispered, standing motionless, his eyes fixed on the darkened window. Suddenly a light appeared in one of the windows of the ground floor, then in another Who could it be? Liza entered the drawing-room—she drew near the open door and stood on the threshold, a light, slender figure, all in white.

"Liza," broke hardly audibly from his lips.

She started, and began to gaze into the darkness.

"Liza!" he repeated louder, and came out of the shadow.

She raised her head in alarm, and shrank back.

"Is it you?" she said. "You here?"

"I—I—listen to me," whispered Lavretsky, and seizing her hand he led her to a seat. She followed him unresisting; her pale face, her fixed eyes and all her gestures expressed an unutterable bewilderment. Lavretsky stood before her.

"I did not mean to come here," he began; "something brought me—I—I love you!" he uttered, in involuntary terror.

She covered her face with her hands.

"Liza!" murmured Lavretsky. "Liza," he repeated, and fell at her feet.

Her shoulders began to heave slightly.

"What is it?" he urged, and he heard a subdued sob.

"Can it be that you love me?" he whispered, and caressed her knees.

"Get up!" he heard her voice. "Get up, Fedor Ivanitch. What are we doing?"

He got up and sat beside her on the seat.

"But you love me, Liza? We shall be happy."

She dropped her eyes; he softly drew her to him, and her head sank on to his shoulders. He bent his head a little and touched her pale lips.

On the following day Lavretsky drove over to Vassilyevskoe. The first thing that struck him on entering was the scent of patchouli, always distasteful to him. He crossed the threshold of the drawing-room a lady arose from the sofa, made a step forward, and fell at his feet. He caught his breath, he leant against the wall for support. It was Barbara Paulovna!

A torrent of words told him that, stricken by remorse, she had determined to break every tie with her sins. A serious illness had given rise to the rumour of her death. She had taken advantage of this to give up everything. Would he not spare her for their little daughter's sake?

Lavretsky listened to the flood of eloquence in silence. He did not believe one word of her protestations. His wrath choked him; this blow had fallen too suddenly upon him.

Liza leant forward in her chair and covered her face with her hands.

"This is how we were to meet again," he brought out at last. It was in Marfa Timofyevna's room that they had met once more.

Liza took her hands from her face.

"Yes!" she said faintly. "We were quickly punished."

"Punished!" said Lavretsky. "What had you done to be punished?" His heart ached with pity and love. "Yes, all is over before it had begun."

"We must forget all that," she brought out at last. "It is left for us to do our duty. You, Fedor Ivanitch, must be reconciled with your wife."

"Liza!"

"I beg you to do so; by that alone can we expiate——"

"Liza, for God's sake!—to be reconciled to her now!"

"I do not ask of you—do not live with her if you cannot. Remember your little girl; do it for my sake."

"Very well," Lavretsky muttered, between his clenched teeth; "I will do that; in that I shall fulfil my duty. But you—what does your duty consist in?"

"That I know myself."

"You cannot be making up your mind to marry Panshin?"

Liza gave an almost imperceptible smile.

"Oh, no!" she said.

There was a long pause.

"Now you see for yourself, Fedor Ivanitch, as I told you, that happiness does not depend on us, but on God."

Tragic Masterpiece of a Master of Comedy

WILLIAM CONGREVE

THE MOURNING BRIDE

THE remarkable success of Congreve's first play, The Old Bachelor, in 1692, led to the production of The Double Dealer in the following year with equal success. In 1695 Betterton and other actors who had revolted from Drury Lane opened a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Their first production was Congreve's Love for Love, the triumph of which was acknowledged by the author's being given a share in the house, he promising to furnish a new play every year. Here was produced in 1697 a tragedy by Congreve, The Mourning Bride, which ran 'for thirteen days without interruption,' and by its success saved the company from financial distress. Though now overshadowed in popularity by Congreve's comedies, The Mourning Bride was highly appreciated for many years, Johnson maintaining that the description of a cathedral in Act ii was superior to anything in Shakespeare. An outline of Congreve's last comedy, The Way of the World, appears at page 748.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Manuel, King of Granada
Alphonso, Prince of Valencia
Garcia, a Captain of Granada
Almeria, daughter of Manuel
Leonora, her maid
Zara, a Moorish queen

First Act

Almeria *is sitting in the palace of her father,* **King Manuel.** *She is in mourning, and so is* **Leonora,** *her maid. Shouting is heard in the streets, and* **Almeria** *dismisses her musicians.*

ALMERIA : Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What, then, am I ? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees of flint ? Alphonso ! Oh, Alphonso !
Devouring seas have washed thee from my sight,
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost.

Leonora : Husband ? Oh, heavens ! Your husband ? Yet I heard
That when Anselmo captured you in war,
Despite his feud with Manuel, your father,
He then endeared himself to your affection
By all the ways his goodness could invent ;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso,
His son, the brave Valencian prince, and you,
To end the long dissension and unite
Granada and Valencia in love.

Alm. : Yes ! On the day when Manuel, my father,
Conquered in turn Anselmo, whom he killed,
Alphonso, who foresaw his cruelty,
Bore me on board his ship, and there we married.
Closely we were pursued ; a sudden storm
Wrecked us upon the Moorish coast ; and I—
Wedded and widowed in one day—was saved
By our pursuers ; but Alphonso perished.
For this I mourn, and will for ever mourn.

[*There is a flourish of trumpets and* **King Manuel** *enters with* **Garcia.**

Garcia : Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

Manuel : All in good time, my friend. How now, Almeria ?
How dare you meet me on this joyful day
Robed in black raiment and all sad of face ?

Alm. : Forgive me, sir, if I offend in this ;
But I have vowed in gratitude to heaven,
For my deliverance from wreck and death,
To keep in mourning for a year.

Man. : Retire ;
Divest yourself of that offensive black.

Gar. (*kneeling*) : But, sir !

Man. : Rise, Garcia, I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

[**Almeria** *staggers, and* **Garcia** *leads her to the door ; he returns leading in* **Queen Zara** *and a young Moor, who was taken prisoner with her, while fighting for the dead king,* **Anselmo,** *of Valencia.*

Man. : What welcome and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give are yours.
A conqueror indeed am I, to win
The heart of such a lovely enemy
As you are, O, my queen ! What made you bring
An army from Morocco to Valencia,
To help my foe Anselmo ?

Zara (*scornfully pointing to the Moor*): This base slave,
Whom I raised up to wealth and rank and power,
Urged me to it. Before you marry me,
King Manuel, give me leave to judge this slave,
Here in this room alone with him, at once.

[*The* **King** *and all his men retire, leaving the Moorish queen alone with the Moor.*

Zara : Thou hast a wild and savage heart, Alphonso !
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more.
When I beheld thee driven by the tide
Upon my country's coast, a dying man,
I loved thee even then, for thou wert god-like.
Did I not make this war for thee, and bring
Thousands of soldiers, under thy command,
Across the sea to fight this king and gain
Granada and Valencia both for thee ?
Wilt thou not love me now ? All is not lost,
For if thou wilt, King Manuel dies to-night.
Love me, and all my kingdom, too, is thine !
Alphonso : I cannot !
Zara (*in great anger*) : Why ?
Alph. : I cannot tell you why.
Zara : Where are my men ? (*Opening the door and calling.*) Slaves, bind and chain this wretch !
Imprison him in secret in the tombs
Outside the palace, and watch over him.
Watch that he does not kill himself and rob me
Of my revenge by swift and easy death.
Vile and ingrate ! Too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou has done my love ;
Yes, thou shalt know—spite of thy past distress
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourned—
Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned !

Second Act

Almeria *is wandering with her maid in the burial vaults, looking for the tomb in which* **King Anselmo** *has been buried.*

ALMERIA : How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
No, I will on ! Show me Anselmo's tomb,
Where I may kneel and pay my vows again
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.

[**Alphonso** *looks up from his father's tomb.*

Alphonso : Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso ?
Alm. ; O take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt !
O, how hast thou returned ? How hast thou charmed
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this,
That thus relenting, they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me ?
Alph. : How shall I welcome thee to this sad place ?
Alm. (*clasping him*) : Thus, thus ! We parted, thus to meet again !

[*As they are talking,* **Zara** *appears.*

Zara : Who is there ?
Alph. : We are lost ! Undone ! Discovered ! Retire, my love ! (*Aloud to* **Almeria** *as she departs*) This kindness to a prisoner,
Heaven will repay to you.
Zara (*aside*) : O base dissembler ! (*Aloud*) You're grown a favourite since we parted !
Alph. : Madam ?
Zara : I did not know the princess's favourite ;
Your pardon, sir. I came to set you free,
But now I shall return much better pleased,
To find you have an interest superior.
Alph. : You mock my miseries ?
Zara : What miseries ?
Who would not thus be happily confined ;
And have contending queens at dead of night
Forsake their bed and watch with weeping eyes
Your slumbers. Villain, thou shalt die !
Alph. : I thank you.
Zara : Thou liest ! For now I know for whom thou'dst live.
Alph. : You know for whom then I would die.

[*A band of armed men rush in ; they are Valencians who have come to rescue their prince.*

Zara (*mistaking them for* **King Manuel's** *soldiers*) : Wait ! Wait !
Wait till I see the king ! He must not die.

[*She hastens away, and the Valencians release their prince.*

Alph. : That woman has a soul of God-like mould,
And passions which outstrip the wind and tear
Her virtues up as tempests root the sea.
Now lead me, friends, unto our gallant troops,
And by a swift suprise we'll storm the town.

[*As they depart,* **King Manuel** *enters in a great rage ; he is disguised as a Moor.*

Manuel : Perfidious Zara ! And accurst Almeria !
Both of them leagued against me with Alphonso.
Forgive him ? Yes, when I have found and killed him
With my own hands ! He's gone. My guards have slain him,
As Zara said they would ! And now, false queen,
I'll catch you in the act of trickery.

[*Crouching down in the deep shadow, at the spot where* **Alphonso** *was bound and fettered, he waits for her approach, saying :*

When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But here she comes. That is her stealthy footfall.

[*It is, however,* **Garcia's** *and he creeps along with a dagger in his hand ; then, while the* **King** *is pretending to sleep, he feels for his body, and stabs him through and through.*]

Garcia : That's done, and now I'll go and tell the king

That I have killed his enemy, Alphonso.
Now I can wed Almeria, and become
Heir to Granada and Valencia !

[*After he has gone.* **Zara** *returns, carrying two bowls of poison. Finding the body of the dead* **King** *in the darkness she mistakes it for* **Alphonso.**]

Zara : O that accurst and base and treacherous king !
Has he killed thee already, my Alphonso ?
I came prepared to give thee death, and die
Beside thee, in a gentler way than this.

(*She drinks one of the poisoned bowls, saying :*)

Hover a moment yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight !
Cold, cold ! my veins are icicles and frost.
I'll creep into his bosom, and die there.

[*She dies with her arms around the dead* **King**, *covering him so that only his Moorish dress is seen, when* **Almeria** *comes along holding a faint taper.*]

Alm. : Is it at last then so ? Is he then dead ?
Ah, she has killed him, and then taken poison !
Why did she bring two bowls and drink but one ?
Ha ! this was left for me, and I will drink it.

[*But as she raises the bowl to her lips,* **Alphonso** *rushes in with a band of soldiers carrying lighted torches. At the sight of her husband* **Almeria** *faints.*]

Alph. ; Forbear ; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life and wake her into gladness.
Alm. : Where am I ? Heaven ! What does this dream intend ?
Alph. : O mayst thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys !
Alm. : Given me again from death ! O all ye powers
Confirm this miracle ! I've been abused
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms ;
This is my lord, my life, my only husband ;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father, too, shall have compassion—
Alph. : O my heart's comfort ! 'Tis not given to this
Frail life to be entirely blessed. Even now
Thy father fell, where he designed my death.
Seest thou how just the hand of Heaven has been ?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds ;
And though a late a sure reward succeeds.

Fine Narrative of Romantic Adventure

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER

THE GREAT LONE LAND

A VERSATILE writer, Sir William Butler's works include records of travel, histories of military campaigns, biographies and fiction His first book was The Great Lone Land, published in 1872. Half the volume is devoted to a sketch of the early history of the north-west regions of Canada, and to tracing the causes which led to the rebellion of the settlers under Louis Riel against the Canadian government in 1870. Butler describes the romantic part he took in the bloodless campaign for its suppression, under Lord Wolseley. In the other half of the book he describes his journey on a special mission for the Canadian government to the Hudson Bay forts and Indian camps in the valleys of the North and South Saskatchewan Rivers. Sir William Butler also wrote The Wild North Land, and lives of Gordon and Napier. His autobiography was published after his death. The Great Lone Land is published by Burns and Oates, by whose permission the following epitome was made.

I—The Red River Expedition

IT was a period of universal peace over the world. Some of the great powers were even bent on disarming. To be more precise, the time was the close of the year 1869. But in the very farthest West, somewhere between the Rocky Mountains, Hudson Bay and Lake Superior, along the river called the Red River of the North, a people, of whom nobody could tell who and what they were, had risen in insurrection.

Had the country bordering on the Red River been an unpeopled wilderness, the plan of transferring the land of the North-west from the Hudson Bay Company to the crown and from the crown to the Dominion of Canada, might have been an eminently wise one. But, unfortunately, it was a country which had been originally settled by the Earl of Selkirk in 1812 with Scots, and subsequently by French *voyageurs* from Lower Canada.

There were 15,000 persons living in peaceful possession of the soil thus trans-

rerred, and these persons very naturally objected to have themselves and their possessions signed away without one word of consent or note of approbation. Hence began the rebellion led by Louis Riel, who, with his followers, seized Fort Garry, with all its stores of arms, guns, provisions, dominated the adjacent village of Winnipeg, and established what was called a Provisional Government. The rebels went steadily from violence to pillage, from pillage to robbery, much supplemented by drunkenness and dictatorial debauchery; and, finally, on March 4, 1870, committed their crowning outrage when, with many accessories of cruelty, they shot to death a loyalist Canadian prisoner they had taken, named Thomas Scott.

When, at the beginning of April 1870, news came of the projected dispatch of an armed force from Canada against Louis Riel and his malcontent followers at the Red River, there was one who hailed in the approaching expedition the chance of a solution to the difficulties which had beset him in his career. That one was myself. Going to the nearest telegraph station, I sent a message to the leader: 'Please remember me.' I sailed at once for Canada, visited Toronto, Quebec and Montreal, interviewed many personages, and finally received instructions on June 12 from those in authority to proceed west.

THE expedition had started some time before for its true base of operations, Fort William, on the north-west shore of Lake Superior. It was to work its way from Lake Superior to the Red River through British territory. My instructions were to pass round by the United States and, after ascertaining the likelihood of a Fenian intervention from the side of Minnesota and Dakota, to arrange for supplies for the expeditionary force from St. Paul; then to endeavour to reach Colonel Wolseley beyond the Red River, with all the tidings I could gather as to the state of parties and the chances of fight.

At St. Paul my position was not at all a pleasant one. My identity as a British officer became known, and to escape unnecessary attention I paid a flying visit to Lake Superior and then pushed on to Fort Abercrombie. I could find no evidence at either place that there was a possibility at Vermilion Lakes, eighty miles north of the latter place, of any filibusters making a dash at the communications of the expeditionary force.

SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER, British soldier and author, was born at Suirville, Tipperary, October 31, 1838, of Irish parentage. He entered the army in 1858, and saw service in the Red River expedition in Canada, 1870–71, the Ashanti War, 1873–74, and the Sudan Campaign, 1884–85. He was in command of the British forces in South Africa in 1898–99, but, holding that war with the Boers could be avoided, he resigned in July 1899, and was appointed to the command of the western district, which he held until his retirement in 1905. In 1877 he married Miss Elizabeth Thompson, famous as a painter of battle pictures. He died at Bansha Castle, Tipperary, June 7, 1910.

Afterwards, at Frog's Point on the Red River, I joined the steamer *International*, which took me down to a promontory within a couple of hundred yards of the junction of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, where, with the connivance of the captain, I jumped ashore and escaped Riel's scouts, who had heard of my coming, and had been ordered by their leader to bring me into Fort Garry, 'dead or alive.' After a pursuit of several hours in the dark, in which I had a narrow 'shave' of being captured, I reached the lower fort, occupied by loyalists, and thence passed on next day to an Indian settlement. This was on July 23.

Riel, learning where I was, sent a messenger to say that the pursuit of me had all been a mistake, and that I might safely come to Fort Garry. I was anxious to see the position of affairs at the fort, and I repaired thither, passing without challenge a sentry who was leaning lazily

against a wall. There were two flag-staffs; one flew a Union Jack in shreds and tatters, and the other a bit of bunting with a *fleur-de-lys* and a shamrock on a white field. I was conducted to a house and asked if I wished to see Mr. Riel.

"To call upon him?"

"Yes."

"Certainly not!"

"But if he calls upon you?"

"Then I will see him."

A door opened and there entered a short, stout man with a large head; a sallow, puffy face; a sharp, restless, intelligent eye; his square-cut, massive forehead overhung by a mass of long and thickly clustering hair, and marked with well-cut eyebrows—altogether a remarkable-looking face. This was Louis Riel. He was dressed in a curious mixture of clothing—a black frock coat, vest, trousers and Indian moccasins.

In the course of the interview he denied he was making preparation to resist the approaching British expeditionary force. Everything he had done had been for the sake of peace and to prevent bloodshed; but if the expedition tried to put him out of his position, they would find they could not do it, and he would keep what was his till a proper governor arrived!

Eventually he said: "Had I been your enemy, you would have known it before. I heard you would not visit me, and although I felt humiliated, I came to see you to show my pacific inclinations."

II—The Expedition in the Wilderness

An hour later I left the fort, hastened to my old quarters at the Indian settlement, and started by canoe to seek the coming expedition. We paddled down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, crossing which we entered the mouth of the Winnipeg River and came to Fort Alexandra, a mile up stream.

This river has an immense volume of water. It descends 360 feet in a distance of 160 miles by a series of terraces; it is full of eddies and whirlpools; has every variety of waterfall, from chutes to cataracts; it expands into lonely pine-cliffed lakes and far-reaching island-studded bays. My Ojibway crew with infinite skill accomplished the voyage up stream, surmounting falls and cataracts by making twenty-seven portages in five days from leaving Fort Alexandra, during which we had only encountered two solitary Indians. It was on the evening of July 30 that we reached the Lake of the Woods. Through a perfect maze of islands we steered across this wonderfully beautiful sheet of water to the mouth of the Rainy River, up which we paddled to Fort Francis, where we arrived on August 4, and heard, for the first time, news of the expeditionary force.

We were now 400 miles from Fort Garry, and 180 miles beyond the spot where I had counted upon falling in with them. Next morning we paddled up to the foot of a rapid which the river makes as it flows out of the Rainy Lake. Glancing along the broad waters of the lake the glint of something strange caught my sight. Yes, there they were! Coming with the full swing of eight paddles, swept a large North-west canoe, its Iroquois paddlers timing their strokes to an old French chant.

We put into the rocky shore and, mounting upon a crag which guarded the head of the rapid, I waved to the leading canoe as it swept along. In the centre sat a man in uniform, with a forage-cap on his head, and I could see that he was scanning through a field-glass the strange figure that waved a welcome from the rock.

Soon they entered the rapid, and at the foot, where I joined the large canoe, Colonel Wolseley called out: "Where on earth have you dropped from?"

"From Fort Garry," said I; "twelve days out, sir."

The force consisted of 400 of the 60th Rifles, soldiers whose muscles and sinews, taxed and tested by continuous toil, had been developed to a pitch of excellence seldom equalled, and whose appearance and physique told of the glorious climate of these northern solitudes. There were also two regiments of Canadian militia, who had undergone the same hardships.

The expedition camped on August 23 within six miles of Fort Garry. All through the day I was scouring the woods, but found no Riel to dispute the passage.

Next morning the troops began to disembark from the boats for the final advance to Fort Garry at a bend in the Red River named Port Douglas, two miles from the fort. Preceded by skirmishers, and followed by a rear-guard, the little force drew near Fort Garry. There was no sign of occupation; no flag on the flagstaff, no men upon the walls, no sign of resistance visible. The gate facing the Assiniboine River was open, and two mounted men entered the fort at a gallop. On the top steps stood a tall, majestic-looking man—an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, who alternately welcomed with uplifted hat the new arrivals and denounced in no stinted terms one or two miserable-looking men who cowered beneath his reproaches.

With insult and derision Riel and his colleagues had fled from the scene of their triumph and their crimes. On the bare flagstaff in the fort the Union Jack was once more hoisted, and from the battery found in the square a royal salute of twenty-one guns told settler and savage that the man who had been 'elevated by the grace of Providence and the suffrages of his fellow citizens to the highest position in the government of his country,' had been ignominiously expelled therefrom. The breakfast in Government House was found untouched and thus that tempest in the tea-cup revolt of Red River found a fitting conclusion in the president's untasted tea!

Colonel Wolseley had been given no civil authority and a wild scene of drunkenness and debauchery among the *voyageurs* and Indians followed the arrival of his troops; but when the Hon. Mr. Archibald, the Civil Governor, reached Winnipeg, he set matters completely to rest. Before ten days elapsed the regular troops commenced their return journey to Canada. On September 10, Colonel Wolseley also took his leave, and I was left alone in Fort Garry. My long journey seemed finished; but I was mistaken, for it was only about to begin.

III—In the Far North-West

EARLY in the second week of October the Hon. Mr. Archibald, lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, offered me, and I accepted, a mission to the Saskatchewan Valley and through the Indian countries of the West, and on the 24th of that month I quitted Fort Garry and commenced my long journey. My instructions were to inquire into the state of affairs in the territory; to obtain every particular in connexion with the rise and spread of the scourge of smallpox, from which thousands of Indians, Esquimaux and others had lately perished; to distribute medicines suitable for its treatment to every fort, post, clergyman, or intelligent person belonging to the settlements, or outside the Hudson Bay Company's posts.

I made the first stage of 230 miles in five days to Fort Ellice, where we stayed a couple of days to make preparations for the winter journey into the Great Lone Land. It was near the close of the Indian summer, and we travelled at the rate of fifty miles a day, I riding my little game horse Blackie, while the Red River cart, containing the baggage and medicines, was drawn by six horses—three in the shafts for a spell, the other three running free alongside.

Between Fort Ellice and Carlton Fort you pass through the region of the Touchwood Hills, around which are immense plains scored with the tracks of the countless buffaloes which, until a few years ago, roamed in vast herds between the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine.

On November 7 we emerged upon a hill plateau, and 300 feet below was raging the mighty South Saskatchewan, with great masses of floating, grinding ice. We contrived a raft made from the box of the waggon, but we could not accomplish the passage in it. Later on, hard frost having set in, we were able to cross the river on foot, and when half a dozen of the twenty miles to Carlton Fort had been covered we met a party from it, including the officer in charge. The first question was, "What of the plague?" And the answer was that it had burnt itself out.

On November 14, we set out again on our western journey and crossed the North Saskatchewan. On account of the snow we had discarded our cart and used sleds.

Travelling over hill and dale and frozen lake, we lost the way in the wilderness, but, taking a line by myself, steering by the stars, I came on November 17 to Fort Pitt, after having been fifteen hours on end in the saddle.

Fort Pitt was free of smallpox, but 100 Crees had perished close around its stockades. The unburied dead lay for days, until the wolves came and fought over the decaying bodies. The living remnant had fled in despair six weeks before my arrival.

When we renewed our journey on November 20, the weather became comparatively mild, and our course lay through rich, well-watered valleys with groves of spruce and pine. Edmonton, which we reached on November 26, is the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company's Saskatchewan trade.

My objective after leaving Edmonton on December 1 was Rocky Mountain House, 180 miles distant by horse trail. Our way led over hills and plains and the great frozen Gull Lake to the Pas-co-pee, or Blind Man's River, where we camped on December 3.

Next morning we rode through the defiles of the Three Medicine Hills, and after midday, at the western termination of the last gorge, there lay before me a sight to be long remembered.

An immense plain stretched from my feet to the mountains—a plain so vast that every object of hill and wood and lake lay dwarfed into one continuous level. And at the back of this level, beyond the pines and lakes and the river courses, rose the giant range, solid, impassable, silent—a mighty barrier rising amidst an immense land, standing sentinel over the plains and prairies of America, over the measureless solitudes of this Great Lone Land.

Riding through the foot-hills and pine woods we suddenly emerged on the high banks of the Saskatchewan, and in the mid-distance of a deep valley was the Mountain House. My journey from the Red River had occupied 41 days, and I had ridden in that time 1,180 miles.

IV—On the Dog Trail to Fort Garry

I SAID good-bye to my friends at the Mountain House on December 12 and once more turned my footsteps eastwards. Without incident we reached Edmonton, and there changed horses and travelled thenceforth, setting out on December 20, with three trains of dogs—one to carry myself, and the others to carry provisions and baggage. In fifty days of dog travel we covered a distance of 1,300 miles, with the cold sometimes 45 degrees below zero. Great as were the hardships and privations, the dog trail had many moments of keen pleasure. It was January 19 when we reached the high ground which looks down upon the forks of the Saskatchewan River.

We now entered the great sub-Arctic pine forest, the most important preserve of those animals whose skins are rated in the markets of Europe at four times their weight in gold. On January 22, 1871, we reached Fort-à-la-Corne, where an old travel-worn Indian came with a mail which contained news of the surrender of Metz, the investment of Paris, the tearing up of the Treaty of Paris by the Russians; and on being questioned the old man said he had heard that there was war, and that England was gaining the day!

To cross with celerity the 700 miles lying between me and Fort Garry became the chief object of my life. The next morning, with the lightest of equipment, I started for Cumberland House, the oldest post of the Hudson Bay Company in the interior. There I obtained, at fabulous expense, a train of pure Esquimaux dogs, and started on January 31 through a region of frozen swamp for fully 100 miles.

On February 7 we reached Cedar Lake, thence sped on to Lake Winnipegoosis and Shoal Lake, across a belt of forest to Waterhen River, which carries the surplus floods of Lake Winnipegoosis to Lake Manitoba, the whole length of which we traversed, camping at night on the wooded shore, and on February 19 arrived at a mission-house fifty miles from Fort Garry.

My mission was accomplished; but in the after-time, 'midst the smoke and hum of cities, 'midst the prayer of churches, it needs but little cause to recall again to the wanderer the message of the immense meadows where far away at the portals of the setting sun lies the Great Lone Land.

APHRA BEHN

OROONOKO THE ROYAL SLAVE

IN her introduction to Oroonoko, published posthumously in 1698, Mrs. Aphra Behn states that her story is founded on facts, of many of which she was an eye-witness during her stay in Dutch Guiana. For making use of incidents of real life in the service of fiction at a time when heroic romance was at the height of its vogue, she deserves much credit, sharing in the attempt to bring romance into closer relation with contemporary life. In this novel Mrs. Behn is one of the early precursors of the Romantic Revival, for the story belongs to a class of romance that flourished almost a century later when Rousseau had given popularity to the philosophical ideas that underlie it. Besides Oroonoko Mrs. Behn wrote numerous short tales or novelettes, one of the most notable being The Fair Jilt, also published in 1698, and she was the author of numerous plays, marred by the coarseness that was a note of the time, but showing great ingenuity in construction and charged with wit and vivacity. Oroonoko is published by Routledge.

I—The Stolen Bride

I DO not pretend to entertain the reader with a feigned hero, whose adventures I can manage according to my fancy. Of many of the events here set down I was an eye-witness, and what I did not see myself, I learnt from the mouth of Oroonoko. When I made his acquaintance I was living in that part of our South American colony called Surinam, which we lately ceded to the Dutch—a great mistake, I think, for the land was fertile and the natives were friendly, and many Englishmen had set up sugar plantations, which they worked by means of negroes. Most of these slaves came from that part of Africa known as Coromantien. The Coromantiens, being very warlike, were continually fighting other nations, and they always had many captives ready to be sold as slaves to our planters.

The king of Coromantien was a hundred years of age. All his sons had fallen in battle, and only one of them had left behind him an heir. Oroonoko, as the young prince was called, was a very intelligent and handsome negro, and as his grandfather engaged a Frenchman of wit and learning to teach him, he received an education better than that of many European princes. This I can speak of from my own knowledge, as I have often conversed with him. He had a great admiration for the ancient Romans; and in everything but the colour of his skin he reminded me of those heroes of antiquity.

His nose was finely curved, and his lips, too, were well shaped, instead of being thick as those of most Africans are. As the king of Coromantien, by reason of his great age, was unable to bear arms, he entrusted his chief headman with the duty of training Oroonoko in the arts of war. For two years the young prince was away fighting with a powerful inland nation; the chief headman was killed in a fierce battle, and Oroonoko succeeded him in the command of the army. He was then only seventeen years of age, but he quickly brought the long war to a successful conclusion, and returned home with a multitude of captives. The greater part of these he gave to his grandfather, and the rest he took to Imoinda, the daughter and only child of the chief headman, as trophies of her father's victories.

Imoinda was a marvellously beautiful girl; her features, like those of Oroonoko, were regular and noble, and more European than African. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides, and the young prince presented the lovely maiden with a hundred and fifty slaves, and returned home in a fever of passion. It was necessary for him to obtain his grandfather's consent to his marriage, but for some days he was so perplexed by the flood of strange feelings surging in his heart that he remained silent and moody.

His followers, however, were loud in their praises of Imoinda. They extolled her ravishing charms even in the presence of the old king, so that nothing else was talked of but Imoinda. Oroonoko's love rapidly became too strong for him to control, and one night he went secretly to the house of his beloved, and wooed her with such fervency of soul that even she was astonished by it. It was the savage custom of his country for a king to have a hundred wives, as his grandfather had; but Oroonoko was an enlightened man.

"Never, Imoinda," he cried, "shall you have a rival. You are the only woman I shall love, the only woman I shall marry. Come, my darling, and let us try and raise our people up by our example."

Imoinda was naturally overjoyed to become the wife of so noble and cultivated a prince, and she waited the next morning in a state of delicious excitement for Oroonoko to return and claim her as his bride. But, to her dismay and horror, four headmen with their servants came at daybreak to her house with a royal veil. This is a rudely embroidered cloth which the king of Coromantien sends to any lady whom he has a mind to make his wife. After she is covered with it, the maid is secured for the king's harem, and it is death to disobey the royal summons.

Trembling and almost fainting, Imoinda was compelled to suffer herself to be covered and led away to the old king. His imagination had been excited by the wild way in which the followers of his grandson had praised the beauty of the maiden, and, carried away by unnatural jealousy, he had resolved, in a fit of madness, to possess her at all costs. In spite of all he had heard, he was amazed by her loveliness. Rising up from his throne, he came towards her with outstretched arms.

"I AM already married," she cried, bursting into tears and throwing herself at his feet. "Do not dishonour me! Let me return to my own house."

"Who has dared to marry the daughter of my chief headman without my consent?" said the old king, his eyes rolling in anger. "Whoever he is, he shall die at once."

Imoinda began to fear for Oroonoko, and tried to undo the effect of her words.

"He—he is not exactly my husband yet," she stammered. "But, oh, I love him! I love him! And I have promised to marry him."

"That's nothing," said the king, his eyes now lighting up with pleasure. "You must be my wife."

In the afternoon, Oroonoko, who had gone in search of Imoinda, returned. Having heard that she had received the royal veil, he came in so violent a rage that his men had great trouble to save him from killing himself.

"What can I do?" he cried desperately. "Even if I slew my grandfather, I could not now make Imoinda my wife."

II—A White Man's Treachery

BY the custom of the country, it would have been so great a crime to marry a woman whom his grandfather had taken that Oroonoko's people would probably have risen up against him. But one of his men pointed out that, as Imoinda was his lawful wife by solemn contract, he was really the injured man and might, if he would, take her back—the breach of the law being on his grandfather's side. Thereupon, the young prince resolved to recover her, and in the night he entered the otan, or royal harem, by a secret passage and made his way to the apartment of Imoinda.

Had he found the old king there, he no doubt would have killed him; but, happily, the lovely maid was alone, and quietly sleeping in her bed. He softly awakened her, and she trembled with joy and fear at his boldness. But they had not been long together when a sudden noise was heard and a band of armed men burst into the room.

"Back!" shouted the young prince lifting his battle-axe. "Back, all of you! Do you not know Oroonoko?"

"Yes," said one of the men. "The king has sent us to take you, dead or alive."

But when Oroonoko attacked them, they allowed him to fight his way out of the otan, but tore the maid from his arms and

took her to the king. The old man was blind with rage and, seizing a spear, he staggered to his feet, determined to kill her by his own hand. But Imoinda was in no mood to die. She knew that her lover had fled to his camp and intended to return at the head of a large army and rescue her by main force. If she could only calm the anger of the old king for a few days, all would be well. So, with the guile of a woman, she flung herself at the king's feet, protesting in a flood of tears that Oroonoko had broken into her room and taken her by force.

"Very well," said the old king, with a cruel look in his eyes, "I will forgive you. Having received the royal veil, you cannot marry my grandson. On the other hand, since he has entered your room, you cannot remain any longer in the otan. You must be sent out of the country."

And early the next morning some of his servants were commanded to dress her so that she could not be recognized, and then she was carried down to the shore and sold to the captain of a slave-ship.

The king did not dare to tell his grandson that he had sold Imoinda as a slave, for the Coromantiens justly reckon slavery as something worse than death; so he sent a messenger to say that she was dead. At first, Oroonoko was minded to attack his grandfather, but better feelings prevailed; and he led his army against a hostile nation, resolved to perish on the battlefield. So desperate was his courage that he defeated his far more numerous foes, and took a great multitude of them captives. Many of these he sold to the captain of a slave-ship, then lying off Coromantien. When the bargain was concluded, the captain invited the prince and all his attendants to a banquet on board his ship, and so plied them with wine that, being unaccustomed to drink of this sort, they were overcome by it.

When Oroonoko recovered his senses, he found himself chained up in a dark room, and all his men were groaning in fetters around him. The cunning slave-dealer had got out of paying for his cargo of slaves, and increased their number by carrying off the young prince and his companions. This was how I came to meet

APHRA BEHN was born at Wye, Kent, July 10, 1640, daughter of John Johnson, a barber. As a child she was taken out to Surinam, then an English possession, returning to England in 1658, when the colony was handed over to the Dutch. On her return she married Mr. Behn, a London merchant of Dutch extraction. Her wit and abilities brought her into high estimation at court, and after her husband's death in 1666 she was employed by the English government on secret service in the Netherlands during the Dutch War. Mrs. Behn died April 16, 1689, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

Oroonoko. The unscrupulous slave-dealer brought him to Surinam, and sold him and seventeen of his followers to our overseer, a young Cornishman named Trefry.

Trefry, a man of great wit and fine learning, was attracted by the noble bearing of Oroonoko, and treated him more as a friend than as a servant. And when, to his great astonishment, he found that the young prince was his equal in scholarship, and could converse with him in English, French and Spanish, he asked him how it was he had become a slave. Oroonoko then related the story of the slave-dealer's treachery, and Trefry was so moved by it that he promised to find the means to free him from slavery and enable him to return to Coromantien.

When Oroonoko arrived at our plantation, all our negroes left off work and came to see him. When they saw that he was really the great prince of Coromantien, who had conquered them in battle and sold them into slavery, they cast themselves at his feet, crying out in their own language: "Live, O king! Long live, O king!" They kissed his feet and paid him divine homage—for such is the nature of this people that, instead of bear-

ing him any grudge for selling them into captivity, they were filled with awe and veneration for him.

Mr. Trefry was glad to find Oroonoko's statement of his royal rank confirmed by the adoration of all the slaves.

"There's one girl," he said, "who did not come to greet you. I am sure you will be delighted to find you have so beautiful a subject. If it is possible for anyone to console you for the loss of Imoinda, she will do so. To tell you the truth, I've been in love with her myself, but I found that I could not win her."

"I do not want to see her," said Oroonoko. "If I go back to Coromantien, I will not take any woman with me. I vowed to Imoinda that I would never have any wife but her, and, though she is dead, I shall keep my vow."

The next morning Trefry took Oroonoko for a walk, and by design brought him to the house of the beautiful slave.

"Clemene," he said, "did you not hear that one of the princes of your people arrived in Surinam yesterday? However you may fly from all white men, you surely ought to pay some respect to him."

Oroonoko started when a girl came out, with her head bowed down as if she had resolved never to raise her eyes again to the face of a man.

"Imoinda! Imoinda!" Oroonoko cried after a moment's silence. "Imoinda!"

It was she. She looked up at the sound of his voice, and then tottered and fell down in a swoon, and Oroonoko caught her in his arms. By degrees she came to herself; and it is needless to tell with what transport, what ecstasies of joy, the lovers beheld each other. Mr. Trefry was infinitely pleased by this happy conclusion of the prince's misadventures; and, leaving the lovers to themselves, he came to Parham House, and gave me an account of all that had happened. In the afternoon, to the great joy of all the negroes, Oroonoko and Imoinda were married. I was invited to the wedding, and I assured Oroonoko that he and his wife would be set free as soon as the lord-governor of the colony returned to Surinam.

III—The Taint of Slavery

UNHAPPILY, the lord-governor was delayed for some months in the islands and Oroonoko became impatient. After the trick played upon him by the captain of the slave-ship, he had become exceedingly suspicious of the honesty and good faith of white men. He was afraid that the overseer would keep him and his wife until their child was born, and make a slave of it. At last, he grew so moody and sullen that many persons feared that he would incite the negroes to a mutiny. In order to soothe the prince, I invited him and Imoinda to stay at my house, where I entertained them to the best of my ability.

"Surely," I said to him, "you do not suspect that we will break our word with you? Only wait patiently, my friend, till the lord-governor arrives, and you will be permitted to return to your own kingdom."

"You do not understand," Oroonoko replied. "I am angry with myself for remaining so long a slave What! Do you white people think that I, the king of Coromantien, can be treated like the captives that I have taken in war and sold to you? Had it not been for Imoinda, I would long since have been free or dead."

Unfortunately, both for me and Oroonoko, my father, who had been appointed lieutenant-general of the West Indies and Guiana, died at sea on his way to Surinam, and the new lord-governor was long in arriving. In the meantime, a child was born to Imoinda, and all the negroes, to the number of 300, came together to celebrate the event. Oroonoko, beside himself with anger, because his child had been born into slavery, made an harangue to the assembled multitude.

"Why should we be slaves to these white men?" he cried. "Have they conquered us nobly in battle? Are we become their captives by the chance of war? No! We have been bought and sold, like monkeys or cattle, to a set of cowards and rogues who have been driven out of their own country by reason of their villainy! Shall we let vile creatures such as these flog us and bruise us as they please?"

"No, no!" shouted the negroes. "Be our king, Oroonoko, and make us a free nation!"

Thereupon he commanded them to seize what arms they could, and tie up everything they wanted in their hammocks, and march out, with their wives and children. The next morning, when the overseers went to call their slaves up to work, they found they had fled.

By noon, 600 militiamen set out in search of the fugitives. The negroes were forced to travel slowly by reason of their women and children ; and at the end of two days, the militiamen overtook and surrounded them. In the battle that ensued, several Englishmen were killed and a great many wounded ; but as they outnumbered the negroes, and were much better armed, they defeated them. Even then Oroonoko would not surrender. But the lord-governor parleyed with him, and promised that he would give him and his wife and child a free passage to Coromantien in the first ship that touched on the coast.

On this, Oroonoko surrendered. But, to his horror and surprise, he was taken back to Surinam, and tied to a stake at the whipping-place, and lashed until the very flesh was torn from his bones. His captors then bound him in chains, and cast him into a prison. From this, however, he was at last rescued by Mr. Trefry. But the shame and the torture had unhinged his fine mind. He led Imoinda and his child into a forest, and asked his wife whether she would prefer to remain the slave of the white devils, or die at once by his hand. Imoinda begged him rather to kill her, and Oroonoko did so. But the prince determined to die fighting. He turned back from the forest, fiercely resolved to slay the lord-governor ; but, falling into the hands of the militiamen, he was killed in a very horrible manner.

I can only say that this negro was the noblest and gentlest man I ever met. It needs more genius than I possess to praise him as he deserves ; yet I hope the reputation of my pen is considerable enough to make his name survive to all ages, with that of the beautiful, brave and constant Imoinda.

Comfortable Thoughts for Life's Eventide

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

CONCERNING OLD AGE

Abridged by A. D. Innes from the Latin

LIKE his Laelius, or treatise Concerning Friendship (see page 274), Cicero produced his Cato Major, or De Senectute, a philosophical treatise Concerning Old Age, in the last year of his life when, after the murder of Caesar, he tried to find in philosophy some compensation for his disillusionment and disappointment in politics. Cast in the form of a dialogue in which Cato addresses Scipio and Laelius, the essay embodies an idea drawn from Aristo of Chios, and the materials are largely derived from Xenophon and Plato. Although the essay contains nothing which even at the period when it was written was either very new or very profound, it still makes excellent reading and throws a very pleasant light upon the character of the great orator of ancient Rome.

SCIPIO: I have often admired your consummate wisdom, O Cato. It is shown in many ways, but in none more perfectly than in the singular ease and cheerfulness with which you bear the weight of years.

CATO : There is really nothing to wonder at in that. Those who have no interior source of happiness are afflicted by miseries at every stage of their life ; but nothing that is in the course of nature is troublesome to the man who seeks his felicity within himself. It is usual for men to complain, at this season of life, that old age has stolen upon them before they had expected it ; but they would feel its burden as heavily if they had hundreds of years in which to prepare it. As for the wisdom of which you speak, if I have any, it is no more than this—that I follow nature as

the surest guide, and resign myself, with implicit obedience, to all her sacred ordinances.

Laelius: Will you not then tell us how we ought to prepare for our declining years? For Scipio and I must grow old, too.

Cato: Willingly. It is certain that the true grievance, when there is one, lies in the man, and not in the age. Those whose desires are properly regulated, and who have nothing morose or petulant in their temper and manners, will find old age a very tolerable state indeed; but unsubdued passions and a froward disposition will embitter this, as they embitter every other stage of life. Therefore cultivate, throughout your life, the virtues; and you will find that they yield an astonishing harvest for your latest years, besides the pleasures of memory.

When I was a lad I conceived a strong affection for Quintus Maximus, the veteran who recovered Tarentum. He had a noble, courteous dignity which age never impaired. You know what splendid service he did in politics and in the field, but I can assure you he appeared even greater in his private life. How rich was his conversation! How profound his knowledge of history! How skilled he was in the laws of augury! Well, it would be simply monstrous to suppose that the old man was not happy. A quiet, upright, cultivated life may also have a serene old age, as was the case of Plato, and again of Isocrates, and of Gorgias, who lived a hundred and seven years, and said, "I have no complaint to bring against old age."

The Disadvantages of Old Age

When I consider the various disadvantages which old age is generally supposed to bring with it, I find that they may all be reduced to four general charges. The first is that it incapacitates a man for taking part in the affairs of the world. The second, that it produces bodily infirmities. Thirdly, it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. And, lastly, it brings him to the threshold of death. Let us examine these in order.

Old age disqualifies us from taking an active part in affairs. Certainly, in so far as the strength and vivacity of youth are required; but yet there are public services which can be rendered only in advanced life. Was Quintus Maximus idle in old age? Is the pilot useless in the ship because, while the crew are running about and sweating at their tasks, the old man sits quietly at the helm? Why is our supreme council called the senate, or why is the highest magistracy of the Lacedaemonians called the Elders, but because age qualifies a man for public affairs, and not disqualifies him? You will find many an instance in history of a flourishing community well-nigh ruined by young and impetuous politicians, and then restored by the more sober administration of the aged.

It is often said that old age impairs the memory; and so doubtless it does in those who have not exercised their faculty. I have not found it so, and I never heard of any aged person who forgot where he had concealed his treasure.

Mental powers become blunted chiefly when they are disused. Sophocles wrote tragedies in extreme old age, and I could give many similar instances. Among my friends in the country there are several of great age who are so keenly interested in farming that they never let any important operation be carried out without being themselves present to superintend it.

Examples might be given of men who have applied themselves at an advanced period of life to an art or science of which they had no previous knowledge. Solon used to say that he learnt something new every day. Old as I am, it is only lately that I took up the study of Greek, and you will remember that Socrates learnt to play the lyre when he was past middle life.

Compensations for Failing Powers

The second complaint is that old age impairs our strength, and this, it must be acknowledged, is true enough. But for my part, I no more regret the vigour of my youth than I regretted then that I had not the strength of a bull or of an elephant. It is enough if we exert with spirit, on every proper occasion, the degree of strength which still remains with us.

It is said that Milo of Croton, watching athletes in the public arena, burst into tears because his muscles were wasted

and impotent. The frivolous old man should have deplored the weakness rather of his mind than of his body, and that he had made his reputation by merely animal feats and not by the nobler excellences of man.

It is true that oratorical power is enfeebled by age; yet there is a certain melody of utterance which is not impaired by years. There is a calm and composed delivery that is exceedingly gracious, and I have often seen an eloquent old man captivating an audience. But even when he can no longer speak in public, the aged orator may form young men of genius to a manly eloquence.

After all, however, weakness of body is more often the result of dissipations than of long life. If a man be temperate, the decay of his strength will be gentle and not intolerable. Mine has remained sufficient for my duties in the senate and in public assemblies, and for the service of my friends. I am not as strong as you young men; but neither are you as strong as Pontius the athlete, yet you do not think him a more valuable man on that account. Nature leads us almost insensibly through the different seasons of human life.

Then, too, we must combat the infirmities of old age as we resist the onset of a disease. We have to attend somewhat to our health, take moderate exercise, and be somewhat abstemious; we have to take care not to let our minds fall into sloth, dullness and dotage. Believe me, dotage is not a weakness incidental to old age, but is the nemesis of frivolous days spent in idleness and folly. Age is truly worthy of respect in the man who guards himself from becoming the property of others, vindicates his just rights and maintains his authority to his dying day.

Just as I like to see a young man touched a little with the gravity of age, I am pleased with any youthful quality that I find in the old. That is why I am working at the seventh book of my Origins, revising all my old speeches, and writing a treatise on the augural, pontifical and civil law. To practise my memory, I run over, every evening, all that I have done, said and heard during the day. I still plead for my friends in the courts, and make mature speeches in the senate. And even if I could not do these things I would lie on my couch at home and meditate on them. Thus the candle burns down to the last flicker and is not prematurely extinguished.

Pleasures Proper to the Evening of Life

We come to the third disadvantage. Old age is without pleasures. Oh, what an admirable advantage, that we should at length be free from these temptations!

I have never forgotten the sayings of the wise Archytas of Tarentum on this point. He said that no more deadly pestilence had been inflicted on man than these physical pleasures; that their insatiable appetite was the source of political treachery and of civil catastrophes; and that there was no crime to which sensual passions do not lead. He said that while reason was the noblest property of man, sensuality was reason's most fatal enemy. He said that there was nothing so detestable as sensuality, because in proportion as it increased it extinguished the light of the soul. It is from these dangers that old age delivers us, and very grateful we ought to be to old age.

But an old man need not be without his convivial pleasures. I have always been a member of clubs, and have enjoyed their festivities rather because of the conversation of my friends than for the pleasure of banqueting. I like to have a few of my neighbours every evening, when I am in the country, and we generally keep up the conversation to a very late hour.

But old men are not, like the young, nervously sensitive to pleasure. Although the spectator in the front row of the stalls enters more keenly into the acting, yet another, sitting away at the back, enjoys it too in his way; and though youth has a closer view of pleasure, old age, more detached from it, gets quite as much pleasure as it desires.

I do not know any part of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. When I think of many learned and studious old men who have carried on their literary and scientific labours through calm and happy years to the very end of life, I wonder that the gaiety of the theatre, the luxury of

feasts, or the caresses of a mistress, can be compared for pleasure with these serene delights!

The occupations of the country, too, are open even to the oldest; they seem to me to be particularly suited to the wise man, and delight me more than I can say. The work of the vineyard, the woodlands, arable ground and pastures, orchards, kitchen garden and flower garden, the feeding of cattle and tending of bees, the operations of grafting, are pleasure enough for me. There is not a more delightful scene than that of a well-cultivated farm.

But remember, I am praising only that old age which has been built on the foundations of a well-spent life. That is no true old age which deserves not reverence; but where that reverence exists, what bodily advantages can be compared with the rewards which it brings? Those who deserve and attain it seem to me to have consummated the drama of life.

The Approach of Death

But there remains a fourth reason why men are often filled with anxiety at the approach of old age. Death is coming nearer and nearer.

Quite true; but the man is unhappy indeed who has not learnt in all his many years that there is nothing to be afraid of in death. If it means extinction, it is not worth troubling about; if, on the other hand, it means a transition to immortality, then it is only to be desired. Again, death is as common to other periods of life as it is to old age, and there is no young man who can promise himself that he shall live until sunset. Again, though the young may only hope for long life, the old have already possessed it, and if long life be an advantage, the advantage is with the old.

But who are we, to speak of long life? A wise and good man will be content with the allotted measure, remembering that an actor may be equally approved though his part runs not to the end of the play; it is enough that he support the character assigned him with dignity. A very short time is quite enough for the purposes of honour and virtue. But as youth is the time of flower, so old age is the harvest of the fruit, the autumnal season which the wise will welcome and not lament.

Every event that is agreeable to nature is a real good, and nothing is more natural than for an old man to die. The fire goes out because the fuel is all burnt away. The aged should reasonably be indifferent to the continuance of their existence, and so attain a fortitude unknown to earlier years. Death is a change which we must undergo, perhaps at this very moment; and we can only secure an undisturbed repose and serenity of mind by heartily accepting it.

Youth does not regret the toys of infancy nor manhood the amusements of youth, nor does old age regret the occupations of manhood. It has its own appropriate interests, and these, too, become in their turn languid and insipid. And when relish of it has wholly gone, then this present life goes, too.

The World but a Temporary Abode

The nearer death comes to me, the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature. I believe that your great fathers have not ceased to live, but that the state which they now enjoy is the only one that can truly be called life. The native seat of the soul is in heaven; confined within this prison of a body she is doomed to a severe penance. But I am persuaded that the gods have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, in order that there may be a race of intelligent creatures to contemplate the host of heaven, and to imitate in their conduct the same beautiful order and harmony. I cannot believe that our ancestors would have so ardently endeavoured to deserve honourable remembrance if they had not been persuaded that they had a real interest in the verdict of future generations.

For my own part, I am transported with impatience to join the society of my departed friends, and to be with other mighty men of the past of whom I have read. To this glorious assembly I am quickly advancing; and if some divinity should offer me my life over again, I would utterly reject the offer. This world is a place which nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure, not as being driven from my home, but as leaving my inn.

PETER ROSEGGER

THE FOREST SCHOOLMASTER

IN Austria the 'dialect story' is a modern development. Its founder and most distinguished exponent, Peter Rosegger, published his first work, a volume of poems in Styrian dialect, in 1869. This volume, Zither und Hockbrett, immediately established his reputation, and was followed by many volumes of prose tales and sketches in dialect and in literary German. Rosegger's fertility of invention was remarkable and his fresh, natural style, sound judgement and fascinating descriptions of Alpine scenery and the life of the inhabitants brought him immense popularity throughout Austria and Germany. These characteristics are displayed to great advantage in Die Schriften das Waldschulmeisters (The Papers of the Forest Schoolmaster), which was published in 1875. Not only is it one of the most charming idylls that came from Rosegger's pen, but it exhibits rare delicacy of touch and a keen penetration into the mysteries of human life, while under all there is a strong current of romance. This epitome has been prepared from the German text.

I—The Schoolmaster's Diary

MIST and rain made it impossible for me to ascend the 'Grey Tooth' for some days after I had arrived at Winkelsteg, the highest village in the remotest valley, and I was temporarily lodged in the schoolhouse, which had been deserted since the schoolmaster, who—so I was told—had lived in this out of-the-way corner for fifty years, had disappeared last Christmas. The whole of next day the rain continued to beat against the window. There was nothing to be done, and I spent my time in arranging the scattered but numbered sheets of the vanished schoolmaster's manuscript, which I found littered in the drawer allotted to me for my scant belongings. And then I began to read that strange man's diary, the first page of which only bore the words, 'The Papers of the Forest Schoolmaster.'

So I am at last settled in this wilderness. And I will write it all down, although I know not for whom. My father died when I was seven, and I was taken charge of by an itinerant umbrella-maker, who taught me his trade and on his death left me his stock of some two dozen umbrellas, which I took to the market. A heavy shower just at midday helped me to sell them rapidly, and I only retained one for my own protection and for that of an elegant gentleman who, unable to secure a carriage, made me accompany him to town to save him from getting drenched. He made me tell him all about myself, and offered to take me as apprentice in his bookshop.

He was a kind master. When he discovered that I was more interested in the contents of his books than in my work he secured me admission to a college. My friend Henry, a clothmaker's son, had procured me a post as teacher to Hermann, the son of the Baron von Schrankenheim. I was treated with every consideration in his house, and became deeply attached to my pupil's sister. Of course, the case was hopeless then; but in a few years, when I should have passed my examinations and taken my degree—who knows?

An indiscreet speech, which offended my teachers, made an end to all my dreams. I was ploughed, and I resolved at once to leave the town and to seek my fortune in the world. I first enlisted with Andreas Hofer to fight the French invaders, and was carried off a prisoner into France. Then only I learnt that the Tyrolese were rebels against their own emperor, that I had fought for a bad cause; and to atone for it I took service with the great Napoleon's army.

I was among those who escaped from the Russian disaster and in my enthusiasm for Napoleon, whom I regarded as the liberator of the peoples, fought for him against my own country. At Leipzig I shot Henry, my best friend, whom I only recog-

nized when in his agony he called me by my name.

Then only my eyes were opened. Failure had dogged my every step. A hermit's life in the wilderness was all that was left for me. This resolve I communicated to the Baron von Schrankenheim, who, after vain attempts to dissuade me from my purpose, spoke to me of this wilderness, his property, where I could do real good among the rough wood-cutters, poachers, shepherds and charcoal-burners, who, cut off from the rest of the world, eked out their existence without priest or doctor or schoolmaster. Winkelsteg was to be my hermitage ; and now I am here, a schoolmaster without a school.

Strange trades are carried on in this wilderness. These people literally dig their bread out of earth and stone and ant-heaps, scrape it off the trees, distil it out of uneatable fruit. There is the root-digger, whose booty of mountain avens is said to go to far Turkey to be turned into scent. He would long have given up digging, to live entirely on poaching, but for his hope to unearth some day treasure of gold and jewels.

One of these 'forest-devils' has just died. He never worked at all. His profession was eating. He went from village to village and from fair to fair, eating cloth and leather, nails, glass, stones, to the amazement of his audience. He died from eating a poisonous root given him by some unknown digger. His funeral oration was delivered by a pale, bent, quiet man, known as the Solitary, of whose life nobody can give one any information.

Then there is the pitch-boiler. You can smell him from afar, and see him glitter through the thicket. His pitch-oil is bought by the wood-cutter for his wounds, by the charcoal-burner for his burns, by the carter for his horse, by the brandy-distiller for his casks. It is a remedy for all ailments.

. . . . .

Black Matthias is dying in his miserable hut. His little boy and girl are playing around him, and his wife bids them be silent. "Let them shout," says Matthias ; "but try and keep down Lazarus' temper."

On his death-bed Matthias told me the story of his life—how he, a jolly, happy fellow, fell into the recruiting officers' trap, escaped from their clutches, was betrayed by his own village people, and flogged through the line, and how they rubbed vinegar and salt into his wounded back ; how he escaped from the battle-field and found refuge in this wilderness—a changed man, quarrelsome, with an uncontrollable temper, which led him into many a brawl. His life was now ebbing away fast, and he had good reason to fear that his uncontrollable temper would live in his son. Hence his exhortation to his wife. Black Matthias died a few hours after he had told me of his sad life.

And so I got to know them all and make friends with them all, especially with the children and with the shepherd lad Berthold and the poor milkmaid Aga. There was a wedding down at Heldenichlag, where they have a parish church, and dancing and merrymaking at the inn all night. Next morning Berthold went to the priest. He wanted to marry Aga, but the priest told him he was too young, too poor ; he could come back again in ten years ! The poor lad is left speechless. Sadly he leaves the room, but out in the open air his spirit returns. On the second day of the wedding feast there was no holding him. He was the wildest and merriest of the lot. In the afternoon we all returned to Winkelsteg.

II—The Church and Its Priest

I know I must begin with a church. And at last I have obtained the baron's consent. I have designed the plan myself—it must be large enough to hold all who are in need of comfort here, and bright and cheerful, for there is darkness enough in the forest. And the steeple must be slender like a finger pointing heavenwards. Three bells there must be to announce the Trinity of God in one Person, and to sing the song of faith, hope and love. And an organ there must be, but no pictures and gilding and show.

Autumn 1816. I have been taking a census. How very limited is their

range of names. They have no family names and only some half dozen Christian names! This must be altered. I must invent names for them, according to their occupation or dwelling or character: Sepp Woodcutter, Hiesel Springhutter and so forth. They like their new names; only Berthold gets angry and refuses to take a name. "A name for me? I want no name; I am nobody. The priest won't let me marry. Call me Berthold Misery, or call me Satan!"

May 1817. I have been ill—the result of being snowed up on the way home from a visit to a forester who had been wounded by a poacher. The danger is over now, but my eyes continue to suffer. To-day I was watching a spider in the thicket, when I saw Aga rushing towards me.

"Ah, it's you!" she cried; "You must help us. We want to live in honour and decency. The priest won't marry us. You can ask for our blessing."

The next moment Berthold had joined her, and they were kneeling before me. And I pronounced the words which I had no right to pronounce. I married them in the heart of the green forest.

St. James's Day 1817. Matthias's widow is in despair. Lazarus has disappeared. In a fit of temper he threw a stone at her, then gave a wild yell and rushed away. "It was a *small* stone, but there is a heavy stone upon my heart," laments the mother; "his running away is the biggest stone he could have thrown."

St. Catherine's Day 1817. Lazarus' sister found a letter pinned on to a stick on her father's grave, which she often visits. It was from her brother, and told them not to worry—he is 'in the school of the Cross.' They answered, imploring him to return, and fixed the note and a little cross on the tomb. It is still there, and has never been opened.

Summer 1818. The first Sunday in these forests! The church is finished, and the bells have summoned the people from the whole neighbourhood. The priest has come from Heldenichlag to dedicate the church, and the schoolmaster to play the organ.

December 1818. Lazarus is returned. He must have been through a miraculous school. He has completely lost his evil temper, but he refuses to speak clearly of his life during the past year, though he mumbles of a rock-cave, a good, dark man, of penance and of a crucifix. We have no priest. I have to look after the church, ring the bells, play the organ, sing and conduct prayer on Sundays.

Summer 1819. And now we have a priest—as strange and mysterious as the altar crucifix which I had taken to the church from the rock valley. On the last day of the hay-month I found 'the Solitary' reading mass on the highest step of the altar. I asked for an explanation, and he answered that he would tell me all next Saturday, at a desolate place he appointed in the forest.

THE Solitary has told me the whole sad story of his life. He was born in a palace, and had been rocked in a golden cradle. He had drained the cup of pleasure to the very dregs and then, prompted by his tutor, had joined a religious order, taken the binding vow and renounced his fortune to the order. Blind obedience was exacted from him by his order, and when he refused to betray a king's confession he was sent as missionary to India. After his return he became a zealot, exacting severe penance from sinners, and through his severity driving a man to suicide. In his remorse he, too, had sought refuge in this wilderness, where one day he found Lazarus, took him to his cave and taught him to tame his quick temper. A repentant sinner is the right sort of priest for us.

III—Change with Passing Years

WINTER 1830. For more than ten years I have neglected my diary, partly because I was no longer alone, but had a friend and companion in 'the Solitary,' partly because I was constantly busy with the building of the schoolhouse. Berthold has become a poacher. I have already had to intercede for him with the gamekeeper. Then, one winter's night, Forest Lily, his daughter, was sent out to

PETER ROSEGGER. Austrian poet and novelist, was born at Alpel, near Krieglach in Upper Styria, July 31, 1843, the son of a peasant. He worked as a farm hand until his seventeenth year, when he was apprenticed to a journeyman tailor. On his travels he spent his leisure time in educating himself, and soon wrote stories and verses. These were recognized as showing unusual talent by Dr. Svoboda, editor of the Graz Tagespost, who assisted the young author to study at the Graz Handelsakademie. In 1869 the provincial diet of Styria awarded Rosegger a travelling scholarship, and thenceforward he devoted himself entirely to literature, founding the monthly periodical Der Heimgarten in 1876. Rosegger died in June 1918.

beg some milk for the babies. Snow fell heavily, and she did not return. For three days they searched, and finally found her huddled-up with a whole herd of deer in a snow-covered thicket of dry branches—kept alive by the animals' warmth and the pot of milk she was taking home. When Berthold heard that the forest animals had saved his child, he smashed his gun against a rock, and shouted, "Never again! never again!"

Ascension Day 1835. A few days ago I had a letter from my former pupil, our present master. He was ill, tired of the world, and wanted to find peace and rest in the mountains. He remembered his old teacher, and asked me to be his guide. I went to meet him, and he behaved so strangely that I thought I was walking with a madman.

On the second day he seemed better. He wanted to ascend at once the highest peak, known as the 'Grey Tooth.' And as we passed the dark mountain lake, we saw a beautiful young woman bathing. She looked like a water-nymph. But when she saw us she disappeared under the water, and did not show herself again. Was she drowning herself from very modesty? I pulled her out of the water; we dressed her. Then fear gave her strength; she jumped up and ran away. It was my 'Forest Lily.'

Hermann no longer insisted on climbing the mountain. He came with me to Winkelsteg, remained there days, and made Berthold gamekeeper. Before he left he said to me, "She thought more of her miadenhood than of her life. I never knew there were such women. This is a new world for me—I, too, belong to the forest. I entrust her to you—teach her if she wants to learn, and take care of her. And keep the secret. If I can be cured, I shall return."

Summer 1837. It has come to pass. Schrankenheim has broken through class prejudice. Two days ago he was married to Forest Lily in our church. They have left us, and have gone to the beautiful city of Salzburg.

The years pass in loneliness and monotony. Yet they have brought a great change. A prosperous village now surrounds the church, and orchards surround the village. And the folk are no longer savages. How smartly they are dressed on Sundays! The young people have more knowledge than the old, but too little reverence for the old. But they still smoke tobacco and drink spirits. What can an old schoolmaster do quite by himself?

Christmas Eve 1864. I have not left the forest for fifty years. If I could only see the sea. They say on a clear day you can see it from the 'Grey Tooth.' To-morrow—

Here the diary broke off abruptly. The next day being bright and sunny, I engaged a lad to guide me on the deferred ascent. It was glorious. And whilst my eyes were searching the far distance, my companion gave a sudden scream, and pointed—at a human head protruding from the snow. He recognized the schoolmaster. We dug him out of the hard snow and found in his pocket a paper, on which a shaky hand had written in pencil, 'Christmas Day. At sunset I beheld the sea and lost my eyesight.'

JOSEPH BUTLER

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION

AT the early age of 21 Butler displayed his remarkable ability for metaphysical controversy in a correspondence with Dr. Samuel Clarke, then regarded as England's foremost philosophical writer. Butler's writings are mainly concerned with the vehement theistical controversies of the early part of the XVIII century, a period which tended to severe logical reasoning as a reaction from the enthusiasms of the Civil Wars. His chief published works are Fifteen Sermons preached at the Rolls Chapel, 1726, and The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature, 1736. In the Sermons Butler argues for the existence of conscience as the supreme arbiter in human nature from observation as against the utilitarian egoism of Hobbes. In the Analogy, he extends the argument of the Sermons, contending that as human nature on examination reveals conscience so the world of nature examined by conscience reveals a moral governor of the universe. Several editions of The Analogy of Religion are obtainable, and Butler's complete works are published by the Oxford University Press.

I—Of Natural Religion

Of a Future Life

LET us consider what the analogy of nature and the several changes we have undergone without being destroyed suggest as to the effect that death may or may not have upon us, and whether it may not from thence be deducible that we may survive the change and exist in a future state of life and perception.

In our own species, and in other creatures, we find it to be a general law that wonderful transformations take place in the same individuals; therefore, that we are to exist hereafter in a state as different from our present as this is from our former is but according to the analogy of nature. We have already several times over lost a great part, or perhaps the whole, of our body according to certain laws of nature, yet we remain the same living agents; when we shall lose as great a part, or the whole, by another law of nature—death—why may we not also remain the same? It is constantly seen that the destruction of several limbs or organs is not the destruction of the living agent, and thus we have no reason to think that we shall be destroyed by death.

Sleep suspends our living powers, but does not destroy them, and there are mortal diseases which do not destroy or at all affect our intellectual powers. When we go out of this world we may pass into new scenes and a new state of life and action just as naturally as we came into the present.

The Divine Government

THAT which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us is our capacity for happiness or misery. Now, in the present state, all that we enjoy and a great part of what we suffer is put in our own power. God has given us to understand He has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and of our not acting at all. There is no possibility of evading this intention without denying all final causes.

The true notion or conception of the Author of nature is that of a master or governor, exercising dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding or punishing us for our actions, in as strict a sense as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them. And thus the whole analogy of nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion, that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter. For the whole course of nature is a present instance of His exercising that government over us which implies rewarding and punishing.

But divine punishment is what men chiefly object against, so that it may be expedient to mention some circumstances in the natural course of punishments at present which are analogous to what religion teaches us concerning a future state of punishment. We see a great deal of misery which men bring on themselves by their own behaviour. Sickness and death are oftentimes the consequence of intemperance, yet the consequence is often delayed, yet comes suddenly and with violence. Habits contracted in youth are often utter ruin in after life.

These things are not what we call accidental, but proceed from very general laws by which God governs the world in the natural course of His providence. And they are so analogous to what religion teaches concerning the future punishment of the wicked that both would naturally be expressed in the same words.

Of the Moral Government of God

We perceive a government by rewards and punishments, but is it a moral government? Taking life as it is, what do we gather of the mind of God? Moral government consists, not merely in rewarding and punishing men for their actions, but in doing this in an exact proportion to their personal merits and demerits. The question must be considered—Is there a moral governor of the universe?

The beginnings of a righteous administration may, beyond all question, be found in nature, if we will attentively inquire after them. From the natural course of things vicious actions are, to a great degree, actually punished as mischievous to society. It stands good that the Author of nature has as truly directed that vicious actions be so dealt with as He has directed and necessitated that we preserve our lives by food. The good and bad effects of virtue on men's minds are concomitant with their cognition of those effects by society. So far as a man is true to virtue, he is on the side of the divine administration, and co-operates with it, and hence, to such a man, arises naturally a secret satisfaction and sense of security, and implicit hope of something further.

Virtue, to borrow the Christian allusion, is militant here, and is often overborne, but it may combat with greater advantage hereafter, and prevail completely, and enjoy its rewards in some future state.

If the soul be naturally immortal, and this state be a progress towards a future one, good men may naturally unite, not only among themselves, but also with other orders of virtuous creatures, in that future state. When, conformably to what religion teaches us, God shall reward and punish virtue and vice as such, this distributive justice will not be a thing different in kind, but only in degree, from what we experience in His present government. It will be the completion of that moral government, the principles and beginning of which are discernible in the present course of nature.

Probation and Discipline

The constitution of all creatures is such that they are capable of naturally becoming qualified for states of life for which they were once wholly unqualified. The life of youth, as an education for mature age, offers an analogy to this life as a preparation for the next. Our being placed in a state of discipline throughout this life for another world is a providential disposition of things, exactly of the same kind as our being placed in a state of discipline during childhood for mature age.

From our natural capacity of forming habits, it is easy to see that we are capable of moral improvement by discipline. The present world is peculiarly fit to be a state of discipline of the moral principle to such as will set themselves to improve. He who begins a good life from veracity, justice, charity and regard to God's authority and to our own chief interest, and perseveres in it, cannot fail of becoming more and more of that character which is correspondent to the constitution of nature as moral, and to the relation which God stands in to us as moral governor of it; nor, consequently, can he fail of obtaining that happiness which this constitution and relation necessarily suppose connected with that character.

It is plainly a general law of nature that we should, with regard to our temporal interest, form and cultivate practical principles within us by attention, use and discipline, and anything whatever that is a

natural law, chiefly in the beginning of life, but also throughout the whole course of it. And the alternative is left to our choice either to improve ourselves and better our condition, or, in default of such improvement, to remain deficient and wretched. It is perfectly credible, from the analogy of nature, that the same may be our case with respect to the happiness of a future state and the qualifications for it.

II—Of Revealed Religion

Of the Importance of Christianity

REVELATION is an authoritative republication of natural religion, and so affords the evidence of testimony to the truth of it. Miraculous powers were given to the first preachers of Christianity in order to their introducing it into the world; a visible Church was established in order to continue it and carry it on successively through the ages. Christianity contains an account of a dispensation of things not at all discoverable by reason, in consequence of which distinct precepts are enjoined on us. Obligations of duty to God, unknown before, are revealed.

God is revealed as the Father Almighty, Christ as the mediator between God and man, and the Holy Spirit as the guide and sanctifier, and the duties enjoined arise out of these relations thus revealed. Christianity imposes on us its sacred obligations in the shape of both moral and positive precepts. Moral precepts are those the reasons of which we see; positive precepts are those of which we do not see the reasons. Moral duties arise out of the nature of the case itself, prior to external command. Positive duties do not arise out of the nature of the case, but from external command. The positive ordinances and institutions of Christ should be willingly observed from grateful obedience to Him as the minister of this dispensation. These positive institutions under the Gospel are means to a moral end, for nothing can render us acceptable to God without moral virtue.

The Objection to Supernatural Revelation

THAT things lie beyond the natural reach of our faculties, such as are termed miraculous, is no sort of presumption against the truth and reality of them, because it is certain there are innumerable things, in the constitution and government of the universe, which are thus beyond the natural reach of our faculties. When mankind was first placed in this present state, there was a power exerted totally different from this present course of nature. Whether this power stopped immediately after it had made man, or went on and exerted itself further in giving him a revelation, is a question of the same kind as whether an ordinary power exerted itself in such a particular degree or manner, or not. It is evident there can be no peculiar presumption, from the analogy of nature, against supposing a revelation, when man was first placed on earth. There is certainly no such presumption against miracles as to render them any wise incredible. On the contrary, our being able to discern reasons for them gives a positive credibility to the history of them in cases where those reasons hold.

Mediation and Redemption

THE whole analogy of nature removes all imagined presumption against the general notion of a mediator between God and man. For we find all living creatures are brought into the world and preserved in infancy by the instrumentality of others. So the visible government which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. There is, then, no sort of objection from the light of nature against the general notion of a mediator between God and man, as a doctrine of Christianity.

As to the cause and the motive of mediation by Christ, Scripture teaches us that the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us, in His love interposed in such a manner as was necessary and effectual, to prevent that punishment falling on them which, according to the general laws of divine government, must have followed the sins of the world had it not been for such interposition. The particular manner in which Christ interposed in His office as mediator is represented by the Levitical priesthood in

JOSEPH BUTLER was born May 18, 1692, at Wantage, of Presbyterian stock, and was educated at the Grammar School there and at Tewkesbury. Deciding to conform to the Church of England, he went to Oriel College, Oxford, in 1714, and was ordained in 1718, being appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, London, in the following year. In 1725, he was given the living of Stanhope in Weardale, and after holding conjointly a prebend at Rochester, the rectory of Stanhope and the bishopric of Bristol, he was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1740. He was translated to Durham in 1750, but his health failed and he died at Bath, June 16, 1752.

foreshadowing, and by the sacrifices under the Jewish economy and law as types.

But scripture does not explain how and in what way this mediation had its efficacy. But it is highly absurd to object against the expediency or efficacy of what has been revealed simply because of the mystery that remains. The case is just the same with regard to nature as with regard to revelation, for we are only enlightened concerning a very small part of those things in the course of nature and providence which intimately affect us. The constitution of the world, and God's natural government over it, is all a mystery, as much as the Christian dispensation.

The Positive Evidence for Christianity

There remains to be considered what positive evidence we have for the truth of Christianity, and what the analogy of nature suggests with regard to that evidence, in which there are some things of great weight, not reducible to the head either of miracles or the completion of prophecy, which two matters constitute the direct proof of the truth of Christianity. There is much historical evidence of the fact of miracles wrought in attestation of Christianity, nor can the conformity of events to the prophecies which predicted them be contradicted.

There is no presumption against a revelation as miraculous. The general scheme of Christianity and the principal parts of it are conformable to the experienced constitution of things, and the whole is perfectly credible. So the positive evidence is such as, from the nature of it, cannot be destroyed, even though this or that alleged objection may, to certain minds, seem to lessen the force of the evidence. The truth of religion, like that of common matters, is to be judged of by all the evidence together.

III—Conclusion: Objections Against Arguing from Analogy

It may be objected that it is a poor thing to solve difficulties in revelation by saying that there are the same in natural religion, when what is wanting is to clear both of them of their common, as well as their respective difficulties. But this epithet 'poor' may be applied, I fear, as properly to a great part or the whole of human life.

Is it not a poor thing for a physician to have so little knowledge in the cure of diseases, as to act on conjecture where the life of man is concerned? Undoubtedly it is; but not in comparison of having no skill at all in that useful art. It is very material to observe that, as the things objected against in natural religion are of the same kind with what is certain matter of experience in the course of providence, and in the information which God affords us concerning our interest under His government; so the objections against the system of Christianity, and the evidence of it, are of the very same kind with those which are made against the system and evidence of natural religion. Though the analogy of nature is not an immediate answer to objections against the wisdom, or justice, or goodness of any doctrine or precept of religion, yet it may, as it is, be an immediate and direct answer to what is really intended by such objections, which is to show that the things objected against are incredible.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD

IN 1863, under the influence of Thomas Love Peacock, Buchanan produced a volume of poems, Undertones, following it in 1865 with Idyls and Legends of Inverburn, and in 1866 with London Poems, which established his reputation as a writer of narrative poetry. He continued to write verse throughout his life, and his Collected Poems were published in 1884 and 1901. The freshness of vision and sense of wonder which Buchanan displayed in his verse were also exhibited in his earliest and best novels. His first prose romance, The Shadow of the Sword, published in 1876, was originally conceived as a poem, but the subject involved a treatment transcending the limits of verse. The best of his succeeding novels is God and the Man (1881). Buchanan was also the author of many successful plays, among which were Sophia (1886), an adaptation of Tom Jones; A Man's Shadow (1889); Clarissa Harlowe (1890); The Charlatan (1894), and a dramatisation of The Shadow of the Sword. The following epitome is included here by permission of the publishers, Chatto and Windus.

I—The King of the Conscripts

"ROHAN GWENFERN!" cried the sergeant, in a voice that rang like a trumpet through the length of the town hall.

No one answered. The crowd of young Kromlaix men looked at each other in consternation. Was the handsomest, the strongest and the most daring lad in their village a coward? It was the dark year of 1813, when Napoleon was draining France of all its manhood. Even the only sons of poor widowed women, such as Rohan Gwenfern was, were no longer exempted from conscription. Having lost half a million men amid the snows of Russia, Napoleon had called for 200,000 more soldiers, and the little Breton fishing village of Kromlaix had to provide twenty-five recruits.

"Rohan Gwenfern!" cried the sergeant again.

The mayor rose up behind the ballot-box on the large table, about which the villagers were gathered, and looked around in vain for the splendid figure of the young fisherman.

"Where is your nephew?" he said to Corporal Derval, in an angry voice.

Derval, one of Napoleon's veterans, who had been pensioned after losing his leg at Austerlitz, looked at his pretty niece, Marcelle, with a strange pallor on his furrowed, sunburnt face.

"Rohan was too ill to come," said Marcelle, with a troubled look in her sweet grey eyes. "I will draw in his name."

"Very well, my pretty lass," said the mayor, his grim face softening into a smile as he looked at the beautiful girl, "you shall draw for him, and bring him luck."

Marcelle's hand trembled as she put it into the ballot-box. She let it stay there so long that some of the soldiers began to laugh. But the village women, gathered in a dense crowd at the back of the hall, gazed at her with tears in their eyes. They knew what she was doing. She was praying that she might draw a lucky number for her lover, Rohan. Twenty-five conscripts were wanted, and those who drew a paper numbered twenty-six or upwards were free.

"Come, come, my dear!" said the mayor, stroking his moustache and nodding encouragingly at Marcelle.

She slowly drew forth a paper and handed it to her uncle, who opened it, read it with a stare, and uttered his usual expletive, "Soul of a crow!" in an awestricken whisper.

"Read it, corporal!" said the mayor, while Marcelle looked wildly at her uncle.

"It is incredible!" said Corporal Derval, handing the paper to the sergeant.

"Rohan Gwenfern—one!" shouted the sergeant, while Marcelle clung to her uncle, and hid her face upon his arm.

Rohan Gwenfern, who had taken a solemn oath that he would never go forth to slay his fellow-men at the bidding of Napoleon, whom he regarded as a horrible murderous monster, found himself, when he returned to Kromlaix late that evening, in the sorry position of King of the Conscripts. He was a young man who had led a very solitary life, but solitude, instead of making him morbid, had strengthened his natural feelings of pity and affection. His immense physical strength had never been exerted for any evil, and even in the roughest wrestling matches he had never fought brutally or cruelly.

He certainly rejoiced in his splendid powers of body; but he had the gentleness of soul of a poetic mind, as well as the magnanimity that often goes with great strength. There was, indeed, something lion-like about him as he strode up to the door of his cottage, with his mane of yellow hair floating over his broad brows and falling on his shoulders. An eager crowd was waiting for him and, when he appeared, they all shouted.

"HERE he is at last!" cried a voice, which he recognized as that of Mikel Grallon. "Three cheers for the King of the Conscripts!"

Some bag-pipe players struck up a merry tune, but Rohan, with a wild face and stern eyes, pushed his way through the throng into his cottage. On a seat by the fire his mother sat weeping, her face covered with her apron; round her was a band of sympathising friends. The scene explained itself in one flash. and Rohan Gwenfern knew his fate. Pale as death, he rushed across the floor to his mother's side, just as a troop of young girls flocked into the house singing the Marseillaise. At their head was Marcelle.

A hard struggle had gone on in the heart of Rohan's sweetheart. She had been overcome with grief when she drew the fatal number. But her dismay had quickly turned into an heroic pride at the thought of her lover becoming a soldier of Napoleon. From her childhood she had learnt from her uncle to admire and worship the great emperor who had led the armies of France from victory to victory, and she did not think that Rohan would refuse to follow him. It is true that she had often heard Gwenfern say that he loathed war; but many other men of Kromlaix had said the same thing; and yet, when the hour came, and they were called to serve in the Grand Army, they had obeyed.

"Look, Rohan!" she cried, holding up in her hand a rosette with a long, coloured streamer. "Look! I have brought this for you."

Each of the conscripts wore a similar badge, and old Corporal Derval had stuck one on his own breast. All the crowd cheered as Marcelle advanced, with bright eyes and flaming cheeks, to her sweetheart.

"Keep back! Do not touch me!" cried Rohan, his face blazing with strange anger.

"The boy's mad!" exclaimed Corporal Derval, in an angry voice.

"Do you not understand, Rohan?" exclaimed Marcelle, terrified by her lover's look. "As you did not come, someone had to draw in your name. I did so, and you are now the King of the Conscripts and this is your badge. Let me fasten it upon your breast!"

In a moment her soft fingers attached the rosette to his jacket. Rohan did not stir; his eyes were fixed on the ground, but his features worked convulsively.

"Forward now, all of you, to the inn!" said Corporal Derval, when the cheering was over. "We will drink the health of Number One!"

AS everybody was moving towards the door, Rohan started as if from a trance. "Stay!" he shouted.

All stood listening, and his widowed mother crept up and clasped his hand.

"You are all mad!" he said, in a wild voice, "and I seem to be going mad, too! What is this you tell me about a conscription and an emperor? I do not understand. I only know you are all mad. Napoleon has no right to compel me to fight for him; and if every Frenchman had my heart, he would not reign another day. I refuse to be led like a sheep to the slaughter. He can kill me if he wills, but he cannot force me to kill my fellow-men.

You can go if you like, and do his bloody work. Had I the power I would serve him as I serve this badge of his!"

Tearing the rosette from his breast he cast it into the flaming fire.

"Rohan, for God's sake be silent!" cried Marcelle. "You speak like a madman. It is all my fault. I thought I should bring you good luck by drawing for you. Won't you forgive me?"

The young fisherman looked sadly into his sweetheart's face, and when he saw her wet eyes and quivering lips his heart was stirred. He took her hand and kissed it, but suddenly an ill-favoured face was thrust forward between the two lovers.

"Isn't it a pity," sneered Mikel Grallon, "to see a pretty girl wasting herself on a coward when——"

He did not complete the sentence, for Rohan stretched out his hand and smote him down. Grallon fell like a log.

A wild cry arose from all the men, the women screamed, and Rohan strode to the door, pushing his way out.

"Hold him! Kill him!" shouted some.

"Arrest him!" cried Corporal Derval.

Rohan hurled his opponents right and left like so many ninepins. They fell back and gasped. Then, turning his white face for an instant on Marcelle, her lover passed unmolested out into the darkness.

II—In the Cathedral of the Sea

Along the wild, rugged shore, a little way from Kromlaix, was an immense cavern of crimson granite, hung with gleaming moss and washed by the roaring tides of the sea. Its towering walls had been carved by wind and water into thousands of beautiful, fantastical forms, and a dim, religious light fell from above through a long, funnel-shaped hole running from the roof of the cavern to the top of the great cliff.

It was here that Rohan Gwenfern hid from the bands of soldiers sent in pursuit of him. The air was damp and chill, but he breathed it with the comfort of a hardy animal. He made a bed of dry seaweed on the top of the precipice leading to the hole in the cliff, where his mother came and lowered food to him every evening; and Jannedik, a pet goat that used to follow him everywhere in the days when he was a free man, was his only companion. Strange and solitary was the life he led, but he slept as soundly in his bed of seaweed as he did in his bed at home.

But one morning, when he awoke, a confused murmur broke upon his ear. Peering over the ledge, he saw a crowd of soldiers standing on the shingle at the mouth of the cavern.

"Come down and surrender, in the name of the emperor!" cried the sergeant.

"Surrender!" shouted all his men. And the vast, dim place rang with the echoing sound of their voices.

"You can have my dead body if you care to come up here for it!" cried Rohan, stepping into the light that fell from the hole in the cliff.

The soldiers stared up in astonishment when Rohan appeared on the ledge of the precipice. He was now a gaunt, forlorn, hunted man, with a few rags hanging about his body, and a great shock of yellow hair tumbling below his shoulders. Under the stress of mental suffering the flesh had wasted from his bones, but his eyes flashed with a terrible light.

"Come down," said the sergeant, raising his gun, "or I will pick you off your perch as if you were a crow."

Instead of getting behind a rock, Rohan stood up with a strange smile on his face, and said, "If you want me, you must come and fetch me."

There was a flash, a roar—the sergeant had fired. But when the smoke had cleared away, Rohan was still standing on the ledge with the strange smile on his face. The shot had gone wide.

"You can smile," said the sergeant angrily, "but you cannot escape. If I cannot bring you down, I will starve you out. You are surrounded."

"And so are you," said Rohan, with a laugh, pointing to the mouth of the cavern. "Look behind you!"

The sergeant and his men turned round, and gave a cry of dismay. The tide had turned and the sea was surging fiercely into the mouth of the cavern.

"Give him one volley," shouted the sergeant, "and then swim for your lives."

But when the men turned to aim at Rohan, he was no longer visible. They fired at random at the hole in the cliff, and after filling the great cavern with drifting smoke and echoing thunder, they fled for their lives, swimming through the high spring tide.

"At any rate," said the sergeant, when they had all got safely back to land, "we can stop Mother Gwenfern from bringing the mad rebel any more food."

So a watch was set over the cottage in which Rohan's widowed mother lived, and she was always searched whenever she left her house, and bands of armed men kept guard night and day by the hole at the top of the cliff and by the seaward entrance to the cavern. At the end of two weeks the sergeant resolved to make another attack. The man, he thought, must surely have been starved to death, as every avenue of aid had long since been blocked.

So one moonlight night at ebb tide the crowd of soldiers crept into the cavern and lashed two long ladders together, and began to climb up the precipice. But a strong arm seized the ladders from above, and flung them back on the granite floor of the cave. Standing like a ghost in the faint, silvery radiance falling through the hole in the cliff, Rohan hurled down upon the dark mass of the besieging crowd great fragments of rock which he had placed, ready for use, along the ledge on which he slept.

"Fire! Fire!" shrieked the sergeant, pointing at the white figure of Rohan.

But before the command could be obeyed, Rohan got under shelter, and the bullets rained harmlessly round the spot where he had just stood. Then, under cover of fire, some men advanced and again placed the ladder against the precipice. As Rohan crouched down on the ledge, he was startled by the apparition of a human face. With a cry of rage, he sprang to his feet and, heedless of the bullets thudding on the rock around him, he slowly and painfully lifted up a terrible granite boulder, poised it for a moment over his head, and then hurled it down at the shapes dimly struggling below him. There was a crash, a shriek. Under the weight of the boulder the ladders broke, and the men upon them fell down, amid horrible cries of agony and terror.

What happened after this Rohan never knew; for, overcome by frenzy and fatigue, he swooned away. When he opened his eyes, he was lying beneath the hole in the cliff, with the moonlight streaming upon his face. From below him came the soft sound of lapping water and, looking down, he saw that the tide had entered the cave and forced the besiegers to give over their attack.

Yes, the battle was over, and he had conquered! His position, indeed, was impregnable; had he been well supplied with food, he could have held it against hundreds of men for a long period. But, as he lay down on his bed of seaweed, a rough tongue licked his hand. It was his goat, Jannedik. For the last fortnight, Rohan's mother had sent the goat every day to her son with a basket of food tied round its neck and hidden in the long hair of its throat. Rohan groped in the darkness for the basket, and Jannedik uttered a low cry of pain, rolled over at his feet into the moonlight, revealing a terrible wound in its side, and quivered and died. Some soldier had shot it.

As Rohan stared at the dead body of his four-footed friend, the strength of mind which had enabled him to withstand all the power that Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe, could bring against him, at last went from him. Trembling and shivering, he looked around him, overcome by utter desolation and despair. He had held out bravely, but he could hold out no longer; slowly and laboriously he climbed down the dark face of the precipice and reached the narrow strip of shingle below, just as the moon got clear from a cloud and lighted up the cavern. Its cold rays fell on the white face of the sergeant, who lay half on the shingle and half in the water, crushed by the boulder with which Rohan had broken down the ladders.

Rohan gazed for a moment on the features of the man he had killed, and then, with a cry of agony and despair, he fell upon his knees.

"Not on my head, O God, be the guilt!" he prayed. "Not on my head, but on his who hunted me down and made me what

I am ; on his, whose red sword shadows all the world, and drives on millions of innocent men to murder each other ! Ah, God, God, God ! As he has cursed my days, be his accursed ; and spare him not. The men that Napoleon has slain ! Is it not high time that some man like me sought him out and killed him, and brought peace back once more to this blood-covered earth of ours ? Yes, I will do it ! "

Rising wildly to his feet, full of the strange strength and the strange powers of madness, Rohan Gwenfern climbed up the precipice to his bed of seaweed, and then took a path that no man had taken and lived—the sheer, precipitous path from the roof of the cavern to the top of the cliff.

III—Rohan Meets Napoleon

As the Grand Army swept into Belgium for the last great battle against the united powers of England, Germany, Austria and Russia, a strange, savage creature followed it—a gaunt, half-naked man, with long, yellow hair falling almost to his waist, and bloodshot eyes with a look of madness in them. How he lived it is difficult to tell. He never begged, but the soldiers threw lumps of bread at him as he prowled round their camp-fires, asking everyone whom he met : " Where is the emperor ? Where is Napoleon ? Do you think he will come this way ? "

Twice he had been arrested as a spy and hastily condemned to be shot. But each time, on hearing his sentence of death, he gave so strange a laugh that the officer examined him more closely, and then set him free, saying with scorn, " It is a harmless maniac. Let him go."

He always lagged in the rear of the advancing army, and as each fresh regiment arrived he mingled with the soldiers, and asked them in a fierce whisper, " Is the emperor coming now ? Isn't he coming ? "

At last, one dark, rainy evening the wild outcast saw the man for whom he was seeking. Wrapped in an old grey overcoat, and wearing a cocked hat from which the rain dripped heavily, Napoleon stood on a hill, with his hands clasped behind his back, his head sunk deep between his shoulders, looking towards Ligny. But he was guarded ; a crowd of officers stood close behind him, waiting for orders.

Suddenly a bareheaded soldier came riding along the road, spurring and flogging his horse as if for dear life ; galloping wildly up the hill he handed the emperor a dispatch. Napoleon glanced at it, and spoke to his staff officers. With a wild movement of joy they drew their swords, and waved them in the air, shouting, '*Vive l'Empereur !*' Napoleon smiled. His star was again in the ascendant ! The Prussians were retreating from Ligny ; he had struck the first blow, and it was a victory !

Near the hill on which he was standing was a deserted farmhouse ; he gave orders that it should be prepared for his reception. But, as he rode down the hill at the head of his staff, the man who had been watching him divined his intention, and reached the house before his attendants. The soldiers who searched the place before Napoleon entered failed to see the dark figure crouching up in the corner of a loft among the black rafters.

" Leave me," said Napoleon to his men, after he had finished the plain meal of bread and wine set before him.

To-morrow he would meet for the first time, on the rolling fields of Waterloo, the only captain of a European army whom he had not defeated. He wanted to think his plans of battle over in silence. Some time he paced up and down the room, his chin drooping forward on his breast, and his hands clasped upon his back. Through the wide, clear spaces of his mind great armies passed in black procession, moving like storm-clouds over the stricken earth, burning cities rose in the distance, amid the shrieks of dying men and the thunder of cannon. His plan was at last matured. Victory ? Yes, that was certain ! So his thoughts ran. An aide-de-camp entered with a dispatch. He tore it open, and ran his eye over it.

" It is nothing," he said. " Don't disturb me for two hours except on a matter of great importance. I want to sleep."

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN. Scottish poet, novelist and playwright, was born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, August 18, 1841, and educated at Glasgow University. Coming to London in 1860, after a period of struggle and disappointment he obtained employment on The Athenaeum, All The Year Round, and other periodicals. From 1866–76 he was engaged in a controversy with D. G. Rossetti and Swinburne, whom he attacked as leaders of the 'Fleshly School of Poetry.' It resulted in a successful libel action against Swinburne in 1876, and an apology to Rossetti in 1882. From 1866 to 1874 Buchanan lived at Oban, and from 1874 to 1877 in Ireland, settling for the remainder of his life in London, where he died, June 10, 1901.

Going up to the old armchair of oak that was set before the fire, he fell on his knees, and covered his eyes and prayed.

"What!" said the man who was watching him up in the rafters. "Does Cain dare to pray? Surely God will not answer his prayers! He is praying that he may wipe the English to-morrow from the face of the earth, and again cement his throne with blood, and forge his sceptre of fire!"

That, no doubt, was what Napoleon prayed for. Yet, when he rose up his face was wonderfully changed and softened by the religious light which had shone on it for a few moments. Then, throwing himself into the armchair, he closed his eyes. And, as the fire burnt low, Rohan Gwenfern silently descended from the loft, and something gleamed in his hand; it was a long, bayonet-like knife, such as hunters use in the Forest of Ardennes.

And now, knife in hand, he stood close to the Emperor, looking upon his face, and reading it line by line; as he did so, his own gleamed spectre-like and wild and mad. His gaze was full of spiritual famine; he seemed as he looked to satisfy some passionate hunger. The knife was raised, as if to strike home to the sleeper's heart. Napoleon moved uneasily in his sleep, and murmured to himself, and his hand opened and shut.

As Rohan raised his knife to strike home to the heart of the tyrant, he saw the hand—white and small, like a woman's or a child's. Again he looked at the face. Ah, there was no imperial grandeur here! Only a feeble, sallow, tired and sickly creature, whom a strong man could crush down with one blow of his fist. Rohan grew weak as he looked, and the long knife almost fell from his clutch.

"I must kill him—I must kill him!" he kept saying to himself. "His one life against the peace and happiness of earth—the life of a Cain! If he awakens, war will awaken, and fire, famine and slaughter! Kill him, Rohan, kill him!"

Perhaps if Napoleon had not prayed before he slept, his enemy would have carried out his purpose. But he had prayed; his face had become beautiful for a moment, and he fell asleep as fearlessly as a child. No! Rohan Gwenfern was not made of the stuff of which savage assassins are formed; though there was madness in his brain, there was still love in his heart. He could not kill even Cain, when God had sanctified the murderer with sleep. God had made Napoleon, and God had sent him; bloody as he was, he too was God's child.

OPENING the great casement window of the room in the farmhouse, Gwenfern gazed for a moment with wild eyes and quivering lips on the pale, worn face of the great conqueror, and then leaped out into the darkness. When Napoleon awoke, a long knife was lying at his feet; but he heeded it not, and little dreamt that a few minutes ago it had been pointed at his heart.

Ah, Rohan Gwenfern had done well to leave the mighty emperor in the hands of God, and go back, a wild, tattered, mad beggar to his sweetheart Marcelle, in the little Breton village of Kromlaix. For as Napoleon came out of the farmhouse and looked at the dawning sky, there rose up, clouding the lurid star of his destiny, the blood-red shadow—WATERLOO!

JAMES HUTTON

THE THEORY OF THE EARTH

IN 1752 James Hutton went to live with a farmer in Norfolk to learn practical farming, and visited different parts of England to study agriculture. On these journeys he began to study mineralogy and geology and continued his scientific studies in Edinburgh, where he settled in 1768. In 1785 he contributed to the Transactions of the Edinburgh Philosophical Society a paper on which he afterwards based his famous work The Theory of the Earth with Proofs and Illustrations, which was published in two volumes in 1795. In this work he appeared as an independent originator of the modern explanation of the phenomena of the earth's crust by means of changes which are still in progress. Of Hutton's other published works the most important is Investigation of the Principles of Knowledge, published in three volumes in 1794. His later years were occupied with the preparation of an elaborate work on the Elements of Agriculture, which was never published.

I—Origin and Consolidation of the Land

THE solid surface of the earth is mainly composed of gravel, of calcareous and argillaceous strata. Sand is separated by streams and currents, gravel is formed by the attrition of stones agitated in water, and argillaceous strata are deposited by water containing argillaceous material. Accordingly, the solid earth would seem to have been mainly produced by water, wind and tides, and this theory is confirmed by the discovery that all the masses of marble and limestone are composed of the calcareous matter of marine bodies. All these materials were, in the first place, deposited at the bottom of the sea, and we have to consider, first, how they were consolidated, and secondly, how they came to be dry land, elevated above the sea.

It is plain that consolidation may have been effected either through the concretion of substances dissolved in water or through fusion by fire. Consolidation through the concretion of substances dissolved in the sea is unlikely, for, in the first place, there are strata, such as siliceous matter, which are insoluble, and which therefore could not have been in solution; and, in the second place, the appearance of the strata is contrary to this supposition.

Consolidation was probably effected by heat and fusion. All the substances in the earth may be rendered fluid by heat, and all the appearances in the earth's crust are consistent with the consolidation and crystallisation of fused substances. Not only so, but we find rents and separations and veins in the strata, such as would naturally occur in strata consolidated by the cooling of fused masses, and other phenomena pointing to fusion by heat. We may conclude, then, that all the solid strata of the globe have been hardened from a state of fusion.

But how were these strata raised up from the bottom of the sea and transformed into dry land? Even as heat was the consolidating power, so heat was also probably the elevating power. The power of heat for the expansion of bodies is, as we know, unlimited, and the expansive power of heat was certainly competent to raise the strata above the sea. Heat was certainly competent, and if we examine the crust of the earth we find evidence that heat was used.

If the strata cemented by the heat of fusion were created by the expansive power of heat acting from below, we should expect to find every species of fracture, dislocation and contortion in those bodies, and every degree of departure from a horizontal towards a vertical position. And this is just what we do find. From horizontal, the strata are frequently found vertical; from continuous, broken and separated in every possible direction;

and from a plane, bent and doubled. The theory is confirmed by an examination of the veins and fissures of the earth which contain matter foreign to the strata they traverse and evidently forced into them as a fluid under great pressure.

Active volcanoes, and extinct volcanoes, and the marks everywhere of volcanic action likewise support the theory of expansion and elevation by heat. A volcano is not made on purpose to frighten superstitious people into fits of piety and devotion; it is to be considered as a spiracle of a subterranean furnace.

Such being the manner of the formation of the crust of the world, can we form any judgement of its duration and durability? If we could measure the rate of the attrition of the present continents, we might estimate the duration of the older continents whose attrition supplied the material for the present dry land. But as we cannot measure the wearing-away of the land, we can merely state generally, first, that the present dry land required an indefinitely long period for its formation; second, that the previous dry land which supplied material for its formation required equal time to make; third, that there is now land forming at the bottom of the sea which in time will appear above the surface; fourth, that we find no vestige of a beginning, or of an end.

Granite has in its own nature no claim to originality, for it is found to vary greatly in its composition. But, further, it is certain that granite, or a species of the same kind of stone, is found stratified. It is the *granit feuilletée* of M. de Sauffure, and, if I mistake not, is called *gneiss* by the Germans. Granite being thus found stratified, the masses of this stone cannot be allowed any right of priority over the schistus, its companion in Alpine countries.

Lack of stratification, then, cannot be considered a proof of primitive rock. Nor can lack of organized bodies, such as shells, in these rocks, be considered a proof; for the traces of organized bodies may be obliterated by the many subsequent operations of the mineral region. In any case, signs of organized bodies are sometimes found in 'primitive' mountains.

Nor can metallic veins, found plentifully in 'primitive' mountains, prove anything, for mineral veins are found in various strata.

We maintain that *all* land was produced from fused substances elevated from the bottom of the sea. But we do not hold that all parts of the earth have undergone exactly similar and simultaneous vicissitudes; and in respect to the changes which various parts of the land have undergone we may distinguish between primary and secondary strata.

Nothing is more certain than that there have been several repeated operations of the mineralising power exerted upon the strata in particular places, and all those mineral operations tend to consolidation. It is quite possible that 'primitive' masses which differ from the ordinary strata of the globe have been twice subjected to mineral operations, having been first consolidated and raised as land, and then submerged in order to be again fused and elevated.

II—The Nature of Mineral Coal

Mineral, or fossil, coal is a species of stratum distinguished by its inflammable and combustible nature. We find that it differs in respect to its purity, and also in respect to its inflammability. As is well known, some coals have almost no earthy ash, some a great deal; and, again, some coals burn with much smoke and fire, while others burn like coke. Where, then, did coal come from, and how can we account for its different species?

A substance proper for the formation of coaly matter is found in vegetable bodies. But how did it become mixed with earthy matter?

Vegetable bodies may be resolved into bituminous or coaly matter either by means of fire or of water. Both may be used by nature in the formation of coal.

By the force of subterranean heat vegetable matter may have been charred at the bottom of the sea, and the oleaginous, bituminous and fuliginous substances diffused through the sea as a result of the burning may have been deposited at the bottom of the sea as coal. Further,

the bituminous matter from the smoke of vegetable substances burnt on land would ultimately be deposited from the atmosphere and settle at the bottom of the sea.

Many of the rivers contain in solution an immense quantity of inflammable vegetable substance, and this is carried into the sea and precipitated there.

From these two sources, then, the sea gets bituminous material, and this material, condensed and consolidated by compression and by heat, at the bottom of the sea, would form a black body of a most uniform structure, breaking with a polished surface and burning with more or less smoke or flame in proportion as it be distilled less or more by subterranean heat. And such a body exactly represents our purest fossil coal, which gives the most heat and leaves the least ash.

In some cases the bituminous materials in suspension in the sea would be mixed more or less with argillaceous, calcareous and other earthy substances; and these being precipitated along with the bituminous matter would form layers of impure coal with a considerable amount of ash.

But there is still a third source of coal. Vegetable bodies macerated in water and consolidated by compression form a body almost indistinguishable from some species of coal, as is seen in peat compressed under a great load of earth; and there can be no doubt that coal sometimes originates in this way, for much fossil coal shows abundance of vegetable bodies in its composition.

There remains only to consider the change in the disposition of coal strata. Coal strata, which had been originally in a horizontal position, are now found sometimes standing erect, even perpendicular. This, also, is consistent with our theory of the earth. Indeed, there is not a substance in the mineral kingdom in which the action of subterranean heat is better shown. These strata are evidently a deposit of inflammable substances which all come originally from vegetable bodies. In this stage of their formation they must all contain volatile oleaginous constituents. But some coal strata contain no volatile constituents, and the disappearance of the volatile oleaginous substances must have been produced by distillation, proceeding perhaps under the restraining force of immense compression.

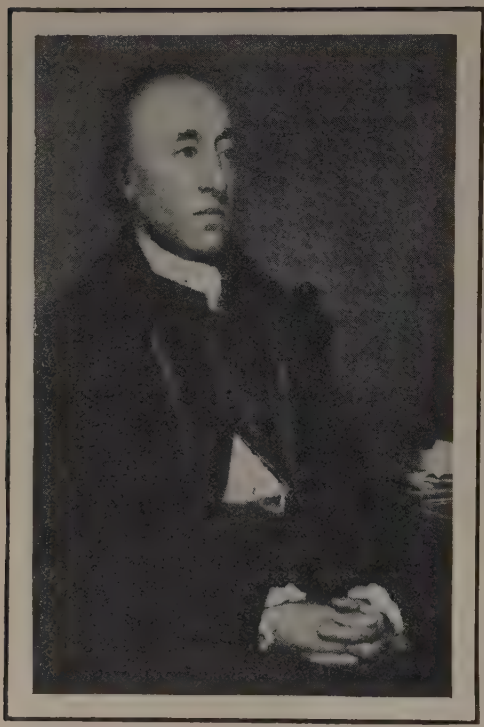
We cannot doubt that such distillation does take place in the mineral regions, when we consider that in most places of the earth we find the evident effects of such distillation in the naphtha and petroleum that are constantly emitted along with water in certain springs.

III—The Disintegration and Dissolution of Land

Whether we examine the mountain or the plain, whether we consider the disintegration of the rocks or the softer strata of the earth, whether we regard the shores of seas or the central plains of continents, whether we contemplate fertile lands or deserts, we find evidence of a general dissolution and decay of the solid surface of the globe. Every great river and deep valley gives evidence of the attrition of the land. The purpose of the dry land is to sustain a system of plants and animals; and for this purpose a soil is required, and to make a soil the solid strata must be crumbled down. The earth is nothing more than an indefinite number of soils and situations suitable for various animals and plants, and it must consist of both solid rock and tender earth, of both moist and dry districts; for all these are requisite for the world we inhabit.

But not only is the solid rock crumbling into soil by the action of air and water, but the soil gradually progresses towards the sea, and sooner or later the sea must swallow up the land. Vegetation and masses of solid rock retard the seaward flow of the soil; but they merely retard, they cannot wholly prevent. In proportion as the mountains are diminished, the haugh, or plain, between them grows more wide, and also on a lower level; but while there is a river running on a plain, and floods produced in the seasons of rain, there is nothing stable in the constitution of the surface of the land.

The theory of the earth which I propound is founded upon the great catastrophes that can happen to the earth.



JAMES HUTTON was born at Edinburgh, June 3, 1726. In 1743 he was apprenticed to a writer to the signet, but abandoning the law he studied medicine at Edinburgh University, and in 1749 graduated M.D. at Leiden. Again changing his plans he took to farming, but at the same time turned his attention to geology. After a visit to the Continent he settled in Berwickshire in 1754, moving in 1768 to Edinburgh, where he associated with Joseph Black and other men prominent in the scientific world. Hutton died in Edinburgh, March 26, 1797. This portrait is from the painting by Raeburn.

It supposes strata raised from the bottom of the sea and elevated into mountainous continents. But, between the catastrophes, it requires nothing further than the ordinary everyday effects of air and water. Every shower of rain, every stream, participates in the dissolution of the land and helps to transport to the sea the material for future continents. The wastage is slow; but slow destruction of rock with gradual formation of soil is just what is required in the economy of nature.

If this continent of land, first collected in the sea, is to remain a habitable earth, and to resist the moving waters of the globe, certain degrees of solidity or consolidation must be given to that collection of loose materials; and certain degrees of hardness must be given to soft and incoherent bodies which are extremely perishable in their present situation.

But, at the same time that this earth must have solidity and hardness to resist the sudden changes which its moving fluids would occasion, it must be made subject to decay and waste upon the surface exposed to the atmosphere; for such an earth as were made incapable of change, or not subject to decay, would not afford that fertile soil which is required in the system of this world—a soil on which depend the growth of plants and life of animals—the end of its intention.

Now, we find this earth endued precisely with such degree of hardness and consolidation as qualifies it at the same time to be a fruitful earth, and to maintain its station with all the permanency compatible with the nature of things which are not formed to remain unchangeable.

THUS we have a view of the most perfect wisdom in the contrivance of that constitution by which the earth is made to answer, in the best manner possible, the purpose of its intention, that is, to maintain and perpetuate a system of vegetation, or the various races of useful plants, or a system of living animals, which are in their turn subservient to a system still infinitely more important—I mean a system of intellect. Without fertility in the earth, many races of plants and animals would soon perish, or be extinct; and without permanency in our land it were impossible for the various tribes of plants and animals to be dispersed over the surface of a changing earth. The fact is that fertility, adequate to the various ends in view, is found in all the quarters of the world, or in every country of the earth; and the permanency of our land is such as to make it appear unalterable to mankind in general, and even to impose upon men of science, who have endeavoured to persuade us that this earth is not to change.

Nothing but supreme power and wisdom could have reconciled those two opposite ends of intention, so as both to be equally pursued in the system of nature, and so equally attained as to be imperceptible to common observation, and at the same time a proper object of the human understanding.

JOHN STUART MILL

UTILITARIANISM

As a system of ethics setting up as a rule of conduct the best interests either of the individual or of the community, Utilitarianism had its beginnings in the Hedonist schools of the Cyrenaics and Epicureans, and until the eighteenth century its aim was held to be the acquisition of pleasure. The scientific system was first formulated by Jeremy Bentham, who declared the greatest happiness of the greatest number to be the object to be aimed at. His theories take no account of the quality of pleasure, a defect remedied by John Stuart Mill who introduced the view that certain pleasures possess an intrinsic value which renders them superior to others. Thus Mill was not the founder of the creed of Utilitarianism, but he invented the name and did much to formulate, define and defend its tenets. His essay on Utilitarianism, published in Fraser's Magazine in 1861 and in book form two years later, did much to clear away prejudice and misconception. Outlines of Mill's Principles of Logic, Political Economy, and On Liberty appear at pages 1189, 2093 and 2431 respectively.

I—The Meaning of Utilitarianism

THE creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility, or the greatest happiness principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, and wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness.

Such a theory excites in many minds inveterate dislike; they designate as only worthy of swine the doctrine that life has no other aim and end than pleasure.

But there are other pleasures than the pleasures of swine; human beings have faculties other than the animal appetites, and it is quite compatible with the principle of utility to recognize that some *kinds* of pleasure are more desirable and more valuable than others. If I am asked what pleasures are more desirable and more valuable, I fall back on the verdict of experience. If, of two pleasures, one be invariably preferred by all those capable of enjoying both, that one is the more desirable.

Few human beings would resign human for bestial pleasures; no person would prefer stupidity to intelligence, or selfishness and baseness to feeling and conscience. A being of higher faculties requires more to make him happy, is probably more liable to pain than one of inferior type, yet he can never really wish to sink into what he feels to be a lower grade of existence. Whoever supposes this preference involves a sacrifice of happiness confounds happiness and satisfaction. It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And if the fool or the pig thinks otherwise, it is because they have no experience of the better part.

It may be objected that many who are capable of both higher and lower pleasures sometimes choose the lower; but this is not really choice, it is infirmity of character. It may be questioned whether anyone who has remained susceptible to two classes of pleasures ever knowingly calmly preferred the lower, though many in all ages have broken down in an attempt to combine high and low.

On a question which is the more desirable of two pleasures, or of two ways of living, the judgement of those who know both must be admitted final, for there is no other tribunal. What is there to decide whether a particular pleasure is worth purchasing at the cost of a particular pain, except the feelings and judgement of the experienced? When, then, the duly experienced declare that pleasures derived from the higher faculties are preferable in kind to those of which animal nature is susceptible, there is none to gainsay.

According to the greatest happiness principle, the ultimate end with reference to and for the sake of which all other things are desirable, is an existence as exempt as possible from pain, and as rich

as possible in enjoyments both in quantity and quality. The test of quality, again, and the rule for measuring it against quantity, must be the preference felt by those with experience and best able to compare. This, being the end of human action, is necessarily also the standard of morality, which may accordingly be defined as the rules for human conduct which will, so far as possible, secure to mankind and to the sentient creation such an existence as we have described.

Certain critics bring forward the objection that happiness is impossible. But moderate happiness is not impossible. The main constituents of happiness seem to be two—tranquillity and excitement. With tranquillity many find that they can be content with little excitement, and with much excitement many can reconcile themselves to considerable pain.

When people who are tolerably fortunate in their outward lot find life unhappy, it usually is because they lack altruism or are deficient in mental cultivation. Those who cherish a fellow-feeling for others will always retain a pleasurable interest in life; and a cultivated mind finds inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it—nature, art, poetry, history, the past, present and future of mankind.

Nor need any lack the private and public affections and the degree of mental culture requisite for happiness. Everyone in a free, well-governed country with a moderate amount of moral and intellectual capacity is capable of happiness, provided he escape indigence, disease and the sorrows inflicted by death and by the faults of others. Poverty and disease, moreover, are conquerable, and every intelligent and generous mind will find happiness in playing a part in their conquest.

Only in a very imperfect world can self-sacrifice serve the happiness of others, yet in this imperfect world I confess that self-sacrifice is the highest virtue. The utilitarian morality does recognize that self-sacrifice for the good of others is good, for the happiness which forms the utilitarian standard of what is right in conduct is not the agent's own happiness, but the happiness of all. The agent must be as strictly impartial as a disinterested and benevolent spectator. To do as one would be done by, and to love one's neighbours as oneself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality.

It is often affirmed that utilitarians look too much at the effects of actions and too little at the moral qualities that produce them; but this error is not inherent in utilitarianism, it is merely a necessary consequence of the difficulty of seeing the motives at the back of conduct.

UTILITARIANISM is sometimes called godless. This criticism need not be discussed, since whatever aid religion, natural or revealed, can afford to ethical investigation is quite open to the utilitarian. It is also sometimes objected that it is the gospel of expediency; but the expedient, as conceived by utilitarianism, is certainly not opposed to the right.

Again, it is objected that there is not time previous to action to calculate the effects of conduct on the general happiness. The answer is that there has been ample time, namely, the whole past experience of the race. During all time mankind have been learning the tendencies of actions. The ordinary rules of morality indicate such tendencies; and others can be gradually formulated.

Finally, it is said that utilitarianism gives scope for casuistry, and that a utilitarian, when tempted, will see more utility in the breach of a rule than in its observance. But every creed allows the operation of *personal equation*, and no creed can prevent self-deception and dishonest casuistry.

II—The Ultimate Sanction of Utilitarianism

WHAT is the ultimate sanction of the principle of utility? Whence does it derive its binding force? Why am I bound to promote the general happiness? If my own happiness lies elsewhere, why may I not prefer that?

The principle of utility has, or might have, all the external and internal sanctions which belong to any other system of morals. As external sanctions it has the hope of the favour and the fear of the displeasure of our fellow-creatures,

or of the Ruler of the Universe, together with the sympathy and affection we feel for our fellow-creatures, and the love and awe we feel towards Him, inclining us to do His will. As internal and ultimate sanction it has the pain, more or less intense, attendant on violation of duty, which in properly cultivated moral natures rises, in the more serious cases, into shrinking from it as an impossibility, and this sanction is strengthened by collateral associations derived from sympathy, from love, from fear, from religious feelings, etc.

The ultimate sanction, therefore, of utilitarianism is the conscientious and social feelings of mankind. The foundation of utilitarian morality is the social instinct of mankind; and if this instinct were developed by religion, by education, by example, I think that no one would need to feel any misgiving about the sufficiency of the ultimate sanction of the happiness morality. The social feeling is in most individuals much weaker than the selfish feeling, and may be wanting altogether; but to those who have it, it possesses all the characters of a natural feeling, and makes the mind work with and not against the outward motives to care for others afforded by what I have called the external sanctions.

Of what sort of proof is the principle of utility susceptible? The sole evidence that anything is desirable is that people do actually desire it, and people do actually desire happiness. But people desire other things besides happiness; they desire virtue, for instance, and hence the opponents of utilitarianism maintain that there are other ends of human action besides happiness, and that happiness is not the standard of conduct. To this utilitarianism replies that there is no original desire for virtue save through its conduciveness to pleasure and especially through its protection from pain.

But through the association thus formed it may be felt a good in itself, and desired as such with as much intensity as any other good; and with this difference between it and the love of money, of power, or of fame, that all of these may render the individual noxious to the other members of the society to which he belongs, whereas there is nothing which makes him so much a blessing to them as the cultivation of the disinterested love of virtue. And, consequently, the utilitarian standard, while it tolerates and approves those other acquired desires up to a certain point, enjoins the cultivation of the love of virtue up to the greatest strength possible, as being, above all things, important to the general happiness.

It results, then, from the preceding considerations that there is in reality nothing desired except happiness. Those who desire virtue for its own sake desire it either because the consciousness of it is a pleasure or because the consciousness of being without it is a pain; or for both reasons together. Whatever is desired otherwise than as a means to some end beyond itself, and ultimately to happiness, is desired as itself a part of happiness, and is not desired for itself until it has become so. Briefly, nothing is a good to human beings but in so far as it is either pleasurable or a means of attaining pleasure or averting pain.

III—Justice and Utility

The idea of justice supposes two things—a rule of conduct and a sentiment which sanctions the rule. The first must be supposed common to all mankind and intended for their good. The other (the sentiment) is a desire that punishment may be suffered by those who infringe the rule. There is involved, in addition, the conception of some definite person who suffers by the infringement, whose rights are violated by it. And the sentiment of justice appears to me to be the animal desire to repel or retaliate a hurt or damage to oneself, or to those with whom one sympathises, widened so as to include all persons by the human capacity of enlarged sympathy and the human conception of intelligent self-interest. From the latter elements the feeling derives its morality; from the former its peculiar impressiveness and energy of self-assertion.

When we call anything a person's right, we mean that he has a valid claim on

society to protect him in the possession of it, either by the force of law or by that of education and opinion. To have a right is to have something which society ought to defend me in the possession of.

If I am asked *why* it ought, I can give no other reason than general utility. If that expression does not seem to convey a sufficient feeling of the strength of the obligation, nor to account for the peculiar energy of the feeling, it is because there goes to the composition of the sentiment, not a rational only, but also an animal element—the thirst for retaliation; and this thirst derives its intensity, as well as its moral justification, from the extraordinarily important and impressive kind of utility which is concerned.

The utility concerned is security, and on it depends the whole value of all and every good, beyond the passing moment; since nothing but the gratification of the instant would be of any worth to us if we could be deprived of everything the next instant by whoever was momentarily stronger than ourselves. The feelings concerned are indeed so powerful, and we count so positively on finding a responsive feeling in others (all being alike interested), that *ought* and *should* grow into *must*, and recognized indispensability becomes a moral necessity.

If the preceding analysis, or something resembling it, be not the correct account of the notion of justice; if justice be totally independent of utility and be a standard *per se*, which the mind can recognize by simple introspection of itself, it is hard to understand why that internal oracle is so ambiguous, and why so many things appear either just or unjust according to the light in which they are regarded.

Is, then, the difference between the just and the expedient merely imaginary? By no means. While I dispute the pretensions of any theory which sets up an imaginary standard of justice not grounded on utility, I account the justice which is grounded on utility to be the chief part, and incomparably the most sacred and binding part, of all morality, since it concerns the essentials of human well-being more nearly than any other rule for the guidance of life. The moral rules known collectively as justice, which forbid mankind to hurt one another or interfere with one another's freedom, are more vital to human beings than maxims which merely point out the best way of managing some department of human affairs. And the same powerful motives which command the observance of these primary moralities enjoin the punishment of those who violate them; and as impulses of self-defence, of defence of others, and of vengeance are all called forth against such persons, retribution becomes closely connected with the sentiment of justice.

Justice is involved in the very meaning of utility or the greatest happiness principle. That principle is a mere form of words unless one person's happiness, supposed equal in degree (with the proper allowance made for kind), is counted for exactly as much as another's. All persons are deemed to have a *right* to equality of treatment except when some recognized social expediency requires the reverse, and all social inequalities which are inexpedient are unjust.

The considerations which have now been adduced resolve, I conceive, the only real difficulty in the utilitarian theory of morals. It has always been evident that all cases of justice are also cases of expediency. The difference is in the peculiar sentiment which attaches to the former, and if this difference has been sufficiently accounted for, if there is no necessity to assume for it any peculiarity of origin, if it is simply the natural feeling of resentment moralised by being made co-extensive with the demands of social good; and if this feeling not only does, but ought to, exist in all classes of the cases to which the idea of justice corresponds, that idea no longer presents itself as a stumbling-block to the utilitarian ethics. Justice remains the appropriate name for certain social utilities which are vastly more important, and therefore more absolute and imperative, than any others are as a class; and which therefore ought to be, and naturally are, guarded by a sentiment distinguished by the definite nature of its commands and by the stern character of its sanctions.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE
HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND

WHILE still quite a young man, Henry Buckle resolved to direct all his studies to the preparation of some great historical work, and for seventeen years bestowed ten hours a day in working out his purpose. Gradually he conceived the idea of a work which would place history on an entirely new footing, concerning itself not with the personal aspect but with the advance of civilization, the intellectual progress of man. As the idea developed he perceived that the task was greater than could be accomplished in the lifetime of one man. What he actually accomplished, the History of Civilization in England, was intended to be no more than an introduction to the subject, and even that introduction was never finished. The first volume was published in 1857, the second in 1861, only the studies of England, France, Spain and Scotland being completed. Although only a fragment, the work brought Buckle great fame in his lifetime, but the advance of historical method has rendered much of it obsolete. Popular editions of the work are obtainable. The following outline has been prepared by A. D. Innes.

I—General Principles

THE believer in the possibility of a science of history is not called upon to hold either the doctrine of predestination or that of freedom of the will. The only positions which at the outset need to be conceded are that when we perform an action we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the result of some antecedents; and that, therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results.

History is the modification of man by nature and of nature by man. We shall find a regularity in the variations of virtuous and vicious actions that proves them to be the result of large and general causes which, working upon the aggregate of society must produce certain consequences without regard to the decision of particular individuals.

Man is affected by purely physical agents —climate, food, soil, geographical conditions and active physical phenomena. In the earliest civilizations nature is more prominent than man, and the imagination is more stimulated than the understanding. In the European civilizations man is the more prominent, and the understanding is more stimulated than the imagination. Hence the advance of European civilization is characterised by a diminishing influence of physical laws and an increasing influence of mental laws.

Clearly, then, of the two classes of laws which regulate the progress of mankind the mental class is more important than the physical. The laws of the human mind will prove to be the ultimate basis of the history of Europe. These are not to be ascertained by the metaphysical method of studying the inquirer's own mind alone, but by the historical method of studying many minds. And this whether the metaphysician belongs to the school which starts by examining sensations, or to that which starts with examination of ideas.

Therefore, we must turn to the historical, and study mental phenomena as they appear in the actions of mankind at large. Mental progress is twofold, moral and intellectual, the first having relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge. It is a progress not of capacity, but in the circumstances under which capacity comes into play; not of internal power, but of external advantage. Now, whereas moral truths do not change, intellectual truths are constantly changing, from which we may infer that the progress of society is due, not to the moral knowledge, which is stationary, but to the intellectual knowledge, which is constantly advancing.

The history of any people will become more valuable for ascertaining the laws by which past events were governed in pro-

portion as their movements have been least disturbed by external agencies. During the last three centuries these conditions have applied to England more than to any other country; since the action of the people has there been the least restricted by government and allowed the greatest freedom of play. Government intervention is habitually restrictive, and the best legislation has been that which abrogated former restrictive legislation.

Government, religion and literature are not the cause of civilization, but its effects. The higher religion enters only where the mind is intellectually prepared for its acceptance; elsewhere the forms may be adopted, but not the essence, as medieval Christianity was merely an adapted paganism. Similarly, a religion imposed by authority is accepted in its form, but not necessarily in its essence.

In the same way literature is valuable to a country in proportion as the population is capable of criticising and discriminating; that is, as it is intellectually prepared to select and sift the good from the bad.

II—Civilization in England

It was the revival of the critical or sceptical spirit which remedied the three fundamental errors of the olden time. Where the spirit of doubt was quenched civilization continued to be stationary. Where it was allowed comparatively free play, as in England and France, there has arisen that constantly progressive knowledge to which these two great nations owe their prosperity.

In England its primary and most important consequence is the growth of religious toleration. From the time of Elizabeth it became impossible to profess religion as the avowed warrant for persecution. Hooker, at the end of her reign, rests the argument of his Ecclesiastical Polity on reason; and this is still more decisively the case with Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants not fifty years later. The double movement of scepticism had overthrown its controlling authority.

In precisely the same way Boyle—perhaps the greatest of our men of science between Bacon and Newton—perpetually insists on the importance of individual experiments and the comparative unimportance of what we have received from antiquity.

The clergy had lost ground; their temporary alliance with James II was ended by the Declaration of Indulgence. But they were half-hearted in their support of the Revolution, and scepticism received a fresh encouragement from the hostility between them and the new government; and the brief rally under Queen Anne was overwhelmed by the rise of Wesleyanism. Theology was finally severed from the department both of ethics and of government.

The eighteenth century is characterised by a craving after knowledge on the part of those classes from whom knowledge had hitherto been shut out. With the demand for knowledge came an increased simplicity in the literary form under which it was diffused. With the spirit of inquiry the desire for reform constantly increased, but the movement was checked by a series of political combinations which demand some attention.

The accession of George III changed the conditions which had persisted since the accession of George I. The new king was able to head reaction. The only minister of ability he admitted to his counsels was Pitt, and Pitt retained power only by abandoning his principles. Nevertheless, a counter-reaction was created, to which England owes her great reforms of the nineteenth century.

III—Development of France

In France at the time of the Reformation the clergy were far more powerful than in England, and the theological contest was much more severe. Toleration began with Henry IV at the moment when Montaigne appeared as the prophet of scepticism. The death of King Henry was not followed by the reaction which might have been expected, and the rule of Richelieu was emphatically political in its motives and secular in its effects. It is curious to see that the Protestants were the illiberal party, while the cardinal remained resolutely liberal.

The difference between the development in France and England is due primarily to the recognition in England of the fact that no country can long remain prosperous or safe in which the people are not gradually extending their power, enlarging their privileges and incorporating themselves with the functions of the state. France, on the other hand, suffered far more from the spirit of protection, which is so dangerous, and yet so plausible, that it forms the most serious obstacle with which advancing civilization has to contend.

The great rebellion in England was a war of classes as well as of factions; on the one side the yeomanry and traders, on the other the nobles and the clergy. The corresponding war of the Fronde in France was not a class war at all; it was political, and in no way social. At bottom the English rebellion was democratic; the leaders of the Fronde were aristocrats, without any democratic leanings.

Thus in France the protective spirit maintained its ascendancy intensified. Literature and science, allied to and patronised by government, suffered demoralisation, and the age of Louis XIV was one of actual decay. After the death of Louis XIV the French discovered England and English literature. Our island, regarded hitherto as barbarous, was visited by nearly every Frenchman of note for the two succeeding generations. Voltaire, in particular, assimilated and disseminated English doctrines.

The consequent development of the liberal spirit brought literature into collision with the government. Inquiry was opposed to the interests of both nobles and clergy. Nearly every great man of letters in France was a victim of persecution. It might be said that the government deliberately made a personal enemy of every man of intellect in the country. We can only wonder, not that the revolution came, but that it was still so long delayed; but ingrained prejudices prevented the crown from being the first object of attack. The hostility of the men of letters was directed first against the Church and Christianity. Religious scepticism and political emancipation did not advance hand in hand; much that was worst in the actual revolution was due to the fact that the latter lagged behind.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE was born at Lee, in Kent, November 24, 1821, son of a wealthy merchant, and was educated privately. The death of his father in 1840 left him independent, and the boy who was brought up in Toryism and Calvinism became a philosophic radical and freethinker. He travelled for some years on the Continent, read widely, and had such remarkable linguistic gifts that he acquired facility in nineteen languages and fluency in seven. Always of delicate constitution, he exhausted himself physically by incessant hard work and in 1861 he left England for the East in search of health, but reaching Nazareth was attacked by fever and died at Damascus, May 29, 1862.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries some progress had been made in the principles of writing history. Like everything else, history suffered from the rule of Louis XIV. Again the advance was inaugurated by Voltaire. His principle is to concentrate on important movements, not on idle details. This was not characteristic of the individual author only, but of the spirit of the age. It is equally present in the works of Montesquieu and Turgot. The defects of Montesquieu are chiefly due to the fact that his materials were intractable, because science had not yet reduced them to order by generalising the laws of their phenomena. In the second half of the eighteenth century the intellectual movement began to be turned directly against the state. Economical and financial inquiries began to absorb popular attention. Rousseau headed the political movement, whereas the government, in its financial straits, turned against the clergy, whose position was already undermined, and against whom Voltaire continued to direct his batteries.

The suppression of the Jesuits meant a revival of Jansenism. Jansenism is Calvinistic, and Calvinism is democratic; but the real concentration of French minds was on material questions. The foundations of religious beliefs had been undermined, and hence arose the painful prevalence of atheism. The period was one of progress in the study of material laws in every field. The national intellect had taken a new bent, and it was one which tended to violent social revolt. The hall of science is the temple of democracy. It was in these conditions that the eyes of Frenchmen were turned to the revolt in the cause of liberty of the American people. The spark was set to an inflammatory mass, and ignited a flame which never ceased its ravages until it had destroyed all that Frenchmen once held dear.

IV—Reaction in Spain

I HAVE laid down four propositions which I have endeavoured to establish—that progress depends on a successful investigation of the laws of phenomena; that a spirit of scepticism is a condition of such investigation; that the influence of intellectual truths increases thereby relatively to that of moral truths; and that the great enemy of this progress is the protective spirit. We shall find these propositions verified in the history of Spain.

Physically, Spain most closely resembles those non-European countries where the influence of nature is more prominent than that of man, and whose civilizations are consequently influenced more by the imagination than by the understanding. In Spain, superstition is encouraged by the violent energies of nature. After the fall of the Roman Empire, Spain was first engaged in a long struggle on behalf of the Arianism of the Goths against the orthodoxy of the Franks. This was followed by centuries of struggle between the Christian Spaniards and the Mahomedan Moors. After the conquest of Granada, the King of Spain and Emperor, Charles V, posed primarily as the champion of religion and the enemy of heresy. His son Philip summarised his policy in the phrase that 'it is better not to reign at all than to reign over heretics.'

Loyalty was supported by superstition; each strengthened the other. Great foreign conquests were made, and a great military reputation was developed. But the people counted for nothing. The crown, the aristocracy and the clergy were supreme—the last more so than ever in the seventeenth century.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Bourbon replaced he Hapsburg dynasty. The Bourbons sought to improve the country by weakening the Church, but failed to raise the people, who had become intellectually paralysed. The greatest efforts at improvement were made by Charles III; but Charles IV, unlike his predecessors, was a true Spaniard. The inevitable reaction set in.

In the nineteenth century individuals have striven for political reform, but they have been unable to make head against those general causes which have predetermined the country to superstition. Great as are the virtues for which the Spaniards have long been celebrated, those noble qualities are useless while ignorance is so gross and so general.

V—The Paradox of Scottish History

IN most respects Scotland affords a complete contrast to Spain, but in regard to superstition there is a striking similarity. Both nations have allowed their clergy to exercise immense sway; in both intolerance is a crying evil; and a bigotry is habitually displayed which is still more discreditable to Scotland than to Spain. It is the paradox of Scotch history that the people are liberal in politics and illiberal in religion.

The early history of Scotland is one of perpetual invasions down to the end of the fourteenth century. This had the double effect of strengthening the nobles while it weakened the citizens, and increasing the influence of the clergy while weakening that of the intellectual classes. The crown, overshadowed by the nobility, was forced to alliance with the Church.

The fifteenth century is a record of the struggles of the crown supported by the

clergy against the nobility, whose power, however, they failed to break. At last, in the reign of James V, the crown and Church gained the ascendancy. The antagonism of the nobles to the Church was intensified, and consequently the nobles identified themselves with the Reformation.

The struggle continued during the regency which followed the death of James; but within twenty years the nobles had triumphed and the Church was destroyed. There was an immediate rupture between the nobility and the new clergy, who united themselves with the people and became the advocates of democracy. The crown and the nobles were now united in maintaining episcopacy, which became the special object of attack from the new clergy, who, despite the extravagance of their behaviour, became the great instruments in keeping alive and fostering the spirit of liberty.

When James VI became also James I of England, he used his new power to enforce episcopacy. Charles I continued his policy; but the reaction was gathering strength, and became open revolt in 1637. The democratic movement became directly political. When the great civil war followed, the Scots sold the king, who had surrendered to them, to the English, who executed him. They acknowledged his son, Charles II, but not till he had accepted the Covenant on ignominious terms.

At the restoration Charles II was able to renew the oppressive policy of his father and grandfather. The restored bishops supported the crown; the people and the popular clergy were mercilessly persecuted. Matters became even worse under James II, but the revolution of 1688 ended the oppression. The exiled house found support in the Highlands not out of loyalty, but from the Highland preference for anarchy; and after 1745 the Highlanders themselves were powerless. The trading spirit rose and flourished, and the barbaric hereditary jurisdictions were abolished.

This last measure marked, but did not cause, the decadence of the power of the nobility. This had been brought about primarily by the union with England in 1707. In the legislature of Great Britain the Scotch peers were a negligible and despised factor. The *coup de grâce* was given by the rebellion of 1745. The law referred to expressed an already accomplished fact.

The union also encouraged the development of the mercantile and manufacturing classes, which, in turn, strengthened the democratic movement. Meanwhile, a great literature was also arising, bold and inquiring. Nevertheless, it failed to diminish the national superstition.

This illiberality in religion was caused in the first place by the power of the clergy. Religion was the essential feature of the Scotch war against Charles I. Theological interests dominated the secular because the clergy were the champions of the political movement. Hence, in the seventeenth century, the clergy were enabled to extend and consolidate their own authority partly by means of that great engine of tyranny, the kirk sessions, partly through the credulity which accepted their claims to miraculous interpositions in their favour. To increase their own ascendancy, the clergy advanced monstrous doctrines concerning evil spirits and punishments in the next life; painted the Deity as cruel and jealous; discovered sinfulness hateful to God in the most harmless acts; punished the same with savage penalties; and so crushed out of Scotland all mirth and nearly all physical enjoyment.

Scottish literature of the eighteenth century failed to destroy this illiberality owing to the method of the Scotch philosophers. The school which arose was in reaction against the dominant theological spirit; but its method was deductive, not inductive. Now, the inductive method, which ascends from experience to theory, is anti-theological. The deductive reasons down from theories whose validity is assumed; it is the method of theology itself. In Scotland the theological spirit had taken such firm hold that the inductive method could not have obtained a hearing; whereas in England and France this method has been generally followed.

The great secular philosophy of Scotland was initiated by Hutchinson. His system of morals was based not on revealed principles, but on laws ascertainable by human

intelligence; his positions were in flat contradiction to those of the clergy. But his method assumes intuitive faculties and intuitive knowledge.

The next and the greatest name is that of Adam Smith, whose works, The Theory of Moral Sentiments, and The Wealth of Nations must be taken in conjunction. In the first he works on the assumption that sympathy is the mainspring of human conduct. In the Wealth of Nations the mainspring is selfishness. The two are not contradictory, but complementary. Of the second book it may be said that it is probably the most important that has ever been written, whether we consider the amount of original thought which it contains or its practical influence.

Beside Adam Smith stands David Hume. An accomplished reasoner and a profound thinker, he lacked the invaluable quality of imagination. This is the underlying defect of his history. Important and novel as are Hume's doctrines, his method was also deductive and, like Adam Smith, he rests little on experience. After these two, Reid was the most eminent among the purely speculative thinkers of Scotland, but he stands far below them both. To Hume the spirit of inquiry and scepticism is essential; to Reid it is a danger.

The deductive method was no less prevalent in physical philosophy. Now, induction is more accessible to the average understanding than deduction. The deductive character of this Scottish literature prevented it from having popular effect, and therefore from weakening the national superstition, from which Scotland, even to-day, has been unable to free herself.

A Great Romance of the Italian Renaissance

GEORGE ELIOT

ROMOLA

It was while on a visit to Florence in May 1860 that George Eliot projected the writing of a historical novel of the time of Savonarola. In the following summer she again visited Florence and made exhaustive researches in the libraries, gathering historical and topographical details of the city and its life as they were in the medieval period she wished to re-create. After much study, and after one false start, she made a serious beginning with Romola in January 1862. In February she accepted an offer for its appearance serially in the Cornhill Magazine, the first part appearing in July 1862. She was engaged upon the novel for eighteen months, always in doubt and sometimes in despair of her ability to accomplish the task, and by June 1863 she had thankfully written the last words of what is regarded by some as her greatest book. Outlines of George Eliot's Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, and Silas Marner appear at pages 454, 905 and 2799 respectively.

I—Tito and Little Tessa

Under the Loggia de Cerchi, in the heart of old Florence, in the early morning of April 9, 1492, two men had their eyes fixed on each other. One was looking downward with the scrutiny of curiosity; the other, lying on the pavement, was looking upward with the startled gaze of an awakened dreamer.

"Young man," said the standing figure, pointing to a ring on the finger of the other, "when your chin has got a stiffer crop on it you'll know better than to take your nap in street corners with a ring like that on your forefinger. By the holy 'vangels, if it had been anybody but me standing over you—but Bratti Ferravecchi is not the man to steal! Three years ago, one San Giovanni, the saint, sent a dead body in my way—a blind beggar, with his cap well lined with pieces. But how comes a young man like you, with the face of Messer San Michele, to be sleeping on a stone bed? Your tunic and hose match ill with that jewel, young man. Anybody might say the saints had sent you a dead body; but if you took the jewels, I hope you buried him—and you can afford a mass or two for him into the bargain!"

Something like a painful thrill appeared to dart through the frame of the listener and arrest the careless stretching of his arms. But he immediately recovered an air of indifference, took off the red Levantine cap which hung like a great purse over his left ear and, pushing back his long, dark brown curls, said smilingly, "The fact is, I'm a stranger in Florence, and when I came in footsore last night, I preferred flinging myself in a corner of this hospitable porch to hunting for a chance hostelry, which might turn out to be a nest of bloodsuckers. Can you show me the way to a more lively quarter, where I can get a meal and a lodging?"

"That I can," said Bratti.

And, talking volubly as they went, Bratti led the way to the Mercato Vecchio, or the Old Market, promising to conduct him to the prettiest damsel in the Mercato for a cup of milk.

But as soon as they emerged from the narrow streets into the Old Market, they found the place packed with excited groups of men and women humming with gossip.

"Diavolo!" said Bratti, "the Mercato has gone as mad as if the Holy Father had excommunicated us again! I must know what this is."

He pushed about among the crowd, inquiring and disputing, and was presently absorbed in discussing the newest development of Florentine politics, the death of Lorenzo dei Medici, and whether or not this death was the beginning of the time of tribulation that Savonarola had been seeing in visions and foretelling in sermons.

Indifferent to this general agitation, the young stranger became tired of waiting for Bratti's escort and, strolling on round the piazza, felt, on a sudden thought, in the wallet that hung at his waist.

"Not an obolus, by Jupiter!" he murmured, in a language that was not Tuscan or even Italian. "I must get my breakfast for love, then!"

In a corner, away from any group of talkers, two mules were standing. One carried wooden milk vessels, the other a pair of panniers filled with herbs and salads. Resting her elbow on the mule that carried the milk, there leant a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen with a red hood surrounding her face, which was all the more baby-like in its prettiness from the entire concealment of her hair. The poor child was weary, and seemed to have gone to sleep in that half-standing, half-leaning posture. Nevertheless, our stranger had no compunction in awaking her. She opened her baby-blue eyes and stared up with confusion.

"Forgive me, pretty one, for awaking you," he said. "I'm dying with hunger, and the scent of milk makes breakfast seem more desirable than ever."

She bestirred herself, and in a few moments a large cup of fragrant milk was held out to him; and by the time he set the cup down she had brought bread from a bag which hung by the side of the mule and shyly and mutely insisted on his taking it, even though he told her he had nothing to pay her with; and just as he was leaning down to kiss her he was harshly interrupted by Monna Ghita, Tessa's mother, who had come upon them unobserved.

The handsome presence of the stranger and his charm of manner were of no avail with Monna Ghita; her noisy rating of him drew Bratti and the barber, Nello, to the spot, and with these he was glad to make good his escape, having waved a furtive adieu to the pretty Tessa.

It was not until after Bratti, having business at home, had handed the young stranger over to Nello, and in the barber's shop he had been shaved and trimmed, and made to look presentable, that Tito Melema became more confidential, and explained that he was a Greek; that he was returning from adventures abroad, had suffered shipwreck, and found himself in Florence with nothing saved from that disaster but some old gems for which he was anxious to obtain a purchaser.

"Let us see, let us see," said Nello, walking up and down his shop. "What you want is a man of wealth and influence and scholarly tastes; and that man is Bartolommeo Scala, the Secretary of our Republic. He came to Florence as a poor adventurer himself, a miller's son; and that may be a reason why he may be the more ready to do a good turn to a strange scholar. I could take you to a man who

can help you to a chance of a favourable interview with Scala—a man worth seeing for his own sake, too, to say nothing of his collections, or of his daughter Romola, who is as fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome and turned red."

"But if the father of this beautiful Romola makes collections, why should he not like to buy some of my gems himself?"

Nello shrugged his shoulders. "For two good reasons—want of sight to look at the gems, and want of money to pay for them."

II—'More than a Man's Ransom'

He was a moneyless, blind old scholar, the Bardo de Bardi, to whom Nello introduced Tito Melema; a man who came of a proud, energetic stock, whose ancestors had loved to play the signor, had been merchants and usurers of keen daring, and conspicuous among those who clutched the sword in the earliest world-famous quarrels of Florentine with Florentine. The family passions lived on in Bardo under altered conditions; he was a man with a deep-veined hand cramped by much copying of manuscripts, who ate sparing dinners and wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice and at last from necessity; who sat among his books and manuscripts, and saw them only by the light of those far-off younger days which still shone in his memory.

And among his books and antiquities and rare marble fragments, in a spacious room surrounded with laden shelves, Romola was his daily companion and assistant. There was a time when he had hoped that his son, Dino, would have followed in his steps, to be the prop of his age, and to take up and continue his scholarly labours after he was dead. But Dino had failed him; Dino had given himself up to religion and entered the priesthood, and the passion of Bardo's resentment had flamed into fierce hatred towards this recreant son of his, and none dared so much as to name him within his hearing.

Maso, the old serving-man, ushered in the two visitors he had announced a few minutes previously, and Nello introduced Tito to Bardo and his daughter as a scholar of considerable Greek learning.

Romola's astonishment could hardly have been greater if the stranger had worn a panther-skin and carried a thyrsus, for the cunning barber had said nothing of the Greek's age or appearance, and among her father's scholarly visitors she had hardly ever seen any but grey-headed men.

Nevertheless, she returned Tito's bow with the same pale, proud face as ever; but as he approached the snow melted, and when he ventured to look towards her again a pink flush overspread her face, to vanish again almost immediately, as if her imperious will had recalled it. Tito's glance, on the other hand, as he looked at this tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, as she stood at the reading-desk with one hand on the back of her father's chair, had that gentle, beseeching admiration in it which is the most propitiating of appeals to a proud, shy woman, and is perhaps the only atonement a man can make for being too handsome.

"Messere, I give you welcome," said Bardo with some condescension; "misfortune wedded to learning, and especially to Greek learning, is a letter of credit that should win the ear of every instructed Florentine."

He proceeded to question Tito as to what part of Greece he came from, learnt that he was a young man of unusual scholastic attainments, and that he had a father who was himself a scholar.

"At least," said Tito, "a father by adoption. He was a Neapolitan, but," he added, after another slight pause, "he is lost to me—was lost on a voyage he too rashly undertook to Delos."

Bardo forbore to speak further on so painful a topic; he discoursed freely upon his own studies, his past hopes and the one great ambition that remained to him—that his library and his magnificent collection of treasures should not be dissipated on his death, but should become the property of the public, and be honourably housed in Florence for all time, with his name over the door.

In his eagerness he made passing reference to his son, of how Romola had been filling his place to the best of her power, and plainly hinted—and Tito was not slow

to profit by the opportunity—that if he could have the young Greek scholar to work with him instead of her, he might yet look to fulfil some of the notable designs he had abandoned when his blindness came upon him.

"But," he resumed, in his original tone of condescension, "we are departing from what I believe is your most important business. Nello informed me that you had certain gems which you would dispose of."

"I have one or two intagli of much beauty," said Tito. "But they are now in the keeping of Messer Domenico Cennini, who has a strong and safe place for such things. He estimates them as worth at least five hundred ducats."

"Ah, then, they are fine intagli!" said Bardo. "Five hundred ducats! Ah, more than a man's ransom!"

Tito gave a slight, almost imperceptible start, and opened his long, dark eyes with questioning surprise at Bardo's blind face, as if his words—a mere phrase of common parlance at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment—had some special meaning for him.

But Bardo had used the words in all innocence, and went on to talk of superstitions that attached to certain gems, and to undertake that he would use his influence with the Secretary of the Republic in Tito's behalf. Both Romola and her father were attracted by the charm and freshness and apparent simplicity of the young man; but just as he was making ready to depart they were interrupted by the entrance of Bernardo del Nero, one of the chief citizens of Florence, Bardo's oldest friend, and Romola's godfather; and Bernardo felt an instant, instinctive distrust of the handsome, ingratiating stranger, and did not hesitate to say so after Tito had left them.

"Remember, Bardo," he said at length, "thou hast a rare gem of thy own; take care no one gets it who is not like to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a sleekness about him that seems marvellously fitted for slipping into any nest he fixes his mind on."

III—The Man Who Was Wronged

It was undeniable that Tito's coming had been the dawn of a new life for both father and daughter, and he grew to care for Romola supremely—to wish to have her for his beautiful and loving wife.

He took her place as Bardo's assistant, and served him with an easy efficiency that had been beyond her; and she, happier in her father's happiness, had given her love to Tito even before he ventured to offer her his own. He was thus sailing under the fairest breeze, and besides convincing fair judges that his talents squared with his good fortune, he wore that fortune so unpretentiously that no one seemed to be offended by it.

And that was not the whole of Tito's good fortune, for he had sold his jewels, and was master of full five hundred gold florins. Yet the moment when he first had this sum in his possession was the crisis of the first serious struggle his facile, good-humoured nature had known.

'A man's ransom!' Who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If, now, under this mid-day sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts, and with the most passionate heart—a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth and cruel wrong, and had reared him tenderly, if that man were now, under this summer sun, toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water? If he were saying to himself, "Tito will find me. He had but to carry our gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he—Tito—see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by soft airs of love and prosperity; I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain*. But the galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel; that was known by the report of the companion galley which had escaped; and there had been resistance and probable bloodshed, a man had been seen falling overboard.

He quieted his conscience with such reasonings as these, and when definite

tidings reached him that his father was still a prisoner he contrived to keep the knowledge to himself, and still did nothing. The death of the exhausted, emaciated monk who had brought these tidings freed him of one fear; but this monk was Romola's brother, Dino, and obeying his summons she had been in secret to see him as he lay dying.

"ROMOLA," her brother began to speak, "in the deep night, as I lay awake, I saw my father's room, and I saw you . . . And at the *leggio* where I used to stand stood a man whose face I could not see. I saw him move and take thee, Romola, by the hand, and then I saw thee take my father by the hand, and you all three went down the stone steps into the streets, the man, whose face was a blank to me, leading the way. And you stood at the altar of Santa Croce, and the priest who married you had the face of death; and the graves opened and the dead in their shrouds followed you like a bridal train. And it seemed to me that at last you came to a stony place where there was no water, and no trees or herbage; but instead of water I saw written parchment unrolling itself everywhere, and instead of trees and herbage I saw men of bronze and marble springing up and crowding round you. And my father was faint, and fell to the ground; and the man loosed thy hand and departed; and as he went I could see his face, and it was the face of the Great Tempter. . . . Thrice have I had that vision, Romola. I believe it is a revelation meant for thee—to warn thee against marriage as a temptation of the enemy . . . ."

The words died away.

"Frate," said the dying voice. "Give her——"

"The crucifix," said the voice of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, who was standing in the shadows behind her.

"Dino!" said Romola, with a low but piercing cry.

"Take the crucifix, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo, after a few minutes. "His eyes behold it no more."

. . . . . .

But, heedless of the distrust and opposition of Messer Bernardo del Nero, and with this vision of Dino's menacing his highest hope, Tito went gaily on his triumphant way.

Also he had renewed acquaintance with the little Tessa. He came upon her in the thronged streets during carnival time, and seeing her, a timorous, tearful little *contadina*, terrified by the burlesque threats of a boisterous conjurer, took her under his protection.

Thereafter, he met her again at intervals, finding her naïve love and humble adoration and obedience very pleasant; and, meeting her once at a peasants' fair, he jestingly yielded to the burlesque solicitations of a mountebank in a white mitre, paid a small fee, and went through an absurd mock-marriage with her.

Tessa herself believed the marriage to be real enough, and he would not mar her delight by undeceiving her. Later, since she was wretched at home with her scolding mother and a brutal step-father, and there were dangers in allowing her to go on waylaying him in the streets when too long a period elapsed between his visits to her, he quietly took her away and established her in a small house on the skirts of the city, with the deaf, discreet old Monna Lisa as her servant and companion.

NEITHER this nor the darker secret of his treachery to his adoptive father cast any cloud over his habitual cheerfulness. His love for Romola was a higher and deeper passion than anything he felt for the child-like, submissive little Tessa, and when she told him frankly of her brother's warning vision, he set himself to convince her it was the mere nightmare of a diseased imagination, and the perfect love and trust she had for him made the task easy.

For a while after their marriage she was ideally happy; she was not even separated from her father, for Tito came to live with them and was to Bardo, in his scholastic labours, all that he had wished his own son to be. Then came the first cloud.

On November 17, 1494, more than eighteen months after the marriage of Tito and Romola, the King of France marched his army into Florence on his way to take possession of Naples and impose peace on the warring little states into which Italy was divided. There were

those in Florence who were prepared to welcome the invaders, but the majority, the common people in particular, resented their coming.

With the soldiery came three wretched prisoners; they were led in ropes by their captors, and with blows from knotted cords were stimulated to beg. Two, as they passed, held out their hands, crying piteously, "For the love of God give us something towards our ransom!"

But the third remained obstinately silent. He was old, white-haired, emaciated, with a thick-set figure that seemed to express energy in spite of age; yet there was something fitful in his eyes.

This sight was witnessed by the Florentines with growing exasperation, and presently, from jeering at the French soldiers and hustling them, they became bent upon rescuing this third prisoner from his tormentors; one venturesome youth suddenly dashed in, cut the old man's bonds and urged him to run; and the next moment he had plunged into the crowd, which closed behind him and hampered the pursuit.

With one soldier struggling desperately on his track, the fugitive sped towards the Duomo, to seek refuge in that sanctuary, but in mounting the steps his foot slipped, he was precipitated towards a group of signori who stood there with their backs to him, and clutched one to save himself.

It was Tito Melema who felt the clutch. He turned, and saw the face of his adoptive father, Baldassarre Calvo, close to his own. The two men looked at each other silent as death; Tito with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. The next instant the grasp on his arm relaxed, and Baldassarre disappeared within the church.

IV—Romola's Ordeal

With Baldassarre lurking in Florence, Tito went in hourly fear. At any moment the story of his baseness might be blown abroad; at any moment, worse still, he might be struck down by the old man, in whose wild eyes he had read only a fierce yearning for vengeance.

As a precaution, Tito took to wearing a coat of fine chain-mail under his doublet, and the discovery of this alarmed Romola for his safety, and shocked her with a suspicion that he was a coward.

But by now Tito was deeply involved in Florentine politics, and easily persuaded her that it was against secret political intriguers that he thus shielded himself. He went on to confess that his life was no longer safe in Florence, and he was resolved to leave the city for good. But to this she demurred; her father had died and left his library and his collection as a sacred trust to her and Tito, and until they had carried out his wish and made them over to the city authorities she felt she could not go.

Tito made light of her scruples. Her father's wish, he said, had been a mere foolish vanity; they had need of money, and he intended to sell both the library and collection, and when, for the first time in her life, she spoke bitterly, in scorn and anger of his faithlessness, he told her flatly it was useless to bandy words, for he had sold them already and they were to be removed that day.

Frantic with grief and resentment, she thought of desperate ways of preventing the accomplishment of his heartless plans, even to borrowing of her godfather and buying back the treasures, so that Tito might keep his ill-gotten gain and her father's last wish still be fulfilled; but he convinced her that all her interference was too late, for the things had been purchased by the Count di San Severino and the Seneschal de Beaucaire, who were already on their way with the French king to Siena.

Latterly, in many ways, Romola had been disappointed in her husband's character; she had found that his handsome face and gay air masked a cowardice, a cunning meanness, a sordid selfishness of disposition that were all at variance with her high ideal of him; but that final unspeakable treachery to the dead man who had trusted him so implicitly shattered her love for Tito utterly.

As soon as her father's library was dismantled and his treasures taken away, Romola went from the house with the old man-servant, Maso, and would never have looked upon Tito's face again, but that Fra Girolamo intercepted her.

"I have a command to call you back," he said. "My daughter, you must return to your place. You are flying from your debts: the debt of a Florentine woman to her fellow citizens; the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. You are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness. My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will forsake my husband,' but you cannot cease to be a wife."

There was hunger and misery in the streets, and he urged upon her that if she had no other purpose in life she could stay, and help the poor of her own city. Her pride was broken, and she yielded.

V—Baldassarre Is Avenged

MEANWHILE, Baldassarre, lurking about Florence, had armed himself with a knife, and was ravenous for revenge. Being homeless, he called by chance at Tessa's house, and she, not knowing who he was, gave him shelter and food and drink.

Whilst he was there, Tito came and, too frankly simple to keep anything from him, Tessa confessed that she had disobeyed his injunctions against holding converse with strangers, and was sheltering a strange, weary old man in the shed without. Her description left Tito in no doubt as to his identity. He went out to the shed and sought to propitiate Baldassarre with specious explanations. But the old man answered nothing, till his smouldering fury burst into a flame, then he precipitated himself upon the intruder and struck with all his force; but the blade of the knife broke off short against the hidden coat of mail.

Tito insisted that he was welcome to remain there, and said what he could to soothe him; but Baldassarre would stay no longer when he knew whose roof covered him. Presently, he armed himself anew, and waited for another opportunity. Then one night he contrived to get into the Rucellai Gardens, where Tito was at supper with a gathering of Florentine notabilities, and passionately denounced him before the company as a scoundrel, a liar and a robber.

There were those present who had been on the church steps that day when Baldassarre had clutched Tito by the arm, and Tito had then explained away his momentary panic. Questioned now by one of these, he declared that though when first he encountered his accuser he did not recognize him, he now saw that he was the servant who years ago accompanied him and his adoptive father to Greece, and was dismissed on account of misdemeanours.

Baldassarre was given a chance to prove that he was not this servant, but the great scholar to whom Tito owed his learning.

"The ring I possess," said Rucellai, "is a fine sard that I myself purchased from Messer Tito. It is engraved with a subject from Homer. Will you turn to the passage in Homer from which that subject is taken?"

But sitting to look over the book, Baldassarre realized that the sufferings through which he had passed had unhinged his memory; the words he stared at had no meaning for him, and he lifted his hands to his head in despair.

The consequence of this fresh failure was that Baldassarre was cast into prison, and Tito was at liberty to pursue his political ambitions.

BUT by-and-by the tide began to turn against him. Baldassarre was at large again, and met Romola and told her not only of his own wrongs, but of Tessa. She saw Tessa and her two children, and befriended them, and was so far from blaming that innocent little creature that she did not even disclose the truth to her; but she was importunate with Tito that he should make atonement to the man who had been a father to him. Then came a day when Tito's treacheries were discovered by the party he was supposed to serve, and he had to flee for his life through Florence. Scattering jewels and gold to delay his pursuers, he leaped from the bridge into the river, and swam in the darkness, leaving the mob to think he was drowned.

But far down the stream there were certain eyes that saw him from the banks of the river, and when he landed and fell, faint and helpless, Baldassarre's hands closed on his throat; and next evening the two dead bodies were found there.

Hoppe

Alfred Noyes

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Alfred Noyes

POEMS

A Critical Appreciation by St. John Adcock

There is a curious tendency among critics of the more pedantic kind to undervalue all poetry that is popular, and to think too highly of poetry that is too purely academic to give any joy to the average intelligent human being. Yet if you have lived long enough to notice such things you will have found that the most fatal judgement that can be passed on any poet is to say that his work is scholarly; for the writing of poetry is not primarily or fundamentally a scholastic achievement. No poet that matters ever devoted himself exclusively to satisfying the needs of scholars and professional critics; his hope has always been that he might have power to appeal to the world at large, to the man in the street no less than to the man in the study; and his ultimate fate has invariably depended on whether or not he has succeeded in doing this.

For, after all, poetry is not a science like algebra or mathematics; it does not consist of problems that can only be understood by the select few and after even they have undergone a special course of training. To fulfil its proper function it must be a form of entertainment, a source of pleasure, and the best poetry is that which, in the long run, pleases the greatest number. The old English ballads that the learned not only tolerate now but write about learnedly were written for the vulgar, often by uneducated men; and were originally sung in market-places for the delight of the ordinary crowd. Shakespeare was the most popular of dramatists in a day when the majority of his audience were unlettered; and in a day when his public had at least learnt how to read Tennyson was the most popular of poets. As a rule, those who have become recognized as the chief poets of the age in which they wrote were recognized as such by the general reader of their period. And the poets who are recognized as among the chief of our own time are not the idols of a little clan but those who have made the widest appeal—such as Kipling, Hardy, de la Mare, Watson, Masefield, Noyes—and these and other such are alike in this, that however much they may differ in temperament, method, subject, they have not abandoned the old simplicities for any affectations or oddities of form or utterance; they are in touch with the healthy life and thought of their generation, find inspiration in experiences and emotions that are not unknown to the rest of us, and move more or less in the main current of poetical tradition.

All this is true of Alfred Noyes, and is part of the secret of his popularity; another part of that secret is, I think, that besides being a master of technique, a cunning artist in metrical harmonies, a rational idealist with a sane, definite philosophy of life and a charming lyrical gift, he has also the lure of that narrative genius which captured the audiences of the old balladmongers and has brought popularity to poets who possessed it, from Homer to Dante, from Chaucer to Spenser and Milton, to Byron, Keats, Tennyson, onwards; he has the creative imagination of the dramatist and knows how to tell a story so that the pathos, humour, romance or beauty of it are heightened by the changing music of his lines. It was the homely tale of Michael Oaktree, in his first volume, that won the admiration of Meredith; and his glowing epic story of Drake that, a few years later, was crowned with Swinburne's praise.

Noyes began his career as a poet when he was twenty-two, and the harvest of his four-and-twenty years since then has been gathered into three stout volumes of Collected Poems, and is in five later volumes that no doubt will in due season be collected into a fourth. Born in Staffordshire, September 16, 1880, he went to Oxford, where he was not too studious to pull a good oar in the Exeter College eight. He had published nine books (including a study of William Morris in the English Men of Letters series), and the first two volumes of his Collected Poems had appeared when, in 1913, he was honoured by Yale University with the degree of D.Litt.; and next year was appointed Professor of Modern English Literature at Princeton University, from which position, after a break during the war when he was attached to the British Foreign Office, he retired in 1923.

UNDER the influence of those professorial years and a natural passion for the intricacies of technique, he might well have declined into a poet of that more formal, bloodless, merely technical order that placates the pundits and sends the multitude empty away, but a sense of humour, a sense of the essentials in poetry, an eager and robust interest in life, as well as in literature, saved him from that catastrophe. He has learnt all the tricks of the trade and is enthusiastic in exercising them. You may note, in his longer poems, how sensitively he adapts familiar metres or invents new ones to match his varying moods; with what deftness and ease he handles his many and differing measures and how readily the most intricate as the simplest of them run in his service; the effective use he makes of rhyme, alliteration, assonance; yet, because of his skill in these matters, he seems to be writing all the while with the careless, impromptu facility of the troubadour.

For, in spite of his obvious devotion to it, it is as obvious that he has never made the technique of his art an end in itself, but has sedulously employed it as a means to his end, has used it only as wings for his words, and not as an elegant substitute for thought or fancy; nor has ever needed to use it as such. He is as vigorously alive and completely unaffected in his verse as he is in himself, and like all artists he is too sensitive for others, and too sensible, to be afflicted with the fretful vagaries of the mere artistic temperament. What the superficial might mistake for a native facility in his metrical and rhyming achievements is the fruit of close study and long practice, for it is still true, as it was when Pope wrote, that,

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.

He has learnt to dance, and to make his fancies dance in such lilting, gossamer-light measures as Come Down to Kew in Lilac Time, and moves with ease accordingly when he turns to graver themes and staider melodies; but how much of self-criticism, of careful revision and polishing lies behind this seemingly unpremeditated art is only apparent when you glance at his manuscripts or the books he has prepared for new editions.

NO contemporary has, I think, produced a body of poetry larger in quantity and outlook, wider in scope, or more wonderfully varied in subject matter and in style. Beginning in 1902 with The Loom of Years, Noyes had published before he was thirty that dainty, lyrical tale The Flower of Old Japan; Poems, another book of miscellaneous lyrics and ballads; The Forest of Wild Thyme, in which he was story-telling again, the poignant, graciously fanciful, tenderly symbolical story of the children's search for the little dead Peterkin; Forty Singing Seamen, a blithe story of fantasy and adventure, in the same book with such different poems as his dramatically romantic ballad of The Highwayman, and the reminiscent, beautifully pictorial Oxford Revisited; Drake, an epic in twelve books; The Enchanted Island and Other Poems; and he commemorated his thirtieth year with a first issue of his Collected Poems, in two volumes, in 1910. Drake had run serially through Blackwood's Magazine before it came out between covers of its own and, by this time, to the applause of the critics had been added that general appreciation and popularity which is

sought by all poets but not found by many.

In succeeding years came Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, which I have always ranked as the most masterly and richly imaginative of his works; The Winepress, a grimly realistic, passionately denunciatory tale of war; The Searchlight, and Other Poems; Rada, a play; A Salute from the Fleet, and other poems of war and peace; The Elfin Artist, and Other Poems; and in 1923–1925 the two volumes of his yet unfinished trilogy of stories fashioned from the romance of science, The Torch Bearers. This is to say nothing of the just-published play, Robin Hood, successfully produced in America ten years ago and on the eve of production in London by Miss Lena Ashwell; of two books of short stories, and a book of critical essays; nor of the third volume of his Collected Poems, which came in 1920, nor of the volume of Selected Verse, which included The Victory Ball, one of the most moving and bitterly ironical poems that has rebuked the after-the-war spirit which forgets the dead while it glorifies their triumph.

It is not easy to select from these several volumes poems and passages that shall adequately represent their author's many-sided gift, and show him as visionary, dreamer, mystic, as thinker, and master of dainty or riotously irresponsible fantasy; as a lyrist who knows the language of the heart and can translate its joys and sorrows into song; as a romantic or realistic teller of all manner of stories of spiritual or material adventure, who, like Antaeus, gathers power when he touches earth and is at his happiest when he is recasting the comedies and tragedies, the tales of patient endeavour and self-sacrifice, the plodding industry or daring enterprise of men who are no creatures of his imagination but once wore earth about them and played real parts, small or great, in the drama of the ages.

Let us make a beginning by turning to the shorter poems and taking, not one of those lighter lyrics of grace and tenderness that are scattered everywhere through his pages, but one from the second of his collected volumes in which he embodies something of the metaphysical philosophy to which he returns with ampler vision in his recent stories of The Torch Bearers:

Creation

In the beginning there was nought
  But heaven, one Majesty of Light,
Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,
  Beyond all depth, beyond all height,
Consummate heaven, the first and last,
  Enfolding in its perfect prime
No future rushing to the past,
  But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or Time.

Formless it was, being gold on gold,
  And void—but with that complete life
Where music could no wings unfold
  Till, lo! God smote the strings of strife!
'Myself unto Myself am Throne,
  Myself unto Myself am Thrall,
I that am All am all alone,'
  He said, 'Yea, I have nothing, having all.'

And, gathering round His mount of bliss
  The angel-squadrons of His will,
He said, 'One battle yet there is
  To win, one vision to fulfil!
Since heaven where'er I gaze expands,
  And power that knows no strife or cry,
Weakness shall bind and pierce my hands
  And make a world for Me wherein to die.

'All might, all vastness and all glory
  Being Mine, I must descend and make
Out of My heart a song, a story
  Of little hearts that burn and break;
Out of My passion without end
  I will make little azure seas,
And into small sad fields descend
  And make green grass, white daisies, rustling trees.'

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust
  His arms out East and West and gave
For every little dream of dust
  Part of His life as to a grave!
'*Enough, O Father, for thy words*
  Have pierced Thy hands!' But, low and sweet,
He said, 'Sunsets and streams and birds,
  And drifting clouds!'—The purple stained his feet.

'*Enough!*' His angels moaned in fear,
  '*Father, Thy words have pierced Thy side!*'
He whispered, 'Roses shall grow there,
  And there must be a hawthorn-tide,
And ferns, dewy at dawn,' and still
  They moaned—'*Enough, the red drops bleed!*'
'And,' sweet and low, 'on every hill,'
  He said, 'I will have flocks and lambs to lead.'

His angels bowed their heads beneath
  Their wings till that great pang was gone:
'*Pour not Thy soul out unto Death!*'
  They moaned, and still His Love flowed on.

'There shall be small white wings to stray
From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom,
And blue flowers in the wheat; and——
'Stay!
Speak not!' they cried, *'the word that seals*
Thy tomb!'

He spake—'I have thought of a little child
That I will have there to embark
On small adventures in the wild,
And front slight perils in the dark;
And I will hide from him and lure
His laughing eyes with suns and moons,
And rainbows that shall not endure;
And—when he is weary sing him drowsy tunes.'

His angels fell before Him weeping,
'Enough! Tempt not the Gates of Hell!'
He said, 'His soul is in his keeping
That we may love each other well,
And lest the dark too much affright him,
I will strow countless little stars
Across his childish skies to light him
That he may wage in peace his mimic wars;

'And oft forget Me as he plays
With swords and childish merchandise,
Or with his elfin balance weighs,
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies;
Or builds his castles by the deep,
Or tunnels through the rocks, and then—
Turn to Me as he falls asleep
And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

'And when he is older he shall be
My friend and walk here at My side;
Or—when he wills—grow young with Me,
And, to that happy world where once we died
Descending through the calm blue weather,
Buy life once more with our immortal breath,
And wander through the little fields together,
And taste of Love and Death.'

This note of mysticism sounds in many another of the lyrics—in such as The Two Worlds, The Mystic, The Visitant—

'Beauty forsakes her sky
And wakes, a changeling, in our realm of night——'

in daintier, more fairy-like fashion in The Elfin Artist, and elusively and beautifully throughout The Forest of Wild Thyme.

It is a far cry from this spiritual traffic with the loveliness, the burden and the mystery of things to the beauty and human tragedy of such a lyric as The Gipsy:

There was a barefoot gipsy-girl
Came walking from the West,
With a little naked sorrow
Drinking beauty at her breast.
Her breast was like the young moon;
Her eyes were dark and wild.
She was like evening when she wept,
And morning when she smiled . . . .

or the laughing happiness of such a charmingly vivacious picture of a lover and his lass as A Spring Hat, with its sudden wistful afterthought in the closing stanza; or to any of those rapturous, full-hearted songs in which this most essentially English of poets pours out his pride in the glory of England or his love of her springs and summers and green countryside, as in the song in Drake that opens:

O, you beautiful land,
Deep-bosomed with beeches, and bright
With the flowery largesse of May
Sweet from the palm of her hand,
Outflung till the hedges grow white
As the green-arched billows with spray.

White from the fall of her feet
The daisies awake in the sun!
Cliff-side and valley and plain
With the breath of the thyme growing sweet,
Laugh, for the Spring is begun;
And love hath turned homeward again . . .

Drake was Noyes's first big achievement in narrative verse and, though it is, in Swinburne's words, 'a noble poem,' he has, to my thinking, surpassed it in parts of Tales of the Mermaid Tavern and, for psychology and narrative power, in The Torch Bearers. It is the great saga of Drake's glamorous voyage in the *Golden Hynde*, his fights with the Spaniard, his reckless, piratical adventures after treasure in the West, his return home, at the moment when Spain was gathering all her might for a final blow at England, in time to meet the invincible Armada in battle on the sea. All these things are told, often with a flashing felicity of phrase, always with an imaginative power and a zest and gusto whose ardour grows with the progress of events and flames to its highest in the description of the immortal sea-fight. For lack of space, my only quotations shall be brief and such as may to some extent indicate the effective use Noyes makes of his technical skill in that description. The whole story so far has been unfolded in blank verse, with inci-

dental lyrics; then when Drake sets out from Plymouth, cautiously feeling his way through mists toward the fleet of Spain, the blank verse passes into the more restricted beat of rhymed quatrains that subtly suggest the care and slowness of his movements, and as the Armada heaves in sight the quatrains swell into Spenserian stanzas, whose sonorous measures flow in harmony with the pomp and heavy movement of its mighty galleons:

The red fogs crumbled, mists dissolved away!
  There, like death's secret dawning thro' a dream,
Great thrones of thunder dusked the dying day,
  And, higher, pale towers of cloud began to gleam.

There, in one heaven-wide storm, great masts and cloud
  Of sail, crept slowly forth, the ships of Spain!
From North to South, their tangled spars and shrouds
  Controlled the slow wind as with bit and rein;
  Onward they rode in insolent disdain,
Slighting the little fleet of England there,
  While o'er the sullen splendour of the main
Three solemn guns tolled all their host to prayer,
And their great ensign blazoned all the doom-fraught air.

To this stately measure the pride of Spain sweeps magnificently into action; then the narrative slips back into the freer, swifter stride of blank verse to convey the nimbler, easier manoeuvrings of the small English vessels:

Suddenly, as the wild change of a dream,
Even as the Spaniards watched those lean sharp prows
Leap straight at their huge hulks; watched well content,
Knowing their foes, once grappled, must be doomed;
Even as they caught the rush and hiss of foam
Across that narrow, dwindling gleam of sea,
And heard, abruptly close, the harsh commands
And steady British answers, caught one glimpse
Of bare-armed seamen waiting by their guns,
The vision changed!

I am not giving this use of a metrical device as an isolated instance; with differences Noyes very effectively employs that device to suit the character of the narration, or of the narrator, all through the Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. Here the framework of the stories is in blank verse, but the stories themselves range through a brilliant diversity of metres, each being set to a metre most in keeping with its particular quality. The tale of Dick Whittington goes to a chime that might almost have been rung on Bow bells; that of Will Kempe's famous dance to Norwich, The Companion of a Mile, trips buoyantly and magically as if to the feet of the dancer; the rollicking yarn of Old Bill's Honeymoon has a measure that is lively without being dainty; the sober march of blank verse relates the dark story of the betrayal and death of Raleigh; and so with the rest of the stories.

Out of the history and legends of those Elizabethan days when Ben Jonson and his fellow poets met at the Mermaid Noyes has woven a dozen tales that are vigorously alive and steeped in the colour and atmosphere and spirit of the time. He preludes the opening tale told by Raleigh of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's disastrous voyage, with a vision of himself wandering through London one evening, while the vast bubble of St. Paul's was afloat under a foggy sunset, and tells how he strayed dreaming down Cheapside and in that lonely, witching hour came upon the imperishable old Mermaid tavern back again at its place in Bread Street:

I found myself within a narrow street,
Alone. There was no rumour, near or far,
Of the long tides of traffic. In my doubt
I turned and knocked upon an old inn-door
Hard by, an ancient inn of mullioned panes,
And crazy beams and overhanging eaves;
And as I knocked, the slowly changing west
Seemed to change all the world with it and leave
Only that old inn, steadfast and unchanged,
A rock in the rich-coloured tides of time.

While he waits, he hears lusty voices within raised in a breezy song of the merchant adventurers who were wont to sail from Plymouth Sound, in those days, 'all for Adventure in the great New Regions'; and as the song and the rattle of drinking cups die down a figure in crimson doublet and trunk hose, with a rapier by his side, swaggers past him; he recognizes Sir Walter Raleigh and follows him into the bar parlour, and into the presence of Shakespeare, the greatest of the Mermaid's guests. So the scene is set; Ben Jonson, Drayton, Marlowe,

Chapman and, from time to time, for the years go by as the Tales are told, many another known in literature or history is brought into it, the succession of stories being such as belong to that golden age and were talked of in the London of the period. I have mentioned a few; there are others, of Marlowe killed in the brawl at Deptford; of the pitiful death of Robert Greene; of the burial of Mary Queen of Scots; and the insight and imagination, the feeling for character and romance and dramatic climax that have gone to their telling make these tales great reading for their own sakes, no less than for the charm and the richness of their poetry.

I will not answer for Black Bill's Honeymoon, but the other stories have some foundation in fact. The incident of the sexton of Bow Church fleeing for refuge into the Mermaid when he is chased by furious prentices who are enraged because that evening he rang the church bell too late, and so kept them working in the shops of Chepe an hour too long, has its warrant in Stow's Survey; and if you have read Will Kempe's Nine Daies Wonder, in which that lively actor has set down his own chronicle of his dance to Norwich, you will see how closely Noyes has kept to the written record and with what creating imagination he has taken hold of the slightest hints at things that happened on the journey and so developed them as to give fuller life and interest to the story.

He must have toiled after truth to the facts of history and biography as conscientiously and even more laboriously in preparation for The Torch Bearers. For he has set himself here to the enormous task of unfolding the miraculous story of scientific discovery: not in didactic fashion, but by the more intimate, profoundly interesting way of narrating the lives, or some significant and supreme episode in the lives, of the discoverers. The first volume is concerned with the 'watchers of the skies,' and traces the progress in astronomy from the days of Copernicus down to those of William and Sir John Herschel. The second is The Book of Earth, and tells of the secrets that have been wrung from the earth, from rocks, the sea, from plants and insect-life, the romance of geology and botany since Pythagoras was suspected of winning knowledge by unholy arts, six thousand years before Christ, and was stoned in the Temple of the Muses; since Aristotle, in the cause of truth, went into exile; and on through the ages, the world over, until in our later days Darwin was shaping his theory of evolution in England. There is an inevitable magnificence in the scope and design of these books; in the comprehensiveness, the lucidity, the intensely dramatic and human interest with which he has shaped and vivified these stories Noyes has triumphantly risen to the height of his great argument, and justified himself in taking so vast and complex a survey as a theme for poetry.

If I were to name the poems in these two volumes that remain with me as the most powerfully or delicately finished narratives, or the most subtly impressive in their suggestion of the spiritual significance of the material world, I should choose, from the first, those of Copernicus, of Tycho Brahe, with its fantastical, mystical song of Jeppe the Dwarf, and the story of Galileo; and, from the second, that beautifully wrought vision of the centuries, Avicenna's Dream; and the stories of Leonardo da Vinci, of Jean Guettard and of Darwin. Nothing in this second volume is more imaginatively touched with pity and terror than the episode, in the story of Goethe, which reveals how in a night of loss and agony a soul first wakened in the man-ape of the jungle; nor is there any pictorial passage here that surpasses in magnificence the opening description of the immense abyss of the Grand Canyon—an abyss so vast its depths are hidden in eternal mists, so vast that rocks and trees on the opposite side are infinitesimally dwarfed and

'The Indian guide thrust out a lean dark hand
That hid a hundred forests.'

I have said I have always ranked the Tales of the Mermaid Tavern as Noyes's highest achievement, but I begin to suspect that when another volume completes this trilogy of The Torch Bearers I shall have to revise my judgement.

Alexis de Tocqueville

THE OLD REGIME

In 1856, twenty-one years after the publication of de Tocqueville's Democracy in America (see page 2589), appeared his second great work, L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution, which was translated under the title On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789, and on the Causes which Led to that Event. This almost, if not quite, equalled the success of the first book, and is important as being the starting point of the true conception of the Revolution. In it was first shown that the centralisation of modern France was not the product of the Revolution, but of the old monarchy, that the irritation against the nobility was due, not to their power, but to their lack of power, and that the movement was effected by masses already in possession of property. De Tocqueville was the first writer to put into attractive shape the orthodox liberal ideas of the first half of the nineteenth century, and his two great works are likely to remain political classics.

I—The Last Days of Feudal Institutions

The French people made, in 1789, the greatest effort which was ever attempted by any nation to cut, so to speak, their destiny in halves, and to separate by an abyss that which they had heretofore been from that which they sought to become hereafter.

The municipal institutions, which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had raised the chief towns of Germany into rich and enlightened small republics, still existed in the eighteenth; but they were a mere semblance of the past.

All the powers of the Middle Ages which were still in existence seemed to be affected by the same disease; all showed symptoms of the same languor and decay.

Wherever the provincial assemblies had maintained their ancient constitution unchanged, they checked instead of furthering the progress of civilization.

Royalty no longer had anything in common with the royalty of the Middle Ages; it enjoyed other prerogatives, occupied a different place, was imbued with a different spirit, and inspired different sentiments; the administration of the state spread in all directions upon the ruin of local authorities; the organized array of public officers superseded more and more the government of the nobles.

This view of the state of things, which prevailed throughout Europe as well as within the boundaries of France, is essential to the comprehension of what is about to follow, for no one who has seen and studied France only can ever, I affirm, understand anything of the French Revolution.

What was the real object of the revolution? What was its peculiar character? For what precise reason was it made, and what did it effect? The revolution was not made, as some have supposed, in order to destroy the authority of religious belief. In spite of appearances, it was essentially a social and political revolution; and within the circle of social and political institutions it did not tend to perpetuate and give stability to disorder, or—as one of its chief adversaries has said—to methodise anarchy.

However radical the revolution may have been, its innovations were, in fact, much less than have been commonly supposed, as I shall show hereafter. What may truly be said is that it entirely destroyed, or is still destroying—for it is not at an end—every part of the ancient state of society that owed its origin to aristocratic and feudal institutions.

But why, we may ask, did this revolution, which was imminent throughout Europe, break out in France rather than elsewhere? And why did it display certain characteristics which have appeared nowhere else, or, at least, have appeared only in part?

One circumstance excites at first sight surprise. The revolution, whose peculiar

object it was, as we have seen, everywhere to abolish the remnant of the institutions of the Middle Ages, did not break out in the countries in which these institutions, still in better preservation, caused the people most to feel their constraint and their rigour, but, on the contrary, in the countries where their effects were least felt; so that the burden seemed most intolerable where it was least heavy.

In no part of Germany, for instance, at the close of the eighteenth century, was serfdom as yet completely abolished. Nothing of the kind had existed in France for a long period of time. The peasant came and went, and bought and sold, and dealt and laboured as he pleased. The last traces of serfdom could only be detected in one or two of the eastern provinces annexed to France by conquest; everywhere else the institut on had disappeared. The French peasant had not only ceased to be a serf; he had become an owner of land.

It has long been believed that the sub-division of landed property in France dates from the revolution of 1789, and was only the result of that revolution. The contrary is demonstrable by all the evidence.

The number of landed proprietors at that time amounted to one-half, frequently to two-thirds, of their present number. Now, all these small landowners were, in reality, ill at ease in the cultivation of their property, and had to bear many charges, or easements, on the land which they could not shake off.

Although what is termed in France the old régime is still very near to us, few persons can now give an accurate answer to the question—How were the rural districts of France administered before 1789?

In the eighteenth century all the affairs of the parish were managed by a certain number of parochial officers, who were no longer the agents of the manor or domain, and whom the lord no longer selected. Some of these persons were nominated by the intendant of the province, others were elected by the peasants themselves. The duty of these authorities was to assess the taxes, to repair the church, to build schools, to convoke and preside over the vestry or parochial meeting. They attended to the property of the parish, and determined the application of it; they sued, and were sued, in its name.

Not only did the lord of the domain no longer conduct the administration of the small local affairs, but he did not even superintend it. All the parish officers were under the government or control of the central power, as we shall show in a subsequent chapter. Nay, more; the seigneur had almost ceased to act as the representative of the crown in the parish, or as the channel of communication between the king and his subjects.

If we quit the parish and examine the constitution of the larger rural districts, we shall find the same state of things. Nowhere did the nobles conduct public business either in their collective or their individual capacity. This was peculiar to France.

Of all the peculiar rights of the French nobility, the political element had disappeared; the pecuniary element alone remained, in some cases largely increased.

II—A Shadow of Democracy

Picture to yourself a French peasant of the eighteenth century. Take him as he is described in the documents—so passionately enamoured of the soil that he will spend all his savings to purchase it, and to purchase it at any price. To complete his purchase he must first pay a tax, not to the government, but to other landowners of the neighbourhood, as unconnected as himself with the administration of public affairs, and hardly more influential than he is. He possesses it at last; his heart is buried in it with the seed he sows. This little nook of ground, which is his own in this vast universe, fil s him with pride and independence.

But again these neighbours call him from his furrow, and compel him to come to work for them without wages. He tries to defend his young crops from their game; again they prevent him. As he crosses the river they wait for his passage to levy a toll. He finds them at the market where they sell him the right of selling his

own produce; and when, on his return home, he wants to use the remainder of his wheat for his own sustenance—of that wheat which was planted by his own hands and has grown under his eyes—he cannot touch it till he has ground it at the mill and baked it at the bakehouse of these same men. A portion of his little property is paid away in quit-rents to them also, and these dues can neither be extinguished nor redeemed.

The lord, when deprived of his former power, considered himself liberated from his former obligations; and no local authority, no council, no provincial or parochial association had taken his place. No single being was any longer compelled by law to take care of the poor in the rural districts, and the central government had boldly undertaken to provide for their wants by its own resources.

Every year the king's council assigned to each province certain funds derived from the general produce of the taxes, which the intendant distributed.

Sometimes the king's council insisted upon compelling individuals to prosper, whether they would or no. The ordinances constraining artisans to use certain methods and manufacture certain articles are innumerable; and, as the intendants had not time to superintend the application of all these regulations, inspectors-general of manufactures visited in the provinces to insist on their fulfilment.

So completely had the government already changed its duty as a sovereign into that of a guardian.

In France municipal freedom outlived the feudal system. Long after the landlords were no longer the rulers of the country districts, the towns still retained the right of self-government.

In most instances the government of the towns was vested in two assemblies. All the great towns were thus governed, and some of the small ones. The first of these assemblies was composed of municipal officers, more or less numerous according to the place. These municipal officers never received any stipend, but they were remunerated by exemptions from taxation and by privileges.

The second assembly, which was termed the general assembly, elected the corporation, wherever it was still subject to election, and always continued to take a part in the principal concerns of the town.

If we turn from the towns to the villages, we meet with different powers and different forms of government.

In the eighteenth century the number and the name of the parochial officers varied in the different provinces of France. In most of the parishes they were, in the eighteenth century, reduced to two persons—the one named the 'collector,' the other most commonly named the 'syndic.' Generally, these parochial officers were either elected, or supposed to be so; but they had everywhere become the instruments of the state rather than the representatives of the community. The collector levied the *taille*, or common tax, under the direct orders of the intendant. The syndic, placed under the daily direction of the sub-delegate of the intendant, represented that personage in all matters relating to public order or affecting the government. He became the principal agent of the government in relation to military service, to the public works of the state and to the execution of the general laws of the kingdom.

Down to the revolution the rural parishes of France had preserved in their government something of that democratic aspect which they had acquired in the Middle Ages. The democratic assembly of the parish could express its desires, but it had no more power to execute its will than the corporate bodies in the towns. It could not speak until its mouth had been opened, for the meeting could not be held without the permission of the intendant.

III—The Ruin of the Nobility

If we carefully examine the state of society in France before the revolution, we may see that in each province men of various classes, those, at least, who were placed above the common people, grew to resemble each other more and more, in spite of differences of rank.

Time, which had perpetuated and, in many respects, aggravated the privileges interposed between two classes of men, had

powerfully contributed to render them alike in all other respects.

For several centuries the French nobility had grown gradually poorer and poorer. 'Spite of its privileges, the nobility is ruined and wasted day by day, and the middle classes get possession of the large fortunes,' wrote a nobleman in a melancholy strain in 1755. Yet the laws by which the estates of the nobility were protected still remained the same, nothing appeared to be changed in their economical condition. Nevertheless, the more they lost their power the poorer they everywhere became in the same proportion.

The non-noble classes alone seemed to inherit all the wealth which the nobility had lost; they fattened, as it were, upon its substance. Yet there were no laws to prevent the middle classes from ruining themselves, or to assist them in acquiring riches; nevertheless, they incessantly increased their wealth—in many instances they had become as rich as, and often richer than, the nobles. Nay, more, their wealth was of the same kind, for, though dwelling in the towns, they were often country landowners, and sometimes they even bought seignorial estates.

LET us now look on the other side of the picture, and we shall see that these same Frenchmen, who had so many points of resemblance among themselves, were, nevertheless, more completely isolated from each other than perhaps the inhabitants of any other country, or than had ever been the case before in France.

The fact is that, as by degrees the general liberties of the country were destroyed, involving the local liberties in their ruin, the burgess and the nobles ceased to come into contact with public life.

The system of creating new nobles, far from lessening the hatred of the *roturier* to the nobleman, increased it beyond measure—it was envenomed by all the envy with which the new noble was looked upon by his former equals. For this reason the *tiers état*, in all their complaints, always displayed more irritation against the newly ennobled than against the old nobility.

In the eighteenth century the French peasantry could no longer be preyed upon by petty feudal despots. They were seldom the object of violence on the part of the government; they enjoyed civil liberty, and were owners of a portion of the soil. But all the other classes of society stood aloof from this class, and perhaps in no other part of the world had the peasantry ever lived so entirely alone. The effects of this novel and singular kind of oppression deserve a very attentive consideration.

This state of things did not exist in an equal degree among any other of the civilized nations of Europe, and even in France it was comparatively recent. The peasantry of the fourteenth century were at once more oppressed and more relieved. The aristocracy sometimes tyrannised over them, but never forsook them.

IN the eighteenth century a French village was a community of persons, all of whom were poor, ignorant and coarse; its magistrates were as rude and as contemned as the people; its syndic could not read; its collector could not record in his own handwriting the accounts on which the income of his neighbour and himself depended.

Not only had the former lord of the manor lost the right of governing this community, but he had brought himself to consider it a sort of degradation to take any part in the government of it. The central power of the state alone took any care of the matter, and as that power was very remote, and had as yet nothing to fear from the inhabitants of the villages, the only care it took of them was to extract revenue.

A further burden was added. The roads began to be repaired by forced labour only—that is to say, exclusively at the expense of the peasantry. This expedient for making roads without paying for them was thought so ingenious that in 1737 a circular of the Comptroller-General Olly established it throughout France.

Nothing can better demonstrate the melancholy fate of the rural population; the progress of society, which enriches all the other classes, drives them to despair, and civilization itself turns against that class alone.

The system of forced labour, by becoming a royal right, was gradually

extended to almost all public works. In 1719 I find it was employed to build barracks. 'Parishes are to send their best workmen,' said the ordinance, 'and all other works are to give way to this.' The same forced service was used to escort convicts to the galleys and beggars to the workhouse; it had to cart the baggage of troops as often as they changed their quarters—a burthen which was very onerous at a time when each regiment carried heavy baggage after it. Many carts and oxen had to be collected for the purpose.

IV—Reform and Destruction Inevitable

One further factor, and that the most important, remains to be noted: the universal discredit into which every form of religious belief had fallen at the end of the eighteenth century, and which exercised without any doubt the greatest influence upon the whole of the French Revolution; it stamped its character.

Irreligion had produced an enormous public evil. The religious laws having been abolished at the same time that the civil laws were overthrown, the minds of men were entirely upset; they no longer knew either to what to cling or where to stop. And thus arose a hitherto unknown species of revolutionists, who carried their boldness to a pitch of madness, who were surprised by no novelty and arrested by no scruple, and who never hesitated to put any design whatever into execution.

Nor must it be supposed that these new beings have been the isolated and ephemeral creation of a moment, and destined to pass away as that moment passed. They have since formed a race of beings which has perpetuated itself, and spread into all the civilized parts of the world, everywhere preserving the same physiognomy, the same character.

From the moment when the forces I have described, and the added loss of religion, matured, I believe that this radical revolution, which was to confound in common ruin all that was worst and all that was best in the institutions and condition of France, became inevitable. A people so ill prepared to act for themselves could not undertake a universal and simultaneous reform without a universal destruction.

One last element must be remembered before we conclude. As the common people of France had not appeared for one single moment on the theatre of public affairs for upwards of 140 years, no one any longer imagined that they could ever again resume their position. They appeared unconscious, and were therefore believed to be deaf. Accordingly, those who began to take an interest in their condition talked about them in their presence just as if they had not been there. It seemed as if these remarks could only be heard by those who were placed above the common people, and that the only danger to be apprehended was that they might not be fully understood by the upper classes.

The very men who had most to fear from the fury of the people declaimed loudly in their presence on the cruel injustice under which the people had always suffered. They pointed out to each other the monstrous vices of those institutions which had weighed most heavily upon the lower orders; they employed all their powers of rhetoric in depicting the miseries of the people and their ill-paid labour; and thus they infuriated while they endeavoured to relieve them.

Such was the attitude of the French nation on the eve of the revolution, but when I consider this nation in itself it strikes me as more extraordinary than any event in its own annals.

Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth so full of contrasts and so extreme in all its actions; more swayed by sensations, less by principles; led therefore always to do either worse or better than was expected of it, sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it—a people so unalterable in its leading instincts that its likeness may still be recognized in descriptions written two or three thousand years ago, but at the same time so mutable in its daily thoughts and in its tastes as to become a spectacle and an amazement to itself, and to be as much

surprised as the rest of the world at the sight of what it has done—a people beyond all others the child of home and the slave of habit; but when once torn against its will from the native hearth and from its daily pursuits, ready to go to the end of the world and to dare all things?

Such a nation alone could give birth to a revolution so sudden, so radical, so impetuous in its course, and yet so full of reactions, of contradictory incidents and of contrary examples. Without the reasons I have related the French would never have made the revolution; but it must be confessed that all these reasons united would not have sufficed to account for such a revolution anywhere else but in France.

The World's Most Successful 'Story with a Purpose'

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

ALTHOUGH she wrote altogether some forty stories, Mrs. Beecher Stowe is remembered almost solely as the author of perhaps the most influential and widely read novel in all literature. Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly, first appeared in the National Era of Washington, from June 1851 to April 1852. On its publication in book form in 1852 its success was unprecedented, 10,000 copies being sold in less than a week. Though rambling in structure, Uncle Tom's Cabin has abundant vitality and is the work of a genuine story-teller. It also had the unusual fortune of being at once a cause and an outcome of a heated national struggle. But though the book is a terrible indictment of the principle of slavery, there is no trace of bitterness throughout the story against those who inherited the slaves. Soon after its publication the novel was translated into many European languages, and the dramatised version still holds the stage. Many inexpensive editions of Uncle Tom's Cabin are obtainable.

I—'Humane' Dealing

LATE in the afternoon of a chilly day in February two gentlemen were sitting over their wine in a well-furnished parlour in the town of P—, in Kentucky, in the midst of an earnest conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby, the owner of the place. "The fact is, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere. Steady, honest, capable; manages my farm like a clock. You ought to let him cover the whole of the debt; and you would, Haley, if you'd got any conscience."

"Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep," said Haley, "and I'm willing to do anything to 'blige friends; but this yer, ye see, is too hard on a feller, it really is. Haven't you a boy or gal you could throw in with Tom?"

"Hum!—none that I could well spare; it's only hard necessity makes me sell at all."

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, remarkably beautiful and engaging, entered with a comic air of assurance which showed he was used to being petted and noticed by his master.

"Hulloa, Jim Crow," said Mr. Shelby, snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up, now?"

The child scampered with all his little strength after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Tell you what," said Haley, "fling in that chap and I'll settle the business."

At this moment a young woman, obviously the child's mother, came in search of him, and Haley, as soon as she had carried him away, turned to Mr. Shelby in admiration.

"By Jupiter," said the trader, "there's an article now! You might make your fortune on that ar gal in Orleans any day. What shall I say for her? What'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold. I say no, and I mean no," said Mr. Shelby decidedly.

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, though?"

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby. "The fact is, I'm a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir."

"Oh, you do? La, yes; I understand perfectly. It is mighty unpleasant getting on with women sometimes. I al'ays hates these yer screechin' times. As I manages business, I generally avoids 'em, sir. Now what if you get the gal off for a day or so, then the thing's done quietly. It's always best to do the humane thing, sir; that's been my experience."

"I'd like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps," said Mr. Shelby to himself when the trader had bowed himself out. "And Eliza's child, too! I know I shall have some fuss with the wife about that; and, for that matter, about Tom, too! So much for being in debt. Heigho!"

. . . . .

The prayer-meeting at Uncle Tom's cabin had been protracted to a very late hour, and Tom and his worthy helpmate were not yet asleep when between twelve and one there was a light tap on the window pane.

"Good Lord, what's that?" said Aunt Chloe, starting up. "My sakes alive, if it ain't Lizzy! Get on your clothes, old man, quick. I'm gwine to open the door." And suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the candle, which Tom had hastily lighted, fell on the face of Eliza.

"I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child. Master sold him!"

"Sold him!" echoed both, holding up their hands.

"Yes, sold him!" said Eliza firmly. "I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night, and I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry and you, Uncle Tom, both to a trader, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

Slowly, as the meaning of this speech came over Tom, he collapsed on his old chair and sunk his head on his knees.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "What has he done that mas'r should sell him?"

"He hasn't done anything: it isn't for that. I heard master say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all, the man was driving him so hard. Master said he was sorry. But oh, missis, you should have heard *her* talk! If she ain't a Christian and an angel there never was one. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so—but then I can't help it; the Lord forgive me, for I can't help doing it."

"Well, old man," said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go, too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? There's time for ye; be off with Lizzy; you've got a pass to come and go at any time."

Tom slowly raised his head and sorrowfully said, "No, no; I ain't going. Let Eliza go—it's her right. 'Tan't in *natur* for her to stay; but you heard what she said. If I must be sold, or all the people on the place and everything go to rack, why let me be sold. Mas'r ain't to blame, Chloe; and he'll take care of you and the poor——"

Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed, full of little woolly heads, and fairly broke down.

"And now," said Eliza, "do try, if you can, to get a word to my husband. He told me this afternoon he was going to run away. Tell him why I went, and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. Give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again—tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the Kingdom of Heaven."

A few last words and tears, a few simple blessings, and she glided noiselessly away into the dark night.

II—Eliza's Escape

It is impossible to conceive of a human being more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza as she left the only home she had ever known.

Her husband's sufferings and danger and the danger of her child all blended in her mind; she trembled at every sound, and every quaking leaf quickened her

steps. She felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather; he was old enough to have walked by her side, but now she strained him to her bosom as she went rapidly forward; and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural strength that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, "Lord help me!"

Still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile upon the open highway, on the way to the village of T—, upon the Ohio river, when she constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly, quickening the speed of her child by rolling an apple before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it. This ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half mile.

An hour before sunset she came in sight of the river, which lay between her and liberty. Great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Eliza turned into a small public-house to ask if there was no ferry-boat.

"No, indeed," said the hostess, stopping her cooking as Eliza's sweet, plaintive voice fell on her ear; "the boats has stopped running." Eliza's look of dismay struck her, and she said, "Maybe you're wanting go get over? Anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious."

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day in hopes to get to the ferry."

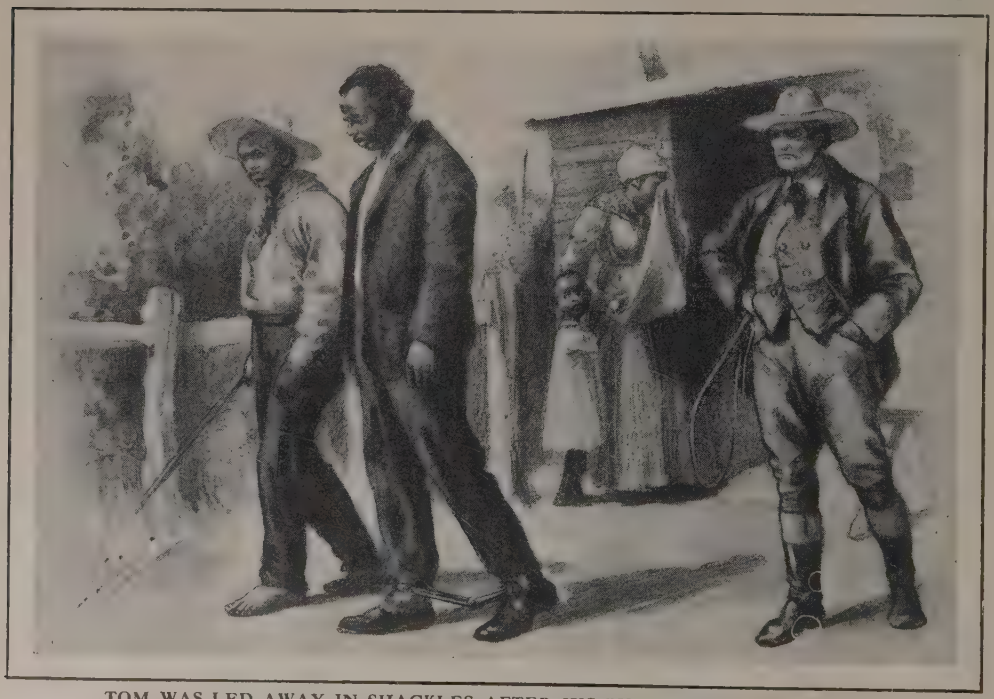
"Well, now, that's unlucky," said the woman, her motherly sympathies aroused; "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called from the window. "I say, Sol, is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas anyways prudent," replied a man's voice.

"There's a man going over to-night, if he durst to; he'll be in to supper, so you'd better sit down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom. And Eliza laid the weary boy on the comfortable bed, and held his hands till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest; the thought of her pursuers urged



TOM WAS LED AWAY IN SHACKLES AFTER HIS PURCHASE BY MR. HALEY
From the drawing by E. F. Skinner

her on, and she gazed with longing eyes on the surging waters.

She was standing by the window as Haley and two of Mr. Shelby's servants came riding by. Sam, the foremost, catching sight of her, contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a characteristic ejaculation. She drew back, and the whole train swept by to the front door.

A thousand lives were concentrated in that moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught the child and sprang down the steps. The trader caught a glimpse of her as she disappeared down the bank and, calling loudly to Sam and Andy, was after her like a hound after a deer. Her feet scarce seemed to touch the ground; a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild and flinging leap she vaulted sheer over the current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond.

It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair. The huge green fragment of ice pitched and creaked as her weight came on it; but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upwards again! Her shoes were gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

Eliza recognized a farmer from near her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes! Save me—do save me! Do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man as he roughly but kindly helped her up the bank. "Besides, you're a right brave girl. I'd be glad to do something for ye. The best thing I can do is to tell you to go *thar*," pointing to a large white house standing by itself. "They're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you—they're up to all that sort of thing."

"The Lord bless you," said Eliza, earnestly; and, folding her child to her bosom, walked firmly away.

LATE that night the fugitives were driven to the house of a man who had once been a considerable slave-holder in Kentucky; but, being possessed of a great, honest, just heart, he had witnessed for years with uneasiness the workings of a system equally bad for oppressors and oppressed, and one day bought some land in Ohio, made out free papers for all his people, and settled down to enjoy his conscience. He conveyed Eliza to a Quaker settlement, where, by the help of these good friends, she was joined by her husband, and got to Canada. Free!

III—The Property is Carried Off

AN unceremonious kick pushed open the door of Uncle Tom's cabin, and Mr. Haley stood there in very ill-humour after his hard riding and ill success.

"Come, ye nigger, ye'r ready? Servant, ma'am!" said he, taking off his hat as he saw Mrs. Shelby. Speaking in an earnest manner, she made him promise to let her know to whom he sold Tom; while Tom rose up meekly, and his wife took the baby in her arms, her tears seeming suddenly turned to sparks of fire, to go with him to the waggon.

Haley made fast a heavy pair of shackles round each ankle; a groan of indignation ran round the crowd of servants gathered to bid Tom farewell. Mr. Shelby had gone away on business, hoping all would be over before he returned.

"Get in," said Haley.

"Give my love to Mas'r George," said Tom earnestly, as he was whirled away, fixing a steady, mournful look to the last on the old place.

Tom insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Mr. Haley, and on the steamboat was permitted to come and go freely where he pleased. Among the passengers was a young gentleman of New Orleans, whose little daughter often and often walked mournfully round

the place where Haley's gang of men and women were chained. To Tom she appeared almost divine; he half believed he saw one of the angels stepped out of his New Testament, and they soon got on confidential terms.

As the steamer drew near New Orleans, Mr. St. Clare, putting the tip of his finger under Tom's chin, said good-humouredly, "Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master."

It was not in nature to look into that handsome young face without pleasure, and Tom said heartily, "God bless you, mas'r!"

Eva's fancy for him had led her to petition her father that Tom might be her special attendant in her walks and rides. Struck with his business capacity, his master confided in him more and more, till gradually all the providing for the family was entrusted to him. Tom regarded his airy young master with an odd mixture of fealty, reverence and fatherly solicitude, and his friendship with Eva grew with the child's growth; but his home-yearnings grew so strong that he tried to write a letter—so unsuccessfully that St. Clare offered to write for him. And Tom had the joy of receiving an answer from Master George, stating that Aunt Chloe had been hired out, at her own request, to a confectioner, and was gaining vast sums of money, to be laid by for Tom's redemption.

About two years after his coming, Eva began to fail rapidly, and even her father could no longer deceive himself—Eva was about to leave him. It was Tom's greatest joy to carry the frail little form in his arms, up and down, into the verandah, and to him she talked of those mysterious intimations which the soul feels ere it leaves its clay for ever. He lay, at last, all night in the verandah ready to rouse at the least call, and at midnight came the messenger! Earth was passed and earthly pain; so solemn was the triumphant brightness of that face, it checked even the sobs of sorrow.

WEEK after week glided by. St. Clare was, in many respects, another man; he read his little Eva's Bible seriously and honestly; he thought soberly of his relations to his servants, and began the legal steps necessary to Tom's emancipation, as he had promised Eva he would do.

But one evening, while Tom was sitting thinking of his home, his master was brought home dying. He had interfered in an affray in a café and been stabbed.

He reached out and took Tom's hand; he closed his eyes, but still retained his hold, for in the gates of eternity the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal grasp, and softly murmured some words he had been singing that evening—words of entreaty to Infinite Pity.

IV—Freedom

MRS. ST. CLARE decided at once to sell the place and all the servants, except her own personal property, and although she was told of her husband's intention of freeing Tom, he was sold by auction with the rest. His new master, Mr. Simon Legree, came round to review his purchases as they sat in chains on the lower deck of a small, mean boat on their way to his cotton plantation on the Red River.

"I say, all on ye," he said, "look at me—look me right in the eye—*straight*, now!" stamping his foot. "Now," said he, doubling his great heavy fist, "d'ye see this fist? Heft it," he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. "Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron knocking down niggers. You won't find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So now, mind yourselves; for I don't show no mercy!"

The women drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with dejected faces.

Trailing wearily behind a rude waggon, and over a ruder road, Tom and his associates came to their new home. The whole place looked desolate, everything told of coarse neglect and discomfort. Three or four ferocious dogs rushed out and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions.

"Ye see what ye'd get!" said Legree, "if you tried to run off. They'd just as soon chaw one on ye up as eat their supper. So mind yerself."

Tom's heart sank as he went to the quarters. He had been comforting himself with the thought of a cottage—rude, indeed, but one which he might keep neat and quiet and read his Bible in out of his labouring hours. They were mere rude sheds with no furniture but a heap of straw, foul with dirt.

. . . . . .

Tom looked in vain, as the weary occupants of the shanties came flocking home, for a companionable face; he saw only sullen, embruted men and feeble, discouraged women, or those who, treated like brutes, had sunk to their level.

"Thar, you!" said Quimbo, throwing down a coarse bag containing a peck of corn. "Thar, nigger, grab; you won't get no more *dis* yer week."

Tom was faint for want of food, but moved by the utter weariness of two women, whom he saw trying to grind their corn, he ground for them, and then set about getting his own supper. An expression of kindness came over their hard faces; they mixed his cake for him and tended the baking.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812, daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher. While living at Cincinnati, Ohio, she gained some acquaintance with the ways of slavery, and these impressions were later strengthened by journeys into the slave states with her husband, the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. In 1853 she visited Europe and urged the question of emancipation. In addition to her famous Uncle Tom's Cabin she wrote other books denouncing slavery, a number of novels of New England life, and two volumes of European travel. In 1864 Mrs. Stowe took up her residence at Hartford, Connecticut, where she died, July 1, 1896.

TOM saw enough of abuse and misery in his new life to make him sick and weary, but he toiled on with religious patience, committing himself to Him that judgeth righteously. Legree took silent note and, rating him as a first-class hand, made up his mind that Tom must be hardened; he had bought him with a view to making him a sort of overseer, so one night he told him to flog one of the women. Tom begged him not to set him at that. He could not do it. Legree struck him repeatedly with a cowhide. "There!" said he, stopping to rest, "now will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom, wiping the blood from his face. "I'm willin' to work, night and day, but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, mas'r, I never shall do it."

Legree looked stupefied—Tom was so respectful—but at last burst forth.

"What, ye blasted black beast! Tell *me* ye don't think it right to do what I tell ye."

"I think so, mas'r," said Tom. "'Twould be downright cruel: the poor critter's sick and feeble. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but as to my raising my hand against anyone here, I never will."

Legree shook with anger. "Here, Sambo! Quimbo!" he shouted. "Give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month."

The two seized Tom with fiendish exultation, and dragged him from the place.

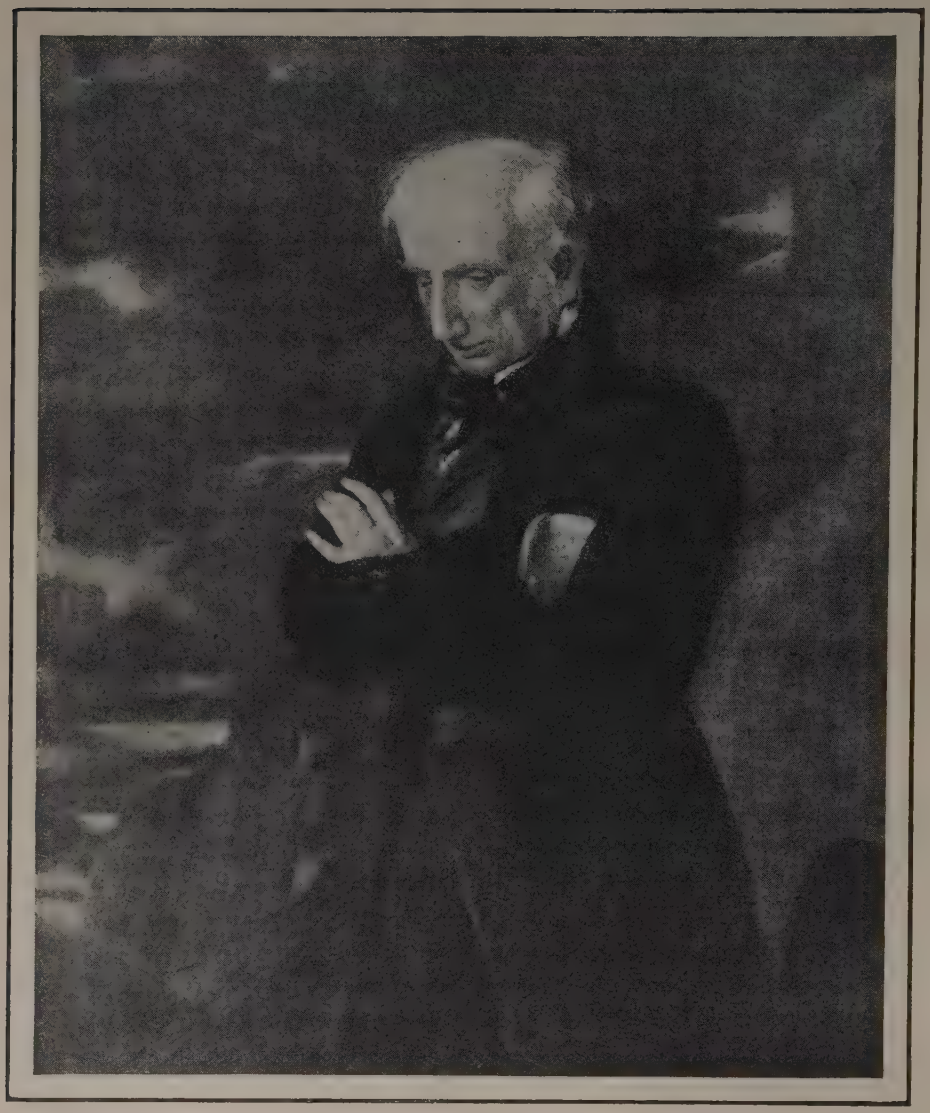
. . . . . .

Scenes of blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear.

Tom lay dying at last; not suffering, for every nerve was blunted and destroyed, when George Shelby found him, and his voice reached the dying ear.

"Oh, Mas'r George, he an't done me any real harm, only opened the gate of Heaven for me. Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" And with a smile he fell asleep.

As George knelt by the grave of his poor friend, "Witness, Eternal God," said he, "oh, witness that, from this hour, I will do what one man can to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"



William Wordsworth (1770-1850) stands secure in the front rank of English poets. The influence of the humanistic ideals of the French Revolution and of the philosophy of William Godwin upon his mental growth are reflected in The Prelude and in The Excursion, parts of a vast, comprehensive poem which was never completed. Throughout his life Wordsworth had a high sense of the responsibility of the poet as spiritual teacher. As a critic he is to be studied in the prefaces to Lyrical Ballads and to The Excursion, where he attacked the artificial diction of the eighteenth century poets and demonstrated the poetic possibilities of subjects taken from common life. His nature poetry, always perfectly faithful, is characterised by a deep religious quality, and in his interpretation of human life Wordsworth fixed his imagination on the elemental feelings. The volumes of Ballads and Poems contain sonnets supreme in English literature and many poems distinguished by exquisite simplicity of feeling and most felicitous expression. This portrait is from the painting by Benjamin Haydon in the National Portrait Gallery.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE EXCURSION

WHEN, at the end of 1799, Wordsworth settled in the Lake District, it was his intention to devote himself entirely to poetry and in particular to compose a philosophical poem containing views of man, nature and society and to be entitled The Recluse. He began this great project with The Prelude, which he read to Coleridge in 1807, narrating his mental history up to the time when he felt capable of entering upon the great task he had set himself, but actually The Prelude was not published until 1850, just after his death. In 1814 he published The Excursion, the second of the three divisions of the whole poem as originally projected. Written when Wordsworth's muse was fully developed but yet had lost its first glorious freshness, The Excursion is distinguished by beauty of diction and the pure nobility of its teaching, and it holds a stately place in literature as a complete and fervent expression of the mature thoughts of the most truly poetic spirit that ever dwelt on English soil.

I—The Wanderer and the Solitary

THE poet meets, by a ruined cottage in a grove, his tried friend, whom he calls the Wanderer. 'Strongest minds are often those of whom the noisy world hears least,' and this simple Scottish pedlar, a natural poet whose mind was 'filled with inward light,' was beloved and honoured wherever he was known. Born among the hills of Athol, even in his boyhood he had perceived the presence of greatness in the mountains and the stars.]

He had felt the power
Of nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he
Whom nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

[Such was the boy; but with what exaltation of spirit did the growing youth behold the sunrise from the top of some bold headland!]

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

A herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
Oh, then how beautiful, how bright, appeared
The written promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith. . .
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called these ecstasies to mind
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works through patience; thence he learned
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

[Dreams, study and ardent thought engendered a restlessness of mind that impelled him to take up his occupation of travelling merchant. He had recovered his serenity; he went on his steady course with a mind unclouded and a heart ever open. Hence it came 'that in our best experience he was rich, and in the wisdom of our daily life.'

The Poet sets forth in the Wanderer's company. They pass a village wake; but the Wanderer will not stay—he seeks a friend, a man dwelling alone and in despair. The Solitary, so the Wanderer narrates, was formerly chaplain in a Highland regiment, a lover of gaiety, less priest than soldier. But the loss of his wife and children smote him with an anguish that was succeeded by a death-like apathy. From this he was awakened by the French Revolution; he imbibed the new philosophy even to renouncing his sacred function; but when the hopes of the revolutionaries were baffled, he forfeited all joy in human nature and retired to the hills, where now he wastes his hours in self-indulging spleen, seeking only to live and die forgotten.]

We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain
With a tumultuous waste of huge hilltops

Before us; savage region! which I paced
Dispirited; when, all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time, by wish of theirs
So placed—to be shut out from all the world!
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet, treeless nook, with two green fields,
And the bare dwelling; one abode, no more!

[A funeral procession passes through the vale; the Wanderer fears that his friend has died, but his anxiety is relieved by the approach of the Solitary himself.]

I KNEW, from his deportment, mien and dress,
That it could be no other; a pale face,
A tall and meagre person, in a garb
Not rustic, dull and faded like himself!
He saw us not, though distant but few steps;
For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
Of red ripe currants; gifts by which he strove,
With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a child who walked beside him, weeping
As if disconsolate. "They to the grave
Are bearing him, my little one," he said;
"To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."

[The Wanderer greets his friend, and the party walk to the Solitary's cottage. After a meal, they enter a beautiful little recess among the rocks; and the Solitary, whose bitter melancholy has been intensified by the event of that day—the burial of a poor lonely old man, friendless save for the Solitary himself and the little child who had wept for him—enters upon a despondent reflection on the hopelessness of human life.]

"Ah! what avails imagination high
Or question deep? What profits all that earth,
Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth
Of impulse or allurement, for the soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future; far as she can go
Through time or space; if neither in the one,
Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That fancy, dreaming o'er the map of things,
Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,
Words of assurance can be heard; if nowhere
A habitation for consummate good,
Nor for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained, a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer mildly said,
"The voice, which we so lately overheard,
To that same child, addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind—
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven?
These were your words; and, verily, methinks
Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

[The Solitary, stirred into conversation, narrates the story of his great affliction, and describes the disappointment of the hopes he had based on the French Revolution. He expresses the religious doubts that torment him, and his lack of faith in mankind; and in conclusion declares himself satisfied with the languid quiet of his present life—hoping, however, that his particular current will soon reach 'the unfathomable gulf, where all is still.'

Gently and compassionately the Wanderer corrects his despondency. He urges that the only assured support in affliction is the belief that our fate, whatever it be, is ordered by a Being of infinite benevolence and power. As for the Solitary's loss of confidence in social man, due to the failure of the Revolution, the Wanderer points out that fixed despair is as much disowned by reason as over-hopefulness. He imagines Providence thus speaking to the inattentive children of the world:]

"VAINGLORIOUS generation! What new powers
On you have been conferred? What gifts, withheld
From your progenitors, have ye received,
Fit recompense of new desert? What claim
Are ye prepared to urge that my decrees
For you should undergo a sudden change;
And the weak functions of one busy day,
Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
What all the slowly moving years of time,
With their united force, have left undone?
By nature's gradual processes be taught;
By story be confounded! Ye aspire
Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruit,
Which, to your over-weening spirits, yields
Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
Misery and shame. But wisdom of her sons
Shall not the less, though late, be justified."

[The Wanderer confidently awaits the time when the righteous cause will be enabled to redeem mankind; and even should his confidence prove vain, are not the wise the guardians of their own tranquillity?

As for the Solitary, let him commune constantly with nature; let him engage in healthful bodily exertion; let him give rein to the imagination and the affections, as a corrective to the influence of those philosophers who survey the sublime unity of created things with cold and calculating understanding. Did the all-pervading Spirit design these magnificent effects of power, the earth, the sky, the human frame, 'only to be examined, pondered, searched, probed, vexed and criticised?' Utterly apart from this joyless creed is the creed of the Wanderer.]

"We live by admiration, hope and love;
And even as these are well and wisely mixed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

II—The Pastor

In the morning the Poet and the Wanderer depart, and persuade the Solitary to accompany them. They reach a large and populous vale; entering the village churchyard, they argue gravely on the doubts and dilemmas of existence, until they are interrupted by the coming of the Pastor. He greets the Wanderer with warmth.]

For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased;
Nature had framed them both, and both were marked
By circumstance, with intermixture fine
Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak,
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
Fresh in the strength of majesty and age,
One might be likened; flourishing appeared,
Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,
The other—like a stately sycamore,
That spreads, in gentler pomp, its honeyed shade.

[To the Pastor—'a genuine priest, the shepherd of his flock,' who has preferred learning and unambitious piety in this retreat to the dignities that might have been secured for him by high birth and influential friends—the Wanderer propounds the problems that have been debated. Does the human race progress? Does good or evil preponderate in us? Is virtue a living power, or no better than a name? The priest mildly answers that we cannot accurately judge these high issues, for the good and the evil we would weigh and fathom are in our own natures.]

"Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
Is difficult to gain and hard to keep—
As virtue's self; like virtue, is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.
Love, admiration, fear, desire and hate,
Blind were we without these; through these alone
Are capable to notice or discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
Indifferent judges. Spite of proudest boast,
Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power.
Still to be courted—never to be won! . . .
Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to reason's law, can strictliest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths
Which, unassisted, reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach."

[The Poet now interposes in the conversation with a regretful reflection on mankind's unavoidable lot of ignorance.]

"How little can be known—
This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err—
This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!
And they perhaps err least, the lowly class
Whom a benign necessity compels
To follow reason's least ambitious course;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
And unincited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro from morn till eventide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread."

[The Solitary, who has listened eagerly to the discussion and occasionally made gloomy comments, suggests that the Pastor should dig for them 'the mine of real life' by narrating the histories of the dead who lie around them. The Pastor complies; he narrates many instances of faith, honour and steadfastness among the poor folk of the secluded dale. He gives, also, examples of error and passion; but the tendency of his tales is strongly to confirm the Poet's supposition that simplicity in the presence of nature, placid compliance with daily necessities, bring forth that rightfulness of life which teaches us 'to prize the breath we share with human kind.'

When the Pastor has concluded, the Wanderer meditates on the invasion he has witnessed of the old rural life of England by manufacturing industry.]

The footpath faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane . . .
Have vanished—swallowed up by stately roads,
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of Britain's farthest glens. The earth has lent
Her waters, air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,
Glistening along the low and woody dale,
Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.
Meanwhile, at social industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed,
Like trees in forests—spread through spacious [tracks
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun. . .
Hence is the wide sea peopled—hence the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. . . .

"And yet, O happy pastor of a flock
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care
And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!
With you I grieve when on the darker side
Of this great change I look; and there behold
Such outrage done to nature as compels
The indignant power to justify herself;
Yea, to avenge her violated rights

For England's bane.—When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus expressed
His recollections, " and the punctual stars
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed ;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding man, earth's thoughtful lord ;
Then, in full many a region, once, like this,
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge ;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard
A local summons to unceasing toil !
Disgorged are now the ministers of day ;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door—
And in the courts—and where the rumbling stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple—where is offered up
To gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice. . . . Yet I exult.
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements ; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed ; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of these gigantic powers,
That by the thinking mind have been compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bodied man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come [might
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the
Of this dominion over Nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need ;
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law."

III—The Lake

THE party repair to the vicarage, where they meet the Pastor's wife and children. After some desultory talk, the Wanderer returns to his discourse, and reveals the basis of his belief.]

" To every form of being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable sage,
" An *active* principle ; howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed ;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude ; from link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the worlds."

[This, the Wanderer argues, is the freedom of the universe ; and this freedom is least respected in the human mind, its most apparent home.]

" Our life is turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute man, without acknowledgement
Of common right or interest in the end ;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt."

[It was not for this that man was created, but to obey the law of life and hope, and action. Let liberty be given to all to do the good that lies in them ; thereby will evil best be guarded against. Would it not be monstrous if the Almighty had hidden the excellence of moral qualities from common understanding, making truth and virtue dark and difficult, attainable only by a few ?]

" Strange, should he deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest ! Believe it not :
The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts——
No mystery is here ; no special boon
For high and not for low for proudly placed
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
Ponders this true equality may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope ;
Yet, in that meditation, will he find
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found—
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
So wide a difference betwixt man and man."

CONCLUDING, the Wanderer expresses an impassioned hope that England will soon realize it to be her duty as a state to educate all those whose allegiance she requires—to secure by statute the rudiments of letters for all the children reared on her soil, and to inform their minds with moral and religious truth.

The Pastor's wife proposes an evening visit to the lake. The whole party—including the Solitary, much encouraged in spirit by the discourses he has heard—go down to the lake side, enter a boat, and row to a fir-clad, rocky isle, whence they look upon the lake's surroundings, 'beauty, varying in the light of living Nature.' Then they climb a green hillside, whence they gaze at the glory of the sunset. The priest opens his lips to pray.]

" Eternal spirit ! universal God !
Power inaccessible to human thought,

Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned
To furnish; for this effluence of Thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local, transitory type
Of Thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
The radiant Cherubim; accept the thanks
Which we, Thy humble Creatures, here convened
Presume to offer; we, who from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of Thy face,
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!'

[Turning to his hearers, the Pastor reminds them of the mysterious and dreadful rites formerly practised in our isle in the name of religion. All trace of these horrors has passed away, save a few rude monuments. Good has succeeded evil; from God, and from the faith derived through Him who bled upon the Cross, has come this marvellous advance. In the name of the Christian worshippers in His church, and of the Christian dead who sleep around it, the Pastor offers thanksgiving to the eternal King.]

'The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain top;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waters, and the still;
They see the offering of my lifted hands—
They hear my lips present their sacrifice—
They know if I be silent, morn or even:
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent; and thought is praise to Him,
Audible praise, to Thee, Omniscient Mind,
From Whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!'

Scientific Analysis of Crime and Punishment

JEREMY BENTHAM

PRINCIPLES OF MORALS AND LEGISLATION

THIS work was published in 1789, but was actually in print nine years earlier. It was primarily intended as the introductory volume of a work designed to cover the whole field of the principles of legislation—principles based on that doctrine of utility, or the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number,' which Bentham regarded as equally the basis of ethics. The principle itself he had discovered in the works of Beccaria and Hume. The purpose of the work is at once to insist on this fundamental basis of the principles of legislation, and to treat of law in a manner which should make it intelligible to the general public—a matter of singular difficulty at a time when lawyers were apt to take the same view of the necessity for barricading the law behind a phraseology unintelligible to the lay mind, as had formerly been taken by theologians with regard to vernacular versions of the Bible. Like his earlier work, A Fragment on Government (see page 2935), Bentham's Principles of Morals is now published by the Clarendon Press.

I—Calculation of Pleasures and Pains

MANKIND is governed by pain and pleasure. Utility is that property in anything which tends to produce happiness in the party concerned, whether an individual or a community. The principle of utility makes utility the criterion for approval or disapproval of every kind of action. An act which conforms to this principle is one which ought to be done, or is not one which ought not to be done; is right, or, at least, not wrong. There is no other criterion possible which cannot ultimately be reduced to the personal sentiment of the individual.

The sources or sanctions of pleasure and pain are four—the physical, in the ordinary course of nature; political, officially imposed; moral or popular, imposed by public opinion; and religion. Pains under the first head are calamities; under the other three are punishments. Under the first three heads they concern the present life only. The second, third and the fourth, as concerns this life, operate through the first; but the first operates independently of the others.

Pleasures and pains, then, are the instruments with which the legislator has to work; he must, therefore, be able to gauge their relative values. These depend primarily and simply on four things—intensity, duration, certainty or uncertainty, propinquity or remoteness. Secondarily, on fecundity, the consequent probable multiplication of the like sensations; and purity, the improbability of consequent contrary sensations. Finally,

on extent—the number of persons pleasurably or painfully affected. All these being weighed together, if the pleasurable tendency predominates, the act is good; if the painful, bad.

Pleasures and pains are either simple or complex—*i.e.* resolvable into several simple pleasures, and may be enumerated; as those of the senses, of wealth, of piety, of benevolence, of malevolence, of association, of imagination. Different persons are sensible to the same pleasure in different degrees, and the sensibility of the individual varies under different circumstances. Circumstances affecting sensibility are various—such as health, strength, sex, age, education; they may be circumstances of the body, of the mind, of the inclinations. Their influence can be reckoned approximately, but should be taken into consideration so far as is practicable.

The legislator and the judge are concerned with the existing causes of pleasure and pain, but of pain rather than pleasure—the mischiefs which it is desired to prevent, and the punishments by which it is sought to prevent them—and for the due apportionment of the latter they should have before them the complete list of punishments and of circumstances affecting sensibility. By taking the two together—with one list or the other for basis, preferably the punishment list—a classification of appropriate penalties is attainable.

An analytical summary of the circumstances affecting sensibility will distinguish as secondary—*i.e.* as acting not immediately but mediately through the primary—sex, age, station in life, education, climate, religion. The others, all primary, are connate—viz. radical frame of mind and body—or adventitious. The adventitious are personal or exterior. The personal concern a man's disposition of body or mind, or his actions; exterior, the things or persons he is concerned with.

II—Human Actions Analysed

THE business of government is to promote the happiness of society by rewarding and punishing, especially by punishing acts tending to diminish happiness. An act demands punishment in proportion to its tendency to diminish happiness—*i.e.* as the sum of its consequences does so. Only such consequences are referred to as influence the production of pain or pleasure. The intention, as involving other consequences, must also be taken into consideration. And the intention depends on the state of the will and of the understanding as to the circumstances—consciousness, unconsciousness, or false consciousness of them.

Hence with regard to each action we have to consider (1) the act itself, (2) the circumstances, (3) the intentionality, (4) the attendant consciousness, and also (5) the motive, and (6) the general disposition indicated.

Acts are positive and negative—*i.e.* of commission and omission, or forbearance; external or corporal, and internal or mental; transitive, affecting some body other than the agent's, or intransitive; transient or continued (mere repetition is not the same as habit). Circumstances are material when visibly related to the consequences in point of causality, directly or indirectly. They may be criminative, or exculpative, or aggravative, or evidential.

The intention may regard the act itself only, or its consequence also—for instance, you may touch a man intentionally and by doing so cause his death unintentionally. But you cannot intend the consequences—though you may desire them—without intending the action. The consequences may be intended directly or indirectly, and may or may not be the only thing intended. The intention is good or bad as the consequences intended are good or bad.

But these actually depend on the circumstances which are independent of the intention; here the important point is the man's consciousness of the circumstances, which are objects not of the will, but of the understanding. If he is conscious of the circumstances and of their materiality, the act is advised; if not, unadvised. Unadvisedness may be due either to heedlessness or to misapprehension.

And here we may remark that we may speak of a bad intention, though the motive was good, if the consequences intended were bad, and *vice versa*. In this sense also, the intention may be innocent—that is, not bad, without being positively good.

Of motives, we are concerned with practical motives only, not those which are purely speculative. These are either internal or external; either events *in esse*, or events in prospect. The immediate motive is an internal motive *in esse*—an awakened pleasure or pain at the prospect of pleasure or pain. All others are comparatively remote.

Now, since the motive is always primarily to produce some pleasure or prevent some pain, and since pleasure is identical with good and pain with evil, it follows that no motive is in itself bad. The motive is good if it tends to produce a balance of pleasure; bad, if a balance of pain. Thus any and every motive may produce actions good, indifferent, or bad. Hence, in cataloguing motives, we must employ only neutral terms, *i.e.* not such as are associated with goodness—as piety, honour—or with badness—as lust, avarice.

The motives, of course, correspond to the various pleasures as previously enumerated. They may be classified as good, bad, or indifferent, according as their consequences are more commonly good, bad, or indifferent; but the dangers of such classification are obvious. In fact, we cannot affirm goodness, badness, or indifference of motive, except in the particular instance.

A better classification is into the social—including good will, love of reputation, desire of amity, religion; dissocial—displeasure; self-regarding — physical desire, pecuniary interest, love of power, self-preservation.

Of all these, the dictates of good will are the surest of coinciding with utility, since utility corresponds precisely to the widest and best-advised good will. Even here, however, there may be failure, since benevolence towards one group may clash with benevolence towards another. Next stands love of reputation, which is less secure, since it may lead to asceticism and to hypocrisy. Third comes the desire of amity, valuable as the sphere in which amity is sought is extended, but also liable to breed insincerity. Religion would stand first of all if we all had a correct perception of the divine goodness; but not when we conceive of God as malevolent or capricious; and, as a matter of fact, our conception of the Deity is controlled by our personal biases.

The self-regarding motives are, *ex hypothesi*, not so closely related to utility as the social motives, and the dissocial motives manifestly stand at the bottom of the scale. In respect to any particular action there may be a conflict of motives, some impelling towards it, others restraining from it; and any motive may come in conflict with any other motive.

It will be found hereafter that in the case of some offences the motive is material in the highest degree, and in others wholly immaterial; in some cases easy, and in others impossible to gauge.

III—The Principles of Punishment

Goodness or badness, then, cannot be predicated of the motive. What is good or bad in the man when actuated by one motive or another is his disposition, or permanent attitude of mind, which is good or bad as tending to produce effects beneficial to the community. It is to be considered in regard to its influence on (1) his own happiness; (2) other people's. The legislator is concerned with it so far as it is mischievous to others. A man is held to be of a mischievous disposition when it is presumed that he inclines to acts which appear to him mischievous. Here it is that 'intentionality' and 'consciousness' come in.

Where the tendency of the act is good and the motive is a social one, a good disposition is indicated; where the tendency is bad and the motive is self-regarding, a bad disposition is indicated. Otherwise, the indication of good or bad disposition may be very dubious or non-existent. Now, our problem is to measure the depravity of a man's disposition, which may be defined as the sum of his intentions. The causes of intentions are motives. The social motives may be called tutelary, as tending to restrain from mischievous intentions; but any motive may become tutelary on occasion. Love of ease, and desire of self-preservation, in the form of fear of punishment, are apt to be tutelary motives.

Now we can see that the strength of a temptation equals the sum of the impelling motives, minus the sum of the tutelary motives. Hence, the more susceptible a man is to the standing tutelary motives, the less likely is he to yield to temptation; in other words, the less depraved is his disposition. Hence, given the strength of the temptation, the mischievousness of the disposition is as the apparent mischievousness of the act. Given the apparent mischievousness of the act, the less the temptation yielded to the greater the depravity of disposition; but the stronger the temptation, the less conclusive is the evidence of depravity. It follows that the penalty should be increased—*i.e.* the fear of punishment should be artificially intensified, in proportion as, apart from that fear, the temptation is stronger.

We now come to consequences. The mischief of the act is the sum of its mischievous consequences, primary and secondary. The primary mischief subdivides into original, *i.e.* to the sufferer in the first instance; and derivative, to the definite persons who suffer as a direct consequence, whether through their interest, or merely through sympathy.

The secondary mischiefs, affecting not specific persons but the community, are actual danger, or alarm—the apprehension of pain. For the occurrence of the act points to the possibility of its repetition; weakening the influence both of the political and of the moral sanction. An act of which the primary consequences are mischievous may have secondary beneficial consequences which altogether outweigh the primary mischief—*e.g.* the legal punishment of crime. The circumstances influencing the secondary mischiefs of alarm and danger are the intentionality, the consciousness, the motive and the disposition; danger depending on the real, and alarm on the apparent, state of mind, though the real and the apparent coincide more commonly than not.

Between the completely intentional and completely unintentional act there are various stages, depending on the degree of consciousness, as explained above. The excellence of the motive does not obliterate the mischievousness of the act; nor *vice versa;* but the mischief may be aggravated by a bad motive, as pointing to greater likelihood of repetition.

Punishment, being primarily mischievous, is out of place when groundless, inefficacious, unprofitable, or needless. Punishment is inefficacious when it is *ex post facto,* or extra-legal, or secret; or in the case of irresponsible (including intoxicated) persons; and also so far as the intention of the act was incomplete, or where the act was actually or practically under compulsion. It is unprofitable when under ordinary circumstances the evils of the punishment outweigh those of the offence. It is needless when the end in view can be as well or better attained otherwise.

Now, the aim of the legislator is (1) to prevent mischief altogether; (2) to minimise the inclination to do mischief; (3) to make the prevention cheap. Hence (1) the punishment must outweigh the profit of the offence to the doer; (2) the greater the mischief, the greater the expense worth incurring to prevent it; (3) alternative offences which are not equally mischievous, as robbery and robbery with murder, must not be equally punished; (4) the punishment must not be excessive, and therefore should take into account the circumstances influencing sensibility; (4) so also must the weakness of the punishment due to its remoteness, and the impelling force of habit.

The properties of punishment necessary to its adjustment to a particular offence are these: (1) variability in point of quantity, so that it shall be neither excessive nor deficient; (2) equality, so that when applied in equal degree it shall cause equal pain—*e.g.* banishment may mean much to one man, little to another; (3) commensurability with other punishments; (4) characteristicalness, or appropriateness; (5) exemplarity—it must not seem less than it is in fact; (6) frugality—none of the pain it causes is to be wasted. Minor desirable qualities are (7) subserviency to reformation of character; (8) efficiency in disabling from mischief; (9) subserviency to compensation; (10) popularity, *i.e.* accordant to common approbation; (11) remissibility.

IV—Division of Offences

An offence—a punishable act—is constituted such by the community; though it ought not to be an offence unless contrary to utility, it may be so. It is assumed to be a detrimental act; detrimental therefore to some person or persons, whether the offender himself or other assignable persons, or to persons not assignable.

Offences against assignable persons other than the offender form the first class; offences against individuals, or private offences, or private extra-regarding offences. The second class is formed by semi-public offences, *i.e.* not against assignable individuals, nor the community at large, but a separable group in the community, *e.g.* a class or a locality. The third class are those which are simply self-regarding; the fourth, against the community at large; the fifth, multiform or heterogeneous, comprising falsehood and breaches of trust.

The first class may be subdivided into offences against (1) the person, (2) reputation, (3) property, (4) condition—*i.e.* the serviceableness to the individual or other persons, (5) person and property together, (6) person and reputation.

The second, semi-public, class, being acts which endanger a portion of the community, are those operating through calamity, or of mere delinquency. The latter are subdivided on the same lines as private offences. So with the third or self-regarding class.

In class four, public offences fall under eleven divisions: (1) offences against external security—*i.e.* from foreign foes; (2) against justice—*i.e.* the execution of justice; (3) against the preventive branch of police; (4) against the public force—*i.e.* military control; (5) against increase of national felicity; (6) against public wealth—*i.e.* the exchequer; (7) against population; (8) against national wealth—*i.e.* enrichment of the population; (9) against sovereignty; (10) against religion; (11) against national interests in general.

In class five, falsehood comprises simple falsehoods, forgery, personation and perjury; again distributable like the private offences. In the case of trusts, there are two parties—the trustee and the beneficiary. Offences under this head cannot, for various reasons, be conveniently referred to offences against property or condition, which also must be kept separate from each other. As regards the existence of a trust: as against the trustee, offences are (1) wrongful non-investment of trust, and wrongful interception of trust, where the trusteeship is to his benefit; or (2) where it is troublesome, wrongful imposition of trust. Both may similarly be offences against the beneficiary. As regards the exercise of the trust, we have negative breach of trust, positive breach of trust, abuse of trust, disturbance of trust, and bribery.

We may now distribute class one—offences against the individual—into *genera;* to do so with the other classes would be superfluous. Simple offences against the person are actions referring to his actual person, body or mind, or external objects affecting his happiness. These must take effect either through his will, or not. In the former case, either by constraint, or restraint, confinement, or banishment. In any case the effect will be mortal or not mortal; if not mortal, reparable or irreparable injury when corporal, sufferance when mental. So the list stands—simple and irreparable corporal injuries, simple injurious restraint or constraint, wrongful confinement or banishment, homicide or menacement, actual or apprehended mental injuries.

Against reputation the *genera* of offences are (1) defamation, (2) vilification. Of offences against property, simple in their effects, whether by breach of trust or otherwise, the *genera* are: wrongful non-investment, interception, divestment, usurpation, investment of property; wrongful withholding of services, destruction, occupation, or detainment, embezzlement, theft, defraudment, extortion.

Of complex offences against person and reputation together: corporal insults, insulting menacement, seduction, and forcible seduction, simple lascivious in-

juries. Against person and property together: forcible interception, divestment, usurpation, investment, or destruction of property, forcible occupation of movables, forcible entry, forcible detainment of immovables, robbery.

As to offences against condition: conditions are either domestic or civil; domestic relations are either purely natural, purely instituted, or mixed. Of the first, we are concerned only with the marital, parental and filial relations. Under the second head are the relations of master and servant, guardian and ward. In the case of master and servants, the headings of offences are much like those against property. Guardianship is required in the cases of infancy and insanity; again the list of offences is similar. The parental and filial relations, so far as they are affected by institutions, comprise those both of master and servant, and of guardian and ward; so that the offences are correspondent.

The relation of husband and wife also comprises those of master and guardian to servant and ward. But there are further certain reciprocal services which are the subject of the marital contract, by which polygamy and adultery are constituted offences in Christian countries, and also the refusal of conjugal rights.

FROM domestic conditions we pass to civil. Eliminating all those which can be brought under the categories of trusts and domestic conditions, there remain conditions constituted by beneficial powers over things, beneficial rights to things, rights to services, and by corresponding duties; and between these and property there is no clear line of demarcation, yet we can hit upon some such conditions as separable. Such are rank and profession which entail specific obligations and rights—these are not property but conditions; as distinguished from other exclusive rights bestowed by the law, concerned with saleable articles (*e.g.* copyright), which convey not conditions, but property. So, naturalisation conveys the conditions of a natural born subject.

Public offences are to be catalogued in a manner similar to private offences.

My object has been to combine intelligibility with precision; technical terms lack the former quality, popular terms the latter. Hence the plan of the foregoing analysis has been to take the logical whole constituted by the sum of possible offences, dissect it in as many directions as were necessary, and carry the process down to the point where each idea could be expressed in current phraseology. Thus it becomes equally applicable to the legal concerns of all countries or systems.

The advantages of this method are: it is convenient for the memory, gives room for general propositions, points out the reason of the law, and is applicable to the laws of all nations. Hence we are able to characterise the five classes of offences. Thus, of private offences, we note that they are primarily against assignable individuals, admit of compensation and retaliation, and so on; of semi-public offences, that they are not against assignable individuals and, with self-regarding offences, admit of neither compensation nor retaliation; a series of generalisations respecting each class can be added.

THE relation between penal jurisprudence and private ethics must be clarified. Both are concerned with the production of happiness. A man's private ethics are concerned with his duty to himself and to his neighbour; prudence, probity and beneficence. Those cases described as unmeet for punishment are all within the ethical, but outside the legislative, sphere, except the 'groundless' cases, which are outside both. The special field of private ethics is among the cases where punishment is 'unprofitable' or 'inefficacious,' notably those which are the concern of prudence. So with the rules of beneficence; but beneficence might well be made compulsory in a greater degree than it is. The special sphere of legislation, however, lies in the field of probity.

A work of jurisprudence is either expository of what the law is, or censorial, showing what it should be. It may relate to either local or universal jurisprudence; but if expository can hardly be more than local. It may be internal, or international; if internal, it may be national or provincial, historical or living; it may be divided into statutory and customary, into civil and penal or criminal.

VICTOR HUGO

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

PUBLISHED in 1866, Victor Hugo's third great romance, The Toilers of the Sea (Les Travailleurs de la Mer) was written during his exile in Guernsey. The scene of the story is laid in the Channel Islands, and the book itself is dedicated to the 'Isle of Guernsey, severe yet gentle, my present asylum, my probable tomb.' Of all Hugo's romances, both in prose and in verse, none surpasses this for sheer splendour of imagination and diction, for eloquence and sublimity of truth. It is, in short, an idyll of passion, adventure and self-sacrifice. The description of the moods and mysteries of the sea is well-nigh incomparable; and not even in the whole of Hugo's works can there be found anything more vivid than Gilliatt's battle with the devil-fish. The story was immensely successful on its appearance, and was at once translated into several European languages. The Toilers of the Sea is obtainable in various inexpensive translations.

I—A Lonely Man

A GUERNSEYMAN named Gilliatt, who was avoided by his neighbours on account of lonely habits, and a certain love of nature which the suspicious people regarded as indicating some connexion with the devil, was one day returning on a rising tide from his fishing, when he fancied he saw in a certain projection of the cliff a shadow of a man.

The place probably attracted Gilliatt's gaze because it was a favourite sojourn of his—a natural seat cut in the great cliffs and affording a magnificent view of the sea. It was a place to which some uninitiated traveller would climb with delight from the shore and sit entranced by the scene before him, all oblivious of the rising ocean till he was completely cut off from escape. No shout would reach the ear of man from that desolate giant's chair in the rock.

Gilliatt steered his ship nearer to the cliff, and saw that the shadow was a man. The sea was already high. The rock was encircled. Gilliatt drew nearer. The man was asleep.

He was attired in black, and looked like a priest. Gilliatt had never seen him before. The fisherman wore off, skirted the rock wall and, approaching so close to the dangerous cliff that by standing on the gunwale of his sloop he could touch the sleeper's foot, succeeded in arousing him.

The man roused, and muttered, "I was looking about."

Gilliatt bade him jump into the boat. When he had landed this young priest, who had a somewhat feminine cast of features, a clear eye and a grave manner, Gilliatt perceived that he was holding out a sovereign in a very white hand. Gilliatt moved the hand gently away. There was a pause. Then the young man bowed and left him.

Gilliatt had forgotten all about this stranger, when a voice hailed him. It was one of the inhabitants, driving by quickly.

"There is news, Gilliatt—at the Bravées."

"What is it?"

"I am too hurried to tell you the story. Go up to the house and you will learn."

The Bravées was the residence of a man named Lethierry. He had raised himself to a position of wealth by starting the first steamboat between Guernsey and the coast of Normandy; he called this vessel *La Durande*; the natives, who prophesied evil of such a frightful invention, called it the Devil's Boat. But the *Durande* went to and fro without disaster, and Lethierry's gold increased. There was nothing in all the universe he loved so much as this marvellous ship worked by steam. Next to the *Durande*, he most loved his pretty niece Dérouchette, who kept house for him.

One day as Gilliatt was walking over the snow-covered roads, Dérouchette, who was ahead of him, had stopped for a moment and, stooping down, had written something with her finger in the snow. When the fisherman reached the place, he found that the mischievous little creature had written his name there. Ever since that hour, in the almost unbroken solitude of his life, Gilliatt had thought about Dérouchette.

Now that he heard of news at the Bravées, the lonely man made his way to Lethierry's house, which was the nest of Dérouchette.

The news was soon told. The *Durande* was lost! Presently, amid the details of the story—the *Durande* had been wrecked in a fog on the terrible rocks known as the Douvres—one thing emerged: the engines were intact. To rescue the *Durande* was impossible; but the machinery might still be saved. These engines were unique. To construct others like them, money was wanting; but to find the artificer would have been still more difficult. The constructor was dead. The machinery had cost two thousand pounds. As long as these engines existed it might almost be said that there was no shipwreck. The loss of the engines alone was irreparable.

Now, if ever a dream had appeared wild and impracticable, it was that of saving the engines then embedded between the Douvres. The idea of sending a crew to work upon those rocks was absurd. It was the season of heavy seas. Besides, on the narrow ledge of the highest part of the rock there was scarcely room for one person. To save the engines, therefore, it would be necessary for a man to go to the Douvres, to be alone in that sea, alone at five leagues from the coast, alone in that region of terrors, for entire weeks, in the presence of dangers foreseen and unforeseen—without supplies in the face of hunger and nakedness, without companionship save that of death.

A pilot present in the room delivered judgement.

"No; it is all over. The man does not exist who could go there and rescue the machinery of the *Durande*."

"If I don't go," said the engineer of the lost ship, who loved those engines, "it is because nobody could do it."

"If he existed——" continued the pilot.

Dérouchette turned her head impulsively and interrupted.

"I would marry him," she said innocently.

There was a pause. A man made his way out of the crowd and, standing before her, pale and anxious, said, "You would marry him, Miss Dérouchette?"

It was Gilliatt. All eyes were turned towards him. Lethierry had just before stood upright and gazed about him. His eyes glittered strangely. He took off his sailor's cap and threw it on the ground; then looked solemnly before him and, without seeing any of the persons present, said Dérouchette should be his. "I pledge myself to it in God's name!"

II—The Prey of the Rocks

The two perpendicular forms called the Douvres held fast between them, like an architrave between two pillars, the wreck of the *Durande*. The spectacle thus presented was a vast portal in the midst of the sea. It might have been a Titanic cromlech planted there in mid-ocean by hands accustomed to proportion their labours to the great deep. Its wild outline stood well defined against the clear sky when Gilliatt approached in his sloop.

The rocks, thus holding fast and exhibiting their prey, were terrible to behold. There was a menace in the attitude of the rocks. They seemed to be biding their time. Nothing could be more suggestive of haughtiness and arrogance: the conquered vessel, the triumphant abyss. The two rocks, still streaming with the tempest of the day before, were like two wrestlers sweating from a recent struggle. Up to a certain height they were completely bearded with seaweed; above this their steep haunches glittered at points like polished armour. They seemed ready to begin the strife again. The imagination might have pictured them as two monstrous arms, reaching upwards from the gulf and exhibiting to the tempest the

lifeless body of the ship. If Gilliatt had known how she came to be there, he might have been more awed by the tremendous spectacle. The cause was an accident, and yet a purposed act.

Clubin, the captain, as smug a hypocrite as ever scuttled a ship, had intended to run the *Durande* on the Hanways. His belt contained three thousand pounds. He meant to lose the ship on the Hanways, a mile from shore, and when the passengers had rowed away, pretending that he would go down with the ship, Clubin purposed to swim to land, get on board a pirate ship and be off to the East. His little drama had been acted out ; the boats had rowed away, everybody praising Captain Clubin, who would not abandon his ship. But when the fog cleared—horror of horrors ! —Clubin found himself not on the Hanways, but on the Douvres ; not one mile from shore, but five miles !

Clubin saw a ship in the distance. He determined to swim to a rock from which he could be seen, and to make signals of distress. He undressed, leaving his clothing on deck. He retained nothing but his leather belt, and then, precipitating himself head first, plunged into the sea. As he dived from a height, he plunged heavily. He sank deep in the water, touched the bottom, skirted for a moment the submarine rocks, then struck out to regain the surface. At that moment he felt himself seized by one foot.

But of all this Gilliatt, arriving at the Douvres, knew nothing. He was absorbed by the spectacle of the ship held in mid-air. And what did he find ? The machinery was saved, but it was lost. The ocean saved it, only to demolish it at leisure—like a cat playing with her prey. Its fate was to suffer there, and to be dismembered day by day. It was to be the plaything of the savage amusements of the sea. For what could be done ? That this vast block of mechanism and gear, at once massive and delicate, condemned to fixity by its weight, delivered up in that solitude to the destructive elements, could, under the frown of that implacable spot, escape from slow destruction seemed a madness even to imagine.

Gilliatt looked about him.

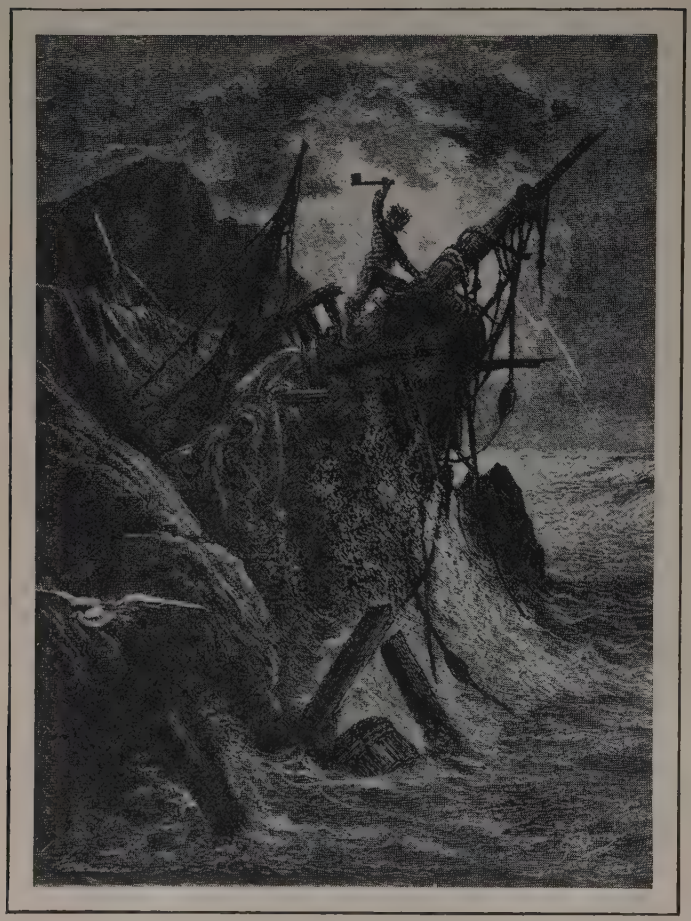
When he had made a lodging for himself, and had suffered the misfortune of losing the basket containing his provisions, Gilliatt considered his difficulties.

In order to raise the engine of the *Durande* from the wreck in which it was three-fourths buried, with any chance of success—in order to accomplish a salvage in such a place and such a season, it seemed almost necessary to be a legion of men. Gilliatt was alone. A complete apparatus of carpenter's and engineer's tools and implements was wanted. Gilliatt had a saw, a hatchet, a chisel and a hammer. He wanted both a good workshop and a good shed ; Gilliatt had not a roof to cover him. Provisions, too, were necessary on that bare rock, but he had not even bread.

Anyone who could have seen Gilliatt working on the rock during all that first week might have been puzzled to determine the nature of his operations. He seemed to be no longer thinking of the *Durande* or the two Douvres. He was busy only among the breakers. He seemed absorbed in saving the smaller parts of the shipwreck. He took advantage of every high tide to strip the reefs of everything that the shipwreck had distributed among them. He went from rock to rock, picking up whatever the sea had scattered—tatters of sail-cloth, pieces of iron, splinters of panels, shattered planking, broken yards ; here a beam, there a chain, there a pulley.

He lived upon limpets, hermit-crabs and rain water. He was surrounded by a screaming garrison of gulls, cormorants and sea-mews. The deep boom of the waves among the caves and reefs was never out of his ears. By day he was roasted in the terrific heat which beat with pitiless force on this exposed pinnacle ; at night he was chilled to the marrow by the cold of the open sea. And for ever he was hungry, thirsty—famished.

One day, in exploring for salvage some of the grottoes of his rock, Gilliatt came upon a cave within a cave, so beautiful with sea-flowers that it seemed the retreat of a sea-goddess. The shells were like jewels ; the water held eternal moonlight. Some of the flowers were like sapphires. Standing in this dripping



THE HAGGARD DWELLER OF THE ROCK BUILT HIS BARRIER AGAINST THE WRATH OF GOD

From the drawing by Gustave Doré

grotto, with his feet on the edge of a probably bottomless pool, Gilliatt suddenly became aware in the transparence of that water of the approach of some mystic form. A species of long, ragged band was moving amid the oscillation of the waves. It did not float, but darted about at its own will. It had an object; was advancing somewhere rapidly. The thing had something of the form of a jester's bauble with points, which hung flabby and undulating. It seemed covered with a dust incapable of being washed away by the water. It was more than horrible; it was foul. It seemed to be seeking the darker portion of the cavern, where at last it vanished.

Gilliatt returned to his work. He had a notion. Since the time of the carpenter-mason of Salbris, who, in the sixteenth century, without other helper than a child, his son, with ill-fashioned tools, in the chamber of the great clock of La Charité-sur-Loire, resolved at one stroke five or six problems in statics and dynamics inextricably intervolved—since the time of that grand and marvellous achievement of the poor workman who found means, without breaking a single piece of wire, without throwing one of the teeth of the wheels out of gear, to lower in one piece, by a marvellous simplification, from the second storey of the clock tower to the first, that massive clock, large as a room, nothing that could be compared with the project which Gilliatt was meditating had ever been attempted.

After incredible exertions, the machinery was ready for lowering into the sloop. Gilliatt had constructed tackle, a regulating gear, and made all sure. The long labour was finished. To-morrow he would be in Guernsey.

But no. He had waited for the tide to lift the sloop as near to the suspended engines as possible, and now the funnel, which he had lowered with the paddle-boxes, prevented the sloop from getting out of the little gorge. It was necessary to wait for low tide. Gilliatt drew his sheepskin about him and went to sleep.

When he woke, it was to feel the coming of a storm. It was necessary to build a breakwater in the gorge. Nails driven into the cracks of the rocks, beams lashed together with cordage, cat-heads from the *Durande*, binding strakes, pulley-sheaves, chains—with these materials the haggard dweller of the rock built his barrier against the wrath of God.

III—The Devil-Fish

When the awful rage of the storm had passed, and the barrier which he had repaired in the midst of the tempest hung like a broken arm across the gorge, Gilliatt, maddened by hunger, took advantage of the receding tide to go in search of crayfish. Half naked, and with his open knife between his teeth, he sprang from rock to rock. In hunting a crab he found himself once more in the mysterious grotto that glittered with jewel-like flowers. He noticed a fissure above the level of the water. The crab was probably there. He thrust in his hand as far as he was able, and groped about in that dusky aperture.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange, indescribable horror thrilled through him.

Some living thing—thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy—had twisted itself round his naked arm. It crept upward towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In less than a moment some mysterious spiral form had passed round his wrist and elbow and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the arm-pit.

Gilliatt recoiled; but he had scarcely power to move. He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand, which was disengaged, he seized his knife and made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm. He only succeeded in disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form—sharp, elongated and narrow—issued out of the crevice, like a tongue out of the monstrous jaws. It seemed to lick his naked body; then, suddenly stretching out, it became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin and wound itself round him. A terrible sense of anguish, comparable to nothing he had ever known, compelled all his muscles to contract. He felt upon his skin a number of flat, rounded points. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened to his flesh, and were about to drink his blood.

A third long, undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock, felt about his body, lashed round his ribs like a cord, and fixed itself there. There was sufficient light for Gilliatt to see the repulsive forms which had entangled themselves about him. A fourth ligature, but this one swift as an arrow, darted towards his stomach.

These living things crept and glided about him; he felt the points of pressure, like sucking mouths, change their places from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass shot from beneath the crevice. It was the centre! The thongs were attached to it like spokes to the nave of a wheel. In the middle of this slimy mass appeared two eyes.

Gilliatt recognized the devil-fish.

He had but one resource—his knife.

He knew that these frightful monsters are vulnerable in only one point—the head. Standing half-naked in the water, his body lashed by the foul antennae of the devil-fish, Gilliatt looked at the devil-fish and the devil-fish looked at Gilliatt.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain moment in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the bull lowers its neck; it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. He who loses that moment is destroyed.

Suddenly it loosened another antenna from the rock and, darting at him, seized him by the left arm. At the same moment it advanced its head.

Rapid as was this movement, Gilliatt, by a gigantic effort, plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and with a movement like the flourish of a whip, described a circle round the eyes and wrenched off the head as a man would draw a tooth.

The four hundred suckers dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water.

Nearly exhausted, Gilliatt plunged into the water to heal by friction the numberless purple swellings which were pricking all over his body. He advanced up the recess. Something caught his eye. He approached nearer. The thing was a bleached skeleton; nothing was left but

the white bones. Yes, something else. A leather belt and a tobacco-tin. On the belt Gilliatt read the name of Clubin; in the tobacco-tin, which he opened with his knife, he found three thousand pounds.

When Gilliatt reached his sloop, with this belt and box in his possession, he found, to his unspeakable horror, that she had been making water fast. Had he come an hour later he would have found nothing above water but the funnel of the steamer.

He slung a tarpaulin by chains overboard and hung it over the hole. Pressure of the sea held it tight. The wound was stanched; Gilliatt began to bale for dear life. As he emptied the hole the tarpaulin bulged in, as if a fist were pushing it from outside. He ran for his clothes, brought them, and stuffed them into the wound.

He was saved—for a few moments.

Death was certain. He had succeeded in the impossible, to fail in what a shipwright might have mended in a few minutes.

Upon that solitary rock he had been subjected by turns to all the varied and cruel tortures of nature. He had conquered his isolation, conquered hunger, conquered thirst, conquered cold, conquered fever, conquered labour, conquered sleep. A dismal irony was then the end of all. Gilliatt climbed to the top of the rock and gazed wildly into space. He had no clothing. He stood naked in the midst of that immensity.

Then, overwhelmed by the sense of that unknown infinity, like one bewildered by a strange persecution, confronting the shadows of night, in the midst of the murmur of the waves, the swell, the foam, the breeze, under that vast diffusion of force, having around him and beneath him the ocean, above him the constellations, under him the great unfathomable deep, he sank, gave up the struggle, lay down upon the rock, humbled, and uplifting his joined hands towards the terrible depths, he cried aloud, "Have mercy!"

When he issued from his swoon, the sun was high in a cloudless sky. The blessed heat had saved the poor, broken, naked man upon the rock. He rose up refreshed, and filled with divine energy. A day's work sufficed to mend the gap in the sloop's side. On the following day, dressed in the tattered garments which had stuffed the rent, with a favourable breeze and a good sea, Gilliatt pushed off from the Douvres.

IV—Fate's Last Blow

Gilliatt arrived in harbour at night. He went ashore in his rags, and hovered for a while about the darkness of Lethierry's house. Then he made his way into the garden, like an animal returning to its hole. He sat himself down and looked about him. He saw the garden, the pathways, the beds of flowers, the house, the two windows of Dérouchette's chamber. He felt it horrible to be obliged to breathe.

To see those windows was almost too much happiness for Gilliatt.

Suddenly he saw her.

Dérouchette approached. She stopped. She walked back a few paces, stopped again; then returned and sat upon a wooden bench. The moon was in the trees; a few clouds floated among the pale stars; the sea murmured to the shadows in an undertone.

Gilliatt felt a thrill through him. He was the most miserable and yet the happiest of men. He knew not what to do. His delirious joy at seeing her annihilated him. He gazed upon her neck—her hair.

A noise aroused them both—her from her reverie, him from his ecstasy. Someone was walking in the garden. It was the footsteps of a man. Dérouchette raised her eyes. The footsteps drew nearer, then ceased. Accident had so placed the branches that Dérouchette could see the newcomer while Gilliatt could not. He looked at Dérouchette.

She was quite pale; her mouth was partly open, as with a suppressed cry of surprise. Her surprise was enchantment mingled with timidity. She seemed as if transfigured by that presence; as if the being whom she saw before her belonged not to this earth.

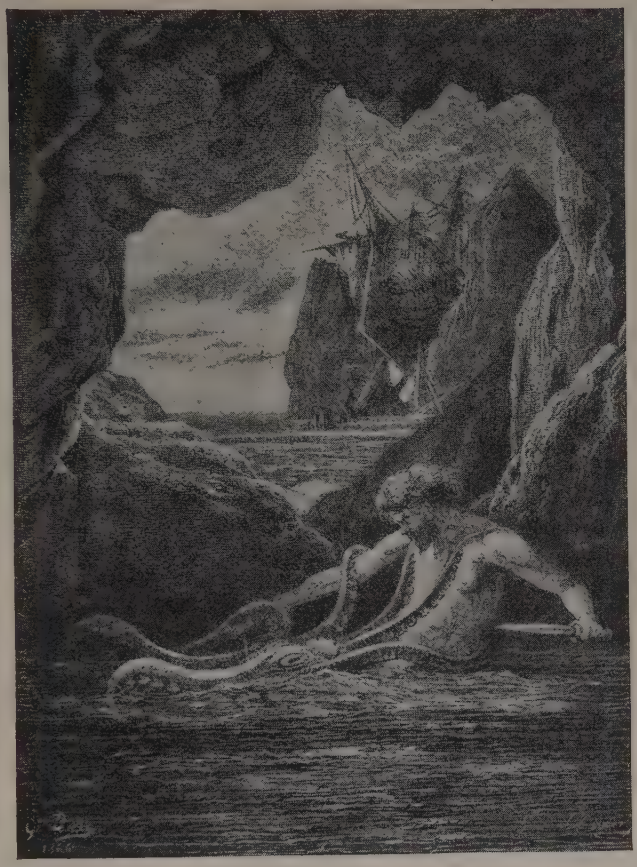
The stranger, who was to Gilliatt only a shadow, spoke. A voice issued from the trees, softer than the voice of a woman; yet it was the voice of a man. Gilliatt

heard many words, then, "Mademoiselle, you are poor; since this morning I am rich. Will you have me for your husband? I love you. God made not the heart of man to be silent. He has promised him eternity with the intention that he should not be alone. There is for me but one woman on the earth; it is you. I think of you as of a prayer. My faith is in God, and my hope in you."

Gilliatt heard them talking—the woman he loved, the man whose shadow lay upon the path. Presently he heard the invisible man exclaim: "Mademoiselle! You are silent. I wait for your reply."

"God has heard it," answered Dérouchette.

Then she went forward; a moment afterwards, instead of one shadow upon the path, there were two. They mingled and became one. Gilliatt saw at his feet the embrace of those two shadows.



GILLIATT'S FIGHT WITH THE DEVIL-FISH
From the drawing by Gustave Doré

Suddenly a noise burst forth at a distance. A voice was heard crying "Help!" and the harbour bell rang out on the night air.

It was Lethierry ringing the bell furiously. He had wakened, and seen the funnel of the *Durande* in the harbour. The sight had driven him almost crazy. He rushed out crying "Help!" and pulling the great bell of the harbour. Suddenly he stopped abruptly. A man had just turned the corner of the quay. It was Gilliatt. Lethierry rushed at him, embraced him, hugged him, cried over him and dragged him into the lower room of the Bravées.

"Give me your word that I am not crazy!" he kept crying. "It can't be true. Not a tap, not a pin missing. It is incredible. We have only to put in a little oil. What a revolution! You are my child, my son, my Providence. Brave lad! To go and fetch my good old engine. In the open sea among those cut-throat rocks. I have seen some strange things in my life; nothing like that."

Gilliatt gave him the belt and the box containing the three thousand pounds stolen by Clubin. Again Lethierry was thrown into a wild amazement. "Did anyone ever see a man like Gilliatt?" he concluded. "I was struck down to the ground, I was a dead man. He comes and sets me up again as firm as ever. And all the while he had gone clean out of my mind; but I recollect everything now. Poor lad! Ah, by the way, you know you are to marry Dérouchette."

Gilliatt leant with his back against the wall, like one who staggers, and said, in a tone very low, but distinct, "No."

Lethierry started. "How, no?"

"I do not love her."

Lethierry laughed that idea to scorn. He was wild with joy. Gilliatt, his son, his preserver, should marry Dérouchette—he, and none other. Neighbours had begun to flock in, roused by the bell. The room was crowded. Dérouchette presently glided in, and was espied by Lethierry, in the crowd. He seized her; told her the news. "We are rich again! And you shall marry the prodigy who has done this thing." His eye fell upon the man who had followed Dérouchette into the room; it was the young priest whom Gilliatt had rescued from the seat in the rock. "Ah, you are there, Monsieur le Curé," exclaimed the old man; "you will marry these young people for us. There's a fine fellow!" he cried, and pointed to Gilliatt.

Gilliatt's appearance was hideous. He was in the condition in which he had that morning set sail from the rocks—in rags, his bare elbows showing through his sleeves, his beard long, his hair rough and wild, his eyes bloodshot, his skin peeling, his hands covered with wounds, his feet naked and torn. Some of the blisters left by the devil-fish were still visible upon his arms.

"This is my son-in-law!" cried Lethierry. "How he has struggled with the sea! He is all in rags. What shoulders! What hands! There's a splendid fellow!"

But Lethierry did not know Gilliatt. The poor broken creature escaped from the room. He himself made all the arrangements for the marriage of the priest and Dérouchette; he placed the special licence in their hands, secured a priest for the purpose, and secured passages for them in the ship waiting in the roads for England.

When he had done all this, he made his way to the seat in the cliff, and sat there waiting to see the ship appear round the bight and disappear on the horizon.

The ship appeared with the slowness of a phantom. Gilliatt watched it. Suddenly a touch and a sensation of cold caused him to look down. The sea had reached his feet.

He lowered his eyes, then raised them again. The ship was quite near. The rock in which the rains had hollowed out this giant's seat was so completely vertical, and there was so much water at its base, that in calm weather vessels were able to pass within a few cables' length.

The ship was already abreast of the rock. The rigging showed black against the heavens and in the magnificent expanse of the sea. The long sails, passing for a moment over the sun, became lighted up with a singular glory and transparence. The water murmured indistinctly; but no other noise marked the majestic gliding of that outline.

Gilliatt could see the stir of life on the sunlit deck. The deck was as visible as if he had stood upon it. He saw bride and bridegroom sitting side by side, like two birds, warming themselves in the noonday sun. A celestial light was in those two faces formed by innocence. The silence was like the calm of heaven.

The vessel passed. He watched her till her masts and sails formed only a white obelisk, gradually decreasing against the horizon. He felt that the water had reached his waist. Sea-mews and cormorants flew about him restlessly, as if anxious to warn him of his danger.

The ship was rapidly growing less.

There was no foam around the rock where he sat; no wave beat against its granite sides. The water rose peacefully. It was nearly level with Gilliatt's shoulders.

The birds were hovering about him, uttering short cries. Only his head was now visible. The tide was nearly at the full. Evening was approaching.

Gilliatt's eyes continued fixed upon the vessel on the horizon. Their expression resembled nothing earthly. A strange lustre shone in their calm and tragic depths. There was in them the peace of vanished hopes, the calm but sorrowful acceptance of an end far different from his dreams. By degrees the dusk of heaven began to dawn in them, though gazing still upon the point in space. At the same moment the wide waters round the rock and the vast gathering twilight closed upon them.

At the moment when the vessel vanished on the horizon, the head of Gilliatt disappeared. Nothing now was visible but the sea.

VOLTAIRE

ZAIRE

THE plays of Voltaire are now, perhaps, less remarkable than his novels, yet they still remain very interesting, especially to English readers. During his stay in England from 1726 to 1729 Voltaire was much impressed with Shakespeare's work, and remained under his influence for some twenty years. His plays written during that period are an attempt to infuse some of Shakespeare's intensity of feeling and rapidity of action into the classic French drama, which was becoming no more than 'a conversation in five acts.' Voltaire wrote in all fifty or sixty pieces, of which the greater number, curiously enough, considering his comic power, were tragedies. Zaïre, commonly reckoned the finest of them, and one of the best plays of the whole French classical school, was produced on August 13, 1732, having been written in seventeen days. The motive of jealousy was to some extent borrowed from Othello, but though the plot is striking, Voltaire's characters lack that intensity of life which Shakespeare imparts to the creatures of his imagination.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Orosmane, sultan of Jerusalem
Lusignan, descendant of the kings of Jerusalem
Nerestan, a French knight
Corasmin, officer of the sultan
Zaïre and **Fatime**, slaves of the sultan

The scene is laid in the seraglio of Jerusalem, about the middle of the thirteenth century

First Act

Fatime *and* Zaïre

FATIME : How happy you have now become, Zaïre !
What is it that has changed your tears to smiles ?
Has Nerestan returned ? 'Tis now two years [depart.
Since Orosmane allowed him to
Has he come back and ransomed us ?
Zaïre : The oaths
That captives take to win their liberty
Are seldom kept. Our fellow-prisoner
Will never come to ransom us. . . . And I
Have no wish to be ransomed
Fatime : But suppose
The French knight now returned to rescue us ?
Zaïre : There is one man alone who has the power
To set us free—our master, Orosmane—
The noblest, bravest, sweetest soul on earth.
And he has done it !
Fatime : Orosmane ?
Zaïre : Loves me—
He wishes me to be his wife—sultana
Of Egypt and Jerusalem !
Fatime : Zaïre !
It is impossible ! A Christian girl
Cannot ! A barbarous Mahomedan
Will not respect your faith !
Zaïre : A Christian girl ?
I am no Christian. I love Orosmane,
And want no other God but his.
Fatime : You wear
A little golden cross upon your breast,
That shows you come of Christian parentage.
Zaïre : 'Tis not our birth that fixes our belief,
But education. From my earliest years
I have been taught the creed, the speech, the laws
Of Mahomet.

[Orosmane *enters.*

Orosmane : Noble Zaïre, before our hearts and lives
Are joined together in the marriage bond,
I wish to tell you that I have renounced
All the lax usages our laws allow
To men in my position. I have seen
The chiefs of Islam grow effeminate
In their seraglios thronged with wives and slaves ;
And I have seen their kingdoms overthrown
By proud, fierce Christian warriors. You, Zaïre,
Shall be my only wife, my only love ;
And I shall be your lover, friend and spouse.
Inspired by you alone, my one, true wife,
I will go out, strong and alert, to war ;
And build the falling empire of Islam
Into the mightiest of earthly powers.
Zaïre : My lord, my life, my hero and my love !
Were you a slave, as I was ere you came,
And I the mistress of the world, I would
Stoop from this height and raise you to my side.
'Tis you yourself I love, O Orosmane !
And not your power and glory.

[Corasmin *enters.*

Corasmin : Nerestan,
The Christian slave who swore he would return
And ransom all his fellows, asks, my lord,
An audience.
Fatime : Heavens !
Oros. : Let the man come in.

[Nerestan *enters.*

Nerestan : Most chivalrous of sultans, I return
Tardily to fulfil the oath I gave.
Zaïre and Fatime and the ten knights

You captured at Solyma now are free.
Here are their ransoms. Mine I could not get,
So I remain your prisoner!
Oros.: Noble knight,
Well have you kept your word! But Orosmane
Cannot in feats of generosity
Yield to a Christian. You are free. This gold
Which you have brought for ransom shall be given,
With thrice its weight, into your hands. Instead
Of the ten knights I promised to give up,
A hundred shall go with you. You may choose
What men you please, save only Lusignan;
For him I cannot yield. He is the heir
Of Bouillon, who once reigned in this place,
And thus my rival. As for sweet Zaïre,
If all the kings and lords of Europe came
To win her from me they would not succeed!
Ner.: What? You gave me your word
To set her free! She is of Christian birth;
And Lusignan, this old, unhappy man—
Oros.: What I have said, that I will do. Depart
Within one day with all that I have given,
Ere upon you my power in anger falls.
Zaïre, retire to the seraglio,
Where I will join you.
[**Nerestan** *and* **Zaïre** *go out by different doors.*

Second Act

Zaïre *and* **Nerestan**

ZAIRE: The sultan gives me leave, dear Nerestan,
To see you; and I bring good news. I know
How much I owe you. We were young in years
When, fellow-prisoners of Saladin,
We lived together. But our friendship made
Our slavery a sweet and pleasant thing.
For your sake I have won from Orosmane
The boon you longed for. Lusignan is free!
[**Lusignan** *enters.*
Lusignan: Yes, I am free at last; but where are they—
My children? They were taken from my arms,
My son and daughter, when Caesarea fell,
And led to this seraglio.
Nerestan: So was I.
I was a child then; yet in dreams I see
The burning city and the Saracens
Killing the Christians. Zaïre was led with me
With other captives to Jerusalem.
Lus. (*looking at* **Zaïre** *and* **Nerestan**):
Both of you—bound together, and led here?
When Caesarea fell—I cannot see;
A mist—my prison was so dark—my eyes
Are now unused to light. This chain—may I?

[*He seizes the chain around* **Zaïre's** *neck, bends over and peers at it, and then pulls it out until the little golden cross is seen.*]

Praise God, my children, praise the Lord our God!
Here is the cross my wife received from me
And put around my little daughter's neck!
Nerestan, when they tore my boy from me,
They wounded him above his breast—the scar—
Ner.: I have it! Oh, my father, and my lord!

[*He throws himself on his knees before* **Lusignan**; **Lusignan** *embraces him in one arm and holds out the other towards* **Zaïre.**]

Zaïre: Father—I—cannot come with you—I lost
My faith, and I became Mahomedan!
Lus.: Oh, let the lightning fall and strike me dead!
Sixty years have I fought for Thee, my God,
And languished in a dungeon twenty years;
Thy enemies killed my wife and killed my sons,
And killed my people, and laid waste my land,
And in the places where Thy feet once trod
They set their idols. And my daughter stands
Among Thy enemies, blaspheming Thee.
No, no, my child, you cannot turn from God.
Gaze where you will, and memories of Him
Rise up before you. Look! there is the hill
Whereon He died for us.
Zaïre: Oh, father, father! Tell me what to do?
Lus.: Take from me all my sorrow and my shame
And say: 'I am a Christian.'
Zaïre: Yes, I am.
[**Orosmane** *enters.*
Orosmane: Out of my palace, you vile pack of slaves,
Did I not tell you to depart at once?
[*The Christians go out;* **Zaïre** *stands pale and irresolute.*]
Come, my Zaïre, the wedding is prepared.
The fragrance of the incense fills the mosque.
The eyes of all my people wait on you:
The throne is ready and the feast; and I
Long for you, dearest.
Zaïre: Oh, where shall I hide?
God of my father, help me! Orosmane—
Oh, if you love me, put our marriage off,
And let me see the Christian Lusignan!
Oros.: Lusignan? What is that old slave to you?
You are no Christian; from your earliest years
You have adored the God that I adore.
Zaïre: I must put off our marriage.
Oros.: Is it you,
Zaïre, that speak?
Zaïre: I cannot face your anger.
It kills me. Let me go far from your sight
And hide my tears, my sorrow and despair.
[*She goes out.*
Oros.: It is that young French knight, not Lusignan,
That comes between us! He came back to her.
[**Corasmin** *enters.*
Corasmin: My lord, this note has fallen in my hands.
A Christian brought it to the gate.
Oros. (*opening and reading it*): 'Zaïre,
My sweet Zaïre, our Lusignan is dead!
And I must see you. Can you come to-night
Along the secret passage to the mosque?
I shall be there at midnight.' Corasmin,
Take it to her!
Cor.: This letter?
Oros.: Let her go,
And meet the Christians. I, too, will be there!

Third Act

Sultan Orosmane *and his officer* **Corasmin**

Orosmane : I love Zaïre more than I ever did !
I cannot kill her.
Corasmin : What ! you trust her still ?
Oros. : One ray of hope remains. The Christian knight
Is young, impatient and presumptuous.
When he returned he showed without disguise
His passion for Zaïre. I watched them both,
And though his sighs and insolent looks of love
Stirred in me feelings of wild jealousy,
They did not move Zaïre.
Cor. : But Nerestan
Asks her to meet him.
Oros. : But she will not come.
Go to the mosque, and wait there with the guard
And take the Christian slave a prisoner.
[**Orosmane** *and* **Corasmin** *retire ;* **Zaïre** *and* **Fatime** *enter.*
Zaïre : Here is the note. Read it. What shall I do ?
Fatime : You must see Nerestan.
Zaïre : I cannot. It would be too perilous.
I should endanger many Christian lives—
My brother's, and the knights' that he set free.
Fatime : No, no, Zaïre. The hazard that they run
To save you from these heathens does not stir
This tumult in your heart. 'Tis love alone
Which clouds your mind and troubles your sweet soul.
You tremble at offending the fierce man
Whose love is a long outrage. Are your eyes
Blind to his cruelty ? Can you not see
A savageness of soul in all his deeds ?
He is a tiger ; yet you sigh for him
And will not drive him from your heart.
Zaïre : Ah, Fatime, my soul is torn in two !
Fain would I see the happy Christian land
To which my brother longs to take me ; fain
Would I stay here alone with Orosmane.
Thus am I tortured. My unquiet heart
Has lost all sense of duty and love,
And only feels a terrible dismay.
O God, avert my dark presentiments !
Yes, I will see him ! I will speak to him ;
And then, when he has left Jerusalem,
I will reveal the secret of my life
Unto my lover. He will read my heart,
And he will pity a poor Christian maid
Torn between love for him and for her God.
Send in the slave that brought the note to me.
[**Fatime** *departs and the* **Slave** *enters.*
You brought the letter from the Christian knight ?
Slave : I did.
Zaïre : Then tell him I shall not betray
His cause, and lead him here when he arrives.
[*She departs, and* **Orosmane** *and* **Corasmin** *enter.*
Orosmane : Great God, how slowly all the hours wear on !
I shall go mad if the time comes not soon.
[*He sees the* **Slave.**
What did she say ? Speak, speak ! Will you not speak ? [wait here
Slave : My lord, she bid me say she would
And see him, and would not betray his cause.
Oros. : Go, that is enough.
[*The* **Slave** *departs.*
(*To* **Corasmin**) Fly from my sight,
Or I will kill you. Leave me alone—
Leave me alone, I say, or you will die !
[**Corasmin** *runs away*
Where am I ? God, where am I ? It is dark.
I cannot see. Zaïre, Zaïre ! No, no,
She must not come. She is betraying me—
And Nerestan is coming. Ha, traitors,
I will be revenged ! Corasmin, return !
[**Corasmin** *enters.*
Has he appeared ? Have you not captured him ?
Corasmin : He is not come yet.
Oros. : Night ! horrible night !
How can you hide their crime in your dark veil ?
Zaïre betrays me after such kindnesses !
I should have met with an unaltered front
The overthrow and ruin of my power—
But, oh ! to be deceived in this vile way
By one I love to madness !
Cor. : My dear lord,
Think upon it no more, but bend your mind
On your revenge.
Oros. : Oh, God,
How can a woman change so suddenly !
You know not how I adore her. She has struck
And reached my heart. Pity me, Corasmin,
And run—oh, she is cruel !
Cor. : Orosmane
Weeping ? Oh, heavens ! Weeping ?
Oros. : Yes ! The first tears
Shed from his eyes ! There's bitterness in them— [blood—
The bitterness of death. They're red with
The blood of her who brought this shame on me.
Zaïre, you shall not live. Crouch down and pray.
Death is upon you !
What was that ?
Nerestan ! Quick, capture him ! Quick, I say !
Capture, and chain and drag him in to me.
[**Corasmin** *departs, and* **Zaïre** *and* **Fatime** *appear in the dim passage.*
Zaïre : Come, Fatime.
Oros : The voice ! It is the voice
That once enchanted me with its sweet sound,
And now betrays me. Oh, perfidious girl !
I will not listen to you, but strike home.
[*He draws a dagger, and creeps forward.*
Yes, it is she. Oh, God, it is Zaïre !
[*The dagger falls from his hand, and he draws back.*
I cannot !
Zaïre : Fatime ! what noise was that ?
Fatime : The sound
Shows he is coming.
Oros. (*picking up his dagger angrily*) **:** It is all true, then !
Zaïre : I feel afraid. My heart is torn in two.
Is that you, Nerestan ?
Oros. (*springing at her*)**:** No ! it is I,
The man you are betraying—Orosmane !
And here is your reward for treachery.
[*He throws her on her knees, and stabs her.*
Zaïre : Orosmane ?—You !—You !—ah !
[*She dies.*

Oros. : I am avenged.
Now I must go. I cannot look at her.
What have I done ?—Justice ! No ! I will stay.
Here comes her lover. Now at last I can
More slowly relish all the joys of hate.
[**Nerestan** *enters bound in chains, with* **Corasmin** *and armed slaves guarding him.*
Look, you despicable, unhappy wretch !
Look ! You have robbed my life of all its joy.
But all the woes that you have brought on me,
By your dishonourable and treacherous ways,
You now shall expiate.
Villain ! The faithless creature that you love,
And led on to betray me, now lies here.
Nerestan : My sister ? Dead ! Zaïre, my sister, dead !
Oros. : His sister ! God ! It is not possible !
Ner. : You monster, it is true ! She was my sister,
And Lusignan her father. He is dead,
And I was coming to Zaïre to bring
A message from him, which I vainly hoped
Would have recalled her weak and wandering heart
To our true faith. But she offended God
And God has punished her for loving you.
Oros. (*going to the body of* **Zaïre**) : Unchain him, Corasmin. Divide my wealth
Among the Christian captives. Lead them forth
Unto the port of Joppa.
Cor. : But, my lord——
Oros. : Obey me and keep silent. (*To* **Nerestan**) And thou, unhappy hero, take thy sister,
And bury her in thine own land. If men
Say that she was the sweetest, noblest woman
That ever Heaven formed in innocence,
Beauty and virtue, tell them she was killed,
And tell them that I loved her and avenged her.
[*He kills himself.*

Joyous Adventures of a Daring Naturalist

CHARLES WATERTON

WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA

IN 1812 Waterton set out on the first of those journeys on which his fame as a naturalist mainly rests. With the object of collecting the Indian poison curare he penetrated to the savannahs of Brazil, making many natural history collections and observations on his way, until illness obliged him to go home to England. Waterton re-visited South America in 1816 and again in 1820, spending many months in the forests of Demerara, observing birds and beasts. In 1824 he travelled through the United States, touched at the West Indian islands, and went on to Demerara to make his last stay in the forest. In 1825 he published an account of these journeys under the title of Wanderings in South America. Waterton's observations were keen and accurate, and his graphic and humorous descriptions have secured for the book a permanent place in English literature. He also published three series of Essays in Natural History (1838, 1844, 1857). An inexpensive edition of Wanderings in South America is published by Macmillan.

I—The Poisoned-Arrow Hunters

IN the month of April 1812 I left the town of Stabroek to travel through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, a part of *ci-devant* Dutch Guiana, in South America. The chief objects in view were to collect a quantity of the strongest wourali poison, and to reach the inland frontier port of Portuguese Guiana.

It would be a tedious journey for him who wishes to proceed through these wilds to set out from Stabroek on foot. The sun would exhaust him in his attempts to wade through the swamps, and the mosquitoes at night would deprive him of every hour of sleep. The road for horses runs parallel to the river, but it extends a very little way, and even ends before the cultivation of the plantation ceases.

The only mode, then, that remains is to travel by water ; and when you come to the high lands you make your way through the forest on foot, or continue your route on the river. After passing the third island in the River Demerara there are few plantations to be seen, and those are not joined on to one another, but separated by large tracts of wood.

The first rocks of any considerable size are at a place called Saba, from the Indian word which means a stone. Near the top of Saba stands the house of the post-holder, appointed by government to report to the protector of the Indians what is going on among them, and to

prevent suspicious people from passing up the river. When the Indians assemble here, the stranger may have an opportunity of seeing the aborigines dancing to the sound of their country music and painted in their native style. They will shoot their arrows for him with unerring aim, and send the poisoned dart from the blowpipe true to its destination.

DEMERARA yields to no country in the world in her wonderful and beautiful productions of the feathered race. The scarlet curlew breeds in innumerable quantities in the muddy islands on the coasts of Pomauron; the egrets in the same place. They resort to the mudflats in ebbing water, where thousands of sandpipers and plovers, with here and there a spoonbill and flamingo, are also seen. The pelicans go farther out to sea, but return at sundown to the courada trees.

What an immense range of forest is there from the rock Saba to the great fall, and what an uninterrupted extent from it to the banks of the Essequibo!

After being night and day in the forest, impervious to the sun's and moon's rays, the sudden transition to light has a fine heart-cheering effect. In coming out of the woods you see the western bank of the Essequibo before you, low and flat. Proceeding onwards past many islands which enliven the scene, you get to the falls and rapids. When the river is swollen, as it was in May 1812, it is a dangerous task to pass them.

A little before you pass the last of the rapids two immense rocks appear, which look like two ancient, stately towers of some Gothic potentate, rearing their heads above the surrounding trees. From their situation and their shape they strike the beholder with an idea of antiquated grandeur which he will never forget. He may travel far and wide, and see nothing like them. The Indians have it that they are the abode of an evil genius, and they pass them with a reverential awe.

In about seven hours from these stupendous sons of the hill you leave the Essequibo and enter the River Apoura-pours, which falls into it from the south. Two days afterwards you are within the borders of Macoushia, inhabited by the Macoushi Indians, who are uncommonly dexterous in the use of the blowpipe and famous for their skill in preparing the deadly vegetable poison called wourali, to which I alluded at the outset of this narration.

From this country are procured those beautiful parroquets named kessikessi. Here, too, is found the indiarubber-tree. The elegant crested bird called cock of the rock is a native of the wooded mountains of Macoushia. The Indians in this district seem to depend more on the wourali poison for killing the game than on anything else. They had only one gun, and it appeared rusty and neglected; but their poisoned weapons were in fine order. Their blowpipes hung from the roof of the hut, carefully suspended by a silk grass cord. The quivers were close by them, with the jawbone of the fish pirai tied by a string to their brim, and a small wicker basket of wild cotton, which hung down the centre. They were nearly full of poisoned arrows.

On the fifth day our canoe reached the fort on the Portuguese inland frontier. I had by this time contracted a feverish attack. The Portuguese commandant, who came to greet us, discovered that I was sick.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to see that the fever has taken such hold of you. You shall go with me to the fort; and, though we have no doctor there, I trust we shall soon bring you about again. The orders I have received forbidding the admission of strangers were never intended to be put in force against a sick English gentleman."

GOOD nourishment and rest, and the unwearied attention and kindness of the Portuguese commander, stopped the progress of the fever and enabled me to walk about in six days. Having reached the frontier, and collected a sufficient quantity of the wourali poison, nothing remains but to give a brief account of its composition, its effects and its supposed antidotes.

Much has been said concerning this fatal and extraordinary poison. Wishful to obtain the best information, I determined to penetrate into the country where the poisonous ingredients grow. Success

attended the adventure, and this made amends for the 120 days passed in the solitudes of Guiana. It is certain that if a sufficient quantity of poison enters the blood, death is the result; but there is no alteration in the colour of the blood, and both the blood and the flesh of the victim may be eaten with safety.

This poison destroys life so gently that the victim seems to be in no pain whatever. The Indian finds in the wilds a vine called wourali, which furnishes the chief ingredient. He also adds the juices of a bitter root and of two bulbous plants. Next, he hunts till he finds two species of ants, one very large, black and venomous; the other small and red, which stings like a nettle. He adds the pounded fangs of the Labarri and the Counacouchi snakes, and the last ingredient is red pepper.

The mixture is boiled, and looks like coffee. It is poured into a calabash. Let us now note how it is used. When the Indian goes in quest of game he seldom carries his bow and arrows; it is the blowpipe he then uses. This is the most extraordinary instrument of death. The reed must grow to an amazing length, as the part used is ten feet long. This is placed inside a larger tube. The arrow is from nine to ten inches long; it is made out of the leaf of a species of palm-tree, and about an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is fixed into a lump of wild cotton made skilfully to fit the tube. Chiefly birds are shot with this weapon. For larger game bows are used with poisoned arrows.

An Arowack Indian said it was but four years ago that he and his companion were ranging in the forest for game. His companion took a poisoned arrow and sent it at a red monkey in a tree above him. It was nearly a perpendicular shot. The arrow missed the monkey, and in the descent struck him in the arm. He was convinced it was all over with him. "I shall never bend this bow again," said he. And, having said that, he took off his little bamboo poison-box which hung across his shoulder, and putting it with his bow and arrow on the ground, he laid himself close by them, bid his companion farewell and never spoke more.

Sugar cane and salt are supposed to be antidotes, but in reality they are of no avail. He who is unfortunate enough to be wounded by a poisoned arrow from Macoushia will find them of no avail. He has got a deadly foe within him which will allow him little time. In a few moments he will be numbered with the dead.

II—Birds of Guiana

In the year 1816, two days before the vernal equinox, I sailed from Liverpool for Pernambuco, in the southern hemisphere, on the coast of Brazil. Arrived there, I embarked on board a Portuguese brig for Cayenne, in Guiana. On the fourteenth day after leaving Pernambuco the brig cast anchor off the Island of Cayenne. The entrance is beautiful. To windward, not far off, are two bold, wooded islands, called Father and Mother; and near them are others, their children, smaller, though beautiful as their parents.

All along the coast are seen innumerable quantities of snow-white egrets, scarlet curlews, spoonbills and flamingoes. About a day's journey in the interior is the celebrated national plantation called La Gabrielle, with which no other plantation in the western world can vie. In it are 22,000 clove trees in full bearing; the black pepper, the cinnamon and the nutmeg are also in great abundance here.

Finding that a beat to the Amazons would be long and tedious, and aware that the season for procuring birds in fine plumage had already set in, I left Cayenne for Paramaribo, went through the interior of Coryntin, and proceeded to Demerara.

There are three species of toucan in Demerara, and three diminutives, which may be called toucanets. The singular form of these birds makes a lasting impression on the memory. Every species of this family of enormous bill lays its eggs in the hollow trees. You will be at a loss to know for what ends nature has overloaded the head of this bird with such an enormous bill. It is impossible to conjecture.

Parrots and parroquets are very numerous here and of many different kinds. The hia-hia parrot, called in

England the parrot of the sun, is very remarkable. He can erect at pleasure a fine radiated circle of tartan feathers quite round the back of his head from jaw to jaw.

Superior in size and beauty, however, to every parrot of South America, the ara will force you to take your eyes from the rest of animated nature and gaze at him. His commanding strength, the flaming scarlet of his body, the lovely variety of red, yellow, blue and green in his wings, the extraordinary length of his blue and scarlet tail, seem all to join and demand for him the title of emperor of all the parrots.

There are nine species of the goat-sucker in Demerara, a bird with prettily mottled plumage like that of the owl. Its cry is so remarkable that, once heard, it can never be forgotten. At night you will hear this goat-sucker lamenting like one in deep distress. A stranger would never conceive the cry to be that of a bird. He would say it was the departing voice of a midnight murdered victim, or the last wailing of Niobe for her poor children before she was turned into stone.

Suppose yourself in hopeless sorrow, begin with a high loud note, and pronounce 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,' each note lower and lower, till the last is scarcely heard, pausing a moment or two betwixt every note, and you will have some idea of the moaning of the goat-sucker of Demerara. You will never persuade the native to let fly his arrow at these birds. They are creatures of omen and of dread. They are the receptacles of departed souls come back to earth, unable to rest for crimes done in their days of nature.

III—The Call of the Tropics

After staying a few months in England, I strayed across the Alps and the Apennines, and returned home, but could not tarry. Guiana still whispered in my ear, and seemed to invite me once more to wander through her distant forests. In February 1820 I sailed from the Clyde, on the *Glenbervie*, a fine West Indiaman.

Sad and mournful was the story we heard on entering the River Demerara. The yellow fever had swept off numbers of the old inhabitants, and the mortal remains of many a newcomer were daily passing down the streets in slow and mute procession to their last resting place. I myself was soon attacked by the fever, but was fortunate enough to recover, after much suffering.

Let us now turn attention to the sloth, whose haunts have hitherto been so little known. He is a scarce and solitary animal, living in trees and, being good food, is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes obstruct the steps of civilized man. We are now in the sloth's own domain.

Some years ago I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him on the ground. If the ground were rough he would pull himself forward, by means of his forelegs, at a pretty good pace. He invariably shaped his course at once to the nearest tree. But if I put him on a smooth and well-trodden part of the road he appeared to be in trouble and distress. His favourite abode was the back of a chair, and after getting all his legs in a line on the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low, inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

Let us now forget for awhile the quadrupeds and other animals, and take a glance at the native Indians of these forests. There are five principal tribes in Demerara, commonly known by the name of Warow, Arowack, Acoway, Carib and Macoushi. They live in small hamlets consisting never of more than twelve huts. These huts are always in the forest near a river. They are open on all sides (except those of the Macoushi) and covered with a species of palm-leaf.

Both men and women are unclothed. They are a very clean people, and wash in the river at least twice a day. They have very few diseases. I never saw an idiot among them. They are very jealous of their liberty, and much attached to their

CHARLES WATERTON. English naturalist and traveller, was born at Walton Hall, near Pontefract, Yorkshire, June 3, 1782. He was educated at Stonyhurst, and after travelling in Spain, went to Demerara in 1804 to manage some estates belonging to his family. From 1812 to 1828 Waterton spent most of his time travelling in South America and the United States. In 1829 he married and settled at Walton Hall, devoting himself to the improvement of his estate and to natural history observations, making the park a safe retreat for all the species of birds in the district. He died at Walton Hall, from the result of an accident, May 27, 1865.

own mode of living. Some Indians who have accompanied white men to Europe, on returning to their own land, have thrown off their clothes and gone back into the forests.

One Sunday morning a negro informed me that he had discovered a great snake in a large tree which had been upset by a whirlwind and was lying decaying on the ground. I had been in search of a large serpent for a long time. I told two negroes to follow me, while I led the way with a cutlass in my hand. Taking as an additional weapon a long lance, I carried this perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved, and on getting up to him I struck him with the lance just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it fast in its place, while I dashed up to grapple with the serpent, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

The snake, on being pinned, gave a sharp hiss. We had a sharp fray, rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called to the second negro to throw himself on me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in. So I contrived to unloose my braces and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The serpent now tried to better himself and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convoy him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we slowly moved towards home, resting ten times. The snake vainly fought hard for his freedom. At my abode I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By the evening he was completely dissected.

When canoeing down the noble River Essequibo I had an adventure with a cayman (alligator), which we caught with a sharp hook baited with the flesh of the accouri. The cayman was ten and a half feet long. He had swallowed the bait in the night, and was thus fast to the end of a rope. My people pulled him up from the depths, and out he came—*monstrum horrendum, informe.* I saw that he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I jumped on his back, immediately seized his forelegs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle.

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and plunged furiously, and lashed the sand with his long tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared in triumph, and pulled us about forty yards on the sand. It was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back.

After some further struggling, the cayman gave in. I now managed to tie up his jaws. He was finally conveyed to the canoe and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. Then I cut his throat, and after breakfast commenced the dissection.

CHARLES LEVER

CHARLES O'MALLEY

PERSONAL extravagance in living induced Charles Lever as a young man to turn his attention to literature as a means of increasing his income, and in 1837 his first book, The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, appeared serially in the Dublin University Magazine, being published in volume form in 1839. It was followed in 1841 by Charles O'Malley, and in 1843 by Jack Hinton and by Tom Burke of Ours, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. In all these earlier novels Lever reveals gifts of light description, gay narrative, inexhaustible invention and joy of life which, notwithstanding defects in style and construction, entitle him to a very high place in the history of English fiction. In Charles O'Malley and in Tom Burke particularly there is to be found some fine military writing and some of the most animated battle pictures on record, and it has been said that Lever's account of the Douro need hardly fear comparison with Napier's. Of his later works Con Cregan (1849) and The Martins of Cro-Martin (1856) may be mentioned.

I—O'Malley of O'Malley Castle

IT was in O'Malley Castle, a very ruinous pile of incongruous masonry that stood in a wild and dreary part of Galway, that I passed my infancy and youth. When a mere child I was left an orphan to the care of my worthy uncle. My father, whose extravagance had well sustained the family reputation, had squandered a large and handsome property in contesting elections for his native county, and in keeping up that system of unlimited hospitality for which Ireland in general, and Galway more especially, was renowned. The result was, as might be expected, ruin and beggary. When he died, the only legacy he left to his brother was a boy of four years of age, entreating him, with his last breath, "Be anything you like to him, Godfrey, but a father—or, at least, such a one as I have proved."

Godfrey O'Malley some time previous had lost his wife, and when this new trust was committed to him he resolved never to re-marry, but to rear me as his son.

From my earliest years his whole anxiety was to fit me for the part of a country gentleman, as he regarded that character —viz., I rode boldly with the fox-hounds; I was about the best shot within twenty miles; I could swim the Shannon at Holy Island; I drove four-in-hand better than the coachman himself; and from finding a hare to hooking a salmon my equal could not be found from Killaloe to Banagher. These were the staple of my endowments; besides which, the parish priest had taught me a little Latin, a little French and a little geometry.

When I add to this portraiture of my accomplishments that I was nearly six feet high, with more than a common share of activity and strength for my years, and no inconsiderable portion of good looks, I have finished my sketch and stand before my reader.

We were in the thick of canvassing the county for the parliamentary seat in my uncle's interest. O'Malley Castle was the centre of operations; while I, a mere stripling, and usually treated as a boy, was entrusted with an important mission, and sent off to canvass a distant relation, Mr. Matthew Blake, who might be approached by a younger branch of the family, with whom he had never any collision.

I arrived at his house while the company were breakfasting. After the usual shaking of hands and hearty greetings were over, I was introduced to Sir George Dashwood, a tall and singularly handsome man of about fifty, and his daughter, Lucy Dashwood.

If the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness, over which dark brown and waving hair fell, less in curls than masses of locky richness, could only have known

what wild work they were making of my poor heart, Miss Dashwood, I trust, would have looked at her teacup or her muffin rather than at me, as she actually did, on that fatal morning.

Beside her sat a tall, handsome man of about five-and-thirty, or perhaps forty, years of age, with a most soldierly air, who, as I was presented to him, scarcely turned his head, and gave me a half-nod of unequivocal coldness. As I turned from the lovely girl, who had received me with marked courtesy, to the cold air and repelling hauteur of the dark-browed captain, the blood rushed throbbing to my forehead; and as I walked to my place at the table, I eagerly sought his eye, to return him a look of defiance and disdain, contemptuous as his own.

Captain Hammersly, however, never took further notice of me, and I formed a bitter resolution, which I endeavoured to carry into effect during the next day's hunt. Mounted on my best horse, I deliberately led him across the worst and roughest country, river and hills, and walls and ditches, till I finished up with a broken head and he with a broken arm and a horse that had to be slaughtered.

On the fourth day after this adventure I was able to enter the drawing-room again. Sir George Dashwood made the kindest inquiries about my health.

"They tell me you are to be a lawyer, Mr. O'Malley," said he; "and, if so, I must advise you to take better care of your headpiece."

"A lawyer, papa? Oh, dear me!" said his daughter. "I should never have thought of his being anything so stupid."

"Why, silly girl, what would you have a man to be?"

"A dragoon, to be sure, papa," said the fond girl, as she pressed her arm around him, and looked up in his face with an expression of mingled pride and affection.

That word sealed my destiny.

II—I Join the Dragoons

I HAD been at Mr. Blake's house five days before I recollected my uncle's interests; but with one hole in my head and some half-dozen in my heart my memory was none of the best. But that night at dinner I discovered, to my savage amazement, that Mr. Blake and all the company were there in the interests of the opposition candidate, and that Sir George Dashwood was their candidate. In my excitement I hurled my wineglass at the head of one of the company who expressed himself in regard to my uncle in a manner insulting to a degree. In the duel which followed I shot my opponent.

I had sprung into man's estate. In three short days I had fallen deeply, desperately, in love, and had wounded, if not killed, an antagonist in a duel. As I meditated on these things I was aroused by the noise of horses' feet. I opened the window, and beheld no less a person than Captain Hammersly. I begged of him to alight and come in.

"I thank you very much," he said; "but, in fact, my hours are now numbered here. I have just received an order to join my regiment. I could not, however, leave the country without shaking hands with you. I owe you a lesson in horsemanship, and I'm only sorry that we are not to have another day together. I'm sorry you are not coming with us."

"Would to heaven I were!" said I, with an earnestness that almost made my brain start.

"Then why not?"

"Unfortunately, my worthy uncle, who is all to me in this world, would be quite alone if I were to leave him; and, although he has never said so, I know he dreads the possibility of my suggesting such a thing."

"Devilish hard; but I believe you are right. Something, however, may turn up yet to alter his mind. And so good-bye, O'Malley, good-bye."

During the contest for the seat—which was frankly fought in pitched battles and scrimmages, and by corruption and perjury—I managed to save Miss Dashwood's life. When polling-time came, Sir George found the feeling against him was so strong, and we were so successful in beating his voters out of the town, that he resigned his candidature.

Afterwards I spent some time in Dublin, nominally in preparation for the law,

at Trinity College. But my college career convinced my uncle that my forte did not lie in the classics, and Sir George succeeded in inducing him to yield to my wishes, and interested himself so strongly for me that I obtained a cornetcy in the 14th Light Dragoons a week before the regiment sailed for Portugal.

On the morning of my last day in Dublin I met Miss Dashwood riding in the park. For some minutes I could scarcely speak. At last I plucked up courage a little, and said, "Miss Dashwood, I have wished most anxiously, before I parted for ever with those to whom I owe already so much, that I should, at least, speak my gratitude."

"But when do you think of going?"

"To-morrow. Captain Power, under whose command I am, has received orders to embark immediately for Portugal."

I thought—perhaps it was but a thought—that her cheek grew somewhat paler as I spoke; but she remained silent.

Fixing my eyes full upon her I spoke.

"Lucy, I feel I must confess it, cost what it may—I love you. My heart tells me that I am not, cannot be, loved in return. I ask for nothing; I hope for nothing. I see that you at least pity me. Nay, one word more. Do not, when time and distance have separated us, think that the expressions I now use are prompted by a mere sudden ebullition of boyish feeling; for I swear to you that my love of you is the source and spring of every action in my life and when I cease to love you I shall cease to feel. And now, farewell; farewell for ever."

I pressed her hand to my lips, gave one long, last look, turned my horse rapidly away and, ere a minute, was out of sight.

III—I Smell Gunpowder

What a contrast to the dull monotony of our life at sea did the scene present which awaited us on landing at Lisbon! The whole quay was crowded with hundreds of people, eagerly watching the vessel which bore from her mast the broad ensign of Britain.

The din and clamour of a mighty city mingled with the far-off sounds of military music; and, in the vistas of the opening streets, masses of troops might be seen, in marching order. All betokened the near approach of war.

On the morning after we landed, Power rode off with despatches to headquarters, leaving me to execute two commissions with which he had been entrusted—a packet for Hammersly from Miss Dashwood and an epistle from a love-sick midshipman who could not get on shore to the Senhora Inez da Silviero. I took up the packet for Hammersly with a heavy heart. Alas! thought I, how fatally may my life be influenced by it!

The loud call of a cavalry trumpet roused me, and I passed out into the street for the morning's inspection. The next day I delivered the packet to the Senhora Inez, by whom I was warmly received—rather more on my own account than on that of the little midshipman, I fancied. Certainly, I never beheld a being more lovely, and I found myself paying her some attentions. Yet she was nothing to me. It is true, she had, as she most candidly informed me, a score of admirers, among whom I was not even reckoned; she was evidently a coquette.

On May 7, 1809, we set off for Oporto. The 14th were detailed to guard the pass to the Douro until the reinforcements were up, and there I saw my first engagement. Never till now, as we rode to the charge, did I know how far the excitement reaches when, man to man, sabre to sabre, we ride forward to the battlefield. On we went, the loud shout of 'Forward!' still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more. The din, the smoke, the crash—the cry for quarter, mingled with the shout of victory, the flying enemy—are all commingled in my mind, but leave no traces of clearness or connexion between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to re-form that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position and cut off the guns of the enemy.

The scene was now, beyond anything, maddening in its interest. From the walls

of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit; while the whole river was covered with boats, as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra, to protect the landing, for it was even still contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks and bore down upon their squares. Then a final impetuous charge carried the day.

From that fight I got my lieutenancy, and then was sent off by Sir Arthur Wellesley on special duty to the Lusitanian Legion in Alcantara—a flattering position opened to my enterprise. Before I set out, I was able to deliver Miss Dashwood's packet to Captain Hammersly, barely recovered from a sabre wound. His agitation and his manner in receiving it puzzled me greatly, though my own agitation was scarcely less.

When I returned after a month with the Legion, during which my services were of no very distinguished character, I found a letter from Galway which saddened my thoughts greatly. A lawsuit had gone against my uncle, and what I had long foreseen was gradually accomplishing—the wreck of an old and honoured house. And I could only look on and watch the progress of our downfall without power to arrest it.

IV—Shipwrecked Hopes

HAVING been sent to the rear with despatches, I did not reach Talavera till two days' hard fighting had left the contending armies without decided advantage on either side.

I had scarcely rejoined my regiment before the 14th were ordered to charge.

We came on at a trot. The smoke of the cannonade obscured everything until we had advanced some distance, but suddenly the splendid panorama of the battlefield broke upon us.

'Charge! Forward!' cried the hoarse voice of our colonel; and we were upon them. The French infantry, already broken by the withering musketry of our people, gave way before us and, unable to form a square, retired fighting, but in confusion and with tremendous loss, to their position. One glorious cheer from left to right of our line proclaimed the victory, while a deafening discharge of artillery from the French replied to this defiance, and the battle was over.

Wounded in a somewhat scatter-brain night expedition to the lines of Ciudad Rodrigo, my campaigning—for some time, at least—was concluded; for my wound began to menace the loss of my arm, and I was ordered back to Lisbon.

Fred Power was the first man I saw, and almost the first thing he told me was that Sir George Dashwood was in Lisbon, and that his daughter was with him. And then, with conflicting feelings, I found that all Lisbon mentioned my name in connexion with the senhora. My torment was completed by meeting Miss Dashwood in the Senhora Inez's house under circumstances which led her to treat me with stiff, formal courtesy.

The next night a letter from a Dublin friend reached me which told me that 'Hammersly had got his *congé*.'

Here, then, was the solution of the whole chaos of mystery; here the full explanation of what had puzzled my aching brain for many a night long. His own were the letters I had delivered into Hammersly's hands, stirring agitation that had surprised me at the time. A flood of light poured at once across all the dark passages of my history; and Lucy, too—dare I think of her? What if she had really cared for me! Oh, the bitter agony of that thought!

I sprang to my feet with some sudden impulse, but, as I did so, the blood rushed madly to my head, and I fell. My arm was again broken, and ere day I was delirious.

HOURS, days, weeks rolled over, and when I returned to consciousness and convalescence I found I had been removed to the senhora's villa, and to her I owed, in a large part, my recovery. I was deeper in my dilemma than ever. Nevertheless, before I returned to the front, I found an opportunity to vindicate to Lucy my unshaken faith, reconciling the conflicting evidences with the proofs I proffered of my attachment. We were interrupted before I could learn how my protestations were received. Power, I found, was the one favoured by the fair Inez's affections.

V—A Desolate Hearth

It is not my intention, were I even adequate to the task, to trace with anything like accuracy the events of the war at this period. In fact, to those who, like myself, were performing duties of a mere subaltern character, the daily movements of our own troops, not to speak of the continual changes of the enemy, were perfectly unknown, and an English newspaper was more ardently longed for in the Peninsula than by the most eager crowd of a London coffee-room.

So I pass over the details of the retreat of the French, and the great battle of Fuentes D'Oñoro. In the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, that death struggle of vengeance and despair, I gained some notoriety in leading a party of stormers through a broken embrasure, and found myself under Lord Wellington's displeasure for having left my duties as aide-de-camp. However, the exploit gained me leave to return to England, and the additional honour of carrying despatches to the Prince Regent.

When I arrived in London with the glorious news of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the kind and gracious notice of the prince obtained me attentions on all sides. Indeed, so flattering was the reception I met with, and so overwhelming the civility showered on me, that it required no small effort on my part not to believe myself as much a hero as they would make me. An eternal round of dinners, balls and entertainments filled up an entire week.

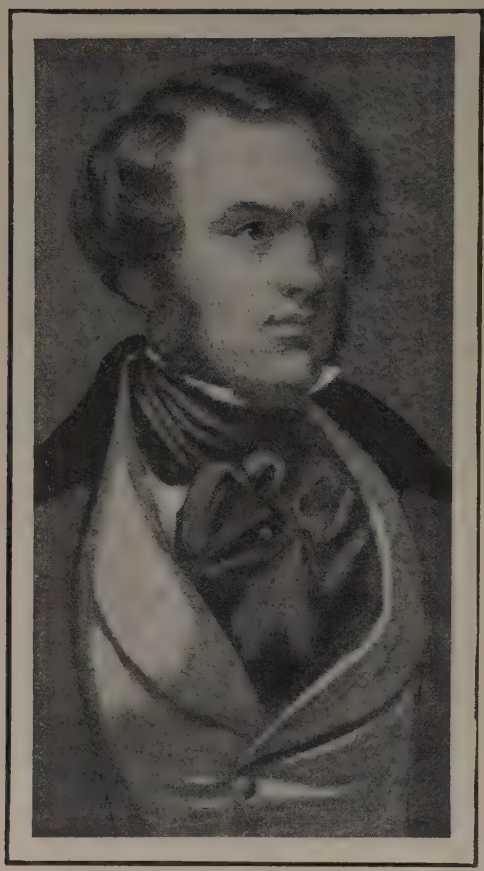
At last I obtained the Prince Regent's permission to leave London, and a few mornings after landed in Cork. Hastening my journey, I was walking the last eight miles—my chaise having broken down—when suddenly my attention was caught by a sound which, faint from the distance, scarce struck upon my ear. Thinking it probably some delusion of my heated imagination, I rose to push forward; but at the moment a slight breeze stirred, and a low, moaning sound swelled upwards, increasing each instant as it came. It grew louder as the wind bore it towards me, and now falling, now swelling, it burst forth into one loud, prolonged cry of agony and grief. O God, it was the death-wail!

My suspense became too great to bear; I dashed madly forward. As I neared the house, the whole approach was crowded with carriages and horsemen. At the foot of the large flight of steps stood the black and mournful hearse, its plumes nodding in the breeze and, as the sounds without sank into sobs of bitterness and woe, the black pall of a coffin, borne on men's shoulders, appeared at the door, and an old man, a life-long friend of my uncle, across whose features a struggle for self-mastery was playing, held out his hand to enforce silence. I sprang towards him, choked by agony. He threw his arms around me, and muttering the words, "Poor Godfrey!" pointed to the coffin.

Mine was a desolate hearth. In respect to my uncle's last wishes, I sold out of the army and settled down to a quieter life than the clang of battle, the ardour of the march. Gradually new impressions and new duties succeeded; and, ere four months elapsed, the quiet monotony of my daily life healed up the wounds of my suffering, and a sense of content, if not of happiness, crept gently over me, and I ceased to long for the clash of arms and the loud blast of the trumpet.

But three years later a regiment of infantry, marching to Cork for embarkation for the Continent after Bonaparte's return from Elba, roused all the eagerness of my old desires and I volunteered for service again.

A few days after I was in Brussels, and attending that most memorable and most exciting entertainment, the Duchess of Richmond's ball, on the night of June 15, 1815. Lucy Dashwood was there, beautiful beyond anything I had ever seen her. When the word came of the advance of Napoleon I was sent off with the major-general's orders, and then joined the night march to Quatre Bras. There I fell into the hands of a French troop and missed the fighting, though I saw Napoleon himself, and had the good fortune to effect the escape of Sir George Dashwood, who lay a prisoner under sentence of death in the



CHARLES JAMES LEVER was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his medical degree in 1831. After qualifying he practised for some time at Portstewart and he also practised for some time in Brussels. From 1842 to 1845 he lived in Dublin where he edited the Dublin University Magazine and then returning to Brussels started upon an unlimited tour of Central Europe, halting for a few months at a time at various places, in all of which he entertained freely, meanwhile maintaining a steady output of literary work. In 1867 he was appointed British consul at Trieste, where he died, June 1, 1872.

same place as myself. Early in the day of Waterloo I contrived my own escape, and was able to give Lord Wellington much information as to the French movements.

After the battle I wandered back into Brussels and learnt that we had gained the day. As I came into the city Sir George met me and took me into his hotel, where were Power and the senhora, about to be married. Wounded by the innocent raillery of my friends, I escaped into an empty room and buried my head in my hands. Oh, how often had the phantom of happiness passed within my reach, but glided from my grasp!

"OH, Lucy, Lucy!" I exclaimed aloud. "But for you, and a few words carelessly spoken, I had never trod the path of ambition whose end has been the wreck of all my happiness! But for you I had never loved so fondly! But for you, I had never been——"

"A soldier, you would say," whispered a soft voice as a light hand gently touched my shoulder. "No, Mr. O'Malley; deeply grateful as I am to you for the service you once rendered myself, bound as I am by every tie of thankfulness, by the greater one to my father, yet do I feel that in the impulse I have given to your life I have done more to repay my old debt to you than by all the friendship, all the esteem I owe you. If, indeed, by my means, you became a soldier, then I am indeed proud."

"Alas! Lucy—Miss Dashwood, I would say—how has my career fulfilled the promise that gave it birth? For you, and you only, to gain your affection, I became a soldier. And now, and now——"

"And now," said she, while her eyes beamed upon me with a very flood of tenderness, "is it nothing that I have glowed with pride at triumphs I could read of, but dared not share in? I have thought of you, I have dreamt, I have prayed for you."

"Alas! Lucy, but not loved me."

Her hand, which had fallen upon mine, trembled violently. I pressed my lips upon it, but she moved it not. I dared not look up; her head was turned away, but her heaving bosom betrayed her emotion.

Our eyes met—I cannot say what it was—but in a moment the whole current of my thoughts was changed. Her look was bent upon me, beaming with softness and affection; her hand gently pressed my own and her lips murmured my name.

The door burst open at this moment and Sir George Dashwood appeared. Lucy turned one fleeting look upon her father, and fell fainting into my arms.

"God bless you, my boy!" said the old general, as he wiped a tear from his eye. "I am now indeed a happy father."

STANLEY HALL

YOUTH, ITS EDUCATION, REGIMEN AND HYGIENE

PSYCHOLOGY engrossed the attention of Dr. Stanley Hall from the very beginning of his career, and the degrees conferred upon him by German, English and American universities were the recognition of the eminent place he achieved as a leader in the modern development of that science. His most celebrated work was Adolescence, published in two volumes in 1904; this was the first scientific study of this most critical period of life. In 1907 he published Youth—its Education, Regimen and Hygiene, containing, with various modifications and a new chapter, the practical and educational conclusions of the earlier and larger work. Students of Dr. Stanley Hall's evidence, who had begun to apply his conclusions to the education of adolescents, concur in regarding his work as one of the most notable contributions made to the science of education in the present century. The book is epitomised here by permission of D. Appleton & Co., the owners of the copyright, who published it on both sides of the Atlantic.

I—Muscular Education

THERE are many reasons for believing that the years from about eight to twelve constitute a unique period of human life, showing many traits of savagery; and if the child's tribal, predatory, hunting, fishing, fighting, roving, idle, playing proclivities could be indulged in the country and under conditions that now, alas! seem hopelessly ideal, they could conceivably be so organized and directed as to be far more truly humanistic and liberal than all the best modern school can provide.

There follows adolescence, which is a new birth, for the higher and more completely human traits are now born. The qualities of body and soul that now emerge are far newer; the annual rate of growth in height, weight and strength is increased, and often doubled, and even more; the range of individual differences increases; nature arms youth for conflict with all the resources at her command—speed, power of shoulder, biceps, back, leg, jaw—strengthens and enlarges skull, thorax, hips; makes man aggressive, and prepares woman's frame for maternity.

Modern psychology attaches great importance to the muscles and motor powers in general. Muscles are, in a most intimate and peculiar sense, the organs of the will. To live is to will; and the muscles are the organs of expression, for deeds, not words, are the language of complete man. For the young, motor education is cardinal, and is now coming into due recognition; and all education is incomplete without a motor side. Skill, endurance and perseverance may almost be called muscular virtues; and fatigue, caprice, *ennui*, restlessness, lack of control and poise, muscular faults.

The smaller muscles are the most important because their activities are the most human; the muscles of the hand, tongue, face and organs of speech may almost be called organs of thought. Their development and control are very important, but crude forms of athletics place the stress upon other muscles, and neglect these. A considerable degree of restlessness is a good sign in young children; its control is at first hard. In trying to sit still the child may even set its teeth, hold the breath and clench its fists.

The conditions of puberty are now difficult and unnatural. Even popular sports, and games and recreations, so abundant in the early life of all progressive peoples, have been reduced and transformed; and the play age, that once extended on to middle life and often old age, has been restricted. Our industry is no longer under hygienic conditions, and instead of being out of doors in the country, or of highly diversified kinds, it is now specialised, monotonous, carried on in closed spaces, bad air, and perhaps

poor light, especially in cities. Adolescent girls suffer much in this respect. Under present industrial tendencies, healthy, natural industries are ever less and less open to the young.

This is the new situation that now confronts those concerned for motor education, if they would only make good what is lost. The progressive realization of these tendencies has prompted most of the best and recent great changes motorward in education and also in personal regimen. Health and strength-giving agencies have put to school the large motor areas of the brain, so long neglected, and have vastly enlarged their scope. Among the best and most typical methods of muscular development, we may name industrial education, manual training, gymnastics, and play, sports and games.

As regards the first, it may be said that of all work-schools, a good farm is probably the best for motor development, with its great variety of occupations and healthful conditions. Contrast this life with that of a 'hand' in a modern shoe factory, who does all day but one of the eighty-one stages, or processes, from a tanned hide to a finished shoe.

MANUAL training follows the principle that there should be no knowledge without skill. It lessens the interval between thinking and doing; it interests many who are not successful in ordinary school; gives control, dexterity and skill, tends to the better appreciation of good, honest work, gives a sense of capacity and effectiveness, and is a useful preparation for a number of vocations, and, indeed, is a potent instrument in opening the intellect as well as in training sense and will. There is a great deal to be said for the Swedish method called *Sloyd*. Later, we have the arts and crafts movement, dating from Carlyle and Ruskin and William Morris, and lately revived in some of its features by Cobden Sanderson. Its quality of idealism should inspire all manual education, giving soul, interest, content, beauty, taste.

Gymnastics is essentially modern, and was unknown in antiquity, where training was for games, for war, etc. As the Greek games were in honour of the gods, so now the body is trained the better to glorify God; and regimen, chastity and temperance are given a new momentum. The physical salvation thus wrought will be, when adequately written, one of the most splendid chapters in the modern history of Christianity.

In practice, gymnastics also involves increase of skill; and also, in straightening knees and hips and spine, and combating the school-desk attitude, it is a most salutary contribution to a great and growing need. Symmetry and correctness of bodily proportions are also sought for. Gymnastics undoubtedly does a great physical service to all who cultivate it, and is a safeguard of virtue and temperance; yet in itself it does not serve ethical or intellectual development as well as might be, and it is defective in psychical interest, and is also too self-centred.

PLAY, sports and games constitute a more varied, far older and more popular field. Here a very different spirit of joy and gladness rules. I regard play as the motor habit and spirit of the past of the race; in play, every mood and movement is instinct with heredity. We rehearse the activities of our ancestors. This is why the heart of youth goes out into play, as into nothing else, as if, in it, man remembered a lost paradise. This is why, unlike gymnastics, play has as much soul as body, and also why it so makes for unity of body and soul as to have given rise to the proverb, 'Man is whole only when he plays.' Play is the ideal type of exercise for the young, most favourable for growth, and most self-regulating in both kind and amount.

For its forms the pulse of adolescent enthusiasm beats highest; and it, indeed, best realizes the German watchword—'fresh, free, jovial, pious.' Play, at its best, is a school of ethics. It gives not only strength, but courage and confidence; tends to simplify life and habits, gives energy, decision and promptness to the will; is a resource in trouble, and brings out individuality.

The first influence of all right exercise for those in health is a feeling of well-being and exhilaration. To be active, agile, strong, is especially the glory of

young men, and our nature and history have so disposed our frame that all the desirable processes of growth and health are thus stimulated. All are young at play, and only in play; and the failure of play, and that alone, is old age.

The playground movement, based upon this teaching, is specially needed in the most crowded and slum districts, and the establishment of opportunities for play is one of the greatest of present reforms in education. The antithesis between play and work is wrongly conceived. Play can do just as hard and painful tasks as work; not effort, but zestless endeavour, is the tragedy of life.

II—The Adolescent Mind

In regard to the faults, lies and crimes of children, the greatest fact we learn is that to collect masses of children and cram them with unassimilated facts is not education, and that youthful crime is an expression of educational failure. Educators have, no doubt, vastly overestimated the moral efficiency of the three R's, and have forgotten that character in infancy is all instinct; that in childhood it is slowly made over into habits; while at adolescence, more than at any other period of life, it can be cultivated through ideals.

Although pedagogues make vast claims for the moralising effect of schooling, I cannot find a single criminologist who is satisfied with the modern school, while most bring the severest indictments against it for the blind and ignorant assumption that the three R's, or any merely intellectual training, can moralise.

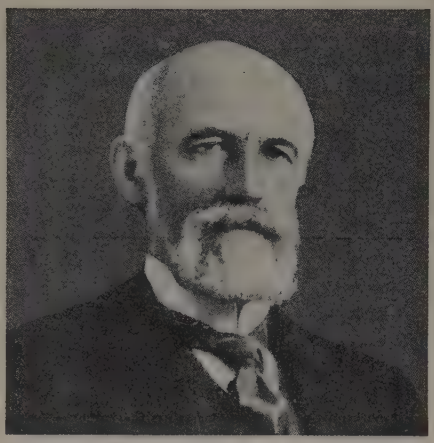
The youth who go wrong are, in the vast majority of cases, victims of circumstances or of immaturity. Our ideas and practices in regard to adolescence need radical reconstruction here. A mere accident of circumstance often condemns to criminal careers youths capable of the highest service to society, and for a mere brief season of temperamental outbreak or obstreperousness exposes them to all the infamy to which ignorant and cruel public opinion condemns all those who have been once detected on the wrong side of the invisible and arbitrary line of rectitude. The heart of criminal psychology is here.

Shortly before the dawn of adolescence we commonly find the boy, not depraved, but only in a savage, or half-animal, stage; although, to a large-brained, large-hearted and truly parental soul, that does not call what causes it inconvenience by opprobrious names, an altogether lovable and even fascinating stage.

The more we know of boyhood, the more narrow and often selfish do adult ideals of it appear. Something is amiss with the lad of ten who is very good, studious, industrious, thoughtful, altruistic, quiet, polite, respectful, obedient, gentlemanly, orderly, always in good toilet, docile to reason, who turns away from stories that reek with gore, prefers adult companionship to that of his mates, refuses all low associates, speaks standard English, or is as pious and deeply in love with religious services as the typical maiden teacher or the *à la mode* parent wishes. Such a boy is under-vitalised and precocious by nature; a repressed, over-trained, conventionalised manikin; a hypocrite, as some can become under pressure thus early in life; or else a genius of some kind with a little of all these.

But with the teens all this begins to be changed, and many of these precepts must gradually reverse. There is an outburst of growth that needs a large part of the total kinetic energy of the body. There is a new interest in adults, a passion to be treated like one's elders, to make plans for the future. The large muscles have their innings, and there is a new clumsiness of body and mind. The blood vessels expand and blushing is increased, new sensations and feelings arise, the imagination blossoms, love of nature is born, music is felt in a new, more inward way, fatigue comes easier and sooner; and if heredity and environment enable the individual to cross this bridge successfully there is sometimes almost a break of continuity, and a new being emerges.

The drill methods of the preceding period must be slowly relaxed and new appeals made to freedom and interest. We can no longer coerce a break, but must lead and inspire if we would avoid arrest.



GRANVILLE STANLEY HALL was born at Ashfield, Massachusetts, February 1, 1846. He graduated at Williams College in 1867 and afterwards spent several years studying philosophy and psychology in Germany. From 1872 to 1876 he was professor of psychology at Antioch College, Ohio, and after holding various other university appointments was professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University from 1881 to 1888, in which year he was chosen president of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, where he also held the professorship of psychology. Dr. Hall founded the American Journal of Psychology, which he edited from 1887 to 1921, and also edited other periodicals devoted to psychology and education. Dr. Hall died April 24, 1924.
Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

Never is the power to appreciate so far ahead of the power to express, and never does understanding so outstrip ability to explain. Over-accuracy is atrophy. There is nothing in the environment to which the adolescent nature does not keenly respond. With pedagogic tact we can teach about everything we know that is really worth knowing; but if we amplify and morselise instead of giving great wholes, and if we wait before each methodic step till the pupil has reproduced all the last, we starve and retard the soul, which is now all insight and receptivity.

Plasticity is at its maximum, utterance at its minimum. Boys especially are often dumb-bound, one-phrased, inarticulate, and half-speechless, save in their own vigorous and inelegant way. Nature prompts to a modest reticence for which we should have some respect. Deep interests arise which are almost as sacred as is the hour of visitation of the Holy Ghost to the religious teacher. The mind at times grows in leaps and bounds in a way that seems to defy the great enemy, fatigue; and yet when the teacher grows a little tiresome, the pupil is tired in a moment. Thus we have the converse danger of forcing knowledge upon unwilling and unripe minds.

The great instrument of education at this period should be the vernacular literature and language. These are the chief instruments of the social as well as of the ethnic and patriotic instinct. But no grammar, and least of all that derived from the prim, meagre, Latin contingent of it, is adequate to legislate for the free spirit of our magnificent tongue. Browning, Whitman and Kipling deliberately violate grammar, and secure thereby unique effects, neither asking nor needing excuse.

By general consent, both high school and college youth in America are in an advanced stage of degeneration in the command of this, the world's greatest organ of the intellect. Every careful study of the subject for nearly twenty years shows deterioration. One of the reasons for this is the excessive time given to other languages just at the psychological period of greatest linguistic plasticity and capacity for growth. School invention and tradition are so inveterate that it is hard for us to understand that there is little educational value in learning to tell the time of day or name a spade in several different tongues.

A SECOND cause of this degeneration in our study and command of English is the subordination of literature and content to the study of language and to grammar, which arises in the old age of language.

Again, we are now too much apt to receive language through the eye instead of through the ear. The race spoke for countless ages before it wrote; the winged word of mouth is saturated with colour, perhaps hot with feeling, musical with inflection—it is the utterance of a living present personality. The printed page must not be too suddenly or too early thrust between the child and life.

My plea is for more oral and objective work, more stories, narratives, and even vivid readings; so that the ear, the chief receptacle of language, be maintained in its dominance, so that the fine sense of sound, rhythm, cadence, pronunciation

and speech-music generally be not atrophied, so that the eye which normally ranges freely be not injured by the confined zigzag of the printed page.

Perhaps even worse is the substitution of the pen and the scribbling fingers for the mouth and tongue. In some schools, teachers seem to be conducting correspondence classes with their own pupils. We violate the great law that the child repeats the history of the race, and that, from the larger historic standpoint, writing, as a mode of utterance, is only the latest fashion.

III—Education of Girls

The long battle of woman and her friends for equal educational and other opportunities is essentially won all along the line. The old cloistral seclusion and exclusion is for ever gone, and new ideals are arising. It has been a noble movement, and is a necessary first stage of woman's emancipation. From the available data it seems, however, that the more scholastic the education of women, the fewer are their children, the harder and more dangerous and more dreaded is child-birth, and the less is the ability to nurse children. These are not the consequences of intelligence, but of education by present man-made ways.

I would therefore open to the election of women another kind of higher education, which every competent judge would pronounce more favourable to motherhood, under the influence of female principals who do not publicly say that it is not desirable that women students should study motherhood because they do not know whether they will marry; who encourage them to select 'no special subjects because they are women,' and who do not think infant psychology 'foolish.'

To be a true woman means yet to be more mother than wife. The elimination of maternity is one of the great calamities, if not diseases, of our age. Hence we must conclude that while women's colleges have, to a great extent, solved the problem of special technical training, they have done, as yet, very little to solve the larger one of the proper education of woman.

While I sympathise profoundly with the claim of woman for every opportunity which she can fill, and yield to none in appreciation of her ability, I insist that the cardinal defect in the woman's college is that it is based upon the assumption, implied and often expressed, if not almost universally acknowledged, that girls should primarily be trained to independence and self-support, and that matrimony and motherhood, if it come, will take care of itself, or, as some even urge, is thus best provided for.

The first aim should be health, a momentous word that looms up beside holiness, to which it is etymologically akin. Gymnastics should be abandoned or reduced to a minimum of best points, because it is too severe, and, in forbidding music, lays too little stress upon the rhythm element. Out-of-door walks and games should have precedence over all else. Dancing of many kinds and forms should be the most prominent of indoor exercises. No girl is educated who cannot dance, although she need not know the ball-room in its present form.

As a psychologist, penetrated with the growing sense of the predominance of the heart over the mere intellect, I believe myself not alone in desiring to make a tender declaration of being more and more passionately in love with woman as I conceive she came from the hand of God. I keenly envy my Catholic friends their Mariolatry. Who ever asked if the Holy Mother, whom the Wise Men adored, knew the astronomy of the Chaldees or had studied Egyptian or Babylonian, or even whether she knew how to read or write her own tongue, and who has ever thought of caring? We cannot conceive that she bemoaned any limitations of her sex; but she has been an object of adoration all these centuries because she glorified womanhood by being more generic, nearer the race, and richer in love, pity, unselfish devotion and intuition than man.

But with all this love and hunger in my heart, I cannot help sharing in the growing fear that modern woman, at least in more ways and places than one, is in

danger of declining from her orbit; that she is coming to lack just confidence and pride in her sex as such, and is now in danger of lapsing to mannish ways, methods and ideals, until her original divinity may become obscured.

Meanwhile, if the eternally womanly seems somewhat less divine, we can turn with unabated faith to the eternally child-like. Distracted as we are in the maze of new sciences, skills, ideals, that we cannot fully co-ordinate by our logic or curriculise by our pedagogy; confused between the claims of old and new methods; needing desperately, for survival as a nation and a race, some clue to thread the mazes of the manifold modern cultures, we have now at least one source to which we can turn—we have found the only magnet in all the universe that points steadfastly to the undiscovered pole of human destiny.

We know what can and will ultimately co-ordinate in the generic, which is larger than the logical order, all that is worth knowing, teaching, or doing by the best methods, that will save us from misfits and the waste ineffable of premature and belated knowledge, and that is in the interests and line of normal development in the child in our midst that must henceforth ever lead us; which epitomises in its development all the stages, human and prehuman; that is the proper object of all that strange new love of everything that is naïve, spontaneous and unsophisticated in human nature.

The heart and soul of growing childhood are the criterion by which we judge the larger heart and soul of mature womanhood; and these are the only guide into the heart of the new education which is to be, when the school becomes what Melanchthon said it must be—a true workshop of the Holy Ghost—and what the new psychology, when it rises to the heights of prophecy, foresees as the true paradise of restored intuitive human nature.

The Sacred Books of Confucianism

CHINA'S FIVE CLASSICS

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

(*Continued from page* 3002)

IV—The Li-King, or Book of Rites

So Wylie; called also 'Book of Social Rites' (Giles), and 'Collection of Treatises of the Rules of Propriety or Ceremonial Usages' (Legge). The word 'Li' denotes 'rites,' 'King meaning 'text' or 'book.'

There were originally three Li's or Books of Ritual, the two older of them, which seem to have been lost at an early time, belonging to the Kau (Chow) Dynasty (1127-225 B.C.).

In its present form the Li-King is not older than about A.D. 200, though it has elements which go back to the time of Confucius himself. We have in this classic a summary of the laws of good behaviour; social, moral and religious.

This classic contains ampler information regarding the principles and practices of the ancient Chinese than all other classics put together.

Note, however, the following two points:

1. We do not find any theology here, any specific doctrine about God, though the belief in God is implied throughout. Nor have we in this classic any definite teaching with regard to a future life the character of which is determined by the present.

2. It is not fair to say, with P. Callery, that what is inculcated in the Li-King is of a purely outward character, having nothing to do with motives or principles. The very opening of this classic insists upon the possession by every man of the

feeling of respect and reverence. It must be admitted, however, that the Chinese have never been obsessed by a love either of deep speculation, or of profound religious fervour.

The Li-King has been divided into 64 books, two of which—28 and 39—form the 'Ta-Hsia' and the 'Chung-Yung' of the 'Four Books,' which are epitomised in later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

Books I to III—Laws of Rites, Ceremonies and Customs

THERE must in and above all things be the reverent spirit; no outward act, moral or religious, avails without this. Pride should be checked, passions restrained, and the will kept under; there should be moderation in all indulgences. The essence of good conduct is self-improvement and faithfulness to one's word. The principles regulating such conduct constitute the rules of propriety, which should have a man's first and last attention.

A male ten years old is called a boy, and goes to school; at twenty he is capped.[1] At thirty he is mature, and takes himself a wife. He is in his full strength at forty, and at his best in his calling. At fifty he begins to get grey, and at sixty he is getting old, and people say of him, 'He is able to direct.' When he reaches his seventieth birthday he is considered old, and is absolved from the ordinary duties of life. We speak of him at eighty or ninety as very old.

A child of seven and a very old man are free from liability to punishment. In and after his one-hundredth year a man has to be fed. No man should retain an important office after his seventieth birthday. If for special reasons he is retained longer, he should have a stool and staff granted him.

On Respect to Elders

If one visits an elder to get his advice, he ought to take with him a stool and staff for his use. If the elder asks his visitor questions, the latter should answer modestly and frankly.

Sons should in winter warm their parents' beds, and in summer they should keep them cool. In the evening sons ought to arrange everything for their parents' comfortable repose. In the morning they should be the first to greet their parents and to inquire about their welfare.

No son should leave his home without first informing his parents when and whither he will go. No man should address his parents as old. A man should treat one twice his own age as he would a father; one ten years his senior as an elder brother. With a man five years older than himself one may walk shoulder to shoulder, or slightly to the rear.

On Receiving Visitors, etc.

A host should give place to a guest if they are entering the door together.

If a guest is about to pass through the door leading to the festal chamber, the host must first seek his permission to enter that he may arrange tables, seats, etc. Then, returning he will invite his guest to go on in front, which, however, he will modestly refuse to do; then they will both go in together. When they have reached the inner chamber the host will turn to the right and the guest to the left.

A visitor to an elder should not go up to the hall with his shoes on, nor should he doff his shoes in front of the doorstep, but on one side.

An unmarried man and woman should not sit together in the same room, nor should they hang up their clothes on the same peg or use the same comb or towel.

It is very unbecoming for a brother-in-law and a sister-in-law to make inquiries about each other.

Betrothal and Marriage

A betrothed young woman wears the usual neck bracelet, and no male is to be admitted into her private room unless necessity demand it. Even the father and daughter must not sit on the same mat. Until the wedding-presents have been given, betrothed parties are to have no communication with each other. No one is allowed to take to himself a wife who has the same surname as himself.

[1] A Roman youth donned the *toga*, and was considered a man at the age of fourteen. We still use the term 'capping' in our universities, where it is used for the official conferring of degrees. Capping among the Chinese, however, meant no more than the recognition of full manhood.

About Eating at Meals

A host will take a little from each dish and offer it as a sacrifice to the god of cookery.[1] If an elder offer a tit-bit to a youth, the latter should bow and accept it. No one eating at the same dish with others should bolt down the viands or wash down the soup. Use chopsticks with soup made of vegetables, but soup without vegetables should be partaken of with spoons. When the eating is over, the guests make as if they will remove the dishes in order to help the attendants. But the host will at once courteously decline their aid and have them resume their seats.

About the Rites of Mourning

No one should stand on a grave in a burial-ground. It is not right to laugh in a house of mourning, nor is it right anywhere to sing if a coffin containing a corpse is in sight. If mourning rites are being observed in the immediate neighbourhood, the use of the pestle should not be accompanied, as is usual, with the voice.

We ought in a funeral procession to march straight on, not seeking to avoid pools or puddles. On all mourning occasions we ought to wear a sad countenance. Three kinds of deaths are not to be mourned: (1) That from cowardice; (2) that through an accident due to carelessness; and (3) death by drowning.

All mourning materials should be of the regulation kind, each social grade having its own special mourning garb. Unless one attends to this, it is better not to wear mourning at all. The master [Confucius] used to wear his ordinary clothes when mourning the loss of relatives and friends, except on the periodic occasions of mourning. He used to pay visits of condolence to friends in his usual attire. When once asked as to what clothing should be provided for the mourning rites, he answered, 'Let all be in proportion to the means of the family.' The master disliked those who wailed in the streets or in the open fields.

About Education

The Minister of Education had to see to all matters connected with the manners, morals and training of the people. He had to arrange that all the inhabitants of the empire were taught their duty to the living and to the dead as well as to all spiritual beings. Those who refused to learn were summoned before judges and punished. Lessons were given in the government schools and colleges in deportment, music,[1] poetry, history, ethics and archery. Pupils in the schools who had made good progress were listed as 'scholars fit for government employment.' All appointments to court or military offices were made from this list.

Criminal Law

Before inflicting any one of the punishments,[2] the will of Heaven must be divined from the usual omens—the tortoise-shell, etc. Minor offences can be disposed of by the ordinary judges without resorting to divination. In considering evidence, the possible partiality of father and son towards each other, and of ruler and favourite minister, must be allowed for. In the case of serious charges, it is better to err on the side of generosity. When the judges are unable to decide, and the omens are ambiguous, it is better to call a popular assembly. If even then the case is doubtful, the defendants must be set at liberty.

Laws Affecting the Aged

When a man reached sixty, his coffin was made, and it was examined annually afterwards to see that it was in good condition. After seventy, the coffin was examined four times a year; after eighty, once a month; and after ninety, daily. The bandages, sheet, coverlets and cases for the corpse were, however, got ready after death.

Book IV—The Yueh Ling

THIS book deals with the various acts of the government in the different months of the year. Though abounding in interesting and important details of an extraordinarily wide range of subjects, it is made difficult by the number of technical terms—astronomical, etc.—occurring in it.

[1] Compare our 'Grace before meat.'

[1] Music was supposed to be the basis of all the refining subjects—*belles lettres*, This was perhaps because rhythm, so fundamental in music, is a great factor in poetry, dancing etc Note that the instruction in foreign languages is provided for or assumed.

[2] Branding, cutting off the nose, cutting off the feet, death.

Government Duties Through the Year

In the first month, certain [fully explained] sacrifices are to be offered, and the spring is inaugurated. On the first day of the month the Son of Heaven [the emperor] prays God for a good year, and commands the Minister of Agriculture to set forward the business of husbandry. This is the month in which the colleges for music and dancing are opened.

In the first month of summer, that season of the year is inaugurated. The foresters are now to visit the country parts in order to be sure that fields and forests are properly attended to, and that wild, destructive animals are kept away before the grain and fruit ripen. Medicinal herbs are now gathered, and the wheat is harvested. It is in this month that the emperor banquets his ministers and princes.

When the second month of summer comes in, imperial orders are issued to the bandmasters to get ready the various instruments of music and to practise the pieces. The great summer sacrifice is offered in this month, and it is in this month that the longest day falls.

The hoar frost begins to fall in the last month of autumn, when all outdoor labour comes to an end for a while. The rulers of the several districts will at this time give forth proclamations: 'Let all enter their houses, seeing that the cold airs are come.'

In the first month of the winter, that season is inaugurated, and it is now that the water begins to freeze. The Grand Recorder now issues instructions that tortoise-shells and divining stalks shall be besmeared with blood, and made thereby to give intimations about the future. The people now begin to wear furs, and mourning garments are altered to suit the colder weather.

In the second month of winter the shortest day falls. Rice and broom-sedge begin now to grow.

In the third month of winter, being the last of the year, wild geese proceed northward, the magpie begins to build his nest, the cock-pheasant crows, hens hatch and birds of prey soar aloft. Fishing is now resumed, grain is sown, and wood is cut down and gathered in for the great sacrifices in the ancestral and other temples.

Book VI—Principles of Education, etc.

THE education of children belonging to the best families of the state, and also of the foremost scholars belonging to poorer families, was carried on together. In spring and summer the use of the shield and spear was taught; in autumn and winter, the use of the pen and flute. Poetry was taught in the spring, and in the summer the playing of the guitar. Morals and manners were studied in the autumn, history during the winter. Throughout the year the regulations about sacrifices were explained, and the art of offering sacrifices made clear by actual examples of it. Whenever a new school or college was founded, sacrifices were made to the wise men and the teachers of former times.

In all schools and colleges there were periodical examinations. Those who passed the first examination were allowed to proceed to a second, after passing which they received the degree of 'Men of the School'—*e.g.* Fellows of English colleges. Admission into the imperial college or university was conditioned upon passing certain high examinations.

When it was known that the Son of Heaven was about to visit a college, the students were roused at early dawn by the beating of a drum. As soon as the emperor arrived, sacrifices were offered to former masters and sages, the work of the college then proceeded in the usual way, the emperor looking on, and at last leaving his *testamur*.

Book VII—The Li Yun: Rites and Ceremonies

THIS book has been edited from a Taoistic point of view, as will be seen from the extracts given below.

When one died it was the custom to ascend to the housetop to call out in a prolonged voice, 'Come thou back.' They then filled the mouth of the deceased with raw rice and offered him uncooked flesh. Afterwards, looking up to Heaven, whither the spirit had gone, they buried

the body in the earth to which it belonged. The animal and material parts of a man descend at death, earth to earth; but the spiritual part ascends to Heaven.

Man is begotten of heavenly and earthly forces. He is the result of the interaction of the united animal-soul life and of the finest elements of matter.

Book VIII—Rites in Their Influence on Character

THE rules of proper behaviour have a powerful influence in the development of character; they must, therefore, be diligently attended to. At the basis of all such rules there must be a pure and sincere heart without which they could never arise nor be sustained.

In some religious ceremonies it is the multitude of things that matters. The emperor has seven shrines in his ancestral temple, a feudal prince five, high officers three, ordinary officers one.

[In other religious usages it was the fewness of things that seemed of greatest moment. The emperor had no attendants, and he offered but one victim to Heaven. When in his tours of inspection he visited his feudal princes he was feasted with one bullock.]

A man lacking in the rules of propriety is as imperfect as if he had lost an arm.

Marriage

Marriage, as all other things in this world, arises from the mutual action of heavenly and earthly powers.[1] The contracting parties bear different family names [see page 3149], but are made to have one. The woman should be urged to be good, virtuous, faithful to her husband all his days, and after his death still remain faithful to him, refusing all offers of marriage.

In youth the woman obeys her father and elder brother. After marriage she obeys her husband. After her husband's death she obeys her eldest son.

No music is allowed at a wedding, for the occasion is one of sadness as well as of gladness, owing to the separation from parents that is involved.

A boy at six is taught to count and to distinguish the cardinal points; after seven a boy and girl cannot sit on the same mat [see page 3149], nor eat together; at ten a boy goes to a teacher and learns the letters, arithmetic, deportment, etc. He learns music at thirteen, is capped at twenty [see page 3149], and marries at thirty. At ten a girl ceases to leave the women's apartments. She is taught by a governess manners, submissiveness, and the various duties which fall to a woman. When fifteen she assumes the hairpin, and at twenty is married, or, if thought advisable, at twenty-three.

V—The Ch'un Ch'iu King, or Book of Spring and Autumn

THIS is a bare chronological record of events in the state of Lu from 722–484 B.C. Confucius was himself a native of this state, and he is generally credited with the authorship of this classic. It is highly prized by the Chinese as the means by which the master endeavoured to stem the tide of corruption among his people in his day. But it requires a very vivid imagination to conceive how a list of dates and names could convert a degenerate age from the error of its ways. The commentators have, however, read into the text mystical meanings which give it an ethical and religious significance originally absent.

But usually bound up with this fifth 'King' is the well-known commentary of Tso, called Tso Chuang, or 'Tso's Commentary.' We know hardly anything of Tso except that he was a disciple of Confucius, and that he has the reputation of being the 'father of Chinese prose.' Though his commentary is far from being a correct interpretation of the text, it abounds with fine descriptions, beautiful turns of phrase and the choicest language.

It might be added that spring and autumn in the title of this classic stand really for the whole year, spring including summer, and autumn winter.

[1] Note the Taoistic doctrine here, showing that the text has been edited in later times.

Examples from the Ch'un Ch'iu

In the spring of the seventh year of Duke Chao, the northern Yen state formed an alliance with the Ch'i state.

In the third month of the same year the above duke visited the Ch'u state.

In the fourth month on the sixth day there was an eclipse of the sun.

In the summer of the seventh year of the Duke Chuang (685 B.C.), at midnight there was a shower of stars.

From the Tso Chuang, or Commentary of Tso

This is taken from the text in Spring and Autumn. In the summer of the twenty-first year of Duke Hsi was a great drought; the Tso Chuang proceeds as follows.

The great drought referred to in the text was supposed to be due to the action of a witch. The duke, therefore, gave orders that she should be burnt. But one of his officials remonstrated, and said, 'Why kill the old woman? That will make no difference to the drought. Let us rather repair our walls and fortifications; eat and drink less; exercise economy in everything, making the very best use of what we have to eat and to drink. That is the way to stop the drought. If Heaven wished the witch to be burnt now it wouldn't have allowed her to be born at all. Burning her will only make matters worse, for God will be more angry than ever with us.' The duke listened and, following the advice given him, the famine was greatly modified.

From the Text of the Ch'un Ch'iu

In the spring of the 12th year of Duke Hsüan, the ruler of the Ch'u state invaded the capital of the Cheng state.

On this the Tso Chuang has a long account of the incident, in which the following paragraph occurs: 'In the defeat which followed, a war chariot of the Chin state got fixed in a waggon rut and was unable to proceed. A man of the Ch'u state advised the driver to remove the stand for arms. This made the waggon lighter, but still the horses were unable to move on. The charioteer was then advised to take out the flagstaff, and to use it as a lever. This was done, and the chariot at length got out of the rut. Then said the charioteer jocularly to the man of Ch'u, "We do not know as much about running away as your people do."'

Music is a very essential factor in all government; it helps the rulers to rule and disposes the subjects to obey. Even diseases can be arrested and cured by music. But lustful and seductive music awakens man's lower passion, and will be, therefore, avoided by the pure-minded. A man ought to play his lute, not for pleasure but for the improvement of his heart and life.

A certain king denounced his enemies and said nothing would please him more than to be able to sleep on their skins.

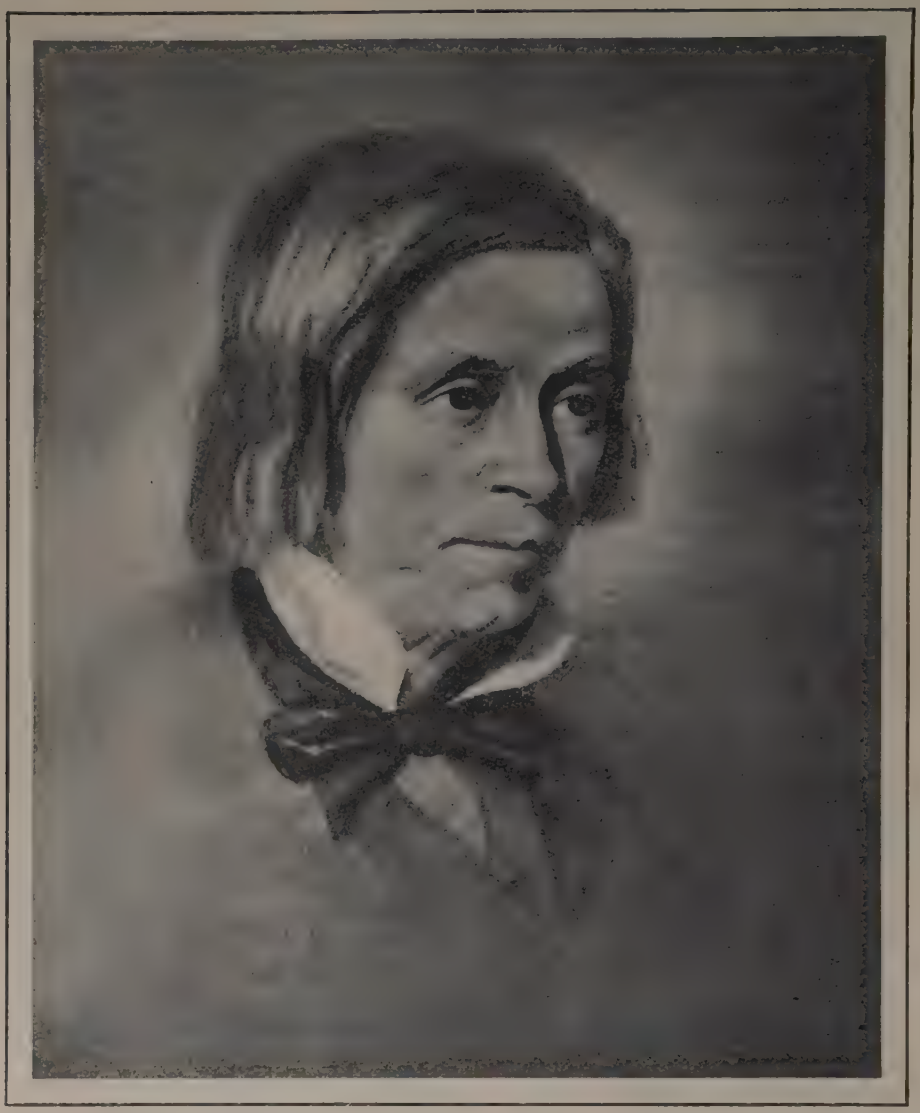
On going to battle a soldier told his friend that he would give good heed to the drum beating the signal to advance. But to that sounding the retreat he would give no heed at all.

A single day's indulgence to an enemy causes trouble for years and even for generations.

No man should benefit himself at the expense of another. The man who receives what is stolen is as bad as the thief. Better attack than be attacked.

. . . .

Although it is not included in The Five Kings, the Hsiao King, or the Classic of Filial Piety is often added, and rightly so, to the other five, with which it is well worthy of being ranked. In the form in which we now have it, it has eighteen chapters arranged as a dialogue between Confucius and one of his pupils. In this dialogue the master is made to put forth his teaching in simple and often very striking language. It belongs, for the most part, to Confucius himself, though it underwent considerable alteration in later times.



Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), essayist, critic and poet, occupies an honourable place in the roll of English literature and journalism. During his thirteen years' association with The Examiner he did much to raise the tone of newspaper writing and to inculcate a spirit of fairness and tolerance in the conduct of controversy. His poetry is passing into oblivion as time goes by, yet it shows much tenderness and delicacy of fancy, while his narrative poems are among the best in the language. It is as an essayist and critic that he takes highest rank. He was an industrious and conscientious worker, with a catholicity of interest and a zest of life that led him to range over almost every subject, with the result that his many familiar essays are full of keen criticism, shrewd speculation, entertaining gossip and most engaging descriptions of simple life. He had a quite remarkable genius for friendship, numbering among his affectionate associates almost all the distinguished men and women of letters of his age. This portrait is from a crayon drawing by W. Frank Williams in the National Portrait Gallery.

LEIGH HUNT

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

IN 1850, being then sixty-six years of age, Leigh Hunt published his Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries, an ingenuous and faithful self-portrait, the truth to life of which is warranted by the very affectations which are one of its characteristics. He revised the Autobiography himself shortly before his death in 1859, and it was re-published in that year, edited by his son, Thornton Hunt, who also arranged Leigh Hunt's Correspondence, published in 1862. The Autobiography and the Correspondence are valued chiefly for the side lights thrown upon the many famous men of letters who were Leigh Hunt's contemporaries. A versatile man of letters, Leigh Hunt was the author of much verse of very considerable merit, his narrative poems in particular being of fine quality; if not a very great, he was an extraordinarily refined and felicitous critic, and the virtues and foibles of his character which had unhappy effects on his life, explain in no small measure the charm which is the notable quality of his books.

I—Memories of Boyhood

MY grandfather was a clergyman in Bridgetown, Barbados, and my father, who graduated at Philadelphia and New York, followed the same profession in the end, though he went at first into the law. He married my mother in America, and was rising to distinction at the bar when his career was cut short by the revolution, in which he zealously embraced the cause of the British Government. This public loyalty infuriated the mob; he was taken from his home and wife, paraded in a cart through the streets, and imprisoned; and might have suffered worse injuries if he had not bribed a sentinel and so escaped on board a ship. When my mother joined him in England, many months later, she found him in a pulpit—a clergyman, preaching tranquillity.

My father was a remarkable elocutionist, fond of divinity, and ardent in the cause of Church and State. He delighted his audiences in the pulpit, but unfortunately would also delight some of them too much over the table. He should have been kept at home in Barbados. He was a true exotic, and ought not to have been transplanted. He fell deeply in debt, served for several years as tutor in the family of the duke of Chandos, became more and more distressed, and the first room I have any recollection of is a prison. He was always scheming, never performing; he grew deeply acquainted with prisons, and began to lose his graces and good name. He survived my mother, and died in 1809, and was buried in the churchyard in Bishopsgate Street.

I was born in the village of Southgate on October 19, 1784, in the midst of that truly English scenery which I love beyond all other. This neighbourhood, near Finchley and Highgate, is dear to me on every account. Edmonton is the birthplace of Marlowe, and Charles Lamb is buried there; Coleridge was buried at Highgate; in Hampstead lived Shelley, Keats, Steele, Arbuthnot and Akenside.

I went to school at Christ's Hospital, so ultra-sympathising and timid a boy that the sight of boys fighting frightened me as something devilish. Lamb has noticed the character of this school for good manners; and in my time the boys had no feeling of the difference of one another's rank out of doors. Our dress consisted of a blue gown, leather girdle and yellow stockings; it was the ordinary dress of children in humble life during the reign of the Tudors. Few of us cared for the books that were taught, and no pains were taken to make us do so; but my favourites out of school hours were Spenser, Collins, Gray, and the Arabian Nights.

II—Student and Editor

I was fifteen when I left school, and for a time I did nothing but write verses and haunt the bookstalls. My father published the verses in a book of which I am now ashamed. It was a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless, and it was unfortunately successful everywhere. I was introduced to literati, and shown about among parties. An acquaintance with Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum, author of Indian Antiquities, led to my reading in that library, where I began to learn Italian. I visited the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, enjoyed a walking tour from Margate to Brighton, and spent happy London evenings in mild conviviality.

But a knock at the doors of England awoke us from our dreams; it was Bonaparte, threatening to come among us. I must own that I never had the slightest belief in his actually coming, but I joined a volunteer regiment under a major who was also a Piccadilly undertaker, and our parade was the courtyard of Burlington House.

In this St. James's regiment were three well-known actors—Farley, Emery and de Camp—whom I looked on with great interest, because I had been writing pieces for the stage and was an ardent playgoer. Madame Catalani, Mrs. Billington, Madame Pasta, and Mr. Kelly, Braham and Lablache were our chief operatic stars; and, as for dancers, who can forget Heberle, Cerito, or Taglioni?

The actors whom I remember with the greatest pleasure were Jack Bannister, Fawcett, Munden, Lewis and Elliston. I never could admire Kemble, as it was the fashion to do; he was too artificial and conscious. His sister, Mrs. Siddons, had genius, but she had no love in her; she was a mistress only of queenly and of tragic effect. Oh, it is a pleasant time of life, the playgoing time in youth! Critical playgoing is very inferior in its enjoyments.

I had not been as misdirected in the study of prose as in that of poetry, and when my father gave me a present of a set of British classics I awoke to an entirely fresh and delightful sense of the merits of essay-writing. My first prose efforts were a series of papers called The Traveller in the evening paper of that name. Fortunately, they were little read. I became enchanted with Goldsmith, and among my favourite authors were Fielding, Smollett, Voltaire, Charlotte Smith, Bage, Mrs. Radcliffe and La Fontaine. But besides reading standard writers, I have been a glutton of novels from my boyhood, and can read their three-volume enormities to this day without skipping a syllable.

But the writer who made most impression on me was Voltaire, the most formidable antagonist of absurdities whom the world had seen, the destroyer of the strongholds of superstition. I was transported with the gay courage and unquestionable humanity of this extraordinary person. I was very fond, also, of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and was a great reader of Pope.

My brother John, in 1805, set up a paper called The News, and I went to live with him and write the theatricals in it. Editors were at that time intimate with actors and dramatists; puffing, in return for plenty of tickets, was the system. It was then a religion to admire Mr. Kemble; and Betty, the 'young Roscius,' was hugged to the heart of the town. We saw that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty; we stuck to independence, and the town believed everything we said. To think of the grand opinion I had of myself in those days, and what little reason I had for it!

My gay and confident spirit was checked, however, by a period of melancholy produced by ill health; and as I had great faith in temperance I went to an extreme in self-denial, which led to a nervous condition, amounting to hypochondria, lasting for several months. I need not have had it at all had I gone at once to a physician, and not been over-abstinent. Health returned with leisure and outdoor exercise; and it was at this period I met the lady who became my wife.

In 1808 my brother and I set up a weekly paper, The Examiner, in partnership, and my new office of editor turned my head. I wrote as if I had become an

oracle in politics and other great subjects, and when I consider my nonsense and extravagance, I blush to think what a simpleton I was. The main objects of the paper were to assist in procuring reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion, freedom from superstition, and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects. In the course of its warfare with the Tories, The Examiner was charged with Bonapartism, Republicanism and disaffection to Church and State—all of them groundless charges. When the paper became well established, I resigned a clerkship at the War Office which I had held inefficiently for some time.

III—The Happy Prisoner

At the house of Mr. Hill, proprietor of The Monthly Mirror, I came to know Thomas Campbell, the two Smiths (authors of Rejected Addresses), Theodore Hook, and Matthews the comedian. Our host was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot. Campbell was a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and anything but fastidious. No man felt more kindly towards his fellow creatures ; he professed to be hopeless, but was taking pains all the while to set up the London University. He gave me the idea of a French Virgil ; he was compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror.

Theodore Hook amused us greatly with his talent of extempore verse. He was a tall and dark youth, with a face of character and humour, but no refinement. He would throw out his jokes and rhymed verses in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of everybody present, and then sit down at the pianoforte and make an extempore parody of a modern opera, for he could parody music as well as words.

The imitations which Matthews, the comedian, used to give, admirable as they were on the stage, were still more so in private. He would give, for instance, a wonderful picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott.

The Examiner had been established about three years, and had been thrice attacked in vain by the Tory government, when my brother projected a quarterly magazine of literature and politics, entitled The Reflector, which I edited. It stopped with the fourth number, but some of Lamb's liveliest effusions and my Feast of the Poets appeared in it. By these unfortunate verses I made almost every living poet my enemy, and their unwarrantable levity was the origin of the gravest attacks which I afterwards sustained from political antagonists.

The ministers soon found an opportunity for a good blow at The Examiner. An article appeared (March 22, 1812) in that paper on the Prince Regent ; the Attorney-General's eye was quickly upon it, and the result to the proprietors was two years' imprisonment, with a fine to each of five hundred pounds. Much as this imprisonment injured me, I cannot wish that I had evaded it, for I believe that it did good. Neither have I any quarrel with the Prince Regent, although his frivolity, his tergiversation, and his treatment of his wife will not allow me to respect his memory. The article, no doubt, was very bitter and contemptuous, and therefore libellous, the more so as it was very true

My brother and I were sent to separate prisons. I was placed in a large and airy room, with high, barred windows, on an upper storey in the corner of a quadrangle ; and when I applied to the magistrates for permission to have my wife and children constantly with me, the request was granted.

I had entered prison on February 3, 1813, and on March 16 I moved into a couple of rooms which I had papered and furnished handsomely on the ground floor of the infirmary. With my bookcases, busts, pianoforte and flowers, Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room as my parlour except in a fairy tale It opened on a yard which I converted into a garden and here I wrote and read in fine weather. My eldest little boy was my constant companion. My eldest girl, Mary, was born in prison.

My friends were allowed to be with me until ten o'clock at night. William Hazlitt

first did me the honour of a visit, then Lord Byron, Moore, Pitman, Mitchell, Barnes, Alsager, and Cowden Clarke. The Lambs came to comfort me in all weathers; and the venerable Bentham, who united the wisdom of a sage with the simplicity of a child, found me at a game of battledore, in which he took a part. On February 3, 1815, I was free.

It was very slowly that I recovered the sensation of health, and the habit of confinement to one spot stuck to me afterwards in an extraordinary manner. I had enjoyed such happy moments in prison that I was sometimes in doubt whether I would not rather have been in ail than in Italy.

On leaving prison, I went to live in Edgware Road, to be near my brother. Lord Byron continued the visits which he had made me in prison; and here, too, I had the honour of a visit from Mr. Wordsworth. He had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasing, voice, and an exalted mode of speaking; his judgements were eloquent, but not very catholic; he was sceptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one.

I did not see this distinguished person again till thirty years afterwards, when his manner had become greatly superior —indeed, quite natural and noble; and I observed that he no longer committed himself in scornful criticisms. I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural as Mr. Wordsworth's. They were like fires half-burning, half-smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and set at the far end of two caverns.

IV—Some Memories of Shelley, Keats and Coleridge

I FIRST saw Shelley during the early period of The Examiner. He was then a youth, very gentlemanly, earnestly gazing at every object that interested him, and quoting the Greek dramatists. He wrote to me while I was in prison, and a year or two later his Hymn to Intellectual Beauty appeared in The Examiner.

Mr. Shelley's family connexions were Whig aristocrats voting in the interest of the duke of Norfolk. To a man of genius, endowed with a metaphysical acuteness to discern truth and falsehood, and a strong sensibility to give way to his sense of it, such an origin, however respectable, was not the most fortunate. With what feelings is truth to open its eyes upon this world among the most respectable of our mere party gentry? Among licensed contradictions of all sorts? Among the Christian doctrines and the worldly practices? Shelley began to think of these anomalies at a very early age, and saw that at every step in life some compromise was expected between a truth which he was told not to violate and a colouring and double meaning of it which forced him upon the violation.

His unconventional spirit was found inconvenient at Eton; at Oxford it was worse, for logic was put into his hands and he used it in the most uncompromising manner. The question which he asked his teachers was upon the existence of God, and the answer was expulsion. It was thus that he was thrown forth upon society to pursue his own career. But he had met with Godwin's Political Justice and, breathing its open atmosphere, he resolved to square all his actions by what he conceived to be the strictest justice, without any consideration for the opinions of others. That he did some extraordinary things in consequence is admitted; that he did many noble ones, and all with sincerity, is well known to his friends.

After the unhappy death of his first wife he married the daughter of Mr. Godwin, and settled at Great Marlow, where I paid him a visit. He used to sit in a study adorned with casts, as large as life, of the Vatican Apollo and the celestial Venus; he would stroll about the country, or sail a boat, a diversion of which he was passionately fond. Flowers, or the sight of a happy face, or the hearing of a congenial remark, would make his eyes sparkle with delight; at other times he would droop into an aspect of dejection when a wretched face passed him, or when he saw the miserable children of a village near him, or thought of his own children, of whom he had been deprived by the Court of Chancery.

Shelley became acquainted with Keats under my roof. Keats did not take to

Shelley as kindly as Shelley did to him; he was sensitive on the score of his origin, and was inclined to see in every man of birth a natural enemy. I could not love him as deeply as I did Shelley, but my affection was only second to the one which I entertained for that heart of hearts.

At a later time he came to reside with me, when his last and best volume of poems appeared, containing Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and the noble fragment of Hyperion. I remember Lamb's delight and admiration on reading this book.

Keats had felt that his illness was mortal two or three years before he died. Despairing love added its hourly torment, and meanwhile hostile critics roused an indignation in him which he could ill afford to endure. At length he was persuaded by his friends to try the milder climate of Italy and, accompanied by Mr. Severn the artist, he went to Naples, then to Rome, where he died on February 23, 1821, having just completed his five and twentieth year.

Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. No face ever carried in it greater marks of thought and feeling. His genius was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. Commonplace found a great comforter in him, so long as it was good-natured; it was to the ill-natured or the dictatorial only that he was startling. He would rather have been with a crowd that he disliked than felt himself alone. Lamb had seen many faces of calamity, but they did not make him love those of his fellow-creatures the less.

Coleridge was as little fitted for action as Lamb, but on a different account. His person was as sluggish and solid as the other's was light and fragile. His hair was white at fifty, and for several years before his death his appearance was reverend. Nevertheless, there was something invincibly young in the look of his face; it was round and fresh-coloured, with agreeable features and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. This boy-like expression was very becoming in one who dreamt and speculated as he did when he was really a boy, and who passed his life apart from the rest of the world, with a book and his flowers.

Hazlitt said that Coleridge's genius appeared to him like a spirit eternally floating about in etherealities. I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair, but able to conjure his etherealities about him in the twinkling of an eye.

It was a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body; and the reason why he did little more than talk and dream was that it is agreeable to such a body to do little else. Coleridge had less right to begin his zeal in favour of liberty than he had to leave it off; he should have bethought himself first whether he had the courage not to get fat. Refined speculations, such as he delighted in, would be very good if the world could get on by them, and not remain stationary; but meanwhile, millions are wretched with having too little to eat, and thousands with having too much; and these subtleties are like people talking in their sleep, when they should be up and helping.

V—Voyage to Italy

Shelley had often invited me abroad, and at length Lord Byron proposed that I should go and set up a Liberal periodical publication in conjunction with them both. Both my wife and I were ill, our family was numerous, and on Shelley's advice we undertook the voyage by sea. Our first vessel encountered fearful weather in the Channel, and was obliged to put in at Dartmouth, where we landed; but on May 13, 1822, we sailed with better fortune on a vessel from Plymouth, and landed at Leghorn on July 1.

We went to live at Pisa—a small white city, with a tower leaning at one end of it, trees on either side, and blue mountains for the background. After a few happy days here with Lord Byron and

Shelley, there came one night the tremendous thunderstorm in which Shelley was lost at sea. His body and that of his friend, Mr. Williams, were washed on shore, and Lord Byron and I were present at the burning of them. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. We remained but three months at Pisa after this calamitous event, and went to Genoa, where we received the first number of The Liberal, our new periodical.

In the summer of 1823 we moved to Florence, where there were more books and a greater concourse of Englishmen, so that we might possess Italy and England together. The Liberal had been a failure, and quickly ceased, and I employed myself on a translation of Redi's Bacchus in Tuscany, as well as on articles which later appeared in my volumes The Town, and Men, Women and Books. But the fortunes of The Examiner had now come to a crisis, and we were forced to return to England.

I lived successively at Highgate, Epsom, Brompton, Chelsea and Hammersmith, writing for, and in some cases initiating, several literary ventures. In 1832 my Collected Poems were published by subscription. It was in this period I became acquainted with Thomas Carlyle, one of the kindest and best, as well as most eloquent of men.

XVIII Century Society Brightly Mirrored

FANNY BURNEY
CECILIA

In 1782, four and a half years after the appearance of Evelina (see page 2925), Fanny Burney published Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress. The book was longer, more complex and more ambitious than its predecessor, and the growing influence of Dr. Johnson over Miss Burney was visible in the pompous elaborateness of the style she now adopted—a style that gave rise to an incorrect rumour that Dr. Johnson had aided her in composing the work. Cecilia was regarded by Miss Burney's contemporaries as splendidly fulfilling the promise of her first novel, and no book of the time was more discussed and more admired alike for its tragic and its comic passages. It contains many happy examples of what Dr. Johnson called her gift of 'character-mongering.' 'In an age distinguished by having produced extraordinary women,' wrote Burke to Miss Burney, 'I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them.' A two-volume edition of Cecilia is included in Bohn's Library.

I—The White Domino

With secret prayers, and tears of recollecting sorrow, Cecilia, the heiress and only survivor of the Beverley family, quitted her home at Bury in Suffolk for London soon after she had entered into her one-and-twentieth year. Her father and mother, whom she had lost in early youth, had bequeathed her £10,000; her uncle and guardian, the Dean of ——, had just died, leaving her an estate of £3,000 per annum, with no other restriction than that of annexing her name, if she married, to the disposal of her hand and her riches. For the short remaining period of her minority the Dean had entrusted her to three guardians, among whom her own choice was to settle her residence; and it was with one of these, Mr. Harrel, the husband of Cecilia's most favourite young friend, that she now set forth on her first visit to the capital.

Mr. Harrel was a gentleman in the prime of life, gay, fashionable and splendid; his wife, wholly changed from the girl Cecilia had formerly known, had no thought save for gaiety and extravagance. The frivolity of their mode of life had no charms for the sedate, judicious and reflective mind of Cecilia; nor was it long to be concealed from her penetration that the Harrels were living far beyond their income.

Yet the character of her other guardians did not dispose her to a change of residence. Mr. Delvile, the one, was consumed by family and ancestral pride, and treated her with a contemptuous condescension that at once shamed and offended her;

Mr. Briggs, the other, united greed with meanness and familiarity with coarseness, to so unpleasant a degree that Cecilia, so far as was possible, avoided his house and his company. Her affairs she chiefly confided to Mr. Monckton, a Suffolk friend, whom she believed to be disinterested. It was not difficult for a man of his address to conceal from her that he but waited the death of his aged wife to profit by the trustfulness that he sought skilfully to implant in her innocent heart.

Among the many suitors attracted by the beauty and fortune of Cecilia, none was more persistent, and none less desired by the heiress herself, than Sir Robert Floyer, whose insolent manner and offensive conversation, while they were intolerable to the victim of his attentions, were very far from disapproved by the Harrels, who sought every means to force Cecilia into enduring his compnay.

One night, when slowly making her way through the crowd after the opera, Cecilia perceived one of her admirers, Mr. Belfield, who, immediately making himself known to her, was offering his service to hand her out of the pit, when Sir Robert Floyer, not seeing, or not heeding him, pressed forward and said, " Will you let me have the honour, Miss Beverley, of taking care of you ? "

Cecilia coldly declined his assistance ; and the haughty baronet, rudely stalking up to Mr. Belfield, motioned with his hand and said, " Make way, sir ! "

" Make way for *me*, sir," cried Belfield, opposing him with one hand, while with the other he held Cecilia.

Sir Robert then, swelling with rage, reproachfully turned to her and said, " Will you suffer such an impertinent fellow as that, Miss Beverley, to have the honour of taking your hand ? "

Belfield instantly drew his sword, and Sir Robert was preparing to follow his example, when a young man, forcing his way through the crowd, exclaimed, " For shame, gentlemen ; is this a place for such violence ? "

Belfield, in a voice half choked with passion, apologised to the company, and telling Sir Robert that he would be happy to settle the matter with him at the first opportunity, went hurriedly away. Sir Robert was immediately going to follow him, when Cecilia, affrighted beyond measure at the thought that blood was to be shed on her account, cried out aloud, " Oh, stop him !—good heavens ! Will nobody stop him ? "

The young man again rushed forward, and compelled Sir Robert to give up his intention. Curiosity, however, was universally excited, and in a few minutes the report was current that the young lady was dying of love for Sir Robert.

As she was leaving, the young stranger, archly, and lowering his voice, spoke to her a few words that enabled her to recognize him as one who, disguised in a white domino, had made her acquaintance at a masquerade, and had delighted her with the agreeable ease of his conversation and the address with which he had protected her from the importunities of her suitors.

Next day Cecilia was told that Mr. Delvile begged to have the honour of speaking to her. Great was her surprise when, instead of her ostentatious guardian, she again beheld her friend the white domino. He told her that Sir Robert and Belfield had fought, and that Belfield was a little hurt. Cecilia thanked him for his attention and, Mrs. Harrel then making her appearance, he took his leave.

" This white domino, then," said Cecilia, " is the son of Mr. Delvile—a son how infinitely unlike his father ! "

" Yes," said Mrs. Harrel, " and as unlike his mother, too, for I assure you she is more proud and haughty even than the old gentleman. I hate the very sight of her."

II—The Gambler

Soon afterwards Cecilia received a note from Mrs. Delvile, begging the favour of her company to breakfast. She was by no means prepared, from the character she had heard of her, to expect much pleasure from an acquaintance with that lady ; but from the moment Cecilia beheld her, all the unfavourable impressions with which she came into her presence immediately vanished. The

dignity to which high birth and conscious superiority gave rise was so judiciously regulated by good sense, and so happily blended with politeness, that the few for whom she had herself any regard she was infallibly certain to captivate.

The surprise and admiration with which Cecilia at the first moment was struck proved reciprocal. Mrs. Delvile formed for her an instant and warm attachment, and Cecilia became a frequent visitor at the house of the Delviles. In young Mortimer Delvile she found sincerity and vivacity joined with softness and elegance, and the arrogance of his father was wholly absent from his liberal and noble mind. Mr. Monckton sought to persuade her that the Delviles were contriving to secure her fortune for their impoverished house by allying her with their son. But the bearing and conversation of the father convinced her that he would deem such a union disgraceful to his family; and, although her partiality for Mortimer Delvile was growing, she resolved to conquer it.

The indebtedness of the Harrels was meanwhile increasing fast, while they did not in any respect abate their extravagant and ruinous mode of living. Once already Cecilia, in generous willingness to aid her friends, had furnished Mr. Harrel with a considerable loan from her paternal fortune, to meet what he assured her was a temporary emergency. As neither of her guardians would consent to her withdrawal of the money she had promised Mr. Harrel, she was obliged, to her deep mortification, to borrow the sum from a Jew.

She resolved to refrain henceforth from aiding the Harrels in their recklessness. But, on her returning one day from a visit to Mrs. Delvile, Mr. Harrel, meeting her on the stairs with a wild and perturbed air, led her to the library and, abruptly seizing her hand, called out:

"Miss Beverley, I am ruined! My debts—my creditors—one way only"—striking his hand upon his forehead—"is left for me!"

"Do not say so, sir!" cried Cecilia, in extreme agitation. "I will myself undertake——"

"What will you undertake?" he cried.

"To what do the demands of your creditors amount?"

"I dare not ask! To some thousand pounds, perhaps."

"Nay, then," cried Cecilia, retreating. "If their demands are so high, I can do nothing! I ought to do nothing."

"Go, then," he cried, "to my poor, ruined wife—prepare her for tidings of horror!" And he rushed from the apartment.

Cecilia followed him in inexpressible terror, and he confronted her with a razor grasped in his hand.

"If you will assist me," said he, in a voice scarce audible, "I will shut this up. If not, I will steep it in my blood!"

"I will! I will!" cried Cecilia. Under this dreadful compulsion she borrowed £7,500 from the Jew, and freed the house from the creditors.

Mr. Harrel, however, despite a thousand promises of amendment, made no change in his dissipated way of living, and tortured Cecilia unceasingly by compelling her to suffer the detested attentions of Sir Robert Floyer. He gambled desperately in the hope of retrieving his fortune, but this conduct led in the end to his contracting a debt of honour that he could not pay. He borrowed another thousand pounds from Cecilia with the pretence that he would have to fly and live abroad, gambled the money away in a single throw, and secured a final escape from his creditors by perishing through his own act.

The examination of his affairs revealed such hopeless indebtedness that the money which Cecilia had lent him, amounting to nearly the whole £10,000 of her paternal fortune, was plainly lost beyond recovery. Mr. Monckton relieved her of her debt to the Jew by transferring it, to her great relief, to himself, paying the whole principal and interest that the Jew demanded. He informed her that Sir Robert Floyer had promised Mr. Harrel to cancel a debt of honour on the day when he should receive Cecilia in marriage; whereby Cecilia understood the reason for her persecution.

Cecilia, when she had seen to the comfort of the distressed Mrs. Harrel, decided to join the household of her guardian, Mrs. Delvile, at Delvile Castle.

III—The Interrupted Marriage

MRS. DELVILE took all possible care to make the apartments and situation of Cecilia commodious and pleasant. But Mortimer, instead of the animated fervour he had formerly shown, bore himself towards her with an extraordinary coldness; his desire to avoid her seemed scrupulous and pointed and, however to the world it might wear the appearance of chance, to her watchful anxiety a thousand circumstances marked it for design.

Once, however, when Cecilia was sheltering under a tree during a thunderstorm, she was joined by Mortimer, who came to offer his assistance in hurrying her home. Cecilia readily assented, but before they were near home, slackening her pace, she confessed her strength was exhausted.

"Let us, then, stop and rest," cried he. "But why will you not lean upon me?"

Cecilia leant upon his arm; but she soon repented her condescension, for Delvile, with an emotion he seemed to find wholly irrepressible, passionately exclaimed:

"Sweet, lovely burden! Oh, why not thus for ever?"

She hastily withdrew from his hold, and walked on by herself at as quick a pace as she was able, and Delvile, not venturing to oppose her, silently followed her home.

He was now seized with an illness, and Cecilia saw little of him during the rest of her stay at Delvile Castle. When Mortimer was sufficiently recovered to travel, he went to Bristol, whither his doting father and mother accompanied him. Cecilia, with her guardian's permission, paid a visit to a friend in Suffolk. She knew now that Mortimer indeed loved her—Mrs. Delvile had gently revealed it to her. But the fatal clause in her uncle's will, requiring her husband to change his name, had made the alliance unbearable to Mr. and Mrs. Delvile, and Mortimer had bitterly resolved to sacrifice his affection to the pride of his family.

One day, as Cecilia sat tenderly and sorrowfully reflecting in a summer-house at her friend's home in Suffolk, she beheld, at the door, young Delvile himself.

"Oh, Mr. Delvile!" she cried. "Was this honourable or right to steal upon me thus privately?"

"Ever-lovely Miss Beverley," he replied with fervour, "upon you all that is good or evil of my future life will, from this very hour, almost solely depend." Then, with more diffidence, he acknowledged that since his parents would never consent to the union, all his hopes rested upon an immediate and secret marriage.

Cecilia repelled him indignantly. But when he had gone, mortified yet not despairing, she could not but ask herself why the happiness of Mortimer's life, and of her own, should be destroyed merely to gratify an insolent and unreasoning family pride. Passionately urged by Mortimer, after much agitated hesitation, she consented to his plan. She journeyed to London, where the marriage was to take place, still a prey to doubts and fears, wondering whether, at the last moment, she should refuse to take the final step.

Nevertheless, she found herself, past all power of retracting, standing by Mortimer's side at the altar. But when the priest came to that solemn adjuration, 'If any man can show any just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace,' a female voice called out in shrill accents, "I do!"

THE ceremony was instantly stopped, and a female form was seen rushing from a pew, and gliding out of the church with the quickness of lightning. Cecilia turned hastily, and moved, tottering with emotion, away from the altar.

"Turn, I conjure you!" cried Delvile with vehemence. "My Cecilia! My wife! You must not go!"

In an emphatic but low voice she said: "Yes, sir, I must! An interdiction such as this—for the world I could not brave it!"

They separated thus, Cecilia a prey to shame and horror, Delvile half frantic with anger. They met again in the presence of Mrs. Delvile, who had learnt all, and had summoned them to her presence. To Cecilia she was wholly kind; to her son, sternly reproachful.

"Forgive, console him!" entreated Cecilia. "I will not have the misery of

involving him in repentance, or of incurring the reproaches of the mother he so much reverences!"

"Exalted creature!" cried Mrs. Delvile; "see how greatly a woman can act when stimulated by generosity and a just sense of duty. How long," she turned to her son, "could you live contented by mere self-gratification, in defiance of the censure of mankind, the renunciation of your family and the curses of your father?"

"The curses of my father?" repeated he, starting and shuddering.

"How will the blood of your wronged ancestors," she continued, "rise into your guilty cheeks, and how will your heart throb with secret shame and reproach, when wished joy upon your marriage by the name of Mr. Beverley?"

"It shall not be!" cried Delvile, stung to the soul. "Cease, cease to distract me! Be content, madam; you have conquered."

So Cecilia and her lover parted, as they thought and feared, for ever. Cecilia retired to Suffolk, and sought comfort in good works for the sorrow that, with all her fortitude of spirit, she could not but feel to be too deep and bitter for the remedy of oblivion.

IV—The Slander

It was necessary for Cecilia to hold an interview with her guardians on the occasion of her coming of age; and Mr. Delvile, whose bearing towards her was more insolent and haughty than ever before, took this opportunity to accuse her in contemptuous and angry terms of an intrigue with Mr. Belfield; nor would he heed her indignant denial. Cecilia, indeed, had often visited Mr. Belfield's home, but with the object of seeing his sister, a sweet but unhappy young woman for whom she had conceived a tender friendship. Mr. Delvile accused her, further, of running into debt and borrowing from Jews. How, she wondered in deep agitation, could he have heard of the unfortunate transactions forced upon her by Mr. Harrel? Surely, she thought, her trusted adviser, Mr. Monckton, would never have revealed them.

On a spring morning a few months afterwards, Cecilia was walking on a lawn of the house that had become her own when she came of age, when a gentleman galloped up and dismounted. It was young Delvile. He came up to her, and said: "May I wait upon you for one instant?"

Ceilia, although overpowered by surprise, and a thousand other feelings, replied: "I am engaged, sir, for the whole day."

Nor would she consent to see him till she learnt that he came as the bearer of a message from Mrs. Delvile. The message was that if Cecilia would give up her uncle's estate, thereby avoiding the fatal stipulation as to her husband's change of name, and, with only her paternal ten thousand pounds, consent to become Mortimer's, both Mr. and Mrs. Delvile would agree to their union.

At the mention of her paternal fortune, of which now not a vestige remained, horror seized all Cecilia's faculties. Mr. Delvile, she remembered, knew, although his wife and son did not, that her father's ten thousand pounds had vanished. How empty was Mr. Delvile's pretended reconciliation with her, how cruel his professed consent to her alliance with his son!

With what precision and clearness her agitation allowed her, she related the whole history of her taking up the money of the Jew for Mr. Harrel. Delvile listened with admiration, resentment and compassion; and as for the story of Cecilia's intrigue with Mr. Belfield, he had refused to believe it.

In a fortnight Delvile returned. His mother, he told her, had given her consent to their union. His father had refused it and had, in anger, left his wife. Cecilia agreed to Mortimer's plans, which were that the marriage should take place immediately, that Mortimer should inform his father of it, and that he should then attend his mother to the Continent.

On the day after her arrival in London, she once more stood by the altar with Mortimer. This time no prohibition appeared. At last she was actually united with Delvile, and with his mother's assent. She fancied it a dream—but a dream from which she wished not to awake.

V—Cecilia's Peril

Two days only had passed since Cecilia's return to the country when she made a surprising and shocking discovery. A poor woman, to whom she brought assistance, and whom she found to have been pew-opener at the church where the interruption to the marriage took place, told her that she had seen the woman who had caused the interruption. It was Miss Bennet, the companion of Monckton's wife, and his wretched tool in all his schemes. Cecilia now saw, with horror, the explanation of all her difficulties in the perfidy of her oldest friend.

That very night she heard that Mr. Monckton had been brought home dead. Ere she had recovered from the disturbance caused by this dreadful incident, another astonishment awaited her. Mortimer, whom she had believed to be on the Continent, stood before her.

Throbbing with emotion, and in a tremulous voice, he told her that he had seen his father, who, on receiving him, poured forth horrible charges against Cecilia. In the quarrel that ensued, Mr. Delvile inadvertently revealed the name of Cecilia's traducer. It was, indeed, Monckton, who had thus sought to prevent the union which had now, without his knowledge, been accomplished. Mortimer had ridden to Monckton's house, had challenged him, and had dangerously wounded but not killed him. It was now his purpose to join his mother.

Soon after he had left her, a new trouble fell upon Cecilia. The next heir to the estate, if she broke he stipulations of her uncle's will, had heard of her marriage and demanded that she should give up her property. She had no choice but to obey. She left her home for ever, an outcast from her own house, yet received into no other; a bride, unclaimed by a husband; an heiress, dispossessed of all wealth.

The only plan she could form was that of joining Delvile and his mother. Little used to travelling, she knew nothing of the route to Nice, where her husband was staying. She could think only of Mr. Belfield to whom she could apply for any advice. She visited his house as soon as she reached London, but had not had time to mention the reason why she had come to him, when the door was abruptly opened by young Delvile!

"I should have been rather surprised," he said to Cecilia, his frame shaking with emotion, "to have met you here—so deeply engaged—had I not seen your servant in the street. Give me leave to see you to your carriage."

"Good heaven! What does all this mean?" cried Cecilia in agony.

"Rather for *me* is that question," he answered. "Postillion, drive to Mr. Delvile's. I will follow you very soon."

Cecilia, alone in her carriage, perceived, in utter disorder of mind, that her husband had found her in the house of the very man with whom she had been accused of having been improperly familiar. Was he now, at this very moment, in danger? She left the chaise, returned to Mr. Belfield's house, and was told that he and young Mr. Delvile had left together. She then drove to Mr. Delvile's house, and was refused admission. Overpowered at the thought of her husband's jealousy, and the peril of his death in a duel, she left the chaise and ran through the streets, shrieking in frenzy for Delvile.

Delvile, who had returned to England at an earlier date than he had intended, owing to his mother's recovery, had meanwhile had all his doubts speedily solved by the honourable explanations of Belfield; and, when Cecilia had been madly pursuing him, had been with almost equal distraction pursuing her. For two days nothing could be heard of her; then she was found in the house of a poor shopwoman, closely confined, and totally bereft of reason. For a while her life was in danger; then, to the infinite joy of her long-agonised husband, and even of Mr. Delvile himself, whose pride had yielded to more humane feelings, to Cecilia was restored, not only life, but reason and memory. She was now the acknowledged bride of Mortimer, freed from slander and reconciled to his family Tranquillity once more made its abode in the heart of Cecilia, so long torn with anguish, suspense and horror.

LUDWIG FEUERBACH

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

ORIGINALLY Feuerbach was one of the 'young Hegelians,' but in 1839 he formally seceded from his association with his old master in philosophy by publishing a bitter attack on Hegel's system. His own originality as a metaphysician was displayed by his attempt at an independent development in the direction of that naturalism which has since been strenuously controverted by such writers of the present day as Eucken and Rudolf Otto. Although Feuerbach's influence was very great in Germany, and especially upon such anti-Christian theologians as D. F. Strauss and Bruno Bauer, it has never made much way in England. His most famous work was published in 1841 under the title of Das Wessen des Christentums. It was translated into English by Marian Evans (George Eliot) and published under the title The Essence of Religion in 1854. In refined and sublimated thought and diction it aims at exhibiting religion as a transfiguration of the highest conception of the human mind concerning God.

I—The Essential Nature of Man

RELIGION has its basis in the essential difference between man and the brutes, and the brutes have no religion. It is true that the old uncritical writers on natural history attributed to the elephant, among other laudable qualities, the virtue of religiousness, but the religiousness of elephants belongs to the realm of fable. Cuvier—one of the greatest authorities on the animal kingdom—assigns, on the strength of his personal observations, no higher grade of intelligence to the elephant than to the dog.

But what is this essential difference between man and the brute? The most simple, general and popular answer to this question is—consciousness. Consciousness, in the strictest sense, is present only in a being to whom his species, his essential nature, are objects of thought. The brute is, indeed, conscious of himself as an individual, but not as a species; hence he is without that consciousness which in its nature, as in its name, is akin to science. Science is the cognisance of the species. In practical life we have to do with individuals; in science, with species.

Hence the brute has only a simple, man a twofold, life; in the brute the inner life is one with the outer; man has both an inner and an outer life. The inner life of man is the life which has relation to his species, to his general, as distinguished from his individual, nature. Man thinks—that is, he converses with himself. The brute can exercise no such function. Man is at once *I* and *thou*; he can put himself in the place of another, because his species, and not merely his individuality, is an object of thought.

Religion being identical with the distinctive characteristic of man, is then identical with self-consciousness—with the consciousness which man has of his own nature. But religion, expressed generally, is consciousness of the infinite. Thus it can be nothing else than the consciousness which man has of his own—not finite and limited, but infinite—nature. The consciousness of the caterpillar, whose life is confined to a particular species of plant, does not extend itself beyond this narrow domain. But a limited consciousness is, in the strictest sense, no consciousness; consciousness is essentially infinite in its nature.

What, then, is the nature of man, of which he is conscious, or what constitutes the specific distinction, the proper humanity of man? Reason, will, love. To a complete man belong the power of thought, the power of will, the power of affection. The power of thought is the light of intellect, the power of will is the energy of character, the power of affection is love. These powers are perfections, the perfections of the human being—nay, more,

they are absolute perfections of being. Man exists to think, to will, to love.

The divine trinity in man, above the individual man, is the unity of reason, love, will. Every limitation of the reason, or in general of the nature of man, rests on a delusion, an error. It is true that the human being as an individual can and must—herein consists his distinction from the brute—feel and recognize himself to be limited; but he can become conscious of his limits, only because the perfection, the infinitude of his species is perceived by him, whether as an object of feeling, or of the thinking consciousness. It is this faculty, potentiality, of feeling which, when recognized as good, is pronounced religious, holy, divine.

II—The Essence of Religion

The object of the senses is out of man, the religious object is within him. It is the intimate, the closest object. 'God,' says Augustine, for example, 'is nearer, more related to us, and therefore more easily known by us, than sensible, corporeal things.' The object of the senses is in itself indifferent—independent of the disposition or of the judgement; but the object of religion is a selected object; the most excellent, the first, the supreme being. It essentially presupposes a critical judgement, a discrimination between the divine and the non-divine, between the worthy and that which is not worthy.

Here may be applied without limitation the proposition: The object of any subject is nothing else than the subject's own nature taken objectively. Such as are a man's thoughts and dispositions, such is his God. By his God thou knowest the man, and by the man his God. Whatever is God to man, that is his heart and soul; and, conversely, God is the manifested inward nature, the expressed self, of a man; religion the solemn unveiling of a man's hidden treasures, the revelation of his intimate thoughts, the open confession of his love secrets.

Religion is that conception of the nature of the world and of man which is essential to—*i.e.* identical with—man's nature. But man does not stand above this, his necessary conception. On the contrary, it stands above him; it animates, determines, governs him. The progressive development of religion is identical with the progressive development of human culture. So long as man is in a mere state of nature, so long is his god a mere nature god—a personification of some natural force.

Man's nature demands as an object goodness, personified as God; but is it not hereby declared that goodness is an essential tendency of man? If my heart is wicked, my understanding perverted, how can I perceive the holy to be good? Could I perceive the beauty of a fine picture if my mind were aesthetically an absolute piece of perversion?

Man—this is the mystery of religion—projects his being into objectivity, and then again makes himself an object to this projected image of himself thus converted into a subject. Man is an object to God. That man is good or evil is not indifferent to God—no. He has a lively, profound interest in man being good; He wills that man should be good, happy—for without goodness there is no happiness. God acts that man may be good and happy. But the divine activity is not distinct from the human, for while man places the aim of his action in God, God has no other aim of action than the moral and eternal salvation of man, and thus man has, in fact, no other aim than himself.

III—The Mystery of the Incarnation

It is the consciousness of love by which man reconciles himself with God. The consciousness of the divine love, or, what is the same thing, the contemplation of God as human, is the mystery of the Incarnation. The Incarnation is nothing else than the practical, material manifestation of the human nature of God. God did not become man for His own sake; the want of man—a want which still exists in the religious sentiment—was the cause of the Incarnation.

God became man out of mercy; thus He was in Himself already a human God before He became an actual man; for human misery went to His heart. The

Incarnation was a tear of the divine compassion, and hence it was only the visible advent of a being having human feelings, and, therefore, essentially human. The truth of the Incarnation does not belong to the Christian religion alone, for it belongs, implicitly at least, more or less to every religion as such.

For every religion which has any claim to such a name presupposes that God is not indifferent to the beings who worship Him; that therefore what is human is not alien to Him; that, as an object of human veneration, He is a human God. Every prayer discloses the secret of the Incarnation; every prayer is, in fact, an incarnation of God. In prayer I involve God in human distress, I make Him a participator in my sorrows and wants. God is not deaf to my complaints, He has compassion on me; He becomes man with man. God loves man: that is, God suffers with man.

An essential condition of the incarnate God, namely Christ, is the Passion. Love attests itself by suffering. God as God is the sum of all human perfection; God as Christ is the sum of all human misery. The heathen philosophers celebrated activity, especially the spontaneous activity of the intelligence, as the highest, the divine; the Christians consecrated passivity, even placing it in God.

The Christian religion is so little superhuman that it even sanctions human weakness. To suffer is the highest command of Christianity. The history of Christianity is the history of the passion of humanity. While among the heathen the shout of sensual pleasure mingled itself in the worship of the gods, among the early Christians God is served with sighs and tears. Thus tears are the light-reflecting drops which mirror the nature of the Christian's God.

IV—Mystic Personalities of God

INTERESTING material for the criticism of cosmogonic and theogonic fancies is furnished in the doctrine—revived by Schelling, and drawn from Jacob Böhme—of eternal nature in God.

God is pure spirit, clear self-consciousness, moral personality. Nature, on the contrary, is confused, dark, desolate, unmoral. The doctrine of nature in God aims, by naturalism, to establish theism, especially the theism which regards the Supreme Being as a personal being. But personal theism regards God as a personal being, separate from all material things; it excludes from Him all development. This does not take place in God, because in Him beginning, middle and end are not to be distinguished, because He is at once what He is, is from the beginning what He is to be, what He can be; He is the pure unity of existence and essence, reality and idea, act and will.

'Where nature ceases God begins,' because God is the *ne plus ultra*, the last limit of abstraction. That from which I can no longer abstract is God, the last thought which I am capable of grasping—the last, *i.e.* the highest. The creation in the Mosaic religion has for its end to secure for Jehovah the predicate of the highest and first, the true and exclusive God in opposition to idols.

In the personality of God man consecrates the supernaturalness, immortality, independence of His own personality. The need of a personal God has its foundation in this: that only in the attribute of personality does the personal man find himself. Pure spirit does not satisfy him, is too abstract for him, *i.e.* does not lead him back to himself. And man is content, happy, only when he is with himself. Hence, the more personal a man is, the stronger is his need of a personal God.

V—Of Prayer and the Resurrection

ISRAEL is the historical definition of the specific nature of the religious consciousness, only circumscribed by the limits of a particular, a national interest. Hence, we need only let these limits fall and we have the Christian religion. Judaism is worldly Christianity; Christianity, spiritual Judaism. If we let fall the limits of nationality, we obtain—instead of the Israelite—man.

The miracles of Christianity have not the welfare of a nation for their object, but the welfare of man. The highest idea, the God of a political community, is Law; the

highest idea, the God of unpolitical, worldly feeling, is Love.

God is the love that satisfies our wishes, our emotional wants. 'God is love.' Pain must give itself utterance; involuntarily the artist seizes the lute, that he may breathe out his suffering in its tones. The ultimate essence of religion is revealed by its simplest act—prayer. Not the ritual of animal egoism, but the prayer pregnant with sorrow, the prayer which begins in despair and ends in rapture.

The imperative of love has infinitely more power than that of despotism. Love does not command; love needs but gently to intimate its wishes. The imperative of love works with electromagnetic power; that of despotism with the mechanical power of a wooden telegraph.

The most intimate epithet of God in prayer is the word 'Father.' It is the expression of the closest, the most intense identity—the expression in which lies the pledge that my wishes will be fulfilled, the guarantee of my salvation. The omnipotence to which man turns in prayer is nothing but the omnipotence of goodness, which, for the sake of the salvation of man, makes the impossible possible; is, in truth, nothing else than the omnipotence of the heart, of feeling, which breaks through all the limits of the understanding and soars above all the boundaries of nature.

MAN, at least in the state of ordinary well-being, has the wish not to die. This wish is originally identical with the instinct of self preservation. Whatever lives seeks to maintain itself, and consequently not to die. But this wish involves the further wish for the certainty of its fulfilment. Reason can afford no such certainty. Such a certainty requires an immediate personal assurance, a practical demonstration.

The resurrection of Christ is therefore the satisfied desire of man for an immediate certainty of his personal existence after death—personal immortality as a sensible, indisputable fact. As the Resurrection, which terminates the sacred history (to the Christian not a mere history, but the truth itself), is a realized wish, so also is that which begins it, namely, the miraculous Conception, though this has relation not so much to an immediately

LUDWIG ANDREAS FEUERBACH was born at Landshut, in Bavaria, July 28, 1804, son of P. J. A. Feuerbach, the eminent German jurist. He studied at Heidelberg and at Berlin, and completed his education at Erlangen where he became a tutor. The excitement caused by his denial of the immortality of the soul contained in his first book, Thoughts on Death and Immortality, caused him to abandon teaching and in 1837 he settled down at Bruckberg, near Nuremberg, and devoted himself to philosophy. For a brief period during the Diet of Frankfort (1848-49) he gave public lectures at Heidelberg, and then again retired to Bruckberg, where he died, September, 13, 1872.

personal interest as to a particular subjective feeling.

The highest law of feeling is the immediate unity of will and deed, of wishing and reality. This law is fulfilled by the Redeemer. Thou desirest to make God favourable to thee, to appease His anger, to be at peace with thy conscience. But this peace exists already; this peace is the Mediator, the God-man. That the idea of miraculous power is one with the idea of intermediate or mediatorial being, at once human and divine, has historical proof in the fact that the miracles of the law, Providence, all the elements which constitute the essence of religion, were in the later Judaism ascribed to the Logos. In Philo the Philosopher, however, this Logos still hovers in the air between heaven and earth—now abstract, now concrete.

In Christianity this Logos first attained perfect consistence; religion now concentrated itself exclusively on that element, that object, which is the basis of its essential difference. The Logos is the personified essence of religion. Hence the definition of God as the essence of feeling has its complete truth only in the Logos.

VI—The Mystery of Christ

THE incarnations of the Deity with the Orientals—the Hindus, for example—have no such intense meaning as the Christian Incarnation. Just because they happen often, they become indifferent and lose their value. Where God appears in several persons successively, these personalities are evanescent.

Where there are many incarnations room is given for innumerable others; the imagination is not restrained. But where one personality is exclusively believed in and contemplated, this at once impresses with the power of an historical personality, imagination is renounced and freedom to think of others is eliminated. This one personality impresses on me the belief in its reality. The characteristic of real personality is precisely exclusiveness—which is, in fact, the Leibnitzian principle of distinction, namely, that no one existence is exactly like another.

To see God does not satisfy feeling; the eyes give no sufficient guarantee. The truth of vision is confirmed only by touch. But as subjectively touch, so objectively the capability of being touched, palpability, passibility, is the last criterion of reality. Hence the Passion of Christ is the highest confidence, the highest self-enjoyment of feeling; for only in the Blood of Christ is the deep, intense thirst for a personal—that is, a human—sympathising, tender God, allayed.

Only Christ is the plastic personality. To personality belongs form; form is the reality of personality. Christ alone is the personal God; He is the real God of Christians, a truth which cannot be too often repeated. In Him alone is concentrated the Christian religion, the essence of religion in general. He alone meets the longing for a personal God, He alone is an existence identical with the nature of feeling; on Him alone are heaped all the joys of the imagination, and all the sufferings of the heart; in Him alone are feeling and imagination exhausted. Christ is the blending in one of feeling and imagination.

Christianity is distinguished from other religions by this: that in other religions the heart and imagination are divided, in Christianity they coincide. Here the imagination does not wander, left to itself; it follows the leadings of the heart; it describes a circle, whose centre is feeling. The miracles of Christianity place us immediately on the ground of common, real life.

The power of imagination is here at the same time the power of the heart; imagination is only the victorious, triumphant heart. With the Orientals, with the Greeks, imagination, untroubled by the wants of the heart, revelled in the enjoyment of earthly splendour and glory.

In Christianity, it descended from the palaces of the gods into the abode of poverty, where only want amd suffering rule—it humbled itself under the sway of the heart. This bond between the freedom of the imagination and the necessity of the heart is Christ. All things are subject to Christ. He is Lord of the world, who does with it what He will.

VII—Christianity and Heathenism

CHRIST is the omnipotence of subjectivity, the heart released from all the bonds and laws of nature, the soul excluding the world, the reality of all the heart's wishes, the Easter festival of the heart, the ascent to heaven of the imagination. Christ, therefore, is the distinction of Christianity from heathenism.

The ancients were so enraptured by the cosmos that they lost sight of themselves, suffered themselves to be merged in the whole. The Christians despised the world. What is the creature compared with the Creator? What are the sun, moon, earth, compared with the human soul? But the heathen considered man not only in connexion with the universe; they considered the individual man, in connexion with other men, as member of a commonwealth. Their idea of man as an individual was a secondary one, attained through the idea of a species.

Christianity, on the contrary, cared nothing for the species, and had only the individual in its eye and mind. Christianity

—not, certainly, the Christianity of the present day, which has incorporated with itself the culture of heathenism, and has preserved only the name and some general positions of Christianity—is the direct opposite of heathenism; and only when it is regarded as such is it truly comprehended. The ancients sacrificed the individual to the species; the Christians sacrificed the species to the individual.

Especially characteristic is the difference between Christianity and heathenism concerning the relation of the individual to the intelligence, to the understanding, to the perception, senses. The Christians individualised the understanding, the heathen made it a universal essence. To the heathen, therefore, the understanding, the intelligence, was the essence of man; to the Christians, it was only a part of themselves. To the heathen, therefore, only the intelligence, the species; to the Christians the individual was immortal, *i.e.* divine.

The heavenly life, or what we do not here distinguish from it—personal immortality—is a characteristic doctrine of Christianity. It is certainly in part to be found among the heathen philosophers; but with them it had only the significance of a subjective conception because it was not connected with their fundamental view of things. How contradictory, for example, are the expressions of the Stoics on this subject!

In religion, man necessarily places his nature out of himself, regards his nature as a separate nature. God is his *alter ego*, his other lost half. God is the complement of himself; in God he is first a perfect man. God is a need to him; something is wanting to him without his knowing what it is. God is that indispensable something wanting. God belongs to his nature.

Shrewd Analysis of the American People

PAUL BOURGET

BEYOND THE SEA

It is as a novelist that Paul Bourget is best known outside his own country, several of his novels—among them The Disciple (see page 1405)—having been translated into many European languages, but his right to inclusion in the French Academy, to which he was elected in 1894, is justified by much fine literary work of other kinds, poems, plays and essays critical and philosophical. Bourget's mastery of the art of describing 'states of soul' of individual characters, especially aristocratic persons and artists, is paralleled by his power of reproducing the atmosphere of places and the character of peoples. This is shown in his several volumes of impressions of travel, including Etudes et Portraits (1889-1906). Sensations d'Italie (1891) and Outre-Mer (1895), this last comprising the diary he wrote during an extensive journey through the United States in 1893. Under the title Beyond the Sea an English translation was published in 1895. Our outline has been prepared from the French edition by permission of Plon-Nourrit, the French publishers, and M. Paul Bourget.

I—The Power of Democracy

The enormous ship—she has three funnels, has a displacement of over ten thousand tons, and travels at a rate of five hundred miles a day—proceeds at full speed on the vast sea. She is one of those five or six liners which sailors call ocean greyhounds.

The coast of England is already fading in the distance, and soon there will be around us nothing but the unfathomable abyss of the waters—during the whole week—and beyond, the New World.

How that New World attracts me! What America will give to me, I cannot tell. What I expect of it, I know well. It is not America itself; it is Europe and France, it is the anxious problems in which the future of these are wrapped, that interest me.

There are three powers moulding that future, three divinities with brutal and fatal hands: Democracy, Science and the notion of the Race. Everywhere, from St. Petersburg to London, and from Rome to Paris, one can see these three powers at work, gradually modelling a new world—

according to their adherents, and gradually ruining the ancient building in which human life has sheltered itself for centuries, without erecting anything to replace it—according to their adversaries.

The latter find it easy enough to show us what a gloomy Europe these new divinities have made for us. Universal suffrage, that imbecile tyranny of number, the reign of strength in its most unjust and blind form, is the régime that democracy has established wherever it has triumphed, together with universal dissatisfaction with fate.

Science has enabled us to 'handle' nature less awkwardly, but it is now facing the unknown and compelled to confess that its methods are for ever powerless to grasp the causes behind the phenomena. And then, what food does science bring to the soul if not a bread of bitterness and a beverage of death?

As for the notion of the race, which at one time seemed so generous and logical, it has merely changed progressive Europe into a number of fortified camps, where millions of men are waiting behind loaded guns for the hours, stupidly criminal, of a general extermination, unparalleled in history.

Now, there is one country where those three forces, so fatal to our Old World, have been called upon to build a new universe. In that country, scientific democracy has at once predominated. In the United States, the problem of race has ever been most complex, for there it is not only necessary to make Englishmen live together with Irishmen, and Germans with Frenchmen, but even black and yellow people with the white.

So far, America has been successful. Yearly, its population and its wealth increase, and its cities grow with the rapidity of tropical plants. How could one help being curious to examine the conditions of existence in that extraordinary land otherwise than in books?

II—First Impressions

I HAVE spent a week in New York, as a mere tourist, and I have received my first impressions, or, rather, *shocks*, as someone said who suggested that I should entitle this book American Shocks.

At what hour does one die here? At what hour does one love? At what hour is one a man, only a man and not a machine? These are the questions I cannot help asking myself after the days spent in cable cars, elevated railways and ferry-boats.

They all succeed each other so rapidly that the foreigner is bound to be bewildered. All those electric trains are a moving, running street. How many faces have I seen which I shall never see again? The most striking fact about those innumerable masks is the absence of 'gaze.' Everyone's pupil seems fixed on an interior idea, on the business which does not wait, and which makes men and women, as soon as they have left the car, hasten, run!

I visited to-day an insurance company building. Fifteen hundred persons live in this human beehive. Over ten thousand daily use this lift. From the roof, the view was stupendous. I could see the whole of New York—a long island between two rivers. I gathered the practical scheme of construction, the broad avenues cut at right angles by streets which make even blocks of the various groups of houses.

But is it really a town? For that word has a different meaning to us who have grown up amidst the charm of irregular cities that have come into being like trees, with the slowness, the variety and the picturesqueness of things natural. I thought I was dreaming as I gazed beyond the rivers upon the two other towns, Jersey City and Brooklyn. The latter is but a suburb, with a million inhabitants!

I ascended skyscrapers, walked over the stupendous Brooklyn Bridge, visited clubs. In one of these I was struck by the keenness of the Americans for cultivating themselves. They pronounce the word 'art' in a tone of deep respect, and the word 'refined' is constantly recurring in their conversation.

So far, I have spent only seven days in the United States; but I have already been struck by the exaggerated fondness of the Americans for metaphors. On the posters, the least product becomes the

'best in the world.' A triumphant pugilist is hailed 'the champion of the world.' Yesterday, while perusing the year-book of the West Point Military School, I read the following: 'Science and art are subjects in which our cadets especially excel.' Where ends this naïveté, and where begins the charlatanism which is so well defined by these untranslatable words: 'puff,' 'boom,' and 'bluff'—which, by the way, the Europeans are beginning to adopt?

III—The American Girl

I came to Newport, the fashionable summer resort, for a few days, but I remained there a few weeks. It has a fascination of its own. Newport is not a 'cosmopolis'; it is exclusively and absolutely American. Yet America is not to be found there, but a certain set, which is its Society. Where do the members of this set live? In separate villas, all different in size and construction. Some remind one of an English abbey of the Elizabethan period, others of a French castle of the Renaissance. Above all, these buildings are meant to 'show-off,' and the gold which has been lavished to build and decorate them is everywhere in evidence.

The hospitality of the owners is most spontaneous and warm. After you have been duly introduced to an American, he throws the doors of his house wide open to you and wants you to know all his friends. He is also anxious that you—a European—should judge things exactly. There is a curious mixture of hesitation and pride, susceptible self-love and assurance, in the pleasure he feels in showing you over his house—from the picture gallery to the linen-room, from the parlour to the bedrooms.

Americans have an extraordinary taste for *bibelots*, bric-à-brac and old paintings. During the last four years they have cornered the most beautiful canvases, tapestry, medals, books, not only from France, England and Holland, but from Greece, Egypt, India and Japan. Some Newport villas are museums. In one of them I have seen the portrait of Louis XV by Van Loo; in another I discovered Louis XIV's portrait by Mignard, and that of Napoleon, framed in a flag of the Grenadiers of the Guard.

Someone who dislikes Americans said to me: 'Yes, they possess the portrait of the great emperor, but where is one of their grandfathers?' Personally, I find something touching and sincere in that fondness Americans have for objects of the past.

How do they amuse themselves? I have recorded the daily doings of one of the ladies who are here, and who is called a 'leader of society.' At nine a.m. she had finished breakfast, and then appeared in a riding-habit. For two hours she trotted and galloped, and then returned home to change her dress. Afterwards she went and watched a lawn-tennis match at the Casino. At 12.30 she went on board a yacht for luncheon. She drove to the harbour, for she is a famous whip. After the luncheon, during which the unavoidable dry champagne had been flowing, came an hour of conversation on deck. Other ladies had joined the party. Two young girls had come alone. Two others had arrived with Yale students whom they hardly knew. Later, the party returned on shore to watch a polo match. An important dinner followed, then a ball at the Casino. A truly exhausting life!

How do they talk? The Americans are more fond of talking than the English. A characteristic of their conversation is that they always have a standpoint. While the French deal in one hour with thirty subjects without much method or profit, though not without enjoyment, most Americans deal exhaustively with one subject, whatever that may be.

Their conversation is humorous and original. There is never in it that impertinence which is the disease of societies where court, nobility and hierarchy play important parts, and where there are necessarily people who despise and others who are despised. These Americans are sarcastic at times, but their witticisms do not hurt. One feels that they are good natured. There are subjects, too, upon which they never touch—politics and religion. And this fact is the more curious

since politics and religion are the two absorbing cares of Americans.

The women exist by themselves, but belong to various types. The first type is the 'beauty.' There are two or three in each town, and such is their sovereignty that one often receives invitations of this kind: 'Come to tea tomorrow. You will meet the Richmond beauty.'

She has a kind of official existence. She is an actress of society and, as it were, a champion. The beauty has generally a millionaire father, whom one seldom sees, and who divides his life between his office, his club and a hotel bar. His daughter represents his will-power and his work.

Then there is the 'ambitious' girl, who is often a mere 'bluffer' and a 'tomboy.' She thinks 'great fun' what the average foreigner would consider improper. She has read everything, and is very much *au courant*. Unfortunately, if she is capable of wholesale assimilation, she is incapable of appreciation.

And there is also the 'well-balanced' girl, who is a marvel of logic and common sense. But whether coquettish or sentimental, learned or childish, simple or addicted to intrigue, the young American girl is, above all, a complete little universe in herself. When a Parisienne of forty looks back on her past, it is the story of her emotions she recalls. In the case of the American girl, it is generally the story of her acts, or, rather, of what she herself calls 'experiences.'

IV—Capital and Labour in America

THE humblest realism, one that is enslaved to the most minute observation of fact and, with it, an audacity of imagination which never recoils, which is ever grafting one scheme upon another, which constantly enlarges undertakings that were already gigantic, and daily organizes more and more colossal combinations; the most eager and relentless individualism, that of a high-class beast of prey, or, if one prefers, the violence of action of an overflowing stream, which submerges everything in an insatiable flow, and at the same time a boundless generosity and an intense civic passion which lavishes millions and makes constant sacrifices for the country; a modesty and lowliness of extraction and education mingled with the sumptuosity of a lord; a taste for the arts, an intelligent comprehension of luxury, and a natural ease in the handling of these newly-acquired and formidable riches—such are the characteristic traits of the American business man.

'Business,' said a humorist, 'is the work that others do.' This is but half a truth in the case of the United States, where the millionaires themselves work as hard as the most oppressed labourers of their railways or their mines.

It cannot be denied, however, that America is a democracy, and that its fundamental asset is the labourer. If the civilization of that country were to change again, as it sometimes seems probable, it is the labourer who will achieve the transformation, just as the France of 1789 was transformed by the peasant.

The American workman has two serious defects. He is intemperate and extravagant. As soon as he earns money, he spends it. There is a carpet and a piano in his house, and he wants his daughter to be a 'lady.' But he is chaste and religious. He is not revolutionary. He knows too well the value of that which he possesses to dream of an entirely different social order. But he likes to be on the defensive. Hence the powerful labour leagues, which are opposed to the equally powerful associations of capitalists, called combines, pools and trusts.

In order to calculate accurately the power of international socialism in the United States, it were necessary to know what attitude the agricultural population of the West would assume in the case of a decisive conflict between those farmers who produce wheat in a quantity sufficient to feed the whole of America and Europe, and those cattle-breeders who supply the gigantic slaughter-houses of Chicago.

When an American of the East goes West, it is seldom to become a mechanic. He prefers to become a farmer, a cowboy, or a miner; for there are alluring possibilities of a rapid fortune in the cultivation of a fertile soil, the breeding of horses and cattle, and in gold-mining.

The task of the cowboy requires unconquerable energy and boundless decision. His characteristics are well known, especially his passion for danger and his incomparable serenity. It were all important to know him thoroughly, to understand the man of the West who dwells in a log-house ; but it is difficult.

Curiously enough, these men have a violent passion for all things intellectual, which, perhaps, explains why so many remarkable Americans are sons of agriculturalists. This is a trait so utterly unexpected in these rough men that one can hardly believe the fact when Americans state it, some to complain of it and others to admire it. The former deplore the excess of earnestness in the national character which leads, they claim, to a constant excess of work, and to an absolute incapacity for enjoyment. The others see in it the prestige of that sovereignty in civilization which is the secret dream of every genuine Yankee.

V—The Citizen in the Making

THE study of a nation's life has an indispensable corollary : the study of the methods of education used by that nation. It reveals the conceptions which the educator has of the man, of the citizen, of the whole nation. It also makes it possible to surmise what the future of that nation will be when the young generation, brought up according to those methods, will form the fatherland.

It is somewhat difficult to grasp the influence of the nation on the schools, and of the schools on the nation, in the United States, where education is spread over an immense expanse of land and absolutely devoid of central direction. The initiative of the various states, the cities and, above all, the individuals, is constantly modifying the numberless centres of instruction.

Given that a school is, as it were, a *local* creation entirely based on individual good will, the methods of teaching necessarily fit the requirements of the town and are not abstract or conventional theories.

During my journey through the United States I have noticed everywhere that education is systematically organized to adapt the individual to the sphere in which he is to develop and act. The only method used is the concrete and positive method. This explains certain peculiarities of the American intellect : its lack of abstract ideas and its astounding power of knowing the reality and handling it in the domain of mechanics as well as in the domain of business. The chief aim seems to be to place before those awakening minds facts, and facts always.

When an American schoolboy is asked to write a short essay on a 'Trip to Europe,' for instance, he mentions the exact date of departure, the name of the boat, the length of the passage, the number of knots covered daily, and the names of the hotels where he stopped—in reality or in imagination. Examination papers in geography will contain questions of the following type : Travelling from San Francisco to Paris, what places do you pass through ? What objects would you bring back ?

The ideal of American educators can be summarised in a few words : A complete identity of education and life. This is true of the universities as well as of the schools. American universities are not modelled on those of Europe ; Harvard and Yale are not imitations of Oxford or Heidelberg. But when one looks at the energetic and virile features of the American students, one feels that they are just the sort of men the American democracy requires. Everything is solid, almost rough, with these students, even their famous university cheers. Here is, for instance, the fierce cheer of the Denver University : 'U, U, U, of D. Denver. Ver-sit-y ! Kair Gar Wahoo Zip boom—D, U !'

And what an amount of exercise they take ! They store health which will last them for many years of hard work amidst hard competition. A strong physique is indispensable in a country which has no middle class, where the wealthy student of to-day may be to-morrow a poor engineer, a needy journalist, a merchant in difficulties, a doctor without patients, in other words, a man compelled to struggle for his living as if he had never been in some distinguished university, a 'freshman,' a

'junior,' or a 'senior.' But we need not worry on his account. He is ready for the struggle.

The word which probably sums up the character of American education is lucidity—lucidity of aim and of means. Thanks to that method, the young American of eighteen or twenty is a man. Evidently, he will have acquired more experience after fifteen or twenty years of struggle, and also more authority. But it will only be a difference of degree. When he left school or the university, he was 'complete.'

The same applies to women, and that, by the way, is the reason why, in America, one so seldom comes across really young-looking people. One can tell the age by the freshness of the skin, the brightness of the eyes, and teeth, the litheness of the waist, and say: 'This young man is not yet twenty-two, this young lady is not twenty'; but the expression of both suggests thirty or forty years of age, and their practical activity nearly as much.

The American system of education, however, has its defects as well as its advantages. It is too precise and positive. The whole of the American civilization reminds one too much of a machine which is constantly being wound up. It lacks instinct, simplicity and mystery, and this is why, in spite of their intense culture, and even their craving for culture, Americans do not yet possess an art, a literature, or a poetry of their own.

Needless to say, the Americans do not amuse themselves as we Latins do. Our pleasures are voluptuous and full of ease; theirs are nervous and require strength. Even when they enjoy themselves, the Americans are active.

The most violent and the most active of their pastimes are sports, and sport, according to them, must contain an element of danger, of struggle and of daring. Their yachting is reckless, their football brutal, having, as they say, 'plenty of life and ginger.' Pugilism, too, has a considerable importance in the United States; prize-fights are truly national events.

The Americans have other passions besides that of sport. They have a craving for theatre-going and a deep respect for actresses and actors. Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin and Henry Irving were never so enthusiastically received as in America. They love the circus and the music-hall, too. The favourite character in the latter is the tramp, the great popular humorist, who calls the B. O. (Baltimore and Ohio) Railway 'Beefsteak and onions.'

Those business men who are not always scrupulous retain a certain naïveté which is almost childish, and they are fond of very simple jokes and infantile buffoonery.

VI—Last Impressions

On the Atlantic again! We left New York on Saturday. On Friday next we shall land at Liverpool. I must try to sum up my impressions.

I have come to the conclusion that, while in Europe democracy means the constant sacrifice of the individual for the community, in America the democracy is constantly working at the more intense and complete development of the individual and at the diminution and the suppression, if it were possible, of state interference.

Individual energy is everywhere in evidence in America. It is typical of the women, of the business men, of the people of the Far West. Even in the Southern States, in spite of the burning climate, an activity similar to that prevailing in the North is to be found.

Thus conceived, democracy leads to stupendous inequalities between the individuals. So much so, indeed, that this most democratic of nations gives one the impression of being an aristocracy, and almost suggests a feudal system! American railway magnates, newspaper owners, manufacturers, have more real power than European princes. But those American princes have 'made' themselves.

I have in thought gone over the ground which I covered in the United States. And the feeling that that other world exists by the side of our world, that humanity possesses yonder that colossal field of experiment wherein to pursue its task, fills me with a kind of religious exaltation, and my heart swells with the great breath of hope and courage which comes from Beyond the Sea.

LUCIAN

DIALOGUES

At the age of forty Lucian settled at Athens, abandoned rhetoric, and took to writing, making himself a great master of prose, and developing unique skill in that form of dialogue in which he has had many imitators, but no rivals. Plato had employed dialogue with supreme success as the medium for conveying his philosophical doctrines. Lucian adopted it for the purposes of lively satire and light-hearted mockery of creeds which had become fairy tales and philosophies which had lost all relation to common sense. These dialogues constitute the best known and largest part of his extensive work, and among them the two groups of the Dialogues of the Gods and the Dialogues of the Dead contain some of the most attractive examples. To the modern reader none of the ancient writers is more entertaining than Lucian, and his varied writings afford a valuable picture of the manners of his age. The following epitome by A. D. Innes, based on the translation by H. W. and F. G. Fowler, is included by permission of the Oxford University Press.

I—Dialogues of the Gods

Hera—Zeus

Hera: Zeus! What is your opinion of this man Ixion?

Zeus: Why, my dear, I think he is a very good sort of man, and the best of company. Indeed, if he were unworthy of our company, he would not be here.

Hera: He *is* unworthy! He is a villain! Discard him!

Zeus: Eh? What has he been after? I must know about this.

Hera: Certainly you must; though I scarce know how to tell you. The wretch!

Zeus: Oh, oh; if he is a 'wretch,' you must certainly tell me all about it. I know what 'wretch' means on your discreet tongue. What, has he been making love?

Hera: And to me! To me of all people! It has been going on for a long time. At first, when he would keep looking at me, I had no idea. And then he would sigh and groan; and when I handed my cup to Ganymede after drinking, he would insist on having it, and would stop drinking to kiss it, and lift it up to his eyes; and then he would look at me again. And then, of course, I knew. For a long time I didn't like to say anything to you; I thought his mad fit would pass. But when he actually dared to speak to me I left him weeping and grovelling about, and stopped my ears so that I might not hear his impertinences, and came to tell you. It is for you to consider what steps you will take.

Zeus: Whew! A rival! And with my own lawful wife! Here is a rascal who has tippled nectar to some purpose. Well, we have no one but ourselves to blame for it. We make too much of these mortals, admitting them to our tables like this. When they drink of our nectar, and behold the beauties of heaven, so different from those of earth, 'tis no wonder if they fall in love and form ambitious schemes! Yes, love is all-powerful, and not with mortals only. We gods have fallen beneath his sway.

Hera: He has made himself master of *you;* no doubt of that. He does what he likes with you; leads you by the nose. I know how it will be: you are going to let Ixion off because of your flirtation with his wife.

Zeus: Dear, dear, what a memory! Well, my idea about Ixion is this. It would never do to punish him, or exclude him from our table—that wouldn't look well. No; as he is so fond of you, so very hard hit—even to weeping point, you tell me——

Hera: Zeus! What *are* you going to say!

Zeus: It's all right. Let us make a cloud-phantom in your likeness; and after dinner as he lies awake—see? He'll think he's succeeded.

Hera: Never! The presumptuous villain!

Zeus: Yes, I know. But what harm

can it do you? It will only be a cloud.

Hera: But he'll think that *I* am the cloud, and——

Zeus: Come now, that's nonsense. The cloud isn't Hera; Hera isn't the cloud.

Hera: Yes; but these men are all alike; they have no delicacy. I suppose he will go home and tell people that I—I am in love with him. And they will believe it. *They* won't know about the cloud.

Zeus: If he says anything of the kind he shall soon find himself in Hades, spinning round on a wheel for all eternity. That will keep him busy! Serve him right too. Not for falling in love—I see no great harm in that—but for letting his tongue wag.

Hephaestus—Apollo

Hephaestus: Have you seen Maia's baby, Apollo? Such a pretty little thing, with a smile for everybody. You can see it's going to be a treasure.

Apollo: That baby a—treasure? Well, in mischief, Iapetus is young beside it.

Heph.: Why, what harm can it do, only just born?

Apol.: Ask Poseidon; it stole his trident. Ask Ares; he was surprised to find his sword gone out of the scabbard. Not to mention my own bow and arrows, which have completely disappeared.

Heph.: Never! that infant? He has hardly found his legs yet; he isn't out of his baby-linen

Apol.: Ah, you'll find out, Hephaestus—if he gets within reach of you.

Heph.: He has been.

Apol.: Well? All your tools safe? None missing?

Heph.: Of course not.

Apol.: Hadn't you better make sure?

Heph.: Zeus! Where are my pincers?

Apol.: Ah! Look among the baby-linen. You don't know what a glib young chatterbox he is, too; and, if he has his way, he is to be our errand-boy. Yesterday he challenged Eros—tripped up his heels somehow, and had him on his back in a twinkling! Before the applause was over, he had taken the opportunity of a congratulatory hug from Aphrodite to steal her girdle. Zeus hadn't done laughing before the sceptre was gone. If the thunderbolt hadn't been too heavy and very hot, he would have made away with that too.

Heph.: The child has some spirit in him, by your account.

Apol.: Spirit, yes; and some music too, young as he is.

Heph.: How can you tell that?

Apol.: He picked up a dead tortoise somewhere or other, and contrived an instrument with it. Then, even at night, Maia was saying he doesn't stay in Heaven; he goes down poking his nose into Hades—on a thieves' errand, no doubt. Then he has a pair of wings, and he has made himself a magic wand which he uses for marshalling souls—convoying the dead to their place.

Heph.: Ah, I gave him that for a toy.

Apol.: And by way of payment, he stole——"

Heph.: I must go and get them. You may be right about the baby-linen!

Menelaus—Proteus

Menelaus: I can understand your turning into *water*, you know, Proteus, because you *are* a sea god. I can even pass the tree; and the lion is not wholly beyond the bounds of belief. But the idea of your being able to turn into *fire*, living under water as you do—this excites my surprise, not to say my incredulity.

Proteus: Don't let it; because I can.

Men.: I have seen you do it. But, to be frank with you, I think there must be some deception. You play tricks with one's eyes.

Prot.: Deception? What deception can there possibly be? Everything is above board. Your eyes were open, I suppose, and you saw me change into all these things? If that is not enough for you, if you think it's a fraud, an optical illusion, I will turn into fire again and you can touch me with your hand, my sagacious friend.

Men.: That would be rash.

Prot.: I suppose you have never seen such a thing as a polypus, nor observed the proceedings of that fish?

Men.: I have seen them. As to their proceedings, I shall be glad of your information.

Prot.: The polypus, having selected his rock, and attached himself to it by means of his suckers, assimilates himself to it, changing his colour to match that of the rock. By this means he hopes to escape the observation of fishermen. There is no contrast of colour to betray his presence; he looks just like stone.

Men.: So I have heard. But yours is quite another matter, Proteus.

Prot.: I don't know what evidence would satisfy you, if you reject that of your own eyes.

Men.: I have seen it done, but it is an extraordinary business, fire and water, one and the same person!

II—Dialogues of the Dead

Diogenes—Alexander

DIOGENES: Dear me, Alexander, *you* dead like the rest of us?

Alexander: As you see, sir. Is there anything extraordinary in a mortal's dying?

Diog.: So Ammon lied when he said you were his son; you were Philip's, after all.

Alex.: Apparently; if I had been Ammon's, I should not have died.

Diog.: Strange! There were tales of the same order about Olympias, too. There was a serpent; and Philip made a mistake when he took you for his.

Alex.: Yes, I was told all that myself. However, I know now that my mother's and the Ammon stories were all moonshine.

Diog.: Their lies were of some practical value to you, though; your divinity brought a good many people to their knees. But now, whom did you leave your great empire to?

Alex.: Diogenes, I cannot tell you. I had no time to leave any directions about it beyond just giving Perdiccas my ring as I died. Why are you laughing?

Diog.: Oh, I was only thinking of the Greeks' behaviour. Directly you succeeded, how they flattered you! Their elected patron, generalissimo against the barbarian; one of the twelve gods, according to some; temples built and sacrifices offered to the Serpent's son! If I may ask, where did your Macedonians bury you?

Alex.: I have lain in Babylon a month to-day; and Ptolemy of the Guards is pledged, as soon as he can get a moment's respite from present disturbances, to take and bury me in Egypt, there to be reckoned among the gods.

Diog.: I have some reason to laugh, you see; still nursing vain hopes of developing into an Osiris or Anubis! Pray, your godhead, put these expectations from you; none may re-ascend who has once sailed the lake and penetrated our entrance. Aeacus is watchful, and Cerberus an awkward customer. But there is one thing I wish you would tell me: How do you like thinking over all the earthly bliss you left to come here—your guards and armour-bearers, and lieutenant-governors, your heaps of gold, and adoring peoples, Babylon and Bactria, your huge elephants, your honour and glory, and the rest of it? Does the thought of them hurt? What, crying? Silly! Did not your wise Aristotle include in his lessons any hint of the insecurity of fortune's favours?

ALEXANDER: Wise? The craftiest of all flatterers. Allow me to know a little more than other people about Aristotle; his requests and his letters came to my address. *I* know how he profited by my passion for culture. How he would toady and compliment me, to be sure! Now it was my beauty—that, too, is included under 'The Good'; now it was my deeds; and my money—he called money a Good, too, meaning that he wasn't going to be ashamed of taking it. An impostor, Diogenes! A champion impostor! And for me, the result of his wisdom is that I am distressed for the things you catalogued just now, as if in them I had lost the chief goods.

Diog.: I'll prescribe for you. Our flora doesn't include hellebore; but you take plenty of Lethe-water—good, deep, repeated draughts. That will relieve your distress over your Aristotelian goods. Clitus and Callisthenes and a lot more are coming; they mean to tear you in pieces, and pay you out. Here, the other way, the opposite way! And don't forget—*repeated* draughts.

Diogenes—Heracles

DIOGENES: Surely this is Heracles I see? By his godhead, 'tis no other! The bow, the club, the lion's skin, the giant frame—'tis Heracles complete! Yet how should this be? A son of Zeus, and mortal? I say, mighty conqueror, are you dead? I used to sacrifice to you in the other world; I thought you were a god!

Heracles: Thou didst well. Heracles is with the gods in heaven, and hath white-ankled Hebe there to wife. I am his phantom.

Diog.: His phantom! What, then! Can one half of anyone be a god and the other half mortal?

Her.: Even so. The god still lives. 'Tis I, his counterpart, am dead.

Diog.: I see. You're a dummy; he palms you off upon Pluto? And here are you, enjoying *his* mortality!

Her.: I was made wondrous like to him.

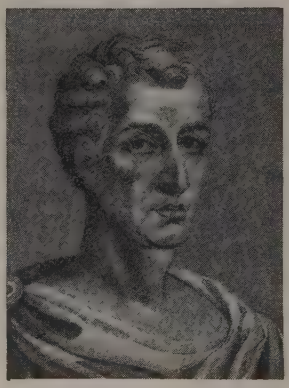
Diog.: I believe you; very like indeed; no difference at all! Why, we may find it's the other way round—that you're Heracles, and the phantom is in heaven!

Her.: Prating knave, no more of thy gibes. Else thou shalt presently learn how great a god calls me phantom.

Diog.: H'm! That bow looks as if it meant business. And yet, what have I to fear now? A man can die but once. Tell me, phantom—by your great substance I adjure you!—did you serve him in your present capacity in the upper world?

Her.: Thy ribald questions were best unanswered. Yet thus much shalt thou know. All that was Amphitryon in Heracles is dead; I am that mortal part. The Zeus in him lives, and is with the gods in heaven.

Diog.: Ah, I see! Alcmena had twins, you mean—Heracles, son of Zeus; and Heracles, son of Amphitryon?



LUCIAN (*c.* A.D. 120-180), the Greek satirist, was born at Samosata, in Syria. He was apprenticed to a sculptor, but became a travelling rhetorician, giving lectures in Asia Minor, Greece, Italy and Gaul. He later settled in Athens, and towards the end of his life he received an official appointment in Egypt, where he died.

Her.: Fool! We twain were one Heracles.

Diog.: It's a little difficult to grasp, the two Heracles packed into one. A sort of centaur—man and god all mixed together?

Her.: Are not all thus composed of two elements—body and soul? What, then, should hinder the soul from being in heaven with Zeus, who gave it, and the mortal part—myself—among the dead?

Diog.: Yes, yes, my esteemed son of Amphitryon, that would be all very well if you were a body; but, you see, you are a phantom—you have no body. At this rate we shall get three Heracleses.

Her.: *Three?*

Diog.: Yes. Look here. One in heaven, one in Hades—that's you, the phantom. Lastly, the body—returned to dust by this time. That's three. Can you think of a good father for number three?

Her.: Impudent quibbler! And who art *thou?*

Diog.: I am Diogenes's phantom—late of Sinope. But my original, I assure you, is not 'among the immortal gods,' but here among the dead men; where he enjoys the best of company, and snaps my fingers at Homer and all hair-splitting.

Charon—Menippus—Hermes

CHARON: Your fare, you rascal.

Menippus: Bawl away, Charon, if it gives you any pleasure.

Char.: I brought you across. Give me my fare.

Men.: I can't if I haven't got it.

Char.: And who is so poor that he has not got a penny?

Men.: I for one. I don't know who else.

Char.: Pay, or, by Pluto, I'll strangle you!

Men.: And I'll crack your skull with this stick.

Char.: So you are to come all that way for nothing?

Men.: Let Hermes pay for me; he put me on board.

Hermes: I dare say! A fine time I shall have if I am to pay for the shades.

Char.: I'm not going to let you off.

Men.: You can haul up your ship and wait, for all I care. If I haven't got the money I can't pay, can I?

Char.: You knew you ought to bring it.

Men.: Oh, yes; but I hadn't got it! What would you have? I oughtn't to have died, I suppose?

Char.: So you are to have the distinction of being the only passenger that ever crossed gratis?

Men.: Oh, come now! Gratis! I took an oar, and I baled. And I didn't cry, which is more than can be said for any of the others.

Char.: That's neither here nor there; I must have my penny. It's only right.

Men.: Well, you had better take me back again to life.

Char.: Yes, and get a thrashing from Aeacus for my pains! I like that.

Men.: Well, don't bother me.

Char.: Let me see what you've got in that wallet.

Men.: Beans—have some?—and a Hecate's supper.

Char.: Where did you pick up this cynic, Hermes? The noise he made on the crossing, too! laughing and jeering at all the rest, and singing when everyone else was at his lamentations.

Her.: Ah, Charon, you little know your passenger! Independence, every inch of him. He cares for nobody. 'Tis Menippus.

Char.: Wait till I catch you——

Men.: Precisely. I'll wait till you catch me again.

Parable on the Brotherhood of Man

FRIEDRICH VON SPIELHAGEN

HAMMER AND ANVIL

AFTER attracting little or no attention with his first two novels, Spielhagen achieved a striking success in 1860 with Problematische Naturen. It was followed by a series of novels dealing with social problems, culminating in 1869 with Hammer and Anvil (Hammer und Amboss), which established his reputation. The title of the story was suggested by Goethe's lines: 'Thou must do wrong or suffer wrong, the hammer or the anvil be.' For this individualism Spielhagen substituted 'hammer and anvil,' as constituting his ideas of mutual solidarity in everything, good and evil, joy or pain. To Spielhagen the novel was primarily a means of setting forth ideas. All his books assert his love of liberty, promote the welfare of the working classes and wage war against the self-indulgence of the age. But under the matter-of-fact surface there is a penetrating sense of nature and life, and in all the novels Spielhagen's love of the sea introduces an element of poetry. The following epitome has been prepared from the German text.

I—'The Wild Man'

"YOU will at once ask your teacher's pardon!"

"No!"

"At once!" thundered my father.

"No!" I repeated.

He turned ghastly pale, pointed to the door, and said slowly:

"Leave my house at once, and for ever."

I banged the door, and tore like a maniac through the moonlit streets, across the fields towards the sea. Thus, my obstinacy, following upon an afternoon's escape from school with my friend Arthur to take part in a trip to his uncle's oyster-beds, had sent me penniless to face the future.

Instinctively I made my way to old Pinnow's lonely smithy by the beach. Pinnow was the father of my old schoolfellow Klaus, who was now stoker on the steam yacht belonging to Arthur's uncle, the great financier Streber. He had known me from childhood. At his smithy I found a stranger, who, coming out of the house, bade me enter the parlour, where he invited me to partake of an excellent meal, which was spread for him.

He was a tall man of noble bearing, young in his active movements, but with old, weather-worn features. He invited my confidence and, having heard the story of my escapade, offered me the hospitality of his roof. The stranger fascinated me, and I agreed. He took Pinnow aside, and the two held a whispered conversation and left the room to prepare the boat. Then the stranger returned to tell me that everything was in readiness. In spite of the high wind and tossing waves, fatigue soon overcame me, and I only awoke when the boat grounded on the sand of the beach. A short walk through the darkness took us to the buildings of a farm, behind which extended a forest of mighty trees.

"Where are we?" I asked the stranger.

"At Zehrendorf," he replied. "I am Malte von Zehren, whom they call 'the wild man.' Do you regret having followed me?"

"No, by heaven!" I replied.

The life with Malte von Zehren on his sadly neglected estate was entirely to my taste. I accompanied him on his shooting expeditions, was introduced to his neighbours, Hans von Prantow and Joachim von Granow, whose visits generally meant drinking and gambling until the early hours of the morning. My father, whom 'the wild man' had informed of my presence under his roof, gave no sign of a more conciliatory frame of mind, and I was determined not to ask his pardon. Rather would I become a robber or a smuggler—a smuggler! I remembered vague rumours which I had heard in my father's house about Malte von Zehren's nightly expeditions. And smuggling, in the eyes of a revenue official's son, was almost as bad as murder.

Mysterious things were certainly passing on von Zehren's dilapidated estate. Still, I did not believe until chance brought me definite proof. Having seen von Zehren depart one evening on one of his expeditions, I returned to his room to fetch a lamp and my letters. I noticed a piece of paper on the floor, and picked it up in order to see what it was. Before I knew what I was doing, I had read the contents. It was a letter from Arthur's father, the revenue councillor von Zehren, to his brother, Malte.

"I am lost unless you save me. G. will not renew the bills. You have kept me afloat too long to let me sink now. Moreover, this is just the right moment for the exploit. I shall see to it that no one shall interfere. Come at once, I implore you, for the sake of our old name. Burn this."

I burnt the paper, and went to my room; but sleep refused for many hours to soothe my troubled mind. In the morning I discovered by accident the underground store-rooms, where enormous quantities of tea, wine, spirits and tobacco were piled up, which made my former suspicions a certainty.

Turning all these things over in my mind, I walked down to the fishing village Trantowitz. To my surprise, I saw among the fishermen on the beach old Pinnow, who, I felt sure, would have taken part in von Zehren's expedition. I did not like the cruel, malicious expression of his mouth. The man was not to be trusted; and I was scarcely surprised when, as I continued my walk, I was stopped by Christel, a foundling brought up in Pinnow's smithy, who informed me in breathless haste that Pinnow had been in communication with the custom officers, and that, as far as he could make out, von Zehren was in danger.

The situation required quick action. I hurried back to the house to fetch a pair of pistols, and then back to Trantowitz. Pinnow and his crew were just getting the boat ready. I had to show him a cocked pistol in order to obtain his consent to join him and his ten men in the boat.

We had some difficulty in avoiding the revenue cutter, the presence of which only confirmed my suspicions of Pinnow. For some time we were given chase, but escaped under the cloak of the heavy mist and finally reached the large yacht on board of which Malte von Zehren was waiting. He was far from pleased at seeing me, but there was no time for recriminations. The freight was quickly transferred to our boat, and with infinite caution we made for shore.

The horror of that night returns to me vividly as I write these lines. The trap

laid by Pinnow and the officials proved only too effective. We had just crossed in single file the track across the boggy moorland, when we were suddenly fired at from behind and from the flank. The men threw down their loads and escaped in every direction. I was left alone with my host; we were hotly pursued. Von Zehren was wounded in his right arm before we reached a safe hiding-place on the top of a hill among the ruins of his ancestral castle. He became delirious during the night, but recovered a little in the morning, and asked me to fetch him some water. When I returned I found him dead, still clutching his pistol.

II—'Hammer and Anvil'

CAREFULLY avoiding the constables, whom I espied several times in the distance, I spent the next day and night in the forest; and a little refreshed from the night's sleep, but half-starving, made for Hans von Prantow's estate on the following day. The good fellow received me with great kindness, and told me that there was a warrant out against me. Von Zehren, had he been captured alive, would have been hanged as a smuggler, and the same fate was probably in store for me.

I did not wish to get the good fellow into trouble, and left early next morning. For some time I wandered about the island, keeping in hiding during the day and venturing out in search of food after sunset. I had to come to some sort of decision, and finally returned to my native town. It was late in the evening when I arrived, but I surrendered myself at once.

It was impossible for me to prove my innocence. Everybody was against me, except the teacher whom I had so gravely offended. My treacherous friend Arthur, who was the original cause of all the trouble, was particularly spiteful in his evidence as to my character. I was sentenced to seven years' detention in the prison of S——, the governor of which happened to be Malte von Zehren's younger brother.

In my bitterness of heart, I stubbornly refused to accept any of the advantages offered me by the kindness of the humane governor. How gravely I misjudged that noble man! In digging at the foundations of a new hospital one of the most dangerous of the convicts, who was working in the same gang, managed to get into communication with me, and we devised a plan of escape. The confusion caused by a pretended quarrel was to provide our opportunity; but when my fellow-conspirator attacked the governor with his axe, my better nature got the best of me, and I threw myself between the convict and his intended victim. "Hound! Traitor!" he roared, and raised his axe I threw myself upon him; then everything was deep black night.

For eight weeks, so I was told afterwards, I lingered between life and death. When I re-awoke to consciousness, I found myself in a cheerful, sunny room overlooking a garden. I had been removed from the prison cell to the governor's house. And as I gradually regained health and strength I learnt to appreciate the noble character of that truly great man, and won the friendship of Dr. Snellius, the prison doctor.

AND, above all, I came to be attached to the governor's charming daughter, whom I loved to watch for hours busy at her drawing and painting, or devoting herself to the education of her little brothers. A pure affection sprang up between us, as between brother and sister.

When my strong constitution had at last conquered the effects of that long illness, I was given some secretarial work in connexion with the prison administration. Encouraged by the governor, I devoted my spare hours to serious study. He made me first copy some architectural drawings, and awakened my interest in engineering and machinery. Under his guidance I made rapid progress. His conversation and noble example changed my whole view of life.

His brother, 'the wild man,' had held the view that one has to be either hammer or anvil—master or slave. This was not the view of the governor.

"Not hammer *or* anvil," he said on one occasion—"hammer *and* anvil it should be. The anvil repels the hammer with

the same force with which the hammer strikes upon the anvil."

Our daily routine was interrupted by the arrival of Arthur and his parents, and of his uncle, the financier Streber, with his little daughter, Hermine, and her governess, who had come to hold a family conference concerning Malte von Zehren's property. To my surprise, I found myself treated with the greatest cordiality, both by the proud financier and by the revenue councillor.

The reason for all the consideration shown to me was revealed to me the next day, when I was called in to the family conference. Having been Malte von Zehren's constant companion in his last days, I was now needed to give information as to the condition of his property, and to state whether I had ever heard him speak about his financial obligations. Streber maintained that the whole estate had been mortgaged to him.

"The sacrifices I made!" exclaimed the revenue councillor. "Only just before my brother's tragic end he implored me for financial assistance. If he had only waited a little he need not have taken the desperate step which ended his life. If I had not lost his letter——"

I was amazed at the impudence of this lie. But I refrained from mentioning the letter I had found on the floor of Malte's room. Asked point blank whether Malte had ever spoken to me about the state of his affairs, I had to admit that I had heard him say that not a single tree in his forest was his own property. My evidence decided the dispute in favour of the financier, who subsequently could not show me enough friendliness.

The years passed pleasantly. I was a guest of the governor's family rather than a prisoner. And my friendship with Paula, whose progress in her art was prodigious, helped to make me feel happy and contented. The wish of my fatherly friend had been fulfilled. I had learnt how to work—work had become a necessity to me.

But a sad event was now to happen, which made an end to these pleasant days upon which I cannot look back without a sense of deep gratitude. Excessive efforts in the preservation of the sea-wall of the town during a storm of phenomenal fury robbed us of the governor.

For some time he had been in feeble health, and now he succumbed to the excitement and exposure. While we were rejoicing at the first signs of the abating of the storm, he sank down in deathly pallor, his life ebbing away with the stream of blood that gushed forth from his mouth. He died before morning.

III—Two Women and a Picture

A YEAR after these events I stood, with beating heart, before the threshold of my father's house. I rang the bell. Old Rieke opened the door. Her black dress, red eyes, and whole demeanour told me all. It was a terrible blow—he had died a week ago, died before I could implore his pardon. My married sister arrived the same night, and I renounced all claims upon my father's property, taking with me only his diary as I staggered towards the harbour, whence I meant to embark for the capital. There I found a ship needing a stoker, and embarked on her. It was a stormy passage. I was glad of my mask of soot when I found out that Streber and his daughter were among the passengers.

Just as I was returning below, a huge hulk appeared in front of us. I heard the captain shouting his orders to the engine-room; and, remembering that I had noticed the chief engineer to be under the influence of drink, I hurried down just in time to push him violently aside, and to reverse the engine with a mighty jerk. It was a terrible minute, but it passed, and I heard the captain's order, "Stop the engine!"

It soon became known on board that I had saved the ship. I meant to remain in the engine-room, but was ordered on deck to repair some damage. As I was passing the deck cabin, I found myself face to face with Hermine. She looked straight at me, and asked, "You are George Hartwig, are you not?"

"I am."

"How do you get here? Is this the place for you? You are quite black and sooty. You must leave this!"

"And yet I was of use to-day."

"I know. It's just like you. But you are destined for something better. Perhaps you are poor. My father must help you; he is very rich."

"I know, my dear young lady; and for that very reason I don't want to be helped by him."

She turned crimson; her eyes flashed and her lips twitched. "Very well, then; I won't keep you any longer." And she turned round and left me hurriedly.

With the help of my old schoolfellow, Klaus Pinnow, who had found employment in Streber's engineering works, in one of the suburbs of the capital, I was engaged as a journeyman in the same establishment. As chance would have it, Dr. Snellius, who had shown me so much friendship during my imprisonment, had now his practice in the same quarter. From him I learnt that Paula had taken up painting as a profession, and had made quite a reputation at recent exhibitions. Hermine had bought her large picture at the present academy, which represented a scene from the life of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. At the earliest opportunity I visited the exhibition, and found, to my amazement, that the hero of the picture bore my own features!

From the academy I went straight to Paula's house, Dr. Snellius having given me the address. She welcomed me with her wonted heartiness. "Dear George!" she said after the first moment of surprise. "Thank God that you are here at last! I have been so worried. What have you been doing? Of one thing I know already; I have heard of it from the loveliest lips. You need not feel embarrassed. Am I not your sister?"

I gave her a full account of my doings, and told her that I was working in Streber's factory, though fortunately neither he nor Hermine knew anything of it.

IV—Achievement and a Brief Happiness

It was spring again. Ever since I had entered the factory I had devoted my leisure hours to the theoretical study of machine construction, and especially of the wonderful development of the railways in England and Belgium. I had arrived at the conclusion that, unless Streber's works were to fall hopelessly behind the times, it would be necessary to extend them and to take up the construction of railway engines. This view, and my reasons for it, I had explained at great length in a document, which I should have sent to my employer but for the fear that it might lead to inquiries which would make an end to my incognito. I left it, however, with Paula, who was keenly interested in all my doings.

That was on the Sunday. Next morning, at the works, there was considerable excitement over a machine intended for Streber's chalk quarry at Zehrendorf. The machine was finished; but something was wrong with the movement, and nobody was able to ascertain the cause. I was convinced that the fault lay in the construction of the steering mechanism, and boldly expressed this view. I spent the whole night over the drawings and measurements of the engine, checking the calculations, and before morning I was ready to prove my bold assertion.

Next day I was called into the manager's office. Mr. Berg was polite, but incredulous, until I communicated to him briefly the result of my night's work. The whole technical bureau was put to work again to investigate the matter, and three days later I was summoned again to the manager's office.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hartwig," he said. "You were right. But you are not in your right sphere. You will be transferred to the constructional department."

On my return home I found a letter from Streber, in which he called me his 'dear young friend,' and requested me to join him forthwith at Zehrendorf, as he had important matters to discuss with me. Who had told him? I hurried to Paula, who confessed to her friendly act of treachery, and to having sent Streber my manuscript.

I was received at the financier's stately mansion like an old friend, although Hermine's manner towards me was in turn kindly and reserved, nay, disdainful. The financier, who seemed to have lost much of his former strength and sureness of purpose, consulted me upon many matters.

FRIEDRICH VON SPIELHAGEN, German novelist, was born at Magdeburg, February 24, 1829, and studied medicine, law and philosophy at Berlin and Bonn universities. He taught for a time at Leipzig, but after his father's death in 1854 he devoted himself entirely to journalism and literature. In 1859 he became editor of the Zeitung für Norddeutschland in Hanover, moving in 1862 to Berlin, where he edited Westermann's Illustrierte Monatshefte from 1878 to 1884. In addition to his novels and plays, Spielhagen made translations from English and French, his collected works being published from 1895-1902. He died February 25, 1911.

Only on the question of financing the proposed extension of the works I found him adamant. I began to suspect that his finances were in a shaky condition.

Hermine actually avoided me now. She seemed to hate me. But chance led me to discover the true state of her feelings. On the return from an excursion by night a terrible thunderstorm broke out, and in the darkness the maddened horses got off the track across the marshy ground. The party scattered in the confusion, and Hermine lost her way. I found her in a position of great danger. Pride separated her no longer from her rescuer, and it was with her consent that I appeared before her father as a suitor for her hand. He did not view my suit with favour. But he could not afford to lose my services.

Our determination conquered in the end; and with his consent to our marriage I also obtained his acceptance of my plans for the extension of the works.

Our bliss was short-lived. My father-in-law's financial troubles led him to wild speculation. One night I was called to the hotel where he was in the habit of staying on his visits to town. He had been found dead in his bed, and there was no doubt that his death was due to poison administered by his own hand. When I returned home I found the house in a terrible state of excitement. My wife had been prematurely delivered of a daughter, and the doctor could not say whether she was safe. For some days she seemed to improve, but—two graves, side by side, close this chapter of brief happiness.

V—Love's Destiny

WORK alone makes us free. For two years I tested this saying of my noble teacher, tested it in every direction. By straining every nerve I managed to save what could be saved from the wreckage of my father-in-law's business, which was not in so desperate a condition as I had at first believed.

From Paula I had not heard directly since the time of my marriage. She had gone to Italy owing to bad health, and kept up regular correspondence with Dr. Snellius. The pictures which she sent to exhibitions seemed to betray sadness.

It was only when Dr. Snellius informed me that Paula had returned to Germany, and that he was going to join her at a small town in Thuringia, that he spoke out freely what had so long weighed upon his mind. His excited words rushed at me like a torrent.

"I am sick at playing hide-and-seek. Do you know that Paula loves you, or don't you? Do you know that she has loved you for twelve years, ever since the day when you saved her father's life? That she loved you when she encouraged you to marry Hermine? That she is pining away and dying for love of you?"

She had gone out for a walk when I arrived next day at the little town. I followed her. She did not see me approach. I wanted to call her name, but could not. Then she turned and looked at me with her unnaturally large, spiritualised eyes. And when I spread out my arms, and stuttered "Paula, dear Paula!" a great joy spread over her features. She gave a little scream, and the next moment she lay against my breast, sobbing as though all her sorrows had waited for this one moment.

JOHN HOLLAND ROSE

LIFE OF NAPOLEON I

Outlined by the Author

As a historian Dr. Holland Rose deservedly takes a prominent place, his historical works proving him to be a keen student of men and events and also a writer possessed of an admirable style. His numerous publications include chapters in the Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy, The Development of the European Nations, 1870–1900, William Pitt and National Revival, Nationality as a Factor in Modern History, and The Origins of the War, published in 1914, but it is as a foremost authority on the Napoleonic era that Dr. Rose is chiefly known. Of his many studies of that momentous period the best is his Life of Napoleon I, published in 1902, a clear-sighted and original work compiled not from existing biographies but largely from new materials taken from British official records. As a history of France and as an estimate of Napoleon himself the book is well-nigh incomparable. This epitome of the Life has been prepared by Dr. Rose himself and is included here by permission of the publishers, George Bell.

I—The Beginning of a Career of Triumph

THE characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte are traceable to the civil and juridical gifts inherent in the family of his father, Charles Marie de Bonaparte, and to the sterner and more war-like qualities of that of his mother, Letizia (*née* Ramolino). Both families were Italian, but long domiciled in Corsica.

Napoleon, the second surviving son, was born at Ajaccio on August 15, 1769, the year in which the island was conquered by the French. His father espoused their cause, and thus gained advantageous terms for Napoleon at the military school at Brienne, in Champagne, whither he proceeded in 1779. His time spent there was unhappy, owing to his dislike of the French and his moody ways. But he showed great talents in mathematics, as also at the military school at Paris, to which he was promoted in October 1784. In 1785 he entered the royal army as junior lieutenant of artillery and displayed great energy, spending much of his slender pay on books. Thus he stored up a wide knowledge of history and literature, clearly with the design of freeing Corsica from French rule.

But the French revolutionists, by according to Corsica a large share of local self-government, won him to their cause. In the long disputes between the monarchist Corsicans (headed by Paoli) and the democrats, the latter were finally overborne, and in the month of June 1793 Letizia Bonaparte and her children fled to Provence. Thenceforth they upheld the regicide republic.

Meanwhile, the royalists of Toulon admitted Admiral Hood's fleet on behalf of the French monarchy. Here it was that Napoleon first showed his military genius. Placed in command of the artillery of the besiegers, he urged on the measures which were well adapted to compromise the defence. His bravery in leading a successful attack on Fort Mulgrave also contributed to the evacuation of Toulon by the allies (December 17–20, 1793). Nevertheless, the overthrow of the Robespierrists in July 1794 placed him in peril, and his fortunes were precarious until the civil strifes at Paris again brought him to the front. His effective use of artillery worsted the royalists who threatened the Convention (October 5, 1795).

He now gained the hand of the widowed Joséphine de Beauharnais. Further, his plans for the conquest of Italy had attracted the notice of the Director Carnot, who placed him in command of the French 'Army of Italy.' On March 21, 1796, he set out for Nice.

He now enters on the career of triumph which, in his months of poverty, he had

NAPOLEON I CROWNED AT NOTRE DAME, PARIS, DECEMBER 2, 1804

From the painting by Lefèvre at Versailles

carefully thought out. Hoping to catch the Austro-Sardinian forces disunited, he marshalled his troops with astonishing energy, assailed the Austrians in the pass north of Savona, and drove them north-eastwards towards Milan. He then routed the Sardinians farther west, beat them back towards Turin, and compelled their government to sue for peace.

Next, while feigning to advance on Lombardy from the west, he outflanked the Austrian defence by crossing the river Po at Piacenza, thus inducing the enemy to fall back upon Lodi. There he won a brilliant little rearguard action, and finally cooped up the Austrians in Mantua. Thrice the court of Vienna sought to save that fortress. But at Castiglione, Arcola and Rivoli he defeated the relieving forces. Mantua surrendered on February 2, 1797. Finally he drove the demoralised Austrians from the passes of the Carnic and Noric Alps, so that their governments signed the preliminaries of peace at Leoben.

Bonaparte was able to control the ensuing negotiations with Austria. He also broke with the Republic of Venice, sent his troops into that city, and prepared to partition its territories between Austria and his new creation in North Italy, the Cisalpine Republic. This was the gist of the treaty of Campo Formio (October 17, 1797), whereby France acquired the Rhine boundary and the Venetian fleet and islands. Bonaparte then left Italy in a blaze of glory, and received a rapturous welcome in Paris.

His next enterprise is the conquest of Egypt, as a prelude to that of India. Rome and Switzerland were occupied by French troops early in 1798, and their spoils contributed towards the equipment of the armada at Toulon, whence he sailed on May 19, 1798, with some 35,000 troops. Valetta proved an easy prey. Alexandria offered scarcely more resistance and on July 21, at the battle of the Pyramids, the French beat off the attack of the splendid cavalry of the Mamelukes.

But on August 1, Nelson, at Aboukir, destroyed the French warships, thus ruining the whole enterprise. In vain did Bonaparte and his savants seek to exploit the resources of Egypt and to cajole the natives by a profession of Mahomedanism. In vain did he overthrow a Turkish army at Mount Tabor. The Sea Power baulked his efforts at Acre.

Returning to Egypt he routed a Turkish force at Aboukir, and then, hearing news of the defeats of the French amidst the war of the Second Coalition, he secretly left Egypt with a few trusted generals and reached the coast of Provence (October 9, 1799).

WITHIN a month he was master of France. The exasperating rule of the Directory and the factious strifes of French parties played into his hands. Acting skilfully with Siéyès, Talleyrand, Lucien Bonaparte and others, he deposed the Directory and at the palace of St. Cloud drove out the deputies by armed force (November 9–10). He then manipulated a new constitution (devised by Siéyès), so as to lessen the effects of the democratic franchise, divide the legislative bodies and ensure predominance to three Consuls. As First Consul, he had practically supreme authority. In 1802 he became First Consul for life. In May 1804 the Senate awarded to him the title Emperor of the French.

II—Emperor of France and Half of Europe

WHAT were the factors contributing to this extraordinary rise? First in importance was the inability of the French revolutionists to build a durable political edifice. Their miserable feuds and the importance which now attached to military glory, all made for the supremacy of a great warrior and administrator. Bonaparte met the needs of France. He gave her glory abroad, and at home he sharply curbed the extreme republicans and royalists, while safeguarding the peasants on their plots.

The time of the Consulate (November 1799—May 1804) is the halcyon time of the French nation. In it were begun great enterprises, such as the improvement of Paris, the extension of canals, the deepening of harbours and the construction of excellent roads. Further, by the Concordat, or treaty with the Papacy, Bonaparte once more installed Roman

Catholicism as the religion of the state and devised means for ending the religious schism. Reforms in taxation and the imposition of prefects over every department also strengthened the fabric of the state.

Meanwhile, the prestige of France was raised by the brilliant campaigns of Marengo, which made Bonaparte once more master of Italy and led up to the treaty of Lunéville with Austria (February 1801).

The contest with England ended in the treaty of Amiens (March 27, 1802), whereby Great Britain restored her colonial conquests, except Trinidad and Ceylon. The recovery by France of her colonial empire consolidated Bonaparte's power and enabled him to prepare for a return to monarchy, a sign of which was the institution of the Legion of Honour. Thus did Bonaparte close the French Revolution and embody in his own person many of its best achievements.

MEANWHILE, he ventured on several acts of aggression at the cost of the Dutch, Swiss and Italian republics. Public opinion in England and Austria was chafed by these events, and the irritation of Britons became extreme in January 1803 when the First Consul threatened to reconquer Egypt and Corfu.

His activities beyond the seas had been phenomenal. He had acquired Louisiana from Spain by a series of profitable exchanges. This province he failed to keep; but his chief ambition centred in India. In March 1803 a French expedition set sail for Pondicherri; and as at that time Napoleon's troops held the fortresses of Holland, the retrocession of the Cape of Good Hope to that republic promised to make France supreme in that sea. The British ministry, seeing India threatened both by way of Egypt and of the Cape, decided to hold fast to Malta; and on this last question occurred the rupture with France in May 1803.

For more than two years Great Britain alone warred against France and Holland, these powers being joined by Spain in 1804. Napoleon devised several plans for gaining supremacy in the Channel in order to transport a large army of veterans to the coast of Kent or Essex. And in the spring of 1805 Villeneuve, after eluding Nelson's blockade of Toulon, rallied the Spanish fleet at Cadiz, proceeded to the West Indies and returned to the Biscay ports of Spain and France. But Nelson saw through the scheme, frustrated it and finally destroyed his fleet at Trafalgar.

On that memorable day (October 21, 1805), the French Emperor was at Ulm, receiving the surrender of an Austrian army. For Austria and Russia had been provoked by his aggressions, notably by his formation of the kingdom of Italy and his annexation of the Genoese Republic, and the former power rushed into the campaign, believing that Napoleon was about to invade England.

But at the end of August he broke up his camp at Boulogne and, by forced marches into Swabia, managed to envelop the Austrian army in and near Ulm, thus compelling it to surrender. Then, after occupying Vienna, he overthrew the Russo-Austrian army in the great battle of Austerlitz (December 2, 1805). The results were astonishing. Austria made peace, ceding Dalmatia, parts of Istria and Venetia, together with Tyrol. Russia made a truce; and Prussia, which had been goaded almost to war by Napoleon's provocations, now tamely sheathed her sword.

THE outlook for England was most serious. Napoleon, master of the Continent, remodelled Germany, sweeping away the old Holy Roman Empire, and building up the Confederation of the Rhine under his control. Prussia acquiesced in this, for she was allowed to occupy Hanover on condition of excluding British commerce from North-west Germany.

Napoleon now began to close the Continent against British imports. In June 1806 he made his brother Louis King of Holland, and enthroned his elder brother Joseph at Naples in place of the Spanish Bourbons.

Finally, when war broke out between France and Prussia in September 1806, and the twin battles of Jena-Auerstädt placed her capital at Napoleon's mercy, the issue of the Berlin Decree against British commerce promised to exclude the Union Jack from the half of Europe.

III—The Continental System

But while the emperor built up this fiscal system—called the Continental System—England won Cape Colony and most of the Dutch, French, or Spanish colonies, thus securing for our traders a monopoly of tropical produce. This commercial war entered on a critical stage after Napoleon's triumph at Friedland (June 14, 1807) over the Russo-Prussian army. Thereupon the Tsar, Alexander I, made peace with Napoleon at Tilsit, abandoning England and Prussia, and agreeing to exclude British trade from Russia, on consideration of gaining land at the expense of Turkey and Sweden. Prussia at the same time lost all her western lands and had to submit to a French occupation.

Canning and his colleagues at Westminster, surmising that Napoleon intended to seize the Danish fleet, despatched an armada which forced the Danes to give up their warships. Napoleon was also foiled at Lisbon. Having made a secret scheme with the Spanish court for a partition of Portugal, he sent a force under Junot to seize the Portuguese fleet. But the Sea Power intervened, and induced the Portuguese regent and court to sail away to Brazil. The ease of this conquest, the nullity of Charles IV of Spain, and the feud between Prince Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, and his parents, enticed Napoleon to the design of dethroning the Spanish Bourbons in favour of Joseph Bonaparte.

To all seeming the plan succeeded. Charles IV, his queen, and Ferdinand were enticed to Bayonne, and there abdicated. Joseph came from Naples to rule at Madrid, while Murat, who had married Caroline Bonaparte, succeeded him at Naples. But the people of Spain now rose in arms, defeated a French army at Baylen (July 1808) and appealed to England for aid. Canning eagerly granted it, and thus began the Peninsular War.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who went with a British force to Portugal, found his task most difficult. The success of Vimiero proved fruitless (August 1808). Napoleon, after occupying Madrid in December, turned against the army of Sir John Moore, but had to leave for Paris. This saved Moore, and he was finally able to secure his embarkation at Corunna.

In 1809 Napoleon once more beat down the might of Austria. That power cast down the gauntlet and opened the campaign with some successes. But Napoleon turned the tables on the Archduke Charles, defeated him several times, drove his forces down the Danube and occupied Vienna on May 13.

The Austrians now made a brave rally and on May 21-22 succeeded in driving the French back to the south of the Danube. Napoleon, however, drew off his troops in safety and, while keeping his hold on Vienna, awaited reinforcements. Had Prussia drawn the sword, and the British Government acted promptly, the emperor must have been overborne. But Prussia did not move, the North German movement sputtered out and Lord Chatham's expedition set sail far too late. Finally, during Austria's effort at Wagram, the Archduke John failed to come up in time and bring succour to the Archduke Charles (July 6). Austria soon concluded the treaty of Schönbrunn, ceding to Napoleon the Illyrian provinces, and to Bavaria, Salzburg and a strip of Austria proper. She also perforce abandoned the Tyrolese.

In the year 1810 Napoleon sought to complete his triumph. He sent into Spain a great army to 'drive the leopards into the sea.' That effort was thwarted by the skill and foresight of Wellington in designing the lines of Torres Vedras. The allies held them stubbornly, while Masséna's men died of want in the desolated regions north of the lines. Napoleon would probably have conquered Spain, could he have come in person. But he was detained in Paris by his marriage with Marie Louise.

The envious sisters of the emperor had long sought to induce him to divorce Joséphine. Hitherto he had refused; but the desire for an heir led him to divorce her (December 15, 1809). Inquiries were then set on foot as to a fit consort. Overtures were cautiously made for the hand of

the tsar's younger sister, but they came to nothing. The Archduchess Marie Louise was then suggested. Napoleon favoured this alternative, and the marriage took place at Notre Dame on April 2, 1810. Thenceforth the Franco-Russian alliance declined.

That year (1810) witnessed the increase of Napoleon's pressure upon Prussia. His hand was also heavy upon Holland. He upbraided his brother Louis with governing that kingdom too leniently, and ordered him strictly to enforce the continental system. To this Louis demurred. Family disputes embittered the feud, until at midsummer Napoleon sent French troops to occupy that land. Louis thereupon fled from his kingdom and retired to Bohemia. Holland was annexed to the French Empire.

The severity of the continental system was also enhanced by the decrees of August and October 1810; and at the close of the year Napoleon annexed the north-western part of Germany. England suffered much; but her trade with the tropics enabled her to survive the strain. Fortunately, Napoleon's belief that extensive imports tended to weaken a country led him to encourage the export of corn to our shores when we much needed it. In France the high price of cane sugar led inventors to experiment, at last successfully, with beet sugar. The emperor sought to help certain trades, secretly granting licences for the import of British goods. The birth of a son, the King of Rome, on March 11, 1811, crowned his hopes.

IV—The Beginning of the End

But the year 1812 saw 'the beginning of the end.' Disputes respecting the continental system and Poland led to war with Russia. Napoleon had reluctant help from Austria and Prussia; while Alexander framed an alliance with England and with Bernadotte (formerly one of Napoleon's marshals, but now heir to the crown of Sweden).

Napoleon's Grand Army, which began to cross the Niemen about midsummer 1812, consisted of some 250,000 Frenchmen, 147,000 Germans, nearly 80,000 Italians, 60,000 Poles, and others, who brought up the total to 600,000 men. Napoleon pursued the main Russian army, which retired through Vilna and Vitepsk on Smolensk. There the Russians offered battle August 17 and, after inflicting heavy losses, fired the city and retired eastwards.

Napoleon might have halted at Smolensk and reorganized Lithuania. Then, in the spring of 1813, he could have made the final effort; but his uninterrupted success and the straggling habits of his troops, induced him to march on Moscow. The Russians confronted him at Borodino (September 7), and only after terrible slaughter on both sides did they retreat on Moscow.

Meanwhile, Napoleon heard of a reverse in Spain. There the campaign of 1811 had been indecisive. But in 1812 Wellington severely defeated Marmont at Salamanca and entered Madrid in triumph.

Very different was the conduct of Napoleon at Moscow. Unwarned by the fires, he waited until October 19, in the hope of receiving overtures of peace from Alexander. As none came, and as the peasants refused all supplies, he had to retreat along the devastated line of his own advance. Hunger and the advent of winter completed the demoralisation of his troops.

At Smorgoni, early in December, the emperor left the miserable relic of his Grand Army and hurried *incognito* to Paris to prepare for the next campaign. The Prussian general Yorck meanwhile came to terms with the pursuing Russians, and the Prussian people prepared for war. After long discussions, Russia and Prussia framed an alliance, England helping with subsidies and Sweden promising armed succour. Thus, in March-April 1813, began the war of the Fourth Coalition.

Napoleon gained the two first battles of the Saxon campaign—namely, those of Lützen and Bautzen; but, after driving the allies back into Silesia, he granted an armistice (June to July 20), and sought to compel Austria to espouse his cause. Francis II desired to humour his son-in-law, provided that the latter made good to Austria the losses of 1809. Foreseeing Napoleon's anger, the Hapsburg ruler framed a secret compact with Russia

and Prussia, promising to help against Napoleon if he proved obdurate.

Despite a terrible defeat inflicted by Wellington at Vittoria on King Joseph's army, Napoleon refused to grant Austria's demands, and on August 11 she joined the allies.

The ensuing campaign turned mainly on the possession of the defensive line of the Elbe. Holding the strongholds on that river, Napoleon hoped to defeat the allies in turn. At first he gained a great success at Dresden, but its fruits were lost in an imprudent pursuit through the Erzgebirge.

The allies then resolved to strike at Leipzig. Blücher boldly led his army from Silesia, through the north of Saxony, joined Bernadotte's forces and marched on that city from the north-west, while the grand army of the allies advanced from the south. Napoleon, therefore, had to concentrate on Leipzig, and on October 16, 18 and 19 stoutly resisted the attacks. Finally he was worsted, and his columns suffered terribly in the retreat Rhinewards.

NAPOLEON AT THE GANGWAY OF H.M.S. BELLEROPHON IN PLYMOUTH SOUND, JULY 15, 1815

From the painting by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.

Bavaria and the other German states now deserted him, the Confederation of the Rhine collapsed, and his garrisons left in Germany had to surrender. In November the allied sovereigns offered him the Rhine boundary; but he neglected to comply with this offer, though Murat at Naples had now taken the side of the allies.

Accordingly, early in 1814, the allies invaded eastern France, while Wellington threw back the French from Orthez towards Toulouse. Napoleon sought to distract his enemies by sending back Pius VII from Fontainebleau (where he had lived under constraint) into Italy, and Ferdinand VII to Madrid. But his only chance was in embattling the French nation and in sowing distrust among the allies.

In this he partly succeeded. Though beaten by Blücher at La Rothière, Champagne, he retaliated while the Prussians and Russians were marching on Paris, and defeated their scattered forces on four successive days. Next, on February 18, he defeated the Austrians at Montereau. He could now have gained advantageous terms at the Congress of Châtillon; but though his minister, Caulaincourt, sought to secure it, Napoleon's instructions tied his hands. The allies bound themselves by the treaty of Chaumont (March 9) not to lay down their arms until France was confined within her old borders. On his side, Napoleon had determined never to give up Holland and the Rhine Province.

In the rest of the campaign he showed wonderful energy, worsting the allies by his swift marches and terrible blows. Gradually they wore down his scanty forces. Then he resolved to strike at their communications with Germany; but while he marched eastwards, they struck at Paris and captured the almost unguarded capital. He returned with all speed, but too late to save it. Marshal Marmont led his corps over to the allies, and other generals at Fontainebleau finally convinced him of the need of abdication. He laid down his crown and retired to Elba. Marie Louise did not follow him thither; she, with her son, retired to Austria.

V—St. Helena

During the ten months spent at Elba, Napoleon closely observed events in France. She received the Bourbons reluctantly, resentful at having to surrender all the conquests made since 1792. Further, the quarrels of the allies at the Congress of Vienna made it possible to strike with effect.

In February, Napoleon determined to act quickly and slipped away with 1,050 troops to the coast of Provence. He carried all before him. Ney brought over to his side a division of royal troops and he entered the Tuileries amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm. Louis XVIII and the court had retired hastily to Ghent. The allied powers outlawed Napoleon and prepared for war, though he gave out that he meant to reign peacefully as a constitutional sovereign.

The constitution which he proclaimed on June 1 met with sharp criticism. It was with relief that he turned to the war. When immense forces began to menace France he resolved to strike first at the Anglo-Prusso-Dutch forces mustering in Belgium.

There Wellington had about 100,000 men cantoned between Brussels and Mons; while Blücher's Prussians, some 120,000 strong, lay between Liège and Charleroi. Near them Napoleon assembled a compact force of some 125,000 men. On June 15 he drove back the Prussians from Charleroi nearly to Ligny. Ney, meanwhile, failed to occupy Quatre Bras. Wellington, misled as to these movements, did not concentrate at that point in time to save his vanguard from great danger; but Picton's division arrived in the afternoon and saved the position.

At Ligny on the same day (June 16), Blücher opposed Napoleon stubbornly, but with little skill. At dusk the French

NAPOLEON DICTATING HIS MEMOIRS TO COUNT LAS CASES AT ST. HELENA
From the painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

broke the Prussian centre, but the beaten force retired northwards to Wavre, to keep in touch with Wellington. Napoleon's pursuit on the morrow being tardy, the Prussians got away and by the night of the 17th they mustered 80,000 strong, at Wavre. Wellington, meanwhile, fell back towards Waterloo.

The French emperor, having 74,000 men and 246 guns, hoped easily to dispose of Wellington's motley array of some 67,000 men, in which were only 24,000 British troops. Moreover, Napoleon believed that Grouchy (sent in pursuit of Blücher on the 17th) would prevent any flank march of the Prussians. Grouchy, however, attacked the Prussians of Wavre after their main force moved off towards Waterloo. Their march was slow and they took no part in the fight until half-past four.

Meanwhile, Wellington's right at Hougoumont repelled continued assaults, and his left centre won a brilliant success over D'Erlon's massive columns, the Union Brigade of cavalry driving them back in utter disorder. From 4.30 to 6.30 Napoleon's horse strove in vain to break the squares on Wellington's right centre. About 6 p.m. Ney captured the farm of La Haye Sainte and threatened to break the allied centre, which, however, held firm.

In the meantime the Prussians partly won the village of Planchenoit behind the French right. Napoleon paid little heed to the Prussians, believing that Grouchy would take them in the rear. With 4,000 men of the Imperial Guard, ranged in two great columns, he fiercely attacked Wellington's right centre. Gallantly Maitland's Guards and the 52nd regiment repulsed the veterans; and, as the Prussians now joined Wellington's left, the allies advanced, sweeping the French back in utter rout. Napoleon's army never reassembled.

He fled to Paris, where the intrigues of Fouché hastened his fall. He abdicated for his son, the King of Rome, and set out for Rochefort, hoping to escape to the United States. Closely watched by British warships, he decided to go on board *H.M.S. Bellerophon* and proceed to Plymouth as the guest of the British nation. The government, however, decided that he should be detained at St. Helena.

Elliott & Fry

JOHN HOLLAND ROSE, historian, lecturer, scholar and man of letters, was born at Bedford, June 28, 1855, and was educated there, at Owens College, Manchester, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he was elected fellow in 1914. From 1911 to 1919 he was reader in modern history at Cambridge University, and then was appointed the first holder of the Vere Harmsworth chair of naval history.

He landed there on October 17, and soon took up his abode at Longwood, together with Generals Bertrand, Montholon and Gourgaud, and Las Cases. After the arrival of the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, various causes of friction arose, owing to the fussiness of the governor, the strictness of the regulations deemed necessary to prevent Napoleon's escape and the resolve of the exiles to do all in their power to pose as martyrs. In this they succeeded. Las Cases procured his expulsion from the island, and proceeded to Europe to give an exaggerated version of the captivity. We know little of Napoleon's life for the next three years; but he retained his activity, often dictating passages to Montholon, and charming his companions by his conversation.

The end came on May 5, 1821, owing to cancer, a disease hereditary in his family. He was buried near Longwood; but in 1840 his remains were transferred to the Invalides—the fittest place of repose for the greatest conqueror and administrator of all time.

A Note on Morley Roberts

To say of an author who has been writing for 40 years and who has quite 60 books to his credit that he is rather hard to place may at first sight appear a little odd, especially when the author in question is a person so well known as Mr. Morley Roberts. Here is a man who went to Australia when he was nineteen, worked on Victorian railroads and in the bush of New South Wales, and made his passage home before the mast, who a few years later, after drudging in the Q.M.G.'s department at the War Office and the I.S. department at the India Office, crossed over to America and looked after sheep and cattle and worked on railroads and in saw-mills in various parts of Canada and the United States, and who more recently voyaged to the South Seas and visited South Africa, to say nothing of making excursions to Grand Canary, Tenerife and Central America. Consciously or unconsciously, so it might be argued, Mr. Morley Roberts had been gathering material in many seas and in British colonies in three continents for the work he was to do. And so when the boom in Imperialism came in the eighteen-nineties he was able to supply the British public with tales of the Seven Seas, serious and humorous, and stories of primitive life in the outposts of the Empire.

Elliott & Fry
Morley Roberts in 1890

The argument is valid, so far as it goes; but it does not go very far. It looks to output and neglects momentum. It regards Mr. Roberts too exclusively as a writer of journalistic fiction and ignores him as an imaginative artist. It puts on one side his novels of Bohemian life—In Low Relief, Immortal Youth, and Lady Anne—derived from his experiences of Chelsea, Fulham and Cornwall. It overlooks his two remarkable biographies, The Private Life of Henry Maitland, and W. H. Hudson: a Note, and it takes no account whatever of a quartette of novels—A Question of Instinct, Rachel Marr, David Bran, and Time and Thomas Waring—in which he has depicted men and women of heroic mould and has given the reader the accumulated fruits of his experience. Two other notable books of his it also disregards: a volume of essays, The Wingless Psyche, 1904, designed to picture the life of an imaginary man of letters and plainly embodying a good deal of its author's own philosophy; and a powerfully realistic study of the labours and pleasures of workers in a British Columbia saw-mill, The Prey of the Strongest, 1906.

Morley Roberts was born in London, December 29, 1857, the son of a superintending inspector of income tax, and was educated at Bedford Grammar School and at Owens College, Manchester. His first book, The Western Avernus, a record of toil and travel among the pioneers of Western North America, was published in 1887, and was followed by four tales which largely justify their melodramatic titles, The Reputation of George Saxon, The Purification of Dolores Silva, The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith, and The Courage of Pauline. The Colossus, which is said to have been modelled on the career of Cecil Rhodes, appeared in 1899 and attracted considerable attention; while its immediate predecessors and successors include a dozen or more stories of life on sailing ship or steamer. It was not, however, until 1903, when Rachel Marr was issued, that Morley Roberts can be said to have put his name to a work which is really idiomatic. His second Cornish novel, David Bran, another bid for fame, came out five years later. And in 1912 he gave to the world, in The Private Life of Henry Maitland, under the thinnest of disguises the full story of George Gissing's unhappy life, a memoir unparalleled in English literature for its abounding sympathy and devastating candour. In 1914 he produced the most sombre and acquiescent of all his works—Time and Thomas Waring—a clinical study of pain staged in the operating theatre and in the nursing home.

For all Mr. Roberts's more discriminating admirers, Rachel Marr will remain his representative work. Its author has too robust, too masculine and too uncompromising a personality to be much of a pet of the log-rollers. Moreover, he has walked too much alone and has repeated himself too seldom to make much impression on the average British book-reviewer. His first Cornish romance accordingly was not on its first publication greeted by the press with anything like a universal shout of acclamation, yet the fine work which Mr. Roberts had put into it was at once recognized by some of his most distinguished fellow craftsmen, and viewed in the perspective of the years that have passed since is seen to be 'a tragedy in the highest sense.' Many of Morley Roberts's books, including Rachel Marr, are published by Eveleigh Nash and Grayson.

Hoppé

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MORLEY ROBERTS

RACHEL MARR

A Study by Lewis Bettany

I—How Rachel, Naiad and Dryad, succoured Mary

RACHEL MARR appeared in 1903 and met with a rather uncertain reception. Time's revenges came however in 1925, when the novel was re-published for the benefit of a later generation. It was again submitted to critical opinion, which on this occasion was prompt to recognize that it was confronted by a master-study of elemental passions. Even that small and perhaps too fastidious minority, which found the accent of the hero's more emotional monologues occasionally unauthentic, which quarrelled with the pattern of the prose harmonies as now and then too mannered and too elaborate, and which complained that the atmosphere of Pantheism with which the book is permeated is too industriously introduced, was the first to recognize that the analysis of character and mood, the descriptions of woodland, sky and sea, the ruminations on seasons human and terrestrial, and the comments of the chorus (or rather *raisonneur*)—the drunken ex-preacher Steve Penrose—on men and women's aspirations, futilities and self torturings, were elements of a work nobly planned and nobly executed and constituted separable but organic parts of

> A hymn divine of high and passionate love
> To its own music chanted.

Morley Roberts's *magnum opus*, a tale of life in a Cornish fishing village, is the story of the reactions of Rachel Marr, last of a line of small landowners, to the personalities of two brothers whose family have been farmers on her estate, Anthony Perran, who still holds land from her, and John Perran, who has returned to Cornwall with a fortune made in America. Rachel, nominally a Roman Catholic, is pagan and passion-swayed like her mother, but virginal. Anthony, Methodist and ascetic, believes in crucifying the flesh. John, joyous, laughter-loving and loose-living, takes days and women as he finds them. Both men however are shaken wholly out of themselves by a passion for Rachel, a passion which, as the narrative shows, neither is able to gratify or to subdue.

The opening scene takes place on a summer midnight when Anthony, riding home accompanied by Sigurd his great Dane, comes upon Rachel swimming in the sea. "Would you do anything for me if I asked you?" she questions. "Aye, anything that was right," he answers. "If I liked you," she replied, "and I don't to-night, I'd do anything that you wanted, and I wouldn't crawl about trying to find out whether it was right or not. I'd do it and confess afterwards—if I had to!"

That Rachel was guided by no conventional patterns of propriety she showed the following day when, reclining on the pine needles in her favourite wood, she heard a woman sobbing, who turned out to be her old playfellow Mary, the daughter of William Jose, the village blacksmith. The girl had returned home from Plymouth unmarried, but a mother; and she was weeping because she feared that she and her baby boy would get but a hostile reception from her stern old father. Rachel, who loved all children, comforted her and dandled her baby; and in return learnt things which gave her a knowledge of her own strong instincts. But when she had conducted Mary and her baby to the blacksmith's shop and had taken part in a

violent scene in which old Jose had taken his daughter by the throat to choke out of her the name of her lover, she decided to give Mary shelter in her own home at Morna House.

Anthony again asked the inexperienced seventeen-year-old girl "if it was right." But Martha, Rachel's old nurse, gave her grumbling assent to the proposal; while Rachel's mother, who scarcely ever left her bedroom, gave her indifferent consent, merely muttering "Poor fool!" Martha, however, soon saw that complications would arise out of the business; for she recognized in the eyes of Mary's baby the unmistakable blue eyes of John Perran. She told Rachel therefore that John was the father of the child and she warned Anthony that she had long had a mind to set Rachel against the Perrans.

When Anthony asked "Why, woman, why?" she told him that he was stubborn in his faith and "would never marry a Papist" and that "if Miss Rachel ever loved anyone, 'twould be terrible hard upon her, for her soul would be in it." To this solicitation Anthony made no reply. Despite his remembrance of the glowing vision she made swimming in the sea Rachel appeared to him a mere girl, a child. She surrendered her soul to a priest, and if they married there would be disputes about the religion of the children. Moreover he had pledged his word to Winnie, his cousin. Riding home he met Rachel's confessor, Father Brant, and Steve Penrose, the relapsed preacher. To the latter, 'obviously advanced in liquor and most remarkably cheerful,' he remarked "If I had my way I'd have you flogged."

"Bless your soul, sir," said Steve, "I've stopped whipping myself. But the whip's for you, sir; 'tis you uses it on yourself. And a lot you gain. There's more of the sad priest in you than in his reverence here."

Meantime Rachel, in a mood of curiosity, sought out again the spiteful, lecherous, 'whey-faced' Winnie who, speaking of Anthony, declared "I believe you are in love with him yourself."

II—How Rachel Came into Her Inheritance

"WHAT's Miss Rachel's mother but a walking ghost callin' on ghosts?" Martha had exclaimed to Anthony Perran when, as Rachel's real mother, she had besought him to let the girl alone. The old servant was right; and her mistress, who had kept and paced her room so many years, talking to herself, calling out to her Antonio, refusing to see either priest or doctor, and addressing scarce a word to the daughter she could not love, was now approaching the kingdom of the shades.

Mary Tregilgas had married Richard Marr, a Londoner, a painter of the sea, and an alien from religion like her father. But her daughter Rachel was the child, as Father Brant knew, not of Richard Marr, but of a Roman Catholic priest called Antonio who had met and loved Mary at Naples and who, having eventually repented of his sin, had been sent by his superiors to labour in South America, whence he had sent her as his sole message an old ivory crucifix sheathing a dagger inscribed with the legend *Non venio pacem mittere sed gladium.* Rachel could remember the time at Naples—when her mother clad herself in scarlet and gold. But now for years she had worn nothing but black and kept the crucifix always hidden in her bosom; repenting of her sin but unrepentant, and content, like Bardolph, to be with the man she loved 'either in Heaven or in Hell.' Of late her pacing of her room had grown more incessant and had been prolonged into the night; while her outcries had become more vehement and more continuous.

She gave up the ghost, as was but fitting, on a night when a storm of thunder, lightning and rain burst upon the land. As a sign that she cast out God she threw the crucifix into the garden. But Rachel recovered it and Martha persuaded her to take it back. She then locked herself into her bedroom, arrayed herself once more in scarlet, lighted candles at the head and foot of the bed, and took her life by opening the veins of her arm with the dagger in the crucifix.

In this grisly and terrible scene, a scene enacted behind closed doors which its fascinated and horrified spectators are powerless to break open, Morley Roberts sounds a note of stark intensity almost without parallel in modern fiction.

III—Why Anthony, Loving Rachel, married Winnie

It was not until fourteen months after Mrs. Marr's death that William Jose learnt—by mere accident—that John Perran was the father of his daughter's child. And about the same time Anthony Perran, beginning to desire Rachel and thinking all desires and affections equally evil, deliberately and formally engaged himself to Winnie and bestowed his dog Sigurd upon Rachel. And one night, as Rachel lay sleeping in the pine wood and dreaming that children were born to her of whom Anthony was the father, Sigurd who months before had found her swimming in the sea again directed Anthony to her. But though he recognized her mood he would not yield to it. Two months later indeed he took Winnie for his wife, who on her wedding-eve was told by her befuddled father, John Perran's sometime boon companion, that she was marrying within the table of prohibited degrees. Something to the same effect was whispered to the bride as she was returning from the marriage ceremony by old Steve Penrose; but though his boldness cost him a bleeding mouth he seemed to think it worth while.

Bitter of mood Rachel attended by Sigurd ventured out into the storm that raged on the wedding-eve and sheltering herself and her dog in a hollow cave near Pentowan House, where Anthony lived, stopped there till long past midnight. On the wedding-day, after seeing the wedded pair, she unlocked her grandfather's dusty library and spent several hours there, strangely ignorant as she was of books. In the evening she returned there and despite Martha's entreaties read till dawn; about which time Anthony Perran rose gladly from his bridal couch and went among his cattle. Several months later, when it was said that Winnie was to become a mother, Martha intercepted Anthony, who confessed to her that he had loved Rachel and to himself that he still loved her.

Martha laughed even as the tears ran down her face. "And this (she said) is a man, oh, and a fine man; and he lets the thoughts of a girl on things the world is in division about keep him from his love. . . . Take this thought home and live with it, that her heart's a woman's, and that her religion was no more to her than it is to most of us women, something to hold till the man comes, as a child plays with dolls till nature gives her a babe to suckle."

About the same time Rachel, who had a kindly feeling for Steve Penrose, learnt from him that John Perran was returning to Morna. She accordingly sought out the blacksmith, who still completely ignored his daughter, and tried to obtain from him a promise that he would take no vengeance on her betrayer. But, since all that the old man would promise was that he would not seek out John and since she herself knew that John would make no smallest effort to avoid Jose, she told Anthony plainly how matters stood. Moreover in a final effort to avert catastrophe, when she heard that John had actually arrived in the village and was stopping with George Perran his uncle, she sent Steve Penrose to warn him of his danger. But John took the matter quite calmly, invited Steve to drink with him, and cheerfully announced his intention to see Jose, Mary, and if possible Rachel Marr.

And Rachel made these efforts on behalf of others, though her own soul was in deep water. She had now finally refused to confess to or to pray with Father Brant. Moreover, she had had another bitter interview with Winnie who, having boasted that she and Anthony laughed in bed at her of nights for her love-sickness and that she was about to bear a child to Anthony, received from Rachel the ominous sentence "It may never be born."

IV—How Anthony and John Quarrelled Over Rachel

John Perran soon saw Mary, who called him 'Sir,' having never called him 'Jack,' and brought down her baby for him to see. But, though he undertook to look after the boy, he never promised to marry the mother; and Mary recognized that he loved her no more. John, in fact, had previously seen Rachel, and her beauty had set him aflame. In two or three broken sentences he contrived to tell her what he thought of Winnie, what he thought of himself, and what he thought of her.

For a time Rachel was a little troubled by his words; for John was as sunshine to Anthony's shadow. Besides she could not help thinking that 'her strength could raise John to her own level far easier that she could draw back Anthony to the dear and usual earth.' Soon, however, she was more troubled by the man's actions; for John bearded Jose at his forge, who threatened to kill him if he went near Mary again, and was only kept back from making an immediate assault upon him by Rachel's entreaty. At his dire peril John remained in Morna, remained because he wanted to be near Rachel, to gain her respect and to win her smile. And in a foolish impulse Steve Penrose encouraged him, admitting that Rachel loved Anthony, but yet, advising John 'to make up' to her:

"She loves him, and it's folly; and he's married to one we know of, and that finishes him. But you, sir, are free, and are like him as two peas, save that you are more the kind that women love, being blithe and bright. . . . All I want is to see Miss Rachel happy; for I love her a deal more than my own daughters."

The result was that John came lurking around Morna House of nights, hoping to get a glimpse of Rachel, and that old Jose, thinking he sought to keep a midnight assignation with Mary, kept watch, too, and finding him there one evening felled him to the ground with his hammer, fracturing the base of his skull.

In this eerie night-piece, which shows three women, Martha, Mary and Rachel, listening intently inside the house to mysterious movements in the darkness of the garden, while the rain pours down and Sigurd rattles his chain and barks, the author plays on the nerves of apprehension and fear with quite a Maeterlinckean art. Thereby, too, he conducts his story appreciably nearer to its dénouement; for he is now enabled to lodge the wounded John in Rachel's house and so to afford Anthony easy access to her.

Of such access Anthony took advantage to make open love to Rachel, who, in the heart-breaking scene that followed, 'offered him more than words.' And she, gazing down one day on John as he lay in bed 'the exact and awful image of his dearer brother,' bent and kissed him on the brow, not unseen of Mary, who straightway hated her bitterly. John, too, was no longer himself, but ached for Rachel. So before he was quite out of danger he fled from Morna House, fearing lest he might commit some mad folly, and went to live with George Perran again. And soon afterwards the two brothers met and John confessed his own love for Rachel and his knowledge of Anthony's love for her. 'But, if she's yours,' he cried, 'or if she will be, I'll go.' But the voice of Anthony was terrible and he laughed as he declared:

"Her heart's mine, you fool. Take her if you can. She'll be sorry for you; but not I. Get out of my sight, or I shall forget you are maimed and a madman and my brother."

V—Winnie's Plot and How it was Foiled

And now Winnie, who had hitherto been passive, began to take an active part in what had now developed into a quadrilateral entanglement, aided unwittingly by John Perran. He, who bore no malice and would give no evidence against old Jose, thereby securing his speedy release from imprisonment, went to see her in Anthony's absence, thinking to sift her. But she sifted him, who was no longer his own man for good and evil, and told him that Rachel had been fond of him when a young girl and had kissed him as he lay a sick man at her house. So John declared his love to Rachel, asserted that he knew she loved him, and was dismissed by her in indignation which turned all too soon to pity. She was restless now; but she had one moment of happiness when, with Anthony for company, she went across the bay to the river in Sam Burt's boat and narrowly escaped from drowning in her lover's arms.

Winnie meantime was contriving a great plot against her. Playing on Mary's jealousy and on John's infatuation—for she had half convinced him that she wished for his happiness—she persuaded the woman to hand over Sigurd to her custody and to carve John's name on the pine tree beneath which Rachel was wont to recline, and she plied the man with neat brandy and undiluted lies till he was ready to believe that Rachel

had acted like love-sick Orlando, and would be only too glad to keep a midnight tryst with him in the wood. The hideous plot might have succeeded had not Winnie, resenting the growls of the chained-up dog, lashed him so unmercifully that he broke loose, threw her violently to the ground, and nearly got Anthony by the throat. Bleeding as he was from the lashes of the whip and from the prongs of the hayfork with which one of the farm servants had attacked him, Sigurd raced off home, arriving at the wood just in the nick of time to hurl John Perran to the ground and to save Rachel from dishonour.

It is a thrilling scene; though it must be confessed that Winnie's wickedness smacks too much of the villainy of the Webster and Tourneur school of dramatists to be quite credible. Sigurd's appearance too as *deus ex machina* is undeniably a device borrowed from melodrama. It must be remembered however that the frustrated rape is a difficult business for the novelist to tackle. Here Morley Roberts deals with the situation with at least dignity and a fine reticence; while he metes out poetic justice to Winnie by condemning her to give birth to a still-born child.

Henceforward the story moves rapidly to its conclusion. To free Anthony, John made love to Winnie and asked her to elope with him; but finding she detected his loathing of her he denounced her as 'liar' and 'harlot' and left her. In revenge Winnie told her husband that John and Rachel had had a meeting in the pine wood, and that John had just bade her tell him that he was welcome now to someone, if he'd take her. Quite beside himself, Anthony rushed off to Morna House, where he and Rachel put together some of the elements of Winnie's plot, those that were missing being extracted by Rachel from Mary after Anthony had left the house, vowing to slay his brother. To avert such fratricide, Rachel sent Mary to George Perran's house to warn John of his danger; but John returned to Morna House resolved to meet his brother, and only with great difficulty did Rachel persuade him to leave.

While Anthony, armed with his gun, was riding through the wood in search of him, the two distraught women, Rachel and Martha, unburdened their hearts to one another, the younger telling the whole story of her love for Anthony, the elder confessing that she had had a lover who perished at sea, leaving her a baby who had died when only three months old. A little later the rattle of wheels was heard outside the house and John's voice roaring out a song. In he came, the merry wooer, and before Rachel and Martha were able fully to comprehend things, he had got Mary out of bed and dressed, had forced her on her knees to beg for forgiveness of Rachel, and had carried her and her baby off in his horse and trap. And no sooner had the sound of the wheels died away than Anthony came back quite cured of his madness.

Rachel then told him the whole story of the plot, and besought him in the most moving fashion to leave his wife and to go off with her. But he would not; wherefore Rachel polished the blade of the crucifix until it was exceeding bright. Some weeks later in the summer old Steve mustered up courage to make the same appeal which she had made and was refused by Anthony, who went a little later to Morna House at night and begged Rachel to wait until the summer was ended. And when that season came they met one evening and talked and kept watch until the dawn. And this is how they found surcease of their agony:

"I'm happy, Anthony."

"Is that the dawn?"

"It comes, dear, but not yet. Are you happy, my belovèd?"

"If I could die so."

She bent over and kissed him tenderly; and in the faint light of the growing dawn, which put the great stars out one by one, her face was sweet and wonderful and as strong as death.

She reached out her hand and took the crucifix.

But, though her story ends in frustration and defeat, Rachel Marr herself is surely destined to immortality. Already she seems to have joined that great-hearted and high-souled company in which are numbered heroines so noble as Richardson's Clarissa, George Eliot's Romola, Meredith's Emilia and Hardy's Tess.

QUINTILIAN

THE INSTITUTES OF ORATORY

WHEN he was about fifty years of age, Quintilian retired from his high position as teacher of rhetoric to compose his Institutio Oratoria (The Institutes of Oratory). This great work represents the fruit of some twenty years' experience, not only as professor of rhetoric but also as a practical pleader in the courts, and has a two-fold importance as constituting a business-like manual of education and a text-book of literary criticism. The more technical portion of the work, which deals with the actual practice of public speaking, has now comparatively little interest, but the parts which relate to general education are of great interest and importance. The passages in which Quintilian reviews ancient literature are also justly celebrated, his literary judgements being remarkably sound and wide. Besides the Institutio Oratoria, over a hundred Declamations have been ascribed to Quintilian, but the authorship of many of these is doubtful. A translation of The Institute of Oratory is published in two volumes of Bohn's Library. The following epitome has been made from the Latin text.

I—Early Education of the Orator

SINCE I deem nothing foreign to the art of oratory, without which it must be acknowledged that an orator cannot be made, I shall not decline to stoop to those smaller matters, the neglect of which leaves no room for greater. I shall therefore begin by regulating education from infancy, just as if the orator were entrusted to me to be brought up.

As soon as his boy is born, a father should entertain the highest expectations regarding him; he will thus become the more careful about his training from the outset. Before all things, the talk of the child's nurses must not be faulty. Doubtless even a prior matter for attention is their moral character, but let them also speak correctly. It is they whom the child will hear first; it is their words that he will try to form by imitation; and we are all by nature most tenacious of what we have taken in during our raw years, just as the flavour with which you scent new vessels lasts. In parents there should be as much culture as possible.

Some have thought that boys under the age of seven should not be instructed in reading. Those, however, give sounder advice who will have no period of life exempt from tuition. Why should not an age which is subject to moral influence be under the influence of learning also? But let such instruction be an amusement; let the child be questioned and praised; let him never feel pleased that he has not done a thing right; and at times, if he is unwilling to learn, let another be taught, to stir his emulation.

When the child shall have begun to write words, it will be satisfactory to see that he may not waste his efforts on common words of constant occurrence; for he may be learning all the time the meaning of more difficult language. It is possible for the child to learn the sayings of eminent men and choice passages, especially from the poets; for learning poetry is more pleasing to the young. In the case of the boy who has attained facility in reading and writing, the next point is instruction from a grammarian. The subject of grammar, falling as it does into two parts, correct speaking and illustration of the poets, contains more within it than it promises on the surface. For the theory of writing is bound up with that of speaking, and correct reading is involved in illustration. With all these criticism is conjoined. Nor is it enough to have read poets only. Every class of writer must be examined, not simply for information, but for words which get their force from authors.

Reading aloud has now to be considered. How a pupil may know where he ought to take a breath, at what point to divide a verse, where the sense closes, where it

begins, when the voice is to be raised or lowered, what is to be uttered with a particular inflection of sound, or what with greater slowness or rapidity, what with greater energy or gentleness—all this cannot be taught except in actual practice. There is but a single rule, therefore, which I should lay down at this point: in order that the boy may do all this with success, let him understand what he reads.

Let his way of reading, however, be above all, manly, combining seriousness with something of sweetness. Poetry should not be read like prose; for it is verse, and poets claim that they sing. Yet the reading must not degenerate into sing-song, or be made affected by artificial modulation of the voice.

As to the subjects for reading, pains must be taken that tender minds, which will the more deeply draw in whatever has entered them when untrained and ignorant, may learn not only what is eloquent, but, more still, what is morally good. It has accordingly been an excellent custom that reading should begin with Homer and Virgil, although to understand their merits there is need of maturer judgement.

These observations I have made as briefly as possible, not attempting to cover everything, which would be an endless work, but simply dealing with essentials. I shall now add a few observations about the other studies in which I consider boys should be trained before being committed to the professor of rhetoric.

Of what use is it, say some, for pleading a case or pronouncing an opinion, to know how equilateral triangles may be constructed on a given line? To these objectors I reply that it is not such an orator as is, or has been, that is being trained by us, but that we have conceived in our mind an idea of the perfect orator, one deficient in no direction. It is not the teacher of geometry or of music, or the other pursuits which I shall add to these, that will make the perfect orator—who ought also to be a wise man—yet these accomplishments will contribute to his perfection.

Some time is likewise to be devoted to an actor; at least, so far as the future orator covets skill in delivery. The instructor will be careful that final syllables are not slurred over; that when there is need for raising the voice, the effort be one of the lungs, not of the head; and that gesture suit the voice, and facial expression the gesture.

II—The Training Under a Professor of Rhetoric

A PREVAILING custom has ruled it that pupils are sent to professors of eloquence at a later age than reason demands.

We inquire when a pupil may be thought ripe for learning what rhetoric inculcates. To avoid a prolonged discussion, I hold that the question, 'When should a boy be sent to the teacher of rhetoric?' is best decided by the answer, 'When he shall be qualified.'

If the rhetorician does not shrink from the earliest duties of his profession, his care is wanted even from the time when the pupil starts narrations and his little essays in eulogy and invective. Surely we are aware that it was a sort of exercise among the ancients, adapted to progress in eloquence, for pupils to speak on 'theses' (declamations on general questions), on 'commonplaces,' and other themes (not involving particular circumstances or persons), on which disputes, both real and imaginary, depend. All these exercises relate to the sort of case pleaded in courts of justice. Hence, such weapons are in some measure to be made ready for use when occasion calls.

I shall now proceed to state what I consider the first duties of rhetoricians in instructing pupils. Of 'narrations' there are three kinds—the 'fable,' or mythological plot involved in tragedies and epics; the 'argument,' which comedies represent, and which, though fictitious, resembles reality; and 'history,' in which is contained a relation of facts.

Since we have assigned poetic narratives to the grammarians, the start under the rhetorician must be made with the historical exercise. It has the more substance in that it has more truth. The best method of narrating can be shown in the judicial part of pleading. Meanwhile it is enough to declare that it ought not to be absolutely dry and jejune, nor again

ought it to revel with far-fetched descriptions. Yet, if there be something of extravagance in a young pupil, it would not displease me. Hence springs the promise of strength. The remedy of exuberance is easy; barrenness is not mastered by any toil.

To narrations is added, not without profit, the task of refuting or confirming them. The pupil will then proceed by degrees to higher exercises, such as eulogies on eminent men and censure of the infamous. Next follows the exercise in comparison—which of two historical characters is the better or the worse?

To point out the beauties of authors and, if it so befall, their blemishes, is eminently appropriate to the profession of master of eloquence. The professor, after calling for silence, should appoint one student to read a selected speech, so that practice may be had in enunciation; and then, after explaining the cause for which the speech was composed, he should leave nothing unnoticed which is important to be observed either in thought or language.

He should comment on the method employed in the exordium for conciliating the judge, on clearness, brevity and sincerity of statement; on design in some passages and hidden artifice (for in pleading the true art is that which takes an artist-pleader to divine); he should observe how much skill lies in the arrangement; how subtle and close the argument is; what vigour of animation or amenity of tenderness; how much severity in invective, or urbanity in jest; in fine, how the speaker controls the feelings, breaks into the heart, and makes the judge's opinions coincide with his own assertions.

III—Rhetoric and Its Divisions

In defining the art, I shall put forward not what I invent, but what I approve of in other authorities—that is to say, the following: 'Rhetoric is the science of speaking well.' When the best definition has been found, the man who seeks for another must want a worse one. Arts are theoretic, or practical, or creative; rhetoric has characteristics of all three, but is mainly practical.

The whole art of oratory, in accordance with the teaching of most and of the greatest authorities, consists of five parts: Invention (of material); arrangement (of the divisions of a speech); expression (or style); memory; and delivery (or action).

The Panegyric, or Laudatory Speech

Roman custom has given panegyric a practical function in civil transactions; for funeral orations are frequently attached to some public duty, and are frequently entrusted to magistrates by a decree of the senate; and to commend or blame a witness may influence a judicial decision; while it is likewise lawful to produce eulogists in favour of an accused person. Yet I do not deny that some discourses of this class have been composed solely for ostentatious effect, such as those in praise of the gods and of heroes of past history.

Deliberative Oratory

Deliberative oratory, or *suasoria*, has two aims—to persuade and to dissuade. An exordium, such as is the rule in judicial pleadings, does not need uniformity, because whoever asks an orator's advice is already well disposed to listen. Still, the beginning ought to bear some resemblance to an exordium, for one should not start abruptly, or with any point one fancies, because there is in every subject something or other naturally first. Even when we do adopt an exordium, we ought to content ourselves with a brief one. In deliberative addresses to a popular audience a statement of circumstances in their order is often indispensable.

But deliberative oratory involves appeals to feeling more than any other eloquence, for indignation is frequently to be aroused or soothed; and minds have to be stirred to fear, desire, hatred, good will.

Most Greek rhetoricians have restricted this kind of oratory to matters of government and politics. My feeling is that there is greater variety in this field.

Judicial Oratory

Judicial oratory is particularly complex, but involves the two objects of legal attack and defence. Its divisions, as

most authorities hold, are five—exordium, statement of facts, proof (of our contentions), refutation (or rebuttal of our opponent's allegations), and peroration.

When it is found what kind of judicial issue a given case involves, then we shall see clearly (1) whether an alleged act is to be denied; (2) whether it is to be defended; (3) whether it is to be styled by a different name from that in the indictment; (4) whether exception is to be taken to the relevancy. On these points depend the 'status' of a case, and the line of defence can then be settled. A single case may involve several different questions and points of judgement; but, in brief, the ground or substance of the case is indicated by the strongest line of argument in the defence and by the most important matter submitted for decision.

An *exordium* has no other object but to prepare a hearer to listen more deferentially to us in the subsequent portions of our speech. This object is achieved principally by three means, namely, securing good will, attention, and the wish for further information. We must avoid a contumelious, malignant, overbearing and libellous tone towards any individual or rank, especially such as cannot be attacked without exciting an unfavourable feeling in the judges. Very often an exordium will commend itself from a certain moderation in thoughts, style and tone of a speaker.

The method of a good *narration* or *statement of facts* is that it be clear, brief and credible. These are the three means of securing that the listener shall understand, shall remember and shall believe what we say. The statement will be clear if it is conveyed in appropriate and intelligible words, not mean, not far-fetched, nor at variance with common usage, and if it is lucid in its account of circumstances, persons, dates, places and motives. Brevity I make consist not in saying less but in not saying more than is necessary. As to credibility, we shall secure it if we consult our judgement so as to advance nothing contrary to nature.

There is no case to which *proof* is not an essential. Proofs have been divided into 'unartificial' and 'artificial.' The former species of proofs—legal precedents, public opinion, evidence extracted by torture, written documents, oaths, witnesses—though devoid of art in themselves, yet need very often to be confirmed or rebutted with the utmost force of eloquence. The other sort of proof depends entirely on artistic skill, and consists in matters calculated to win belief. All this 'artificial' proof depends on one of three sets of particulars set forth by the orator, namely, indications or arguments or examples.

Refutation involves in general only the milder appeals to feeling. It is, however, a more difficult thing to defend than to accuse, just as it is easier to inflict wounds than to cure them. In refuting we must consider when to attack the opponent's arguments in the mass, when in detail. Charges and contentions may be ingeniously repeated in such a way as to weaken them, and it will be for a skilful speaker to find in his adversary's argument discrepancies and contradictions.

A *peroration* has two aspects, according as it concerns the substance of the speech or appeals to the emotions. Of these, the repetition, or recapitulation, is intended to refresh the memory, to bring the whole subject under view at once, and produce a cumulative effect through arguments which, taken separately, had less weight. As to addresses to the feelings, though they are admissible in other parts of a speech, still it is in the peroration, if anywhere, that we are free to open the flood-gates of eloquence. For if we have treated the rest successfully we shall now hold the attention of our hearers and we may employ language and sentiments characterised by magnificence and beauty.

IV—Of Style

DIFFICULT portions of our work are still to come, in which we handle style and delivery. Perfection in oratory implies acquaintance with all the details laid down; and yet it has happened that some of the most painstaking authors of manuals have themselves been very far away from eloquence. Mere attention to words is not enough, for real style is not a matter of showiness. Solicitude over

QUINTILIAN (c. A.D. 36-95), whose full name was Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, was born at Calagurris in Spain. After being educated in Rome he returned to Spain as a teacher of oratory. From 61 to 68 he was in the retinue of the future emperor Galba, with whom he returned to Rome in 68. For many years after the accession of Galba he was head of the foremost school of oratory in Rome, among his pupils being the younger Pliny and the two grand-nephews of Domitian. Vespasian created for him a chair of rhetoric, and as a mark of imperial favour he was invested with the titular rank of consul.

verbal niceties quenches the ardour of imagination. But no appropriate word will be lost by the man who shall first of all have learnt the principles of eloquence, and by prolonged and judicious reading shall have acquired a plentiful stock of words, and shall have applied to this skill in arrangement; and who, further, shall have strengthened the whole by abundant practice, so that all is constantly at hand and before his eyes. When our words are sound Latin, significant, elegant and fittingly arranged, why should we labour for anything more?

To attain correctness and perspicuity is but to have avoided faults; the aim at embellishment of style is something positive. Embellishment is the way to win applause. But, also, adornment of style contributes in no small degree to the success of a case. Ornament, however, should be manly, noble and chaste, radiant as it were with healthy vigour.

Merits are imparted to style by vivid description. In this gift of the graphic, as elsewhere, Cicero is eminent. Here let us look on nature, and copy her.

The orator's similes should really illuminate the subject to which they are applied. There are, besides, many different modes of intensifying the effect of language. There are various forms of 'amplification,' the introduction of striking sentiments, the use of 'tropes,' including metaphor, metonymy, irony, hyperbole.

The use of 'figures' is also similar, for they add force to our thoughts, and confer grace on them. A 'figure,' as is plain from the term itself, is a certain form of speech different from the common and obvious mode of expression. By pretty general consent there is a division of figures into those of thought—*e.g.* interrogation, anticipation, doubt, personification, apostrophe; and those of language—*e.g.* repetition, climax, paronomasia, antitheton, or balance.

V—Of Delivery

DELIVERY is by most authorities termed action; but it appears to derive the one name from the voice and the other from gesture. As to the thing itself, it possesses a marvellous power and efficacy in speeches, for it does not so much matter what kind of thoughts we have composed inwardly as it does in what manner they are expressed, since each individual in our audience is moved just as he hears. Language of but moderate quality, if recommended by forcible delivery, will produce a more powerful effect than the most excellent language, if deprived of that advantage.

Delivery in general depends on two factors, voice and gesture, of which the one appeals to the eyes and the other to the ears. Now, good qualities of voice, like those of all other faculties, are heightened by attention and diminished by carelessness. Therefore let the voice not be relaxed by lack of practice, but braced by use.

As to the principles of enunciation, they are precisely identical with those for language. As style ought to be correct, clear, elegant and to the point, so with delivery and pronunciation. How much importance gesture has is manifest enough from the simple reflection that it can signify most things even without words.

BASIL HALL
FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS

THE scientific and literary gifts which Captain Basil Hall manifested while quite young were doubtless inherited from his father, Sir James Hall, the friend and disciple of the great geologist James Hutton, whose geological theories he did much to prove experimentally. Captain Hall published accounts of the voyages he made in 1816 and in 1820–22 separately, shortly after his return from each and, collected and considerably revised, they were published together in 1831–33 under the title Fragments of Voyages and Travels. His writing is always vivid and picturesque and valuable too for its information on such matters as geography and ethnography, for he was a keen and interested observer by no means deficient in scientific training. Captain Hall was a most industrious writer and besides his accounts of voyages and of his travels in various parts of America and Europe he was the author of Schloss-Hainfeld, a semi-romance, and Patchwork, a collection of tales and sketches.

I—To China and Korea

THE embassy to China under Lord Amherst sailed from England on February 9, 1816, in *H.M.S. Alceste*, Captain Murray Maxwell, accompanied by the *General Hewitt*, Indiaman, and the *Lyra*, a ten-gun brig, under my command. On June 5 the *Lyra* sighted Java Head at the mouth of the Straits of Sunda, and then for two days sailed along the south side of that fairy region. Every mile in advance opened up some new range or peak of the great islands of Java or Sumatra, until we anchored in Anjeer Roads. The *Alceste*, with the embassy, arrived on June 9, and three days later the *Lyra* was dispatched in advance, with letters from the ambassador to the English authorities at Canton, apprising them of his approach.

The *Lyra* made the coast of China on July 7, and fell in with the *Discovery*, of the Bombay Marine, on board which was Sir George Staunton, the chief of the factory, and other members of the mission. The *Alceste* having joined us, the squadron sailed for the north of China and entered the Yellow Sea on June 25. Here the *Lyra* was again sent on in advance to communicate with the governors of the province.

So shallow was the Yellow Sea that the brig actually sailed for a time with her keel in the mud. Owing to bad weather there was no communication between the squadron and the shore till August 4, when eight large junks came alongside, bearing two high mandarins and a large present of cattle, stores and tea from the Emperor of China to the squadron. On August 9, the ambassador and suite landed at Ta Coo, and on entering the river Peiho, a salute of three guns was fired from a fort which exactly resembled the castles we see painted on chinaware.

After surveying the Gulf of Lestung and the Gulf of Petchelee, the whole squadron assembled at Che-a-tou Bay, and sailed along the coast of Shantung to the harbour of Oei-hai-io [Weihaiwei], which had probably never before been visited by any European. On landing we were received by the inhabitants with great curiosity and suspicion, but, after establishing confidence, I was permitted to make a survey of the harbour; and when we left, on August 29, we carried with us a very favourable impression of the Chinese character for honesty and hospitality.

Our next object was to visit the coast of Korea, and accordingly we steered east, and saw no land till the morning of September 1. This was a country so completely unknown that it had no place on our charts. Early in the forenoon we found ourselves near a group of three islands, and anchored in a fine bay in the most southern island, but when a party from the squadron landed they were received with looks of distrust and alarm.

We contrived to evade them, and ascended the highest peak in the island, from which we saw a countless number of unexplored islands of all sizes and forms. On September 3 the ships again sailed and, avoiding dangerous coral reefs, we drew in with the mainland. Rounding a projecting point, we discovered a noble bay, where we anchored, but were met with a crowd of natives who hailed us with loud and angry shouts.

A venerable, white-bearded chief came on board, and there being no interpreter we tried to communicate with him by signs, but without result. Next we had recourse to a language pretty well understood all over the world—that of the bottle; and the old chief speedily succumbed under the genial influence of a glass of cherry-brandy. When we landed, however, the populace were threatening; the old chief, with tears in his eyes, indicated that we could not walk inland; and Captain Maxwell having presented him with a Bible, we returned to our ships, and without much regret stood out to sea, from the only point at which we touched on the peninsula of Korea.

II—In Unknown Loo-Choo

Steering south and west, for 200 miles we were sailing, according to the best authorities, considerably in the interior of a country! Another group of islands was discovered, but there we were as inhospitably received as on the mainland. On September 15 we came to the great Loo-Choo Island, and next day found a secure harbour crowded with vessels.

The whole deportment of the people was remarkably gentle and unassuming, though they were possessed of no small share of curiosity and were at first inclined to distrust us. When confidence was established we were permitted to land, and even to warp the ships into the inner harbour in order to repair a heavy leak in the *Alceste* and refit both it and the *Lyra*. We were, however, prohibited from exploring the large city, which the natives called Napakiang; and, during our whole stay, we never saw any women except at some distance and by chance. After interminable reference to a mysterious king, who was said to live in a palace at a great distance, we were allowed to survey the harbour and to walk some distance into the interior. The honesty of the people was remarkable. They had no money, and were ignorant of its use. Trade was done by barter only.

While the *Alceste* was being repaired the *Lyra* was sent on a voyage of discovery round the north and east side of the island. A landlocked harbour was found with a depth of from ten to twenty fathoms where innumerable ships might ride in perfect safety during the most violent tempest. The natives called the harbour Oonting, and we named it Port Melville in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The heir-apparent to the throne paid a visit to the squadron in considerable pomp, and was much interested in all he saw on board ship. Formal festivities were interchanged and presents given and received. For the very large supplies of live-stock, vegetables, fruit, and numerous jars of sackee brought to the squadron, no reward would be accepted by prince or chiefs or people. It was with no small regret that we took leave of these friendly chiefs and people on October 29.

III—An Interview With Napoleon

The *Alceste* and *Lyra* sailed across the Japan Sea and anchored on November 3 at Lintin, an island lying opposite the mouth of the great river flowing past Canton. Here we received despatches from the British factory announcing the unsuccessful issue of the embassy to the Emperor of China and the expected return of Lord Amherst.

After stormy interviews between Captain Maxwell and the Chinese admiral and various mandarins, the former presented an ultimatum that unless we received a free permission before November 11 to enter the river and go to the spot formerly occupied by Lord Macartney's embassy, he would force a passage. This he accordingly did, sailing through a Chinese fleet

of seventeen large man-of-war junks, and bombarding and practically destroying the batteries and forts on shore, with the result that the viceroy and officials thereafter treated Captain Maxwell with great politeness and civility; and Lord Amherst left Canton with still greater pomp and ceremony than he had entered it. He embarked at Wampoa on board the *Alceste*, which for this purpose was anchored at the highest point ever reached by any foreign ship; and the embassy finally quitted China in January 1817.

The *Lyra* was sent to Calcutta with despatches, from whence she sailed *via* Madras round the Cape of Good Hope and anchored at St. Helena on August 11. Having the permission of the admiral of the station, I secured, after some difficulty, an interview with the deposed Emperor Napoleon at Longwood, being introduced to his majesty by Count Bertrand.

BASIL HALL, second son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Haddingtonshire, was born December 31, 1788, and entered the Royal Navy in 1802. He attained the rank of lieutenant in 1808, served in Spanish and East Indian waters, and in 1815, in command of the *Lyra*, accompanied Lord Amherst's embassy to China. Posted captain in 1817 he commanded the *Conway* on the South American station. He returned to England in 1823, and thereafter devoted himself to travel and literary pursuits. Hall's mind gave way in 1842, and he died September 11, 1844.

On entering the room I saw Bonaparte standing before the fire, with his head leaning on his hand and his elbow resting on the chimney-piece. He looked up and came forward two paces, returning my salutation with a careless sort of bow, or nod.

His first question was, "What is your name?" and, upon my answering, he said, "Ah! Hall—I knew your father when I was at the military college at Brienne. I remember him perfectly—he was fond of mathematics; he did not associate much with the younger part of the scholars, but rather with the priests and professors, in another part of the town from that in which we lived. Your father was the first Englishman I ever saw, and I have recollected him all my life on that account."

From the avidity with which he seemed to devour the information I gave him about Loo-Choo, China, and the adjacent countries, it was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his Oriental predilections.

Nothing struck him so much as the Loo-Choo people having no arms. "Point d'armes!" he exclaimed incredulously. "C'est à dire point de canons—ils ont des fusils?"

"Not even muskets," I replied.

"Eh bien donc—des lances, ou, au moins, des arcs et des flêches?"

I told him they had neither one nor the other.

"Ni poignards?" cried he, with increasing vehemence.

"No, none."

"Mais!" said Bonaparte, clenching his fist and raising his voice to a loud pitch, "Mais! sans armes, comment se bat-on?"

I could only reply that, as far as we had been able to discover, they had never had any wars, but remained in a state of internal and external peace.

"No wars!" cried he, with a scornful and incredulous expression, as if the existence of any people under the sun without wars was a monstrous anomaly.

What struck me most during our interview was the brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye. It was impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindliness, than that which played over his features during the interview. We sailed next morning from St. Helena, and reached England in the middle of October 1817.

IV—In the Land of Revolutions

UNDER my command *H.M.S. Conway* sailed from England on August 10, 1820, and after touching at Tenerife, Rio de Janeiro, the River Plate and rounding Cape Horn, reached the Bay of Valparaiso, the principal seaport on the coast of Chile, on December 19. The independence of the South American states had not yet been acknowledged by England; neither had any consuls or accredited political agents been sent out from England.

Both in Valparaiso and in the capital, Santiago, what engrossed the minds of the inhabitants was the progress of the revolution in Peru, the steadfast determination to maintain their own independence, and bitter animosity against their former rulers, the Spaniards.

Previous to my arrival in Chile the successful revolutionary government in that country organized what was known as the Liberating Army, under General San Martin, and it marched to the assistance of the patriot forces in Peru, who had risen against the Spaniards and declared their independence. San Martin's army invested Callao, the seaport of Lima, the capital of Peru, while Lord Cochrane, who had done such brilliant service during the previous two years in securing the independence of Chile, with part of his squadron anchored in the outer roads of Callao, had successfully accomplished, on September 5, the desperate enterprise of cutting out from under the shore batteries the Spanish frigate *Esmiralda*. The loss of the flagship was the death-blow to the Spanish naval force in that quarter of the world.

It was two months afterwards that the *Conway* was ordered to Callao roads, where we anchored on February 5, 1821, and I immediately proceeded to Lima. The Spaniards were cut to the soul by their humiliating reverses. As they were well aware that Lord Cochrane and the greater part of his officers and crew were English, it was to be expected that they should be jealous and distrustful of all Englishmen, however unconnected with the Chileans.

To show my complete neutrality I visited both the present and ex-viceroys, but on February 18 I learnt that two officers of my ship had been arrested at Callao the evening before and were imprisoned in the castle on suspicion of being spies from Lord Cochrane's squadron. A military commission was appointed to take evidence, and in spite of my assurance that the two prisoners—whom I had visited and identified in the castle—were my officers, it was seriously proposed to hang them as spies, but by a small majority of the commission it was agreed to liberate them, and the government recommended that it would be prudent for strange ships to leave the harbour. Accordingly, the *Conway*, full of refugee passengers, sailed for Chile on February 28, and arrived at Valparaiso on March 18.

After making excursions into the interior, I was professionally engaged in conducting experiments with Captain Kater's pendulum, the object of which was to determine the figure of the earth, in recording observations on a comet which remained in sight from April 1 to June 8, and in surveying ports and inlets along the coast, until the *Conway* reached once more Callao roads on June 24. In our absence the patriot campaign in Peru had made considerable progress.

WHEN I went up to Lima I found it in a singular state of agitation and on July 6 the viceroy and the Spanish troops abandoned the city, whereupon the inhabitants expressly invited San Martin and his army to enter the city and restore confidence. This was done on July 12, amidst wonderful scenes of joyful welcome.

On July 28 the ceremony of proclaiming and swearing to the independence of Peru took place in the great square of Lima. From a lofty stage San Martin displayed for the first time the independent flag of Peru. At the same time the general called out, "From this moment Peru is free and independent, by the general wish of the people, and by the justice of her cause, which God defend." Then, waving the flag, he exclaimed, "Viva la Patria! Viva la Libertad! Viva la Independencia!" words which were caught up and repeated

by the multitude, while the bells rang peals and cannon were discharged.

The *Conway* was recalled to Chile by the commander-in-chief, and sent to the southern coast to inquire into the proceedings of a notorious pirate named Benavides, who had captured several British and American whalers and seized their crews. We failed, after many hazardous efforts among the wild Indians for nearly two months, to secure the release of the British and American seamen, who, however, subsequently escaped and arrived safely at Valparaiso; while the pirate Benavides was at a later date captured and executed at Santiago.

On November 14 I received orders to proceed in the *Conway* from Valparaiso towards Lima, and to call by the way at intermediate ports on the coast of Chile and Peru. The object of the cruise was to assist and protect any of his Majesty's trading subjects, and to ascertain the commercial resources of the district.

On arrival at Callao, on December 9, we saw that the flag of Spain had been struck on the castle and forts. I breakfasted with the protector in the palace at Lima, and found the city in tranquillity and the inhabitants happy, as if there had been no revolution. Two days later the *Conway* left the Callao roads, and I never visited the capital of Peru again. We coasted along to the northward, and at Guayaquil the frigate was piloted up the river to the old city, which we found in a ferment. It is the principal port of Quito, and had declared itself independent. All reflecting persons in the town saw that it was utterly impossible to maintain such a position, and we found an election actually going on as to whether the town and district should fall permanently under either Colombia or Peru. The army, consisting of one regiment, declared they would serve under no other flag than that of Bolivar, and were sent to join Bolivar's forces near Quito.

V—The Galapagos, Panamá and Mexico

During the few days we remained at Guayaquil I took the opportunity of making astronomical and magnetic observations and experiments with the pendulum, and then proceeded to the island of Abington, in the Galapagos Archipelago, where an observatory was erected and the pendulum experiments were continued until January 16, 1822, when the *Conway* sailed for Panamá.

We had been led to believe that Panamá was still under the Spaniards, but the Spaniards having withdrawn all their troops to reinforce the royalist army at Quito, the inhabitants could not resist the temptation of imitating the example of the surrounding states. They deliberately hauled down the flag of Spain, hoisted that of Colombia in its place, proclaimed free trade and let all other things go on as before. Everything in the town showed decay, including the fine public edifices which had been more splendid than even those of Lima, 'the City of the Kings.'

I interviewed the merchants of the place, one of whom had studied particularly the question of cutting a passage across the isthmus with the view of restoring its ancient trade. He had actually examined several of the proposed lines for a canal, and seemed to consider the passage at the narrowest point, which on the map looks so tempting, as by no means the best.

Leaving Panamá on February 4, we touched at the island of Taboga to take in water and, after weathering one of the severest gales I ever encountered, the *Conway* anchored in Acapulco harbour on the western coast of Mexico—the port whence the rich Spanish galleons of former days sailed to spread the wealth of the Western over the Eastern world.

From this port we sailed on March 12 for San Blas and, owing to contrary winds, it cost us sixteen days to make the passage of 500 miles. I determined to visit Tepic, a town in the interior, where the merchants, both English and Spanish, lived, in order to learn the state of commercial intercourse with England, and whether I could in any way contribute to advance the interest of the British trade in that quarter. Tepic is a beautiful town in the midst of a cultivated plain.

I had conferences with the merchants there, and the agents of others at the

capital of New Galicia. The commercial capitalists of this part of Mexico were desirous of opening a direct communication with England; and, in order to do this safely and effectually, they proposed to remit a considerable quantity of specie to London in the *Conway*, for which returns were to be made in English goods. On April 26 permission to do this was received from the government, who perceived the importance of viewing the precious metals as commodities of exchangeable value and of encouraging their production and export.

As the greater part of the treasure was exported in British men-of-war, the jealousy with which we were often regarded by the people was increased; and it was no easy task to show that for every dollar carried out of the country an equivalent value in goods must necessarily come into it—of goods which they stood in need of, in exchange for metals of which they had infinitely more than they wanted.

On May 5 I left Tepic for San Blas in order to be present when the treasure for England should be put on board the *Conway*. While waiting for the remainder of the treasure I took advantage of the leisure to erect an observatory, when Mr. Foster, my assistant, and I repeated the pendulum experiments made at the Galapagos, and made a survey of the harbour and town. On June 15 we sailed from San Blas. After a voyage round Cape Horn of nearly 8,000 miles, we anchored in Rio de Janeiro on September 12, 1822, having been at sea three months without seeing land. The *Conway* returned to England the following year.

Story that Founded a School of Romance

HORACE WALPOLE

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO

ALTHOUGH remembered now almost exclusively by his Letters (see page 503), Horace Walpole holds a permanent place in the history of the English novel in virtue of The Castle of Otranto, which was published in 1764. It was then described as a 'Gothic story translated by William Marshal, Gent. from the original Italian of Onufrio Muralto, canon of the church of St. Nicholas at Otranto.' The appearance of that book heralded the reappearance of romantic prose fiction in England, the inauguration of a school of romance writers who for fifty years afterwards saturated English readers with a copious supply of the supernatural and the horrible. The Castle of Otranto indeed must always be noted as the beginning of the romantic revival that culminated in the masterpieces of Sir Walter Scott. The letter to Monsieur de Beaumont reproduced in page 504 records the diffidence which prompted Walpole to publish the book in the first instance as a translation and explains the intention he had in writing the novel. The success with which the work met was so great that in the second edition Walpole acknowledged himself to be its author. An inexpensive edition of The Castle of Otranto is published by Chatto & Windus.

I—The Helmet

MANFRED, Prince of Otranto, had contracted a marriage for his son Conrad with the Marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Isabella. Young Conrad's birthday was fixed for his espousal, and Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was marked by everyone. His tenants and subjects attributed this haste to the Prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy that *the Castle and lordship of Otranto should pass from the present family whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it.* It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy; yet this mystery did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.

On the wedding-day, when the company was assembled in the chapel of the castle, Conrad himself was missing. Manfred sent an attendant to summon the Prince. In less than a minute the attendant came back breathless, in a frantic manner, and foaming at the mouth. At last, after repeated questions, he cried out, "Oh! the helmet! the helmet!" Manfred and most of the company ran out into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror and surprise.

What a sight for a father's eyes! Manfred beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost buried under an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human being, and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.

The horror of the spectacle, and the tremendous phenomenon before him, took away the Prince's speech. Yet his silence lasted longer than even grief could occasion; and when he spoke, it was observed that his first words were, "Take care of the Lady Isabella."

Manfred then touched and examined the fatal casque, and inquired whether any man knew from whence it could have come? Nobody could give him the least information. At length, however, a young peasant from a neighbouring village observed that the miraculous helmet was exactly like that on the figure in black marble of Alfonso the Good, one of their former princes, in the Church of St. Nicholas.

"Villain!" cried Manfred, in a tempest of rage. "How darest thou utter such treason!"

At this moment there came news from the church that the helmet was missing from Alfonso's statue. Manfred rushed frantically on the young peasant, crying, "Sorcerer! 'tis thou has done this!" Coming to himself, he gravely declared that the young man was a necromancer, and ordered that he should be kept prisoner under the helmet itself till the church should take cognisance of the affair.

Conrad's mother, the Princess Hippolita, had been carried fainting to her apartments, accompanied by her daughter Matilda, who smothered her own grief in order to assist her afflicted parent, and by Isabella. To his wife and daughter Manfred that day paid no attention; but as the ladies sat together sorrowing at night, a servant of Manfred's arrived and told Isabella that his lord demanded to speak with her.

"I sent for you on a matter of great moment," said he. "Isabella, the line of Manfred calls for numerous supports; and since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself."

"Heavens!" cried Isabella. "You, my lord! the husband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita!"

"Name not that woman to me!" said Manfred imperiously. "I shall divorce her. My fate depends on having sons."

He seized the hand of Isabella, who shrieked and started from him. At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung in the apartment, uttered a deep sigh and descended from its panel. Manfred in his distraction released Isabella, who had not seen the portrait's movement, and who made towards the door. The spectre marched sedately, but dejectedly, into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred would have followed, but the door was clapped to with violence, nor could he with all his force reopen it.

As Isabella took flight, she recollected a subterraneous passage, which led from the vaults of the castle to the church of St. Nicholas. She determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins, whose convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this resolution, she seized a lamp that burnt at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage.

The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters, and it was not easy for one under so much anxiety to find the door that opened into the cavern. When in that long labyrinth of darkness a gust of wind extinguished her lamp, words cannot paint the horror of her situation. It gave her a momentary relief to perceive a ray of moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in; but as she advanced, she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

She shrieked, believing it to be the ghost of Conrad. But the figure asked her, in a submissive voice, not to be alarmed. "Sir, whoever you are," she replied, "assist me to escape from this fatal castle."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "what can I do to assist you?"

"Oh!" said Isabella, "help me but to find the trapdoor that is hereabout; it is the greatest service you can do me."

With a little searching they found the trapdoor; the stranger lifted it, and Isabella descended to some stone steps below. The stranger was about to follow, when the voice of Manfred was heard in the distance. "Make haste or we are ruined!" cried Isabella. But the door slipped out of his hands and fell with a crash. Instantly Manfred, who had heard the noise, hastened up, accompanied by servants with torches.

"It must be Isabella escaping by the subterraneous passage," he cried.

What was his astonishment when the light discovered to him the young peasant whom he had thought confined under the helmet.

"Traitor, how camest thou here?" said Manfred.

"I am no traitor," replied the young man, "and that is how I came here."

He pointed upwards, and Manfred perceived that one of the cheeks of the casque had broken through the pavement of the court, as his servants had let it fall over the peasant, and had made a gap through which the young man had escaped.

"And what noise was that which I heard?" asked Manfred.

"Providence led me to the trapdoor," answered the peasant, "but I let it fall."

Manfred removed him to confinement in the castle, and continued his vain search for Isabella.

II—Father Jerome

On the following morning Manfred went to Hippolita's apartment, to inquire if she knew aught of Isabella. While he was questioning her, word was brought that Father Jerome demanded to speak with him. Manfred ordered him to be admitted.

"Is your business with me or the Princess?" asked Manfred.

"With both," replied the holy man. "The lady Isabella——"

"What of her?" interrupted Manfred eagerly.

"Is at St. Nicholas's altar," replied Jerome.

"That is no business of Hippolita," said Manfred with confusion; "let us retire to my chamber."

"No, my lord," said Jerome firmly; "my commission is to both, and in the presence of both I shall deliver it. But first I must interrogate the Princess, whether she is acquainted with the cause of the lady Isabella's flight."

"No, on my soul," said Hippolita.

"Father," interrupted Manfred, "I am the sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priest to interfere in my domestic affairs."

"My lord," said the friar, "I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier Prince than Manfred."

Manfred trembled with rage and shame, but Hippolita intervened. "Holy father," said she, "it is my duty to hear nothing that it pleases not my lord I should hear. Attend the Prince to his chamber; I will retire to my oratory."

"Excellent woman!" said the friar. "My lord, I attend your pleasure."

As soon as they had entered the Prince's apartments, Manfred began. "I perceive that Isabella has acquainted you with my purpose. Now hear my resolve. Reasons of state demand that I should have a son. It is in vain to expect an heir from Hippolita. I have made choice of Isabella, and you must bring her back."

"Prince," replied Jerome, "the injuries of the virtuous Hippolita have mounted to the throne of pity. By me thou art reprimanded for thy intention of repudiating her; by me thou art warned not to pursue thy wicked design on Isabella."

"Father, you mistake me," said the Prince. "You know not the bitterest of my pangs. I have had scruples on the legality of our union; Hippolita is related to me in the fourth degree. It is true, we had a dispensation. But I have been informed that she had been contracted to another. Ease my conscience of this burden by dissolving our marriage."

For some time the holy man remained absorbed in thought. At length, conceiving some hopes from delay, he professed to be struck with the Prince's scruples. Manfred was overjoyed at this apparent change.

"Since we now understand one another," resumed the Prince, "I expect

that you will satisfy me on one point. Who is the youth that I found in the vault? He must have been privy to Isabella's flight. Is he her lover?"

The friar conceived it might not be amiss to sow the seeds of jealousy in Manfred's mind, so that he might be prejudiced against Isabella, or have his attention diverted to a wrong scent. With this unhappy policy, he answered in a manner to confirm Manfred's fears.

"I will fathom to the bottom of this intrigue," cried Manfred in a rage; and, quitting Jerome abruptly, he hastened to the great hall, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him.

The young man, finding that his share in Isabella's flight had been discovered, boldly told the truth of his adventure in the vault.

"And on a silly girl's report," said Manfred, "thou didst hazard my displeasure!"

"I fear no man's displeasure," said the peasant, "when a woman in distress puts herself under my protection."

Matilda was passing through a latticed gallery at the upper end of the hall, when her attention was drawn to the prisoner. The gallantry of his last reply interested her in his favour. His person was noble, handsome and commanding; but his countenance soon engrossed her whole care.

"Heavens!" she said to herself softly, "is he not the exact resemblance of Alfonso's picture?"

"Take him to the courtyard, and sever his head from his body!" was the sentence of Manfred.

Matilda fainted. Father Jerome, horrified at the catastrophe his imprudence had occasioned, begged for the prisoner's life. But the undaunted youth received the sentence with courage and resignation. In the courtyard he knelt down to his prayers. As he stooped, his shirt slipped down below his shoulder and disclosed the mark of a bloody arrow.

"Gracious heavens!" cried Jerome. "it is my child! My Theodore!"

"What may this mean? How can it be thy son?" said Manfred.

"Spare him, good Prince! He is my lawful son, born to me when I was Count of Falconara; Sicily can boast of few houses more ancient—is it possible my lord can refuse a father of the life of his long-lost child?"

"Return to thy convent," answered Manfred after a pause; "conduct the Princess hither; obey me in what else thou knowest; and I promise thee the life of thy son."

"Rather let me die a thousand deaths!" cried Theodore.

Ere Manfred could reply a brazen trumpet, which hung without the gate of the castle, was suddenly sounded.

III—The Knight of the Sword

It was announced that a herald sought to speak with Manfred, who ordered him to be admitted.

"I come," said the herald, "from the renowned and invincible Knight of the Gigantic Sabre. In the name of his lord, Frederic, Marquis of Vicenza, he demands the Lady Isabella, daughter of that Prince whom thou hast basely got into thy power; and he requires thee to resign the principality of Otranto, which thou hast usurped from the said Lord Frederic, the nearest of blood to the last rightful lord, Alfonso the Good. If thou dost not instantly comply with these demands he defies thee to single combat to the death."

Injurious as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his interest to provoke the Marquis. He knew how well founded the claim of Frederic was. Frederic's ancestors had assumed the style of Princes of Otranto; but Manfred's family had been too powerful for the house of Vicenza to dispossess them. Frederic had taken the Cross and gone to the Holy Land, where he was wounded, made prisoner and reported to be dead. Manfred had bribed Isabella's guardians to deliver her up to him as a bride for Conrad, hoping to unite the claims of the two houses.

"Herald," said Manfred, "tell thy master that ere we liquidate our differences with the sword, I would hold converse with him. Bid him welcome to the castle."

In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived. Pages and trumpeters were followed by foot-guards; then came knights with their squires; then an hundred gentlemen bearing an enormous sword, and then the knight himself, in complete armour, his face entirely concealed by his visor.

As the knights entered, the plumes on the enchanted helmet in the courtyard were tempestuously agitated, and nodded thrice. The knight gazed on the casque, dismounted and, kneeling down, seemed to pray inwardly for some minutes.

Manfred, during the feast that followed, discoursed to his guests of his claim to Otranto through the will of Alfonso bequeathing his estates to Don Ricardo, Manfred's grandfather, in consideration of faithful services; and he subtly suggested his plan of uniting the houses by divorcing Hippolita and marrying Isabella. But the knight and his companions would not reveal their countenances and, although they occasionally made gestures of dissent, they hardly ever spoke.

MANFRED'S discourse was interrupted by the news that Isabella had fled from the convent. The knight was not less disturbed at this than Manfred himself and, rushing to the door, summoned his attendants to search for her. Manfred also gave orders that she should be found, hoping to prevent her from falling into the hands of the strangers.

When the company had quitted the castle, Matilda bethought herself of Theodore, who had been placed hastily in confinement. His guards had been by accident included in the general order that had been given by Manfred for the pursuit of Isabella. Matilda stole to his prison and unbolted the door.

"Fly!" she said; "the doors of thy prison are open; and may the angels of heaven direct thy course!"

"Thou art surely one of those angels!" said the enraptured Theodore. "But dost thou not neglect thine own safety in setting me free?"

"Nay," she answered, "I am Manfred's daughter, but no dangers await me."

"Is it possible? Can Manfred's blood feel holy pity?"

"Hasten; I tremble to see thee abide here." Matilda took him to the armoury and equipped him with a complete suit.

"Yonder behind that forest," she said, "is a chain of rocks, hollowed into caverns that reach the sea-coast. Lie concealed there until thou canst make signs to some vessel to take thee off."

Theodore flung himself at her feet, kissed her hand, vowed to get himself knighted, and entreated her permission to swear himself her knight. But Matilda bade him hasten away, and thus made end of an interview in which both had tasted for the first time the passion of love.

When Theodore had reached the caves and was roving amongst them, he heard steps retreating before him. He gave pursuit, and caught a breathless woman who besought him not to deliver her up to Manfred.

"No, Lady Isabella!" cried he. "I have once already delivered thee from his tyranny——"

"Art thou the generous unknown whom I met in the vault?" she interrupted. "Surely thou art my guardian angel."

A cry was heard: "Isabella! What ho, Isabella!" The Knight of the Sword approached, and Theodore bade him advance at his peril. Each took the other for an emissary of Manfred; they rushed upon each other, and after a furious combat the knight was disarmed.

SOME of Manfred's domestics, running up, informed Theodore that the knight was an enemy of Manfred; and Theodore, touched with compunction, helped to staunch his wounds. When the knight recovered his speech, he asked faintly for Isabella. Theodore flew to her, told her of his mistake, and brought her to the knight, who seemed to be dying.

"Isabella," said the knight, struggling for utterance, "thou—seest—thy father!"

"Oh, amazement! Horror!" cried Isabella. "My father!"

"Yes, I am Frederic, thy father. I came to deliver thee; it may not be——"

He could say no more, and he was carried back to the castle, whither Isabella accompanied him, Theodore vowing to protect her from Manfred.

IV—The Prophecy Fulfilled

It was found by the surgeons that none of Frederic's wounds was mortal, and when he was recovering he informed Hippolita of his story. While a prisoner with the infidels he had dreamt that his daughter was in danger of dreadful misfortunes, and that if he repaired to a wood near Joppa he would learn more. On being ransomed he instantly set out for the wood, where he found in a cave a hermit on the point of death, who with his last words bade him dig under the seventh tree on the left of the cave. When Frederic and his attendants dug according to the direction, they found an enormous sabre—the very weapon that was now in the court of the castle—with these lines written on the blade:

> Where'er a casque that suits this sword is found,
> With perils is thy daughter compass'd round;
> Alfonso's blood alone can save the maid,
> And quiet a long restless Prince's shade.

Hearing on his return that Isabella was at Otranto in the hands of Manfred, Frederic had travelled thither, and on arriving had beheld the miraculous casque that fulfilled the lines on the sword-blade.

Manfred, on entering the castle after the search, beheld Theodore in his armour. He started in an agony of terror and amazement.

"Ha!" he cried, "thou dreadful spectre, what are thou?"

"My dearest lord," said Hippolita, clasping him in her arms, "what is it you see?"

"What, is not that Alfonso? Dost thou not see him?"

"This, my lord," said Hippolita, "is Theodore."

"Theodore!" said Manfred, striking his forehead. "But how comes he here?"

"I believe," answered Hippolita, "he went in search of Isabella."

"Isabella!" cried Manfred, relapsing into jealous rage. "Has this youth been brought into my castle to insult me?"

"My lord," said Theodore, "is it insolence to surrender myself thus to your highness's pleasure? Behold my bosom," he continued, laying his sword at Manfred's feet. "Strike, my lord, if you suspect that a disloyal thought is lodged there."

Even Manfred was touched by these words. "Rise," said he, "thy life is not my present purpose."

Manfred now devised a scheme for uniting the two houses by proposing the marriage of Matilda to Frederic, while he himself should divorce Hippolita and marry Isabella. When he broke his purpose to Frederic, that weak Prince, who had been struck with the charms of Matilda, listened but too eagerly to the offer. But he wished to find the disposition of Hippolita in the affair, and sought her apartments. He found them empty; and concluding that she was in her oratory, he passed on. On entering, he saw a person kneeling before the altar; not a woman, but one in a long woollen weed, whose back was towards him.

"Reverend father," said Frederic, "I sought the lady Hippolita."

"Hippolita!" replied a hollow voice; and then the figure, turning slowly round, discovered to Frederic the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapped in a hermit's cowl.

"Angels of grace, protect me!" cried Frederic, recoiling.

"Deserve their protection!" said the spectre. "Remember the wood of Joppa."

"Art thou that holy hermit?" asked Frederic. "What is thy errand to me?"

"Forget Matilda!" said the apparition—and vanished.

For some minutes Frederic remained motionless, his blood frozen in his veins. Then, falling before the altar, he besought the intercession of every saint for pardon.

On that night Matilda, whose passion for Theodore had increased, and who abhorred her father's purpose of marrying her to Frederic, had by chance met her lover as he was kneeling at the tomb of Alfonso in the great church. Manfred was told by the domestic that Theodore and some lady from the castle were in private conference at the tomb. Concluding in his jealousy that the lady was Isabella, he hastened secretly to the church.

The first sounds he could distinguish in the darkness were, "Does it depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union——"

"No, this shall prevent it!" cried the tyrant, plunging his dagger into the bosom of the woman that spoke.

"Inhuman monster!" cried Theodore rushing on him.

"Stop! stop!" cried Matilda, "it is my father!"

Manfred, waking as from a trance, beat his breast and twisted his hands in his locks. Theodore's cries quickly drew some monks to his aid. While part of them endeavoured, in concert with the afflicted Theodore, to stop the blood of the dying princess, the rest prevented Manfred from laying violent hands on himself.

Matilda, resigning herself patiently to her fate, acknowledged with looks of grateful love the zeal of Theodore. Yet, oft as her faintness would permit her speech its way, she begged the assistants to comfort her father. Jerome by this time had reached the church.

"Now, tyrant," he said, turning to Manfred, "behold the completion of woe fulfilled on thy impious head!"

"Cruel man!" cried Matilda, "to aggravate the woes of a parent!"

"Oh, Matilda," said Manfred, "I took thee for Isabella. Oh, canst thou forgive the blindness of my rage?"

"I can, and do," answered Matilda, "and may heaven confirm it!"

Matilda was carried back to the castle; and Hippolita, when she saw the afflicted procession, ran weeping to her daughter, whose hands the agonized Theodore covered with a thousand kisses.

"I would say something more," said Matilda, struggling, "but it may not be. Isabella—Theodore—for my sake—oh!" She expired.

A CLAP of thunder at that instant shook the castle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind. The walls of the castle were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins. "Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso!" said the vision; and having pronounced these words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it ascended solemnly towards heaven, where, the clouds parting asunder, the form of St. Nicholas was seen, and receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory.

The beholders fell prostrate on their faces, acknowledging the Divine will. Manfred at last spoke.

"My story has drawn down these judgements," he said; "let my confession atone. Alfonso died by poison. A fictitious will declared my grandfather Ricardo his heir. Ricardo's crimes have been visited upon my head. St. Nicholas promised him in a dream that his posterity should reign in Otranto until the rightful owner should be grown too large to inhabit the castle, and as long as male descendants of Ricardo should live to enjoy it. Alas! nor male nor female, except myself, remains of all his wretched race! How this young man can be Alfonso's heir, I know not—yet I do not doubt it."

"WHAT remains, it is my part to declare," said Jerome. "When Alfonso was journeying to the Holy Land, he loved and wedded a fair Sicilian maiden. Deeming this incongruous with his holy vow of arms, he concealed their nuptials. During his absence, his wife was delivered of a daughter; and straightway afterwards she heard of her lord's death in the Holy Land and Ricardo's succession. The daughter was married to me. My son Theodore has told me that he was captured and enslaved by corsairs and, on his release, found that my castle was burnt to the ground, and that I was retired into religion, but where no man could inform him. Destitute and friendless, he wandered into this province, where he has supported himself by the labour of his hands."

On the next morning Manfred signed his abdication of the principality, with the approbation of Hippolita, and each took on them the habit of religion. Frederic offered his daughter to the new Prince. But Theodore's grief was too fresh to admit the thought of another love, and it was not until after frequent discourses with Isabella of his dear Matilda that he was persuaded he could know no happiness but in the society of one with whom he could for ever indulge the melancholy that had taken possession of his soul.

ROBERT GREENE

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

BORN about 1560 at Norwich, Robert Greene matriculated at Cambridge, and then travelled abroad, returning to England about 1580, the date of his first publication, Mamillia. Altogether no fewer than twenty-eight separate publications—mainly romances and prose tracts—appeared during his lifetime, ten more being assigned to him after his death, on September 3, 1592. He was one of the founders of English prose fiction, his pastoral Pandosto inspiring Shakespeare's A Winter's Tale. His name is chiefly remembered, however, as that of dramatist, and of the four plays of which he was the indisputable author the most important is The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay. The piece was no doubt suggested by Marlowe's Dr. Faustus but, in spite of this, Greene succeeded in producing a masterpiece of his own. Brimful of genial fun and containing a dramatic love-story, the comedy remains a vivid picture of English life, worthy to rank with The Merry Wives of Windsor. Greene's plays are published by Fisher Unwin in the Mermaid Series.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

King Henry the Third
Edward, Prince of Wales
The Emperor of Germany
The King of Castile
Lacy, Earl of Lincoln
Friar Bacon
Miles, Friar Bacon's poor scholar
Ralph Simnel, the king's fool
Friar Bungay
Jaques Vandermast
Elinor, daughter to the King of Castile
Margaret, the keeper's daughter
A Devil
Spirit, in the shape of Hercules

SCENE I.—*Enter* **King Henry,** *the* **Emperor,** *the* **King of Castile, Elinor** *and* **Vandermast.**

KING HENRY: Welcome, my lords, welcome brave western kings,
Welcome, says English Harry, to you all!
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dared for England's sake cut through the seas
And venture as Agenor's daughter did,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.
King of Castile: England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dared to brook Neptunus' haughty pride
And bide the brunt of forward Aeolus:
Then may fair England welcome her the more.
Emperor: Where is the prince, my lord?
Henry: He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer;
And now we hear he's ridden with his lords
To Oxford, in the academy there,
To hear disputes among the learned men.
Emp.: Ride we and visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learned men your academy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk
To hold dispute with English orators,
A doctor, surnamed Jaques Vandermast,
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules.
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.
Henry: We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our academy brings.
And wondrous Vandermast, welcome to me;
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
Called Friar Bacon, England's only flower.
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter into* **Bacon's** *study at Brazennose, Oxford,* **Friar Bacon** *and* **Prince Edward.**

BACON: Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass perspective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln earl.
Stand there and look directly in the glass.
[*Enter on an upper stage* **Margaret** *and* **Friar Bungay.**
What sees my lord?
Prince Edward: The keeper's lovely lass,
As brightsome as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.
Bacon: Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye.

Margaret : But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true
That this fair, witty, courteous country swain
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire ?
Bungay : Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both do fail.
For he in green that helps you run your cheese
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.
Marg. : Be what he will, his love is but for lust.
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass ?
Bungay : Why, Margaret, dost thou love him ?
Marg. : His wit is quick, and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime :
Courteous, ah, friar, full of pleasing smiles !
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more ;
Suffice to me he's England's paramour.
[*Enter* **Lacy** *disguised as a swain.*

Edw. : Zounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy.
Bacon : Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.

Bungay : Here's Lacy, Margaret ; step aside awhile. [*Retires with* **Margaret.**
Lacy : Daphne, the damsel that caught Phoebus fast,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln earl.
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.
Honour bids thee control Prince Edward's lust ;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
And therefore, Lacy, though thou'rt put in trust,
Thou lovest, and so shouldst not brook such abuse.
Marg. : Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps. [*Comes forward.*
How cheer you, sir ? A penny for your thought.
Lacy : I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.
Marg. : Woo you still for the courtier all in green ?
Lacy : Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him ;
But when mine eyes surveyed your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight dived into my heart
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Marg. : You're very hasty, for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring.
Lacy : Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln earl ;
Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep ?
Marg. : Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself :
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
Lacy : I'll plight the bonds, and seal it with a kiss.

Edw. : Zounds, Bacon, they kiss ! I'll stab them. [glass !
Bacon : Oh, hold your hands, my lord, it is the
Edw. : Choler, to see the traitors 'gree so well
Made me to think the shadows substances.
Bacon : 'Twere a long poniard, prince, to reach between
Oxford and Fressingfield ; but sit still and see more.

Bungay : Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
I'll take my portace forth and wed you here.
Lacy : Friar, content ! Peggy, how like you this ?
Marg : What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.

Bacon : What sees my lord now ?
Edw. : I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there
To wed them both : then am I quite undone.
Help, Bacon ! Prithee, stop the marriage now,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
Bacon : Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar.

Lacy : Why speak'st not, Bungay ? Friar, to thy book. [**Bungay** *is mute.*
Marg. : Reft of thy senses, Bungay ? Show by signs,
If thou be dumb, what passion holdeth thee.
Lacy : He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils enchanted him.

Edw. : Why stands Friar Bungay so amazed ?
Bacon : I've struck him dumb, my lord, and, if you please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straight from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
Edw. : Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.

Lacy : Let's lead the friar to thy father's lodge ;
With broths he may recover from his trance.
Marg. : Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.
[*Enter a* **Devil,** *who carries off* **Bungay** *on his back.*
Look how a devil carries Bungay off !
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.
[*Exit with* **Lacy.**

Edw. : Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass out of mere fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And 'quite these wrongs on Lacy ere't be long.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* **Prince Edward,** *with his poniard in his hand,* **Lacy** *and* **Margaret.**

Prince Edward : Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all thy wiles ;
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield ?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,

And joining hand in hand had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb ?
Lacy : Truth all, my lord ; and thus I make reply.
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men ;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than to be mistress to the Prince of Wales.
Edw. : Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts ?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchainéd fetters of such private friends ?
Margaret : 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry.
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still wooed for the courtier all in green ;
But I, whom fancy made but overfond,
I still bewitched Lord Lacy with my looks ;
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall.
Edw. : I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
Marg. : Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.
Edw. : Villain, prepare thyself ; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.
Lacy : Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom.
Marg. : Spare Lacy, gentle Edward, let me die.
Edw. : Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.
Lacy : I have deserved it, Edward, act it well.
Marg. : What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death ? [Margaret.
Edw. : To end the loves 'twixt him and
Marg. : Why, stab the earl, and 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Edward *(aside)* **:** Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point ?
And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venus down?
Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves ?
Conquering thyself, thou get'st the richest spoil.
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand.
The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy : Humbly I take her of my sovereign.
Marg. : And doth the English prince indeed mean true ?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield a country maid unto Lord Lacy ?
Edw. : I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.
Marg. : Then, Margaret, mild and humble in her thoughts,
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' self, [enshrine
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth
Edward the second secret in her heart.
Edw. : Now that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post
To Oxford ; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife ;
Pray God, I like her as I loved thee.
Besides, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute
'Twixt Friar Bacon and learned Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Enter* **King Henry,** *the* **Emperor,** *the* **King of Castile, Elinor, Vandermast** *and* **Bungay.**

Emperor : Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side,
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learnéd in searching principles of art.
What is thy judgement, Jaques Vandermast ?
Vandermast : That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the woods, and full of pleasant walks ;
But for the doctors, how that they be learned;
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.
Bungay : There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
King Henry : Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
Vand. : Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.
Bungay : I'll show the tree, leaved with refinéd gold,
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watched the garden called Hesperides,
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.
[*Here* **Bungay** *conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.*]
Vand. : Just as Alcmena's bastard razed this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he lived,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat
And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.
[**Hercules** *appears in his lion's skin.*
Pull off the sprigs from off th' Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.
Hercules : *Fiat.* [*Begins to break the branches.*
Vand. : Now, Bungay, if thou canst, by magic, charm
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.
Bungay : I cannot. [charge——
Vand. : Cease, Hercules, until I give thee
Bungay is learned enough to be a friar ;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells
To find a man to match him in his art.
[*Enter* **Bacon.**
Bacon : All hail to this most royal company !
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amazed ?

Vand. : What art thou that question'st thus ?
Bacon : Men call me Bacon.
Vand. : Bacon, wilt thou dispute ?
Bacon : No,
Unless he were more learned than Vandermast ;
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done ?
Vand. : Raised Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.
Bacon : Set Hercules to work.
Vand. : Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task ;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.
Herc. : I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can ?
Emperor : Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome ?
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.
Bacon : I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose ;
And, for this German troubles but the place,
I'll send him to his academy hence.
Thou, Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German into Hapsburg straight,
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him !
[*Exit* **Hercules** *with* **Vandermast** *and the tree.*
Henry : Bacon, thou'st honoured England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art ;
I will be English Harry to thyself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—**Friar Bacon** *is discovered in his cell, lying on a bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him ; and the* **Brazen Head**, *and* **Miles** *with weapons by him.*

BACON : With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecate's principles,
I have framed out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watched these three-score days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest.
Therefore, I charge thee by the immortal God,
This night thou watch ; for ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the earth,
The head will speak : then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me ; for then my magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
[*Falls asleep.*

Miles : So : I thought you would talk yourself to sleep anon. Now, bless me ! what a goodly head it is ! And a nose ! Well, I'm furnished with weapons. (*A great noise.*) Up, Miles, to your task ; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

The Brazen Head : Time is.

Miles : Time is ! Is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about 'Time is.' Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon. (*A great noise.*)

Head : Time was.

Miles : Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven years' study well, that can make your Brazen Head speak but two words at once. 'Time was.' Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. (*A great noise.*) What, a fresh noise ?

Head : Time is past.

[*A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the head with a hammer.*

Miles : Master, master, up ! Hell's broken loose ; your head speaks ; and there's such a thunder and lightning that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms.

Bacon : Miles, I come. (*Rises and comes forward.*) Oh, passing warily watched !
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
What spake the head ?

Miles : Marry, sir, the first time he said 'Time is,' as if Fabius Cunctator should have pronounced a sentence ; the second time he said 'Time was' ; and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, 'Time is past.' [is past.

Bacon : 'Tis past indeed. Oh, villain ! Time
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past. [time
Villain, if thou hadst called to Bacon the first
The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass.
Villain, avoid ! Get thee from Bacon's sight !
And perish as a vagabond on earth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Enter the* **Emperor**, *the* **King of Castile, King Henry, Elinor, Prince Edward** *and* **Lacy.**

EMPEROR : Now, lovely prince, the prime of Albion's wealth,
How fare the Lady Elinor and you ?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence ?
Prince Edward : Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks ?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze ?
Now, monarch, ask the lady if we 'gree.
King Henry : What, madam, hath my son found grace or no ? [feit,
Elinor : Seeing, my lord, his lovely counter-
I came not, trooped with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love ; and sure the prince hath but
Received in England what he won in Spain.
Emp. : What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln,
That they are in such earnest and secret talk ?
King of Castile : The earl discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnamed, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of Merry Fressingfield.
Henry : Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Castile : What says Lord Lacy ? Shall she be his wife ?
Lacy : Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live.
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl.
Henry : Hie thee to Fressingfield and bring home the lass.
If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

SIGMUND FREUD

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

A Study by Dr. Stanford Read

IT was as long ago as 1899 that Sigmund Freud published Traumdeutung, and although that work attracted immediate attention in Germany the theories it propounded made their way slowly abroad, and it was not until 1913 that an English translation appeared under the title Interpretation of Dreams. Since that time Freud's work has received ever greater attention and exercises ever greater influence, and of the numerous books which he has published in the intervening years translations have appeared of many, the most notable being Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex; The Psycho-pathology of Everyday Life; Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious; Totem and Taboo; Illusion and Dream; Beyond the Pleasure Principle; Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego; and Collected Papers. Besides these his contributions to scientific journals have been very numerous. In 1922 he published his Introductory Lectures on Psycho-analysis, and it is of this book that an outline is given in the following pages.

I—The Psychology of Errors

THIS distinguished Viennese physician, whose genius has so greatly revolutionised the science of psychology, has been the author of many works which have been translated into English. His greatest and most important contribution was The Interpretation of Dreams, written in 1899. Since then his publications have taken an ever widening sphere in the realms of the mind in both its normal and morbid aspects. Though known popularly as the originator of the body of doctrine and form of treatment known as 'psycho-analysis,' his theories have a far wider application, and challenge the very foundations of the hitherto current ideas concerning psychic life. In 1922 there appeared his Introductory Lectures on Psycho-analysis, which contains in simpler form an exposition of his views and may be profitably studied by laymen interested in a subject whose increasing importance is undeniable.

It is pointed out how our accustomed mode of thought must inevitably lead to hostility to psycho-analysis, because it is a displeasing proposition that mental processes are essentially unconscious, and also that impulses which can only be described as sexual, in both the narrower and the wider sense, play a peculiarly large part in the causation of nervous and mental disorders: nay, more, that these sexual impulses have contributed invaluably to the highest cultural, artistic and social achievements of the mind.

In order to lead his readers up logically to his belief in motivation through the influence of an unconscious mind, Freud devotes three chapters to an investigation of 'the psychology of errors.' He refers to those familiar and common phenomena which may be observed in every healthy person, such as slips of the tongue or pen, mis-reading or mis-hearing, temporarily forgetting names or appointments, mislaying things. Though usually considered trivialities and accidental, the thesis is that these have a meaning and cannot be explained by fatigue, excitement, or lack of attention.

In the illustrations given of misprints we can easily read the hidden motivation. A social-democratic paper, giving an account of a festivity, printed the words 'Amongst those present was His Highness, the Clown Prince.' In a war-correspondent's account of meeting a famous general whose infirmities were pretty well known, a reference to the general was printed as 'this battle-scared veteran,' and later corrected to 'this bottle-scarred veteran.' A slip of the tongue may be perseveration but it often makes sense and shows a suppressed motive. That is, the result may have a right to be regarded in itself as a valid mental process following out its own purpose, and as an expression

having content and meaning. A lady, appearing to compliment another, says: 'I am sure you must have *thrown* this delightful hat together' instead of 'sewn it together.' Nothing can prevent us from seeing in the slip the thought that the hat is an amateur production. In other cases, the slip adds a second meaning to the one intended, as in the case of the young man who offered to 'insort' an unknown lady (condensation of escort and insult).

From these examples we can see that the explanation lies in the concurrence or interference of two different intentions of speech with one another. That is, these slips are not accidents; they are serious mental acts; they have their meaning. Though the victim of the tongue slip may repudiate the meaning read into his act, an analysis of his mind will confirm the hidden intention.

In other fields of error, if anyone forgets an otherwise familiar proper name and has difficulty in retaining it in his memory, it is not hard to guess that he has something against the owner of the name. The forgetting of resolutions can in general be referred to an opposed current of feeling which is against carrying out the intention. It may seem incredible that a person could have any purpose in losing things, which is often such a painful accident, and yet there are innumerable instances of this kind. A young man lost a pencil which he valued greatly. A few days before he had received a letter from his brother-in-law which concluded with the words: 'I have neither time nor inclination at present to encourage you in your frivolity and idleness.' Now the pencil was a present from this brother-in-law. Similar cases are very numerous. One loses objects when one has quarrelled with the giver and no longer wants to be reminded of him. Dropping, breaking, and destroying things serve a similar purpose. The essential element in the error is not its form but the *tendency* which makes use of it and can achieve its end in the most various ways. It is told of a famous German chemist that his marriage never took place because he forgot the hour of the ceremony and went to the laboratory instead of to the church.

HITHERTO psychology has known nothing of such interferences or of the possibility that they could occasion manifestations of this kind. In slips of the tongue the interfering tendency is forced back. The speaker had determined not to convert the idea into speech, and the tendency which is debarred from expression asserts itself against his will and gains utterance, either by altering the expression of the intention permitted by him, or by mingling with it, or actually by setting itself in place of it. This, then, is the mechanism of the slip of the tongue. Thus psychology brings home to us the great prevalence of mental conflict in our purposive life, and the great tendency to ward off from memory that which is unpleasant.

II—A Theory of Dreams

IN Part II Freud passes on to his theory of dreams. In his investigation of nervous patients he found that in speaking of their symptoms, which were discovered to have a meaning, they also mentioned their dreams. The suspicion thereupon arose that dreams too had a meaning. The aim is now to demonstrate the meaning of dreams in preparation for the study of the neuroses; for a dream itself is a neurotic symptom and occurs in all healthy people. Thus psycho-analysis takes up research into what has been regarded as ordinary and of no practical value, like 'errors.' We know from our own experience that the mood in which we awake from a dream may last throughout the day; cases have been observed in which mental disorder began with a dream, the delusion which had its source in this dream persisting; and impulses to momentous deeds have sprung from dreams in historical persons.

What exactly is a dream? It seems to be an intermediate condition between sleeping and waking. What then is sleep? It is a condition in which I refuse to have anything to do with the outer world and have withdrawn my interest from it. Our relationship with the world seems to be excusable only with intermission. Why does not mental life go off to sleep?

Probably because there is something that will not leave the mind in peace; stimuli are acting upon it and to these it is bound to react. We note, too, that the character of mental processes during sleep is different from that of waking ones. Dreams not only consist of mental images, but differ in so many ways. There is proof that internal and external stimuli brought to bear during sleep make their appearance in dreams, but they are interpreted and elaborated differently in each instance. Some dreams are meaningless and confused, but some are sensible. Often in the latter there occur recollections of daily life, or matters connected with it, but in most dreams there is no seeming connexion with the day before, and no light is thrown upon the absurd dreams. Day-dreams, which are phantasies, and are the product of thinking, not seeing, we shall find later have much in common with night-dreams. The content of them is dictated by a very transparent motivation. They are scenes and events which gratify either the egoistic cravings of ambition or thirst for power, or the erotic desires of the subject.

LET us start with the hypothesis that dreams are not a bodily but a mental phenomenon. Why not *ask the dreamer the meaning of the dream?* It is highly probable that the dreamer really does know the meaning of his dream: *only he does not know that he knows, and therefore thinks that he does not.* Such an assumption is confirmed by the study of dreams suggested during hypnotic or artificial sleep. We do not expect the dreamer at once to tell us what his dream means, but we do think he will be able to discover its source, from what circle of thoughts and interests it is derived.

This ensues from the use of what Freud terms 'free association' which follows when the subject keeps in mind the original dream ideas one by one, and allows any associated ones to come without conscious direction or criticism. It is not altogether fantastic to suppose that these associations connected with the elements of the dream are determined by no other complex (group of emotionally toned and repressed ideas) than that which has produced the particular element itself, and that they will lead to the discovery of that complex. The dream element is not a thought proper but a substitute for something the knowledge of which is indeed possessed by the dreamer but is inaccessible to him. For reasons which will be noted later there will be found an unconscious resistance on the part of the dreamer to link the associations with the dream elements. The dream as related Freud terms the 'manifest dream content,' and the hidden meaning come to by following out the associations, the 'latent dream thoughts.' The two are intimately related in various ways.

MUCH light is thrown on interpretation by examining children's dreams, which are commonly easy to understand and reveal themselves as direct and undisguised fulfilment of wishes, like day-dreams. *Distortion is not therefore essential to the dream.* In adults we see the same type as reactions to internal bodily stimuli occasioned by thirst, hunger or sexual desire. The dream thus acts the purpose of protecting sleep from the stimulus, impelling us to wake up, and acts by calling up hallucinatory satisfaction. It is the guardian of sleep. Because, however, our wishes are often contrary to our personality, the dream becomes distorted and disguised so that the desires are hidden. This is called 'the dream-work,' which is carried out by a hypothetical dream censor. The dreamer's own self appears in every dream and plays the principal part, even if it knows how to disguise itself completely as far as the manifest content is concerned. Much that appears in a dream, too, cannot be interpreted solely through free association because some elements are symbolic, and by a knowledge of the meaning of these symbols it is often possible to interpret a dream without questioning the dreamer. The number of things which are represented symbolically in dreams is not great: the human body as a whole, parents, children, brothers and sisters, birth, death, nakedness, and sex.

The dream-work causing the main distortion Freud divides into four pro-

cesses: (1) Condensation—by means of which many latent elements are blended. (2) Displacement—where the accent is transferred from an important element to another which is unimportant or where the latent element is replaced by something more remote. (3) The transformation of thoughts into visual images. These features may be termed archaic in that they involve primitive modes of expression of language. (4) Secondary elaboration, which combines the immediate results of the other mechanisms into a single and coherent whole.

Freud concludes, then, that wish-fulfilment is, too, the essence of the distorted dream, but that the wish has been out of tune with the personality, has been repressed, and can therefore only appear in its disguised form. The infantile dream is an open wish-fulfilment admitted by the dreamer; the ordinary distorted dream is the disguised fulfilment of a repressed wish; while the anxiety dream (nightmare) is the open fulfilment of a repressed wish. In the last named the fear experienced arises from the dreamer nearly becoming aware of the desire he has repressed and is anxious not to recognize as part of himself. In dreams it is the unconscious wish which supplies the necessary fund of mental energy, and some residue thought from the previous day is usually the stimulus.

III—The Psycho-analytic Theory of Neuroses

In Chapter III Freud passes to his psycho-analytic theory of the neuroses. Here he endeavours to show that the comprehension of neurotic phenomena has much in common with what he has discussed in his previous chapters, and points out that his theory is the result of experience and founded on direct observation or on conclusions drawn from observation.

He starts by discussing symptomatic acts and delusions, and shows that they are not accidents but have their motive, meaning and intention; that they belong to a mental context which can be specified, and that they provide a small indication of a more important mental process not known to the individual himself. So neurotic symptoms have meaning like errors and like dreams, and are closely connected with the events of the patient's life. This is illustrated by brief reference to the symptoms of cases in which the impression is gained that the patients are 'fixed' to a particular point in their past, and are thus alienated from both present and future. This is specially noted in the so-called 'traumatic neuroses' (*i.e.* those developing after some accident or some terrifying experience) where the experience fixated is regularly reproduced in dreams. Always the meaning of the symptoms is unknown to the sufferer, but analysis invariably shows that they are derived from unconscious processes which can under favourable conditions become conscious. Memory gaps, or amnesias, are commonly found on analysis, which point to the fact that certain experiences have been relegated to an unconscious part of the mind. In many subtle ways the patient will manifest resistance against cure, as not only does he wish to remain ignorant of his unconscious but, in a distorted way, some gratification is gained through the symptom. The powerful forces here at work must be the same forces that originally induced the condition.

The unconscious system of the mind is compared to a large ante-room in which the various mental excitations are crowding upon one another like individual beings. Adjoining this is a second, smaller compartment in which consciousness resides. On the threshold between the two stands a sort of door-keeper who examines the various mental excitations, censors them and denies them admittance when he disapproves of them. The excitations in the unconscious, in the ante-chamber, are not visible to consciousness, which is in the other room, so to begin with they remain unconscious. When they have pressed forward to the threshold and been turned back by the door-keeper, they are incapable of becoming conscious; we call them repressed. The second chamber is called 'the preconscious system.' Thus the neurosis is brought about through the repression of wishes which the censor will not admit to

conscious awareness, and the symptoms are the disguised morbid gratification of them. The purpose of the symptom is either a sexual gratification or a defence against it; in hysteria the positive character predominates, and in the obsessional type the negative ascetic character. The symptoms are the effects of compromise between the two opposed tendencies.

IV—The Sexual Instinct in Human Life

This leads Freud on to that realm of his theory which has brought about such intense opposition to psycho-analysis, viz. the sexual instinct, its place in human life and its relation to the neuroses. He uses the term 'sexual' in a very broad sense. In perverts the sexual aim or the sexual object may be altered, and he endeavours to show that perverted sexuality is nothing else but infantile sexuality. The term *libido* is used to indicate sexual desires and longings in all their aspects, as we should speak of 'hunger' in relation to the instinct of nutrition. It is believed that this *libido* is manifested from birth.

In the first three or four years of life libidinous gratification is centred in sensations derived from stimulation of what are known as erogenous zones represented by the mouth, anal orifice and genitalia. The child is auto-erotic in that it seeks and finds its objects in its own person. Certain partial impulses appear early—sadism and masochism, the impulse to show and to look, to touch and be touched, and a curiosity impulse. These are readily identified as forerunners of tendencies apparent in the sex life of the normal adult. Perversions in after life represent the great exaggeration or over-development of one or other of these early tendencies present in every child. A sense of guilt through the influence of these impulses, and enhanced perhaps by possible threats, will arise in the child, and this will play a large part in the formation of character if he remains healthy, and of his neurosis if he falls ill.

Even in this *pregenital stage* one will see the beginnings of object-love and the *libido* soon shows a preference for the opposite sex. This gives rise to the 'Oedipus Complex' which is of such vast importance in the psycho-analytic explanation of the neuroses, the boy and the mother, the girl and the father, being the emotional links. In neurotics this bond has not been relinquished in later life as it should. Freud has no doubt but that one of the most important sources of the sense of guilt which so often torments neurotic people is to be found in the Oedipus Complex. He suspects, too, that perhaps the sense of guilt of mankind as a whole, which is the ultimate source of religion and morality, was acquired in the beginnings of history through this same complex. There thus grows up a conscious love for the parents with a repressed (and therefore unconscious) hate and perhaps death wish against the parent of the same sex from the spirit of rivalry.

From about the sixth or eighth year onwards a standstill or retrogression is observed in the sexual development, called the 'latency period.' It may be absent and if present it does not necessarily entail an interruption of sexual activities and interest over the whole field. Most of the mental experiences and excitations occurring previously become repressed and forgotten, which veils our earliest childhood from us. It is the task of every psycho-analysis to bring this forgotten period of life back to recollection.

From the time of puberty onwards the human individual must devote himself to the great task of freeing himself from his parents; and only after the detachment is accomplished can he cease to be a child, and so become a member of the social community. For a son the task consists in releasing his desires from his mother in order to employ them in the quest of an external love-object in reality; and in reconciling himself with his father if he has remained antagonistic to him, or in freeing himself from his domination if, in the reaction to the infantile revolt, he has lapsed into subservience to him. These tasks are seldom carried through ideally. In neurotics this detachment from the parents is not

accomplished at all; the son remains all his life in subjection to his father and is incapable of transferring his *libido* to a new love-object. In the reversed relationship, the daughter's fate may be the same. In this sense the Oedipus Complex is the kernel of the neuroses.

Freud then goes on to discuss how these early factors produce neurotic disorders in later life. First there will arise a faulty development in the sexual instinct so that one or more of its early component impulses may be arrested and fixated, although other portions of it may have reached their final goal. When in adult life powerful external obstacles prevent adequate gratification of the *libido*, there will always be the tendency to regress to those fixated impulses which formerly afforded an outlet. Neurotics fall ill in consequence of a 'privation' and their symptoms are actually substitutes for the missing satisfaction. In these people signs of mental conflict are found. One side of the personality stands for certain wishes, while another part struggles against them. This conflict is between the Ego instincts and the sexual instincts. The Ego has formed ideals which are found to be incompatible with the early form of desires. In its infancy the Ego only followed the pleasure principle but has later become trained to be 'reasonable,' to face reality and thus repudiate what once gave it pleasure. If the regression does not call forth a prohibition on the part of the Ego, there is no conflict and no neurosis results, but real satisfaction is found in the form of some perversion.

V—Formation and Aim of Neurotic Symptoms

We cannot here follow Freud in detail as he discusses the formation of neurotic symptoms, but in short we may state it as follows: Through some situation which denies satisfaction to the *libido*, this latter is withdrawn from reality and turns back into the self (introversion), when in its dammed up state it partially overcomes what had been repressed in childhood and re-arouses unconscious phantastic wishes which correspond to an early developmental phase. An introverted person is unstable, and not yet neurotic, but he will become so unless some other outlet for his pent-up *libido* is found. The symptoms arise as the result of a conflict between an unconscious wish which is striving to realize itself consciously and the repressing wish of the Ego to prevent such awareness. The symptom is a compromise between the two forces and can only appear in distorted form so that it is not recognized for what it really is. Thus, we note that dreams and neurotic symptoms have both a like formation and both can be viewed as the disguised manifestation of a repressed wish fulfilment. Freud points out that in Art there is a path for phantasy back to reality. The artist is introverted and has not far to go to become neurotic. He has great instinctive needs and with unsatisfied longing turns away from reality and transfers all his *libido* on to the creation of his wishes in the life of phantasy.

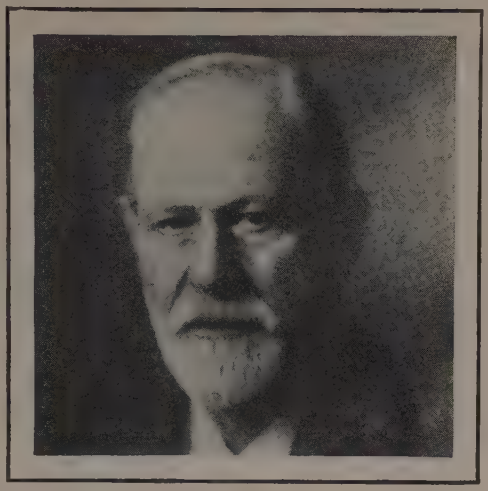
In neurotic symptoms there is also a secondary aim. The illness is used as a means to various ends and the neurotic takes advantage of it to gain attention, sympathy and love, to avoid disagreeable things, to revenge himself on others, or to punish himself and do penance for what he conceives to be his sins.

The neuroses are divided into the actual neuroses—neurasthenia, anxiety-neurosis and hypochondria, and the psychoneuroses—hysteria and the obsessional neurosis. In the former the symptoms are more bodily in origin, while in the latter the symptoms can be shown to be the last links in a long chain of mental processes. Very commonly the two are combined with one another.

Morbid anxiety and phobias are then discussed, these being very frequent phenomena in these conditions. It is suggested that the first anxiety state arose from the process of birth. Normal anxiety is the reaction of the Ego to danger and the signal preparatory to flight. In neurotic anxiety the Ego is attempting a flight from the unconscious demands of the *libido* and is treating the internal danger as though it were an external one. We thus tend to be afraid of our repressed

desires. The damming up of the *libido* causing morbid fear may result mainly from physical factors in the sexual sphere where there is unsatisfactory or inadequate outlet, or arise as the result of psychic factors such as repressions, resistances and conflicts.

Freud then develops a later and more intricate theory with regard to the relation of *libido* to the Ego or self. He comes to the conclusion that the *libido* (sexual hunger) may be attached to the Ego either partially or wholly. In the latter case he terms the condition as one of Narcissism (after the fable of Narcissus who fell in love with his own reflection in the water). When one speaks of egoism one is thinking only of the *interests* of the persons concerned; Narcissism relates also to the satisfaction of his libidinal needs. There is in childhood such a phase of development interposed between the auto-erotic stage of infancy and the later stage of object-love. It is distinguished by the fact that for the time being the individual's sexual impulses and interests are directed towards himself in much the same manner as in the adult they are normally directed towards another person. He is in love with himself. There may, therefore, be fixation at this point of sexual development predisposing to morbid conditions in later life. Such ideas are believed to throw much light on such conditions as homosexuality, and the mental diseases of dementia praecox, paranoia and melancholia.



SIGMUND FREUD was born in Freiburg, Moravia, May 6, 1856. He was educated at the university of Vienna, where he took his doctor's degree and held a sequence of appointments as demonstrator, assistant physician and lecturer. In 1885 he went to Paris and studied for a year under Charcot, the great French specialist on nervous diseases. In 1902 he was appointed associate professor of neuropathology in the university of Vienna, where he devoted himself to the study of the therapeutics of neurotic diseases, and devised the method of treatment known as psycho-analysis with which his name is permanently associated.

The final chapters are devoted to a discussion of psycho-analytic treatment and how through this the steps of the development of the nervous disorder are retraced. Through bringing the unconscious mental factors into awareness and then regarding them from the point of view of the reality principle, the motive forces of the symptoms are dissipated and the patient cured.

VI—Fundamental Principles of Freud's Theories

THOUGH this is an epitome of Freud's great work on psycho-analysis in which his main ideas are expounded, it must be realized that one can give no adequate indication of the stupendous research this psychological genius has undertaken or the fruit that it has borne. Psycho-analysis in the hands of Freud and his disciples has taken on an ever widening sphere and has endeavoured to throw light on far reaching problems in the realms of religion, history, folk-lore, artistic and literary creation, characterology, and the study of superstition.

Though one can understand how his revolutionary theories have been heralded with intense opposition, yet his basic ideas are more and more being absorbed into current psychological thought. His fundamental principles consist in a rigid determinism as regards psychical events; in a dynamic nature of mental processes; in the importance of the mental processes in infantile life; in his theory of sexual development; in his views on mental energy, the unconscious, repression and mental conflict. Through his work for the first time a meaning has been given to mental symptoms which hitherto had been shrouded in obscurity. The real value of any pioneer work can only adequately be appraised by posterity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born at Coxhoe Hall, Kelloe, Durham, March 6, 1806, eldest daughter of Edward Moulton, who later assumed the name of Barrett. As the result of an accident when she was about fifteen, Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid for many years, and it was while she was still thus confined to her room that she first made the acquaintance of Robert Browning, to whom she was married in 1846. After marriage the Brownings made their home in Florence, where their son was born in 1849, and where Elizabeth Barrett Browning died, June 30, 1861. 'A soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl,' Elizabeth Barrett Browning stands first among women in melodiousness and splendour of poetic gift, her only peer in poetic genius being Christina Rossetti. Her Sonnets from the Portuguese are among the loveliest in the language, and while she may lack the knowledge of life and insight into character of some other poets, she possessed all the essential qualities of fervour, noble aspiration and a loving nature which touched the hearts of all her readers with some virtue from its depths. This portrait is from the drawing by Field Talfourd.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

AURORA LEIGH

ALTHOUGH her genius was so precocious that at thirteen she wrote an epic poem on The Battle of Marathon, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's active literary life did not open until 1836, when she began to publish poems in various magazines. The appearance of The Seraphim and Other Poems (1838) and The Cry of the Children (1843) were important steps, and her two volumes of Poems (1844) led to the acquaintance with Browning which became the greatest influence in her life. The exquisite Sonnets from the Portuguese (1850) were written for her husband in secret. Casa Guidi Windows (1851) records the interest in Italian national politics aroused by the Brownings' residence in Florence. In Aurora Leigh (1856), her longest poem—it is practically a novel in blank verse—are expressed both her love of Italy and her love of England. Mrs. Browning described this poem as 'the one into which my highest convictions of work and art have entered.' Aurora Leigh is published in the Temple Classics, and included in many other editions of Mrs. Browning's works.

I WHO have written much in prose and verse
For others' uses, will write now for mine—
My mother was a Florentine,
Whose rare blue eyes were shut from seeing me
When scarcely I was four years old.
My father was an austere Englishman—
I've heard it said
That but to see him in the first surprise
Of widower and father, nursing me,
Would almost make the stones
Cry out for pity.
Father, then, and child,
We lived among the mountains many years.
My father taught me what he had learnt the best
Before he died and left me—grief and love.
And, seeing we had books among the hills,
Strong words of counselling souls confederate
With vocal pines and waters—out of books
He taught me all the ignorance of men.

My father died when I was thirteen, and I was brought from Italy to England, to my father's sister.

She had lived, we'll say,
A harmless life; she called a virtuous life,
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage.
I, alas,
A wild bird scarcely fledged, was brought to her cage.
I only thought
Of lying quiet there where I was thrown
Like seaweed on the rocks, and suffering her
To prick me to a pattern with her pin
Fibre from fibre, delicate leaf from leaf.

I had no will to live, and only one friend, my cousin Romney Leigh, but

I did not die. But slowly, as one in a swoon
I woke, rose up . . . Where was I? in the world;
For uses I therefore must count worth while.

Enraptured by 'poetry's divine first finger-touch,' and then inspired to write verses myself

I could not hide
My quickening inner life from those at watch.

My aunt, therefore, was ever ready to set me small, maidenly tasks to engage my attention,

I was not therefore sad;
My soul was singing at a work apart,
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight
In vortices of glory and blue air.
And so, through forced work and spontaneous work,
The inner life informed the outer life.
If cousin Romney pleased to walk with me—
We read, or talked, or quarrelled, as it chanced.
We were not lovers, nor even friends well-matched.
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
And ankle-deep in English grass, I leaped
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

I stood upon the brink of twenty years,
The June was in me, with its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split.

I was singing as I made a wreath for myself in the garden when Romney Leigh came to me. A chance phrase on my part made him reproach me for aspiring to be a poet and a writer, when 'the world's hard pressed—half-blind with intellectual light. Half brutalised with civilisation.' I answered:

'My cousin, is the world so bad,
While I hear nothing of it through the trees?'

'So bad, Aurora. Dear, my soul is grey
With poring over the long sum of ill.
May I choose indeed
But vow away my years, my means, my aims
Among the helpers, if there's any help
In such a social strait?'

Later, he asked me to marry him—
'Place your fecund heart
In mine, and let us blossom for the world
That wants love's colour in the grey of time.'

But I replied:
'You treat of marriage too much like, at least,
A chief apostle: you would bear with you
A wife—a sister—shall we speak it out?
A sister of charity?'

I determined to write poetry, had no deep sympathy with the social aims to which he was already wedded, and accordingly dismissed him. But my aunt was very angry, informing me that I would be a pauper on her death, and that Romney's father and mine had covenanted before they died that we should be married. Within a few weeks my aunt, too, was dead; and although Romney acted with unselfish nobility, I once again bade him farewell:

'I go hence
To London, to the gathering-place of souls
To live mine straight out, vocally, in books;
Harmoniously for others, if indeed
A woman's soul, like man's, be wide enough
To carry the whole octave.
Pray God be with me, Romney.'
We let go hands, my cousin and I,
And in between us rushed the torrent-world.
I worked with patience, which means almost [power;
I did some excellent things indifferently,
Some bad things excellently. Both were praised,
The latter loudest.
I apprehended this—
In England no one lives by verse that lives;
And, apprehending, I resolved by prose
To make a space to sphere my living verse.
Having bread
For just so many days, just breathing-room
For body and verse, I stood up straight and worked
My veritable work.
A lady called upon me on such a day.
You know the sort of woman—brilliant stuff,
And out of nature. 'Lady Waldemar.'
She said her name quite simply.
'I think you have a cousin, Romney Leigh.'
'You bring a word from him?'—my eyes leapt up
To the very height of hers—'a word from him?'
'I bring a word about him, actually.
I, now, love Romney. Help me! for myself
I would not say so—but for him. He limps
So certainly, he'll fall into the pit.
A week hence—so I lose him—so he is lost!
For when he's fairly married, he a Leigh,
To a girl of doubtful life, undoubtful birth,
Starved out in London till her coarse-grained hands
Are whiter than her morals—even you
May call his choice unworthy. You must know
Your Leigh by heart; he has sown his black young curls
With bleaching cares of half a million men.'

Lady Waldemar had already reproached Romney with his intention of 'throwing his name down to the gutter' by marriage with a common girl, and had offered to take me to see his future bride, Marian Erle, a drover's daughter. Romney consented, and Lady Waldemar wished me to prove to him how he would 'wrong the people and posterity' by marrying Marian. I refused—but two hours afterwards went to call on the girl.

No wise beautiful
Was Marian Erle. She was not white nor brown,
But could look either, like a mist that changed.
We talked. She told me all her story out.

Her father was a casual labourer, actually; her mother cruel and evil. Yet, in spite of her wretched life, Marian

liked, she said,
To dazzle black her sight against the sky,
For then, it seemed, some grand blind love came down,
And groped her out, and clasped her with a kiss;
She learnt God that way.

At Sunday-school, Marian was taught to read and to distinguish between right and wrong; she began to educate herself. Meanwhile she was travelling from place to place with her parents. One day, her mother tried to sell her to a man, but Marian ran away. She fainted because of her fear, and was found and taken to hospital. Here she met Romney, who often talked with her—

'I shut my eyes
To feel how tenderly his voice broke through,
As the ointment-box broke on the Holy Feet
To let out the rich medicative nard.'
She told me how he had raised and rescued her
With reverent pity.
To snatch her soul from atheism
And keep it stainless from her mother's face,
He sent her to a famous sempstress-house
Far off in London, there to work and hope.
With that they parted. She kept sight of Heaven
But not of Romney.

They met again 'a year from thence,' when Marian had left her work to devote herself to the task of watching by a sick friend's bed. 'He was not angry that she had left the house wherein he placed her,' but overjoyed because of her self-sacrifice. They were talking together when he suddenly addressed her tenderly:

'Marian, I being born
What men call noble, and you, issued from

The noble people—though the tyrannous sword
Which pierced Christ's heart has cleft the world in twain
'Twixt class and class, opposing rich to poor,
Shall we keep parted? Not so. Let us lean
And strain together rather, each to each,
Compress the red lips of this gaping wound
As far as two souls can—ay, lean and league,
I from my superabundance—from your want
You—joining in a protest 'gainst the wrong
On both sides.'
All the rest, he held her hand
In speaking, which confused the sense of much.

Nevertheless, she knew that he was asking her in marriage; and she loved him dearly.

'I'd rather far be trodden by his foot
Than lie in a great queen's bosom:
And I'll be a true wife to your cousin Leigh.'
Before I answered he was there himself.

I told him that already I loved Marian; I said:

'Ah, cousin! at the old hall
Among the gallery portraits of our Leighs
We shall not find a sweeter signory
Than this pure forehead's.
May she come to me,
Dear Romney, and be married from my house?
It is not part of your philosophy
To keep your bird upon the blackthorn?'

He refused, however, saying that he took his wife, 'directly from the people.' 'We'll wear no mask as if we blushed.' But I was asked to the wedding, and one morning, a month later, went to the church.

Half Saint Giles in frieze
Was bidden to meet Saint James in cloth of gold,
And, after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath.
Of course the people came in uncompelled,
Lame, blind and worse—sick, sorrowful and worse—
The humours of the peccant social wound
All pressed out, poured down upon Pimlico,
Exasperating the unaccustomed air
With a hideous interfusion. You'd suppose
A finished generation, dead of plague,
Swept upward from their graves into the sun,
The moil of death upon them. What a sight!
A holiday of miserable men
Is sadder than a burial-day of kings.

The guests had a long wait, and time seemed to pass very slowly. At last Romney had a message that made him turn pale; he rose, and announced that Marian had refused to marry him. There was almost a riot in the church. Afterwards, he, much broken in spirit, showed me that letter that he had received from the girl.

'I never could be happy as your wife,
I never could be harmless as your friend,
I never will look more into your face
Till God says: "Look!" I charge you, seek me not,
Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts
That peradventure I have come to grief;
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease—
Farewell. Christ love you—Say "poor Marian" now.'
And Romney sought her many days and weeks:
He sifted all the refuse of the town,
Explored the trains, inquired among the ships,
And felt the country through from end to end;
No Marian!
I held him in respect.
I comprehended what he was in heart
And sacrificial greatness. Ay, but he
Supposed me a thing too small to deign to know:
He blew me, plainly from the crucible
As some intruding, interrupting fly,
Not worth the pains of his analysis
Absorbed on nobler subjects. Hurt a fly!
He would not for the world: he's pitiful
To flies even. 'Sing,' says he, 'and tease me still,
If that's your way, poor insects?' That's your way.

I laboured on alone. The wind and dust
And sun of the world beat blistering in my face;
And hope, now for me, now against me, dragged
My spirits onward as some fallen balloon,
Which, whether caught by blossoming tree or bare,
Is torn alike. I sometimes touched my aim,
Or seemed—and generous souls cried out, 'Be strong,
Take courage; now you're on the level—now!
The next step saves you!' I was flushed with praise,
But, pausing just a moment to draw breath,
I could not choose but murmur to myself:
'If this then be success, 'tis dismaller
Than any failure.'
I have not seen Romney Leigh
Full eighteen months—add six, you get two years;
They say he's very busy with good works—
Has parted Leigh Hall into almshouses.
He made one day an almshouse of his heart,
Which ever since is loose upon the latch
For those who pull the string—I never did.

At the house of Lord Howe, who was very kind to me at the church on the tragic day on which Romney's wedding was to have taken place, I heard that Lady Waldemar was to marry my cousin.

'She's talked of too, at least as certainly,
As Leigh's disciple.
He had her down,
With other ladies whom her starry lead
Persuaded from their spheres, to his country-place;
And there, they say, she has tarried half a week,
And said "my sister" to the lowest drab
Of all the assembled castaways; such girls!

Aye, sided with them at the washing-tub—
Conceive those naked perfect arms, [suds,
Round glittering arms, plunged elbow-deep in
Like wild swans hid in lilies all a-shake.'

Almost immediately I was confronted with Lady Waldemar herself, who confirmed the news of the forthcoming marriage. I was at first very deeply distressed, but coaxed myself to a more reasonable frame of mind.

And, after all, now, why should I be pained
That Romney Leigh, my cousin, should espouse
This Lady Waldemar ?
'Tis plain my cousin Romney wants a wife ?
After all, why not ?
He loved not Marian, more than once he loved
Aurora. If he loves at last that Third,
Albeit she prove as slippery as spilt oil
On marble floors, I will not augur him
Ill-luck for that.
And then, at worse—if Romney loves her not—
At worst—if he's incapable of love,
Which may be—then indeed for such a man
Incapable of love, she's good enough ;
For she, at worst too, is a woman still
And loves him—as the sort of woman can.

I wrote to congratulate Lady Waldemar, and then made arrangements to go to Italy.

How we twang
Back on the blue sky, and assert our height,
While he stares after !
And now I come, my Italy,
My own hills ! Are you 'ware of me, my hills,
How I burn toward you ? Do you feel to-night
The urgency and longing of my soul,
As sleeping mothers feel the sucking babe
And smile ?

I went to Paris first——

The city swims in verdure, beautiful
As Venice on the waters, the sea-swan.
What bosky gardens dropped in close-walled courts
Like plums in ladies' laps who start and laugh :
What miles of streets that run on after trees.
So I mused
Up and down, up and down, the terraced streets,
The glittering boulevards, the white colonnades.
Walking on the quays
And pulling thoughts to pieces leisurely,
As if I caught at grasses in a field
And bit them slow between my absent lips
And shred them with my hands. What face is that ?
God ! what face is that ?
O, Romney, O, Marian !
I plunged—I tore the crowd up, either side
And rushed on, forward, forward, after her.
Her ? Whom ? O, world, O world,
O jurists, rhymers, dreamers, what you please,
We play a weary game of hide-and-seek !
We shape a figure of our fantasy,
Call nothing something, and run after it.
'Twas a real face,
Perhaps a real Marian. Which being so,
I ought to write to Romney : 'Marian's here ;
Be comforted for Marian.'

But I could not write to him until I knew more, for it seemed to me that this girl whom I took to be Marian was carrying a child. I set about finding her ; eventually, by accident, I met her.

She fluttered from me like a cyclamen,
As white, which taken in a sudden wind
Beats on against the palisade—' Let pass,'
She said at last, ' I will not,' I replied ;
' I lost my sister Marian many days,
And sought her ever in my walks and prayers,
And now I find her——'

She took me to her home to see her child——

She leaned above him (drinking him as wine)
In that extremity of love, 'twill pass
For agony or rapture, seeing that love
Includes the whole of nature, rounding it
To love—no more—since more can never be
Than just love.

Then Marian told me how she came to leave Romney. It appeared that Lady Waldemar often came to visit her.

' She told me truths I asked for—'twas my fault—
That Romney could not love me, if he would,
As men call loving : there are bloods that flow
Together like some rivers and not mix,
Through contraries of nature. He indeed
Was set to wed me, to espouse my class,
Act out a rash opinion—and once wed,
So just a man and gentle could not choose
But make my life as smooth as marriage-ring.
But then, the harder truth—
This Romney Leigh, so rash to leap a pale,
So bold for conscience, quick for martyrdom,
Would suffer steadily and never flinch.
The lady
Up-gathered my torn wishes from the ground
And pieced them with her strong benevolence ;
And as I thought I could breathe freer air
Away from England,
She promised kindly to provide the means,
With instant passage to the colonies
And full protection.
The rest is short. I was obedient :
A woman . . . hear me, let me make it plain . . .
A woman . . . not a monster . . . both her breasts
Made right to suckle babes . . . she took me off
So dull, so blind, so only half alive,
Not seeing by what road, nor by what ship,
Nor toward what place, nor to what end at all.
. . . . . .
Let pass the rest then ; only leave my oath
Upon this sleeping child—man's violence
Not man's seduction, made me what I am.'

After experiencing both cruelty and kindness, Marian came to a mistress-sempstress, for whom she worked to support her child and herself.

'Come with me, sweetest sister,' I returned,
'And in my Tuscan home I'll find a niche
And set thee there, my saint, the child and thee
And burn the lights of love before thy face.'

I wrote an account of the girl's misfortunes to Lord Howe, and a bitter letter to Lady Waldemar, and so gave vent to my feelings and obtained relief.

The next day we took train to Italy
And fled on southward in the roar of steam.
The old miraculous mountains heaved in sight,
One straining past another along the shore,
The way of grand dull Odyssean ghosts,
Athirst to drink the cool blue wine of seas.
I found a house at Florence on the hill
Of Bellosguardo.

We lived here very happily, Marian, the child, and I. One day I received a letter to announce that my latest book had been a great success.

One eve it happened, when I sate alone—
In my ears
The sound of waters. There he stood, my king!
I felt him, rather than beheld him. Up
I rose, as if he were my king indeed,
And then sate down, in trouble at myself,
And struggling for my woman's empery.
'You, Romney!—Lady Waldemar is here?'

She was not, and he sat down by me, to talk; he seemed vastly surprised that I had not had more news of him. He said:

Your book has dealt with me
More gently, cousin, than you ever will!
Your book brought down entire the bright June-day,
And set me wandering in the garden walks,
And let me watch the garland in a place
You blushed so—nay, forgive me, do not stir—
I only thank the book for what it taught
And what permitted.

He then described the failure of his own Utopian plans, which resulted from the burning of Leigh Hall by angry country-folk. He declared his love for me, and this made me think him quite mad. I mentioned the name of his wife, Lady Waldemar, whereupon he suddenly interrupted:

'Are we mad?'
He echoed—'wife! mine! Lady Waldemar!
I think you said my wife.' He sprang to his feet,
And threw his noble head toward the moon
As one who swims against a stormy sea,
Then laughed with such a helpless, hopeless scorn
I stood and trembled.

He gave me a letter in which Lady Waldemar told how she had left him. I stood dazed, and could only murmur: 'So you are not married!'

'Ah, not married!' 'You mistake,' he said.
'I'm married. Is not Marian Erle my wife?
As God sees things I have a wife and child.'
I felt it hard to breathe, much less to speak.
Nor word of mine was needed. Some one else
Was there for answering. 'Romney,' she began,
'My great good angel, Romney?' Then at first
I knew that Marian Erle was beautiful.
She stood there, still and pallid as a saint,
Dilated, like a saint in ecstasy. [and as men
'I take her as God made her (Romney said),
Must fail to unmake her, for my honoured wife.'

Marian, however, would not consent to this sacrifice; she cried:

'The reason's ready (master, angel, friend,
Be patient with me), wherefore you and I
Can never, never, never join hands so.
I know you'll not be angry like a man
(For you are more) when I shall tell the truth,
Which is, I do not love you, Romney Leigh.'

She left us, and Romney began to talk of the past. Suddenly he mentioned that he could not see the stars. He was blind, a result of the fire at Leigh Hall, and in telling of this tragedy he let fall words showing me that he still loved me. I told him that I too loved him.

But what he said . . . I have written day by day,
With somewhat even writing. Did I think
That such a passionate rain would intercept
And dash this last page? What he said, indeed,
I fain would write it down here like the rest,
To keep it in my eyes as in my ears,
The heart's sweet scripture, to be read at night
When weary, or at morning when afraid,
And lean my heaviest oath on when I swear
That when all's done, all tried, all counted here,
All great arts and all good philosophies,
This love just puts its hand out in a dream
And straight outstretches all things. What he said,
I fain would write. But if an angel spoke
In thunder, should we haply know much more
Than that it thundered?
His breath against my face
Confused his words, yet made them more intense.
But oh, the night! oh, bitter-sweet! oh, sweet!
O dark, O moon and stars, O ecstasy
Of darkness! O great mystery of love,
In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treason's self
Enlarges rapture—as a pebble dropt
In some full wine-cup over-brims the wine!
While we two sate together, leaned that night
So close my very garments crept and thrilled
With strange electric life, and both my cheeks
Grew red, then pale, with touches from my hair
In which his breath was—while the golden moon
Was hung before our faces as the badge
Of some sublime inherited despair,
Since ever to be seen by only one—
A voice said, low and rapid as a sigh,
Yet breaking, I felt conscious, from a smile,
'Thank God, who made me blind, to make me see!'

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

THIS first-rate romance was published in ten volumes in 1845, the year following the appearance of The Three Musketeers (see page 3007), to which it is a sequel. Here are presented D'Artagnan and the three musketeers in the prime of middle life, and their efforts on behalf of Charles I are as amazing as any of the exploits performed when they were twenty years younger. Most of the characters introduced are historical, and they are all drawn with spirit, but Dumas took considerable liberties with the facts of history in several places, as in the introduction of D'Artagnan and his friends to Charles I, and in making the king's trial and execution follow so quickly on his surrender. A remarkable point in this, as in the other historical romances of Dumas, is that in spite of their enormous length, no superfluous dialogue or long descriptions cause the interest to flag. The story of the three musketeers is carried still further in The Vicomte de Bragelonne. Several inexpensive translations of Twenty Years After are published.

I—The Parsimony of Mazarin

THE great Richelieu was dead, and his successor, Cardinal Mazarin, a cunning and parsimonious Italian, was chief minister of France. Paris, torn and distracted by civil dissension, and impoverished by heavy taxation, was seething with revolt, and Mazarin was the object of popular hatred, Anne of Austria, the queen-mother (for Louis XIV was but a child), sharing his disfavour.

It was in these circumstances that the queen recalled how faithfully D'Artagnan had once served her, and reminded Mazarin of that gallant officer and of his three friends. Mazarin sent for D'Artagnan, who for twenty years had remained a lieutenant of musketeers, and asked him what had become of his friends.

"I want you and your three friends to be of use to me," said the cardinal. "Where are your friends?"

"I do not know, my lord. We parted company long ago; all three have left the service."

"Where can you find them, then?"

"I can find them wherever they are. It would be my business."

"And what are the conditions for finding them?"

"Money, my lord; as much money as the undertaking may require."

"You will be at my service when they are found?" asked Mazarin.

"What are we to do?"

"Don't trouble about that. When the time for action arrives you shall learn all that I require of you."

Mazarin gave D'Artagnan a bag of money, and the latter withdrew, to discover in the courtyard that the bag contained silver and not gold.

"Crown pieces only, silver!" exclaimed D'Artagnan; "I guessed as much. Ah, Mazarin, you have no real confidence in me. So much the worse for you!"

But the cardinal was rubbing his hands and congratulating himself that he had discovered a secret for a tenth of the coin Richelieu would have spent on the matter.

D'Artagnan first sought for Aramis, who was now an abbé. But the heart of Aramis was not in religion, and when D'Artagnan found him, and the two had sat talking for some time, D'Artagnan said, "My friend, it seems to me that when you were a musketeer you were always thinking of the Church, and now that you are an abbé you are always longing to be a musketeer."

"It's true," said Aramis. "Man is a strange bundle of inconsistencies. Since I became an abbé I dream of nothing but battles, and I practise shooting all day."

Aramis indeed had retained both his swordsmanship and his interest in public affairs. But when D'Artagnan mentioned Mazarin, and the serious crisis in the state, Aramis declared that Mazarin was an

upstart with only the queen on his side; and that the young king, the nobles and princes were all against him. Aramis was already on the side of Mazarin's enemies. He could not pledge himself to anyone, and the two separated.

D'Artagnan went on to find Porthos, whose address he had learnt from Aramis. Porthos, who now called himself de Valon after the name of his estate, lived at ease as a country gentleman should; he was a widower and wealthy, but he was mortified because his neighbours were of ancient family and ignored him. He received D'Artagnan with open arms, and when at breakfast he confessed his weariness, D'Artagnan at once invited him to join him again and promised that he should get a barony for his services.

"Go into harness again!" cried D'Artagnan. "Gird on your sword, and win a coronet. You want a title; I want money; the cardinal wants our help."

"For my part," said the gigantic Porthos, "I certainly want to be made a baron."

They talked of Athos, who lived on his estate at Bragelonne, and was now the Count de la Fère. And Porthos mentioned that Athos had an adopted son.

"If we can get Athos, all will be well," said D'Artagnan. "If we cannot, we must do without him. We two are worth a dozen."

"Yes," said Porthos, smiling at the remembrance of their old exploits; "but we four would be equal to thirty-six."

"I have your word, then?"

"Yes. I will fight heart and soul for the cardinal; but—but he must make me a baron."

"Oh, that's settled!" said D'Artagnan. "I'll answer for your barony."

With that he had his horse saddled and rode on to the castle of Bragelonne. Athos was visibly moved at the sight of D'Artagnan, and rushed towards him and clasped him in his arms. D'Artagnan, equally moved, held him closely, while tears stood in his eyes. Athos seemed scarcely aged at all, in spite of his eight-and-forty years; but there was a greater dignity about his face. Formerly, too, he had been a heavy drinker, but now no signs of excess disturbed the calm serenity of his countenance. The presence of his son, whom he called Raoul—a boy of fifteen—seemed to explain to D'Artagnan the regenerated existence of Athos.

Deeply as the heart of Athos was stirred at meeting his old comrade-in-arms, and sincere as his attachment was to D'Artagnan, he would have nothing to do with any plan for helping Mazarin.

D'Artagnan returned alone to await Porthos in Paris. The same night Athos and his son also left for Paris.

II—The Four Set Out for England

Queen Henrietta of England, daughter of Henry IV of France and wife of King Charles I, was lodged in the Louvre, while her husband lost his crown in the civil war. The queen had appealed to Mazarin either to send assistance to Charles I, or to receive him in France, and the cardinal had declined both propositions. Then it was that an Englishman, Lord de Winter, appealed to Athos, whom he had known twenty years earlier, to come to England and fight for the king.

Athos and Aramis at once responded, and waited on the queen, who received them in the large empty rooms—left unfurnished by the avarice of the cardinal—allotted to her in the Louvre.

"Gentlemen," said the queen, "a few years ago I had around me knights, treasure and armies. To-day look around, and know that in order to accomplish a plan which is dearer to me than life I have only Lord de Winter, the friend of twenty years, and you, gentlemen, whom I see for the first time, and whom I know but as my countrymen."

"It is enough," said Athos, bowing low, "if the life of three men can purchase yours, madame."

"I thank you, gentlemen. But hear me. My husband, King of England, is leading so wretched a life that death would be a welcome exchange for him. He has asked for the hospitality of France, and it has been refused him."

"What is to be done?" said Athos. "I have the honour to inquire from your majesty what you desire Monsieur

D'Herblay (as Aramis was named) and myself to do. We are ready."

"I, madame," said Aramis, "follow M. de la Fère wherever he leads, even to death, without demanding any reason; but when it concerns your majesty's service, no one precedes me."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said the queen, "since it is thus, and since you are willing to devote yourselves to the service of a poor princess whom everybody has forsaken, this is what must be done for me. The king is alone with a few gentlemen whom he may lose any day, and he is surrounded by the Scotch, whom he distrusts. I ask much, too much, perhaps, for I have no title to ask it. Go to England, join the king, be his friends, his bodyguard; be with him on the field of battle and in his house. Gentlemen, in exchange I can only promise you my love; next to my husband and my children you will have my prayers and a sister's love."

"Madame," said Athos, "when must we set out? We are ready!"

The queen, moved to tears, held out her hand, which they kissed, and then, after receiving letters for the king, they withdrew.

"Well," said Aramis, when they were alone, "what do you think of this business, my dear count?"

"Bad!" replied Athos. "Very bad!"

"But you entered on it with enthusiasm."

"As I shall ever do when a great principle is to be defended. Kings are only strong by the aid of the aristocracy; but aristocracy cannot exist without kings. Let us then support monarchy in order to support ourselves."

"We shall be murdered there," said Aramis. "I hate the English—they are so coarse, like all people who drink beer."

"Would it be better to remain here?" said Athos. "And take a turn in the Bastille, by the cardinal's order? Believe me, Aramis, there is little left to regret. We avoid imprisonment, and we take the part of heroes—the choice is easy!"

While Athos and Aramis were preparing to go to England on behalf of the king, Mazarin had decided to employ D'Artagnan and Porthos as envoys to Cromwell.

"Monsieur D'Artagnan," said the cardinal, "do you wish to become a captain?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Your friend wishes to be a baron?"

"At this very moment, my lord, he's dreaming that he is one."

"Then," said Mazarin, "take this despatch, carry it to England, and when you get to London, tear off the outer envelope."

"And on our return, may we, my friend and I, rely on getting our promotion?"

"On the honour of Mazarin, yes."

"I would rather have another sort of oath than that," said D'Artagnan to himself as he went out.

Just as they were leaving Paris, a letter came from Athos, who had already gone.

'Dear D'Artagnan, dear Porthos,—My friends, perhaps this is the last time you will hear from me. I entrust certain papers which are at Bragelonne to your keeping; if in three months you do not hear of me, take possession of them. May God and the remembrance of our friendship support you always.—Your devoted friend, Athos.'

III—In England

Athos and Aramis were with Charles I at Newcastle. The king had been sold by the Scotch to the English Parliament, and on the approach of Cromwell's army the king's troops refused to fight. Only fifteen men stood round the king when Cromwell's cavalry came charging down. Lord de Winter was shot dead by his own nephew, who was in Cromwell's army.

"Come, Aramis, now for the honour of France," said Athos, and the two Englishmen who were nearest to them fell mortally wounded.

At the same instant a tremendous shout filled the air and thirty swords flashed before them. Suddenly a man sprang out of the English ranks, fell upon Athos, wound his muscular arms round him and, tearing his sword from him, said in his ear, "Silence! Yield—you yield to me, don't you?"

A giant from the English ranks at the same moment seized Aramis by the wrists.

"I yield myself prisoner," said Aramis, giving up his sword to Porthos.

"D'Art——" exclaimed Athos; but the musketeer covered his mouth with his hand.

D'Artagnan held the bridle of Athos's horse and Porthos that of Aramis, and they led their prisoners off the field.

"We are all four lost if you give the least sign you know us," said D'Artagnan.

"The king—where is the king?" Athos exclaimed anxiously.

"Ah! We have got him!"

"Yes," said Aramis; "through a base act of treachery!"

Porthos pressed his friend's hand, and answered, "Yes; all is fair in war—stratagem as well as force. Look yonder!"

The squadron which ought to have protected the king was advancing to meet the English regiments.

The king, who was entirely surrounded, walked alone on foot. He caught sight of Athos and Aramis, and greeted them.

"Farewell, *messieurs*. The day has been unfortunate, but it is not your fault. But where is my old friend Winter?"

"Look for him with Strafford," said a voice.

Charles shuddered. He saw a corpse at his feet. It was Winter's.

That hour messengers were sent off in every direction over England and Europe to announce that Charles Stewart was now the prisoner of Oliver Cromwell. D'Artagnan not only accomplished the release of the prisoners, he also joined with his friends in a bold attempt to rescue Charles.

D'Artagnan at first naturally assumed they would all four return to France as quickly as possible; but Athos declared that he could not abandon the king.

"But what can you do in a foreign land; in an enemy's country?" said D'Artagnan. "Did you promise the queen to storm the Tower of London? Come, Porthos, what do you think of this business?"

"Nothing good," said Porthos.

"Friend," said Athos, "our minds are made up! Ah, if we had you with us! With you, D'Artagnan, and you, Porthos—reunited for the first time for twenty years—we would dare, not only England, but the three kingdoms together!"

"Very well," cried D'Artagnan furiously, "very well, since you wish it, let us leave our bones in this horrible land, where it is always cold, where the fine weather comes after a fog, and the fog after rain; whether we die here or elsewhere matters little, since we must die sooner or later."

"But your future career, D'Artagnan? Your ambition, Porthos?" said Athos.

"Our future, our ambition!" replied D'Artagnan bitterly. "What do we need to think of that for, if we are to save the king? The king saved, we shall assemble our friends together, reconquer England and place him securely on the throne."

"And he will make us dukes and peers," said Porthos joyfully.

"Or he will forget us," added D'Artagnan.

"THEN," said Athos, offering his hand to D'Artagnan, "I swear to you, by the God who hears us, I believe there is a power watching over us, and I look forward to our all meeting in France again."

"So be it!" said D'Artagnan; "but I confess I have quite a contrary conviction. However, 'tis settled; but I stay in England only on one condition, that I don't have to learn the language."

The attempt to rescue Charles from his guards on the way to London was only frustrated by the sudden arrival of General Harrison with a large body of soldiers, and D'Artagnan and his friends made their escape and followed to London.

"We must see this tragedy played out to the end," said Athos. "Do not let us leave England while any hope remains."

And the others agreed.

IV—At Whitehall

THE intrepid four were present at the trial of Charles I, and it was the voice of Athos that called out, "You lie!" when the prosecutor declared that the accusation against the king was put forward by the English people.

Fortunately, D'Artagnan managed to get Athos out of the court quickly, and then, followed by Porthos and Aramis, they mingled in the crowd outside.

Sentence having been pronounced against the king, the only thing to be

done by the four was to get rid of the London executioner; this meant at least a few days' delay while another executioner was being procured. D'Artagnan undertook this difficult task, while Aramis was to personate Bishop Juxon, the royal chaplain, and explain to Charles the attempt being made to save him. Athos engaged to get everything ready for leaving England.

On the very night before the execution Aramis brought the king a message from D'Artagnan, "Tell the king that to-morrow, at ten o'clock at night, we shall carry him off."

THE scaffold was already being constructed in Whitehall as he spoke, but D'Artagnan had the London executioner fast bound under lock and key in a cellar, and Athos had a light skiff waiting at Greenwich. Not only this, but at midnight these four wonderful men, thanks to Athos, who spoke excellent English, were also at work at the scaffold—having bribed the carpenter in charge to let them assist—and at the same time boring a hole in the wall. The scaffold, which had two lower storeys, and was covered with black serge, was at the height of twenty feet, on a level with the window in the king's room; and the hole communicated with a narrow loft, between the floor of the king's room, and the ceiling of the one below it.

The plan was to pass through the hole into the loft, and cut out from below a piece of the flooring of the king's room, so as to form a kind of trap-door. The king was to escape through this on the following night and, hidden by the black covering of the scaffold, was then to change his dress for that of a workman, and so pass the sentinels and reach Greenwich.

At nine o'clock in the morning Aramis was once more in the king's room.

"Sire," he said, "you are saved! The London executioner has vanished, and there is no executioner nearer at hand than Bristol. The Count de la Fère is two feet below you; take the poker and strike three times on the floor. He will answer you. He has the path ready for your majesty to escape by."

The king did as Aramis suggested, and in reply came three knocks from below.

All was ready; nothing, as far as D'Artagnan and Athos could see, had been overlooked; twenty-four hours hence would see the king beyond the reach of his adversaries.

And then just as Charles had satisfied himself that his life was saved, a Parliamentary officer and a file of soldiers entered the king's room to announce his immediate execution.

"Then it is for to-day?" asked the king.

"Were not you warned that it was to take place this morning?"

"Then I must die like a common criminal by the hand of the London executioner?"

"The London executioner has disappeared, but a man has offered his services. The execution will, therefore, take place at the appointed hour."

A fanatical Puritan, nephew of Lord de Winter—whom he slew at Newcastle—and a trusted lieutenant of Cromwell, did the work of the headsman, and upon Athos, waiting in concealment beneath the scaffold, fell drops of the king's blood.

When all was over the four hastened away in deep dejection to the skiff at Greenwich, and so to France. But when they had landed at Dunkirk it was plain to D'Artagnan that their troubles were not yet at an end.

"Porthos and I were sent by Cardinal Mazarin to fight for Cromwell; instead of fighting for Cromwell, we have served Charles I; that's not the same thing."

HOWEVER, D'Artagnan and Porthos, on their return to Paris, rendered such signal service to Mazarin and to the queen, by guarding them from the violence of the mob, and by quelling a riot, that D'Artagnan received his commission as captain of musketeers, and Porthos his barony.

The four old friends met once more in Paris before they separated. Aramis was returning to his convent, Athos and Porthos to their estates. As war had just broken out in Flanders, D'Artagnan made ready to go thither.

All four embraced, with tears in their eyes. And after that they departed on their various ways, not knowing whether they were ever to see each other again.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE

HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS

THE publication of Lamartine's first volume of poems, Méditations Poétiques, in 1820, struck the first note of the new French romantic poetry and made the author very popular. It was followed by other volumes of poetry, Nouvelles Méditations (1823), Harmonies Poétiques (1829), Jocelyn, and La Chute d'un Ange (1837), and Recueillements (1839). Lamartine had meanwhile become keenly interested in politics, and more and more democratic in his opinions. His greatest prose work, the History of the Girondins, or Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution, from Unpublished Sources, which appeared in 1847, was largely instrumental in bringing about the Revolution of 1848. Brilliant in its romantic portraiture, the work, like many other French histories, served the purposes of a pamphlet as well as a chronicle, and by its popularity secured for Lamartine something like a dictatorship. In his later years Lamartine returned to literature, writing several historical works and volumes of reminiscences. A translation of the History of the Girondins is published in Bohn's Library.

I—The War-Seekers of the South

THE French Revolution had pursued its rapid progress for two full years. Mirabeau, the first democratic leader, was dead. The royal family had attempted flight and failed. War with Europe threatened, and in the autumn of 1791 a new parliament was elected and summoned.

At this juncture the germ of a new opinion began to display itself in the south, and Bordeaux felt its full influence. The department of the Gironde had given birth to a new political party in the twelve citizens who formed its deputies. This department, far removed from the *centre*, was at no distant period to seize on the empire alike of opinion and of eloquence. The names (obscure and unknown up to this period) of Ducos, Guadet, Lafondladebat, Grangeneuve, Gensonné, Vergniaud, were about to rise into notice and renown with the storms and the disasters of their country; they were the men who were destined to give that impulse to the revolution that had hitherto remained in doubt and indecision, which was to precipitate it into a republic.

In the new parliament Brissot, the inspirer of the Gironde, the dogmatic statesman of a party which needed ideas and a leader, ascended the tribune in the midst of anticipated plaudits which betokened his importance in the new Assembly. His voice was for war, as the most efficacious of laws.

It was evident that a party, already formed, took possession of the tribune and was about to arrogate to itself the dominion of the Assembly. Brissot was its conspirator, Condorcet its philosopher, Vergniaud its orator. Vergniaud mounted the tribune, with all the prestige of his marvellous eloquence. The eager looks of the Assembly, the silence that prevailed, announced in him one of the great actors of the revolutionary drama who only appear on the stage to win themselves popularity, to intoxicate themselves with applause and—to die.

Vergniaud, born at Limoges, and an advocate of the Bar of Bordeaux, was now in his thirty-third year, for the revolutionary movement had seized on and borne him along with its currents when very young. His dignified, calm and unaffected features announced the conviction of his power. Facility, that agreeable concomitant of genius, had rendered alike pliable his talents, his character and even the position he assumed.

At the foot of the tribune he was loved with familiarity; as he ascended it each man was surprised to find that he inspired him with admiration; but at the first words that fell from the speaker's lips they felt the immense distance between the man and the orator. He was an instrument of enthusiasm, whose value and whose place were in his inspiration.

Pétion was the son of a procureur at Chartres, and a townsman of Brissot;

was brought up in the same way as he, in the same studies, same philosophy, same hatreds. They were two men of the same mind. The revolution, which had been the ideal of their youth, had called them on the scene on the same day, but to play very different parts. Brissot, the scribe, political adventurer, journalist, was the man of theory; Pétion, the practical man. He had in his countenance, in his character and his talents that solemn mediocrity which is of the multitude, and charms it; at least, he was a sincere man, a virtue which the people appreciate beyond all others in those who are concerned in public affairs.

The nomination of Pétion to the office of *maire* of Paris gave the Girondins a constant *point d'appui* in the capital. Paris, as well as the Assembly, escaped from the king's hands.

A report praised by Brissot in his journal, and by the Girondins in the Assembly, afforded no longer any pretext for delaying the war. France felt that her strength was equal to her indignation, and she could be restrained no longer. The increasing unpopularity of the king augmented the popular excitement. Twice had he already arrested, by his royal veto, the energetic measures of the Assembly—the decree against the *emigrés* and the decree against the priests who had not taken the oath. These two vetoes, the one dictated by his honour, the other by his conscience, were two terrible weapons placed in his hand by the constitution, yet which he could not wield without wounding himself. The Girondins revenged themselves for this resistance by compelling him to make war on the princes, who were his brothers, and the emperor, whom they believed to be his accomplice.

The war thus demanded by the ascendant Girondist party broke out in April 1792. Their enemies, the extreme Radical party, called 'Jacobins,' had opposed the war, and when the campaign opened in disaster the beginning of their ascendancy and the Girondin decline had appeared.

These disasters were followed by a proclamation from the enemy that the work of the revolution would be undone and the town of Paris threatened with military execution unless the king's power were fully restored. By way of answer, the populace of Paris stormed the royal palace, deposed the king and established a Radical government. Under this, a third parliament, the most revolutionary of all, called the 'Convention.' was summoned to carry on the war, the king was imprisoned, and on September 12, 1792, when the invading armies were checked at Valmy, a republic was declared.

II—The Fall of La Gironde

The proclamation of the republic was hailed with the utmost joy in the capital, the departments and the army; to philosophers it was the type of government found under the ruins of fourteen ages of prejudice and tyranny; to patriots it was the declaration of war of a whole nation, proclaimed on the day of the victory of Valmy, against the thrones united to crush liberty; while to the people it was an intoxicating novelty.

Those who most exulted were the Girondins. They met at Madame Roland's that evening, and celebrated most religiously the entrance of their creation into the world; and voluntarily casting the veil of illusion over the embarrassments of the morrow and the obscurities of the future, gave themselves up to the greatest enjoyment God has permitted man on earth—the birth of his idea, the contemplation of his work, and the embodied possession of his desires.

The republic had at first great military successes, but they were not long lived. After the execution of the king in January 1793, all Europe banded together against France, the French armies were crushingly defeated, their general, Dumouriez, fled to the enemy, and the Girondins, who had been in power all this while, were fatally weakened. Moreover, their attempt to save the king had added to their growing unpopularity when, after Dumouriez' treason, in March 1793, Danton attacked them in the Convention.

The Jacobins comprehended that Danton, at last forced from his long hesitation, decided for them and was about to crush

their enemies. Every eye followed him to the tribune.

His loud voice sounded like a tocsin above the murmurs of the Girondins. 'It is they,' he said, 'who had the baseness to wish to save the tyrant by an appeal to the people, who have been justly suspected of desiring a king. It is they only who have manifestly desired to punish Paris for its heroism by raising the departments against her; it is they only who have supped clandestinely with Dumouriez when he was at Paris; yes, it is they only who are the accomplices of this conspiracy.'

The Convention oscillated during the struggle between the Girondins and their Radical opponents with every speech.

ISNARD, a Girondin, was named president by a strong majority. His nomination redoubled the confidence of La Gironde in its force. A man extravagant in everything, he had in his character the fire of his language. He was the exaggeration of La Gironde—one of those men whose ideas rush to their head when the intoxication of success or fear urges them to rashness, and they renounce prudence.

The strain between the Girondins, with their parliamentary majority, and the populace of Paris, who were behind the Radicals, or Jacobins, increased, until, towards the end of May, the mob rose to march on the parliament. The alarm-bells rung, and the drums beat to arms in all the quarters of Paris.

The Girondins, at the sound of the tocsin and the drums, met for the last time, not to deliberate, but to prepare and fortify themselves against their death. They supped in an isolated mansion in the Rue de Clichy, amidst the tolling of bells, the sound of the drums and the rattling of the guns and tumbrils. All could have escaped; none would fly. Pétion, so feeble in the face of popularity, was intrepid when he faced death; Gensonné, accustomed to the sight of war; Buzot, whose heart beat with the heroic impressions of his unfortunate friend, Madame Roland, wished to await their death in their places in the Convention, and there invoke the vengeance of the departments.

Some hours later the armed mob, Henriot, their general, at their head, appeared before the parliament. The gates were opened at the sight of the president, Herault de Séchelles, wearing the tricoloured scarf. The sentinels presented arms; the crowd gave free passage to the representatives. They advanced towards the Carrousel. The multitude which were on this space saluted the deputies. Cries of 'Vive la Convention! Deliver up the twenty-two! Down with the Girondins!' mingled sedition with respect.

The Convention, unmoved by these shouts, marched in procession towards the cannon by which Henriot, the commandant-general, in the midst of his staff, seemed to await them. Herault de Séchelles ordered Henriot to withdraw this formidable array, and to grant a free passage to the national representation. Henriot, who felt in himself the omnipotence of armed insurrection, caused his horse to prance, while receding some paces, and then said in an imperative tone to the Convention, "You will not leave this spot until you have delivered up the twenty-two!"

"Seize this rebel!" said Herault de Séchelles, pointing with his finger to Henriot. The soldiers remained immovable.

"Gunners, to your pieces! Soldiers, to arms!" cried Henriot to the troops. At these words, repeated by the officers along the line, a motion of concentration around the guns took place. The Convention retrograded.

BARBAROUX, Lanjuinais, Vergniaud, Mollevault and Gardien remained, vainly expecting the armed men who were to secure their person, but not seeing them arrive, they retired to their own homes.

There followed the rising of certain parts of the country in favour of the Girondins and against Paris. It failed. The Girondins were prisoners, and after this failure of the insurrection the revolutionary government proceeded to their trial. When their trial was decided on, this captivity became more strict. They were imprisoned for a few days in the Carmelite convent in the Rue de Vaugeraud, converted into a prison, and rendered sinister by the bloody traces of the massacres of September.

THE GIRONDINS PREPARING TO LEAVE PRISON FOR THE GUILLOTINE, OCTOBER 31, 1793

From the painting by Paul Delaroche

III—The Judges at the Bar

On October 22, their *acte d'accusation* was read to them, and their trial began on the 26th. Never since the Knights Templars had a party appeared more numerous, more illustrious, or more eloquent. The renown of the accused, their long possession of power, their present danger, and that love of vengeance which arises in men's hearts at mighty reverses of fortune, had collected a crowd in the precincts of the revolutionary tribunal.

At ten o'clock the accused were brought in. They were twenty-two; and this fatal number, inscribed in the earliest lists of the proscription, on May 31, at eleven o'clock, entered the *salle d'audience*, between two files of *gens d'armes*, and took their places in silence on the prisoners' bench.

Ducos was the first to take his seat: scarcely twenty-eight years of age, his black and piercing eyes, the flexibility of his features and the elegance of his figure revealed one of those ardent temperaments in whom everything is light, even heroism.

Minvielle followed him, the youthful deputy of Marseilles, of the same age as Ducos, and of an equally striking but more masculine beauty than Barbaroux. Duprat, his countryman and friend, accompanied him to the tribunal. He was followed by Duchâtel, deputy of Deux Sévres, aged twenty-seven years, who had been carried to the tribunal almost in a dying state wrapped in blankets, to vote against the death of the 'Tyrant,' and who was termed, from this act and this costume, the 'Spectre of Tyranny.'

Carra, deputy of Sâone and Loire at the Convention, sat next to Duchâtel. His vulgar physiognomy, the stoop of his shoulders, his large head and disordered attire contrasted with the beauty and stature of Duchâtel. Learned, confused, fanatic, declamatory, impetuous alike in attack or resistance, he had sided with the Gironde to combat the excesses of the people.

A man of rustic appearance, Duperret, the involuntary victim of Charlotte Corday, sat next to Carra. He was of noble birth, but cultivated with his own hands the small estate of his forefathers.

Gensonné followed them; he was a man of five-and-thirty, but the ripeness of his intellect and the resolution that dictated his opinions gave his features that look of energy and decision that belongs to maturer age.

Next came Lasource, a man of high-flown language and tragical imagination. His unpowdered and closely-cut hair, his black coat, his austere demeanour, and grave and ascetic features recalled the minister of the Holy Gospel and those Puritans of the time of Cromwell, who sought for God in liberty, and in their trial, martyrdom.

Valazé seemed like a soldier under fire; his conscience told him it was his duty to die, and he died.

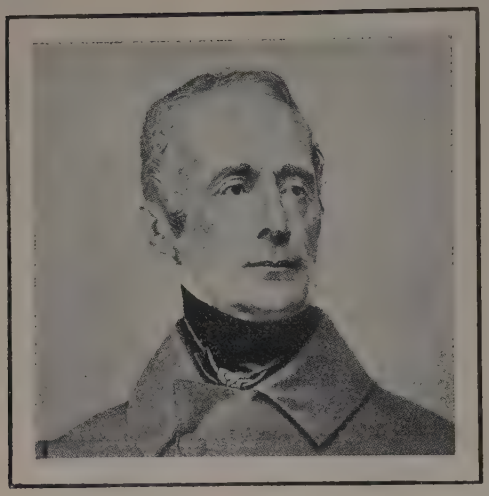
The Abbé Fauchet came immediately after Valazé. He was in his fiftieth year, but the beauty of his features, the elevation of his stature and the freshness of his colour made him appear much younger. His dress, from its colour and make, befitted his sacred profession, and his hair was so cut as to show the tonsure of the priest, so long covered by the red bonnet of the revolutionist.

Brissot was the last but one.

Last came Vergniaud, the greatest and most illustrious of them all. All Paris knew, and had beheld him in the tribune, and was now curious to gaze not only on the orator on a level with his enemies, but the man reduced to take his place on the bench of the accused. His prestige still followed him, and he was one of those men from whom everything, even impossibilities, are expected.

IV—The Banquet of Death

The jury closed the debate on October 30, at eight o'clock in the evening. All the accused were declared guilty of having conspired against the republic, and condemned to death. One of them, who had made a motion with his hand as though to tear his garments, slipped from his seat on to the floor. It was Valazé.



ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE. French poet, historian and novelist, was born at Macon, Burgundy, October 21, 1790, of a royalist family. He served as an officer of the royal bodyguard, and in 1822 became secretary in the French legations at Naples and Florence. In 1832 he went on an extended tour in the East, and on his return was elected to the Chamber as an Independent. At the Revolution of 1848 he was appointed minister for foreign affairs in the provisional government, and became one of the foremost men in Europe. His later years were clouded by financial difficulties, and he died in Paris, May 1, 1869.

"What, Valazé, are you losing your courage?" said Brissot, striving to support him.

"No, I am dying," returned Valazé. And he expired, his hand on the poignard with which he had pierced his heart.

At this spectacle silence instantly prevailed, and the example of Valazé made the young Girondins blush for their momentary weakness.

It was eleven o'clock at night. After a moment's pause, occasioned by the unexpectedness of the sentence and the emotion of the prisoners, the sitting was closed amidst cries of 'Vive la Republique!'

The Girondins, as they quitted their places, cried simultaneously, 'We die innocent! Vive la Republique!'

They were all confined for this their last night on earth in the large dungeon, the waiting-room of death.

The deputy Bailleul, their colleague at the Assembly, proscribed like them, but who had escaped the proscription and was concealed in Paris, had promised to send from without on the day of their trial a last repast, triumphant or funeral, according to the sentence. Bailleul, though invisible, kept his promise through the agency of a friend. The funeral supper was set out: the daintiest meats, the choicest wines, the rarest flowers and numerous flambeaux decked the oaken table—the prodigality of dying men who have no need to save aught for the following day.

The repast was prolonged until dawn. Vergniaud, seated at the centre of the table, presided, with the same calm dignity with which he had presided at the Convention on the night of August 10. The others formed groups, with the exception of Brissot, who sat at the end of the table, eating but little and not uttering a word. For a long time nothing in their features or conversation indicated that this repast was the prelude to death. They ate and drank with appetite, but sobriety; but when the table was cleared, and nothing left except the fruit, wine and flowers, the conversation became alternately animated, noisy and grave, as the conversation of careless men, whose thoughts and tongues are freed by wine.

Towards the morning the conversation became more solemn. Brissot spoke prophetically of the misfortunes of the republic, deprived of her most virtuous and eloquent citizens. "How much blood will it require to wash out our own?" cried he. They were silent, and appeared terrified at the phantom of the future evoked by Brissot.

"My friends," replied Vergniaud, "we have killed the tree by pruning it. It was too aged. Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more fortunate than ourselves? No, the soul is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty; this people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. We were deceived as to the age in which we were born, and in which we die for the freedom of the world."

A long silence followed this speech of Vergniaud's, and the conversation turned from earth to heaven.

"What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" said Ducos, who always mingled mirth with serious subjects. Each replied according to his nature.

Vergniaud reconciled in a few words all the different opinions.

"Let us believe what we will," said he, "but let us die certain of our life and the price of our death. Let us each sacrifice what we possess, the one his doubt, the other his faith, all of us our blood, for liberty. When man offers himself a victim to Heaven, what more can he give?"

When all was ready, the executioners and *gens d'armes* made the condemned march to the court of the palace, where five carts, surrounded by an immense crowd, awaited them. The moment they emerged from the Conciergerie, the Girondins burst into the 'Marseillaise,' laying stress on these verses:

Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé

From this moment they ceased to think of themselves, in order to think of the example of the death of republicans they wished to leave the people. Their voices sank at the end of each verse, only to rise more sonorous at the first line of the next verse. On their arrival at the scaffold they all embraced, in token of community in liberty, life and death, and then resumed their funeral chant.

All died without weakness. The hymn became feebler at each fall of the axe; one voice still continued it, that of Vergniaud. Like his companions, he did not die, but passed in enthusiasm, and his life, begun with immortal orations, ended with a hymn to the eternity of the revolution.

Melodrama Made Literature

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

It was in 1848 that Wilkie Collins published his first book, a memoir of his father, the painter, but he had already written a novel, Antonina, or the Fall of Rome, inspired by his youthful residence in Italy, which was published in 1850. In 1851 he produced a volume of travel sketches, Rambles Beyond Railways, and his meeting with Dickens in the same year decided his career. The two novelists remained thenceforth intimately associated, working sometimes in collaboration, and all Collins's best work appeared serially in Dickens's periodicals Household Words, and All the Year Round. He had published two further novels, Basil (1852) and Hide and Seek (1854), and had contributed After Dark (1856) and The Dead Secret (1857) to All The Year Round when he scored his first great popular success in 1860 with The Woman in White. This novel attracted immediate attention at home and abroad by its complexity of plot, and by the author's method of unravelling the mystery in a succession of different narratives. It is obtainable in various inexpensive editions.

I—The Story Begun by Walter Hartright

I had once saved Professor Pesca from drowning, and in his desire to do 'a good something for Walter,' the warm-hearted little Italian secured me the position of art-master at Limmeridge House, Cumberland.

It was the night before my departure to take up my duties as teacher to Miss Laura Fairlie and her half-sister, Miss Marian Halcombe, and general assistant to Frederick Fairlie, uncle and guardian to Miss Fairlie. Having bidden good-bye to my mother and sister at their cottage in Hampstead, I decided to walk home to my chambers the longest possible way round. In the after-warmth of the hot July day I made my way across the darkened Heath. Suddenly I was startled by a hand laid lightly on my shoulder. I turned to see the figure of a solitary woman, with a colourless youthful face, dressed from head to foot in white garments.

"Is that the road to London?" she said.

Her sudden appearance, her extraordinary dress, and the strained tones of her voice so surprised me that I hesitated some moments before replying. Her agitation at my silence was distressing, and calming her as well as I could, and promising to help her to get a cab, I asked

her a few questions. Her answers showed that she was suffering from some terrible nervous excitement. She asked me if I knew any baronets—any from Hampshire—and seemed almost absurdly relieved when I assured her I did not. In the course of our conversation, as we walked towards St. John's Wood, I discovered a curious circumstance. She knew Limmeridge House and the Fairlies!

Having found her a cab, I bade her good-bye. As we parted she suddenly seized my hand and kissed it with overwhelming gratitude. Her conveyance was hardly out of sight when two men drove past in an open chaise, and drawing up in front of a policeman asked him if he had seen a woman in white.

"What has she done?" queried the policeman.

"Done!" exclaimed one of the men. "She has escaped from our asylum."

The day following this strange adventure I arrived at Limmeridge Hall, and the next morning made the acquaintance of the household. Marian Halcombe and Laura Fairlie, her half-sister, were, in point of appearance, the exact reverse of each other. The former was a tall, masculine-looking woman, with a masculine capacity for deep friendship. The latter was made in a slighter mould, with charming, delicate features, set off by a mass of pale brown hair. Mr. Frederick Fairlie I found to be a neurotic, utterly selfish gentleman who passed his life in his own apartments, amusing himself with bullying his valet, examining his works of art and talking of his nerves.

With the other members of the household I soon became on a friendly footing. Miss Halcombe, when I told her of my strange adventure on Hampstead Heath, turned up her mother's correspondence with her second husband, and discovered there a reference to the woman in white, who bore a striking resemblance to Miss Fairlie. Her name was Anne Catherick. She had stayed for a short time in the neighbourhood with her mother, and had been befriended by Mrs. Fairlie.

As the months went by I fell passionately and hopelessly in love with Laura Fairlie. No word of love, however, passed between us, but Miss Halcombe, realizing the situation, broke to me gently the fact that my love was hopeless. Almost from childhood Laura had been engaged to Sir Percival Glyde, a Hampshire baronet, and her marriage was due to take place shortly. I decided to resign my position. But before I set out from Limmeridge House, many strange things happened.

SHORTLY before the arrival of Sir Percival Glyde to settle the details of his marriage, Laura had an anonymous letter, warning her against the union, and concluding with the words, 'your mother's daughter has a tender place in my heart, for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend.' Two days after the receipt of this letter I came upon Anne Catherick, busily tending the grave of Mrs. Fairlie. With difficulty I persuaded her to tell me something of her story. That she had been locked up in an asylum—unjustly, it was clear—I already knew. She confessed to having written the letter to Laura, but when I mentioned the name of Sir Percival Glyde, she shrieked aloud with terror. It was obvious that it was the baronet who had placed her under restraint.

The Fairlie's family solicitor, Mr. Gilmore, arriving next day, the whole matter was placed before him. He decided to send the anonymous letter to Sir Percival Glyde's solicitors and to ask for an explanation. Before any reply was received, I had left Limmeridge House, bidding farewell to the place where I had spent so many happy hours, and to the girl I loved.

II—The Story Continued by Vincent Gilmore, Solicitor

I WRITE these lines at the request of my friend, Mr. Walter Hartright, to describe the events which took place after his departure from Limmeridge House.

My letter to Sir Percival Glyde's solicitors regarding Anne Catherick's anonymous communication was answered by the baronet in person on his arrival at Limmeridge House. He was the first to offer an explanation. Anne Catherick was the daughter of one of his old family servants, and in consideration of her mother's past services he had sent her

to a private asylum instead of allowing her to go to one of the public establishments where her mental condition would otherwise have compelled her to remain. Her animus against Sir Percival was due to the fact that she had discovered that he was the cause of her incarceration. The anonymous letter was evidence of this insane antipathy.

My next concern with this history deals with the drawing up of Miss Fairlie's marriage settlement. Besides being heiress to the Limmeridge property, Miss Fairlie had personal estate to the value of £20,000, derived under the will of her father, Philip Fairlie. To this she became entitled on completing her twenty-first year. She had a life interest, moreover, in £10,000, which on her death passed to her father's sister Eleanor, the wife of Count Fosco, an Italian nobleman. In all human probability the Countess Fosco would never enjoy this money, for she was well advanced in age, while Laura was not yet twenty-one.

Regarding the £20,000, the proper and fair course was that the whole amount should be settled so as to give the income to the lady for her life, afterwards to Sir Percival for his life, and the principal to the children of the marriage. In default of issue, the principal was to be disposed of as the lady might by her will direct, thus enabling her to make provision for her half-sister, Marian Halcombe. This was the proper settlement, but Sir Percival's solicitors insisted that the principal should go to Sir Percival Glyde in the event of his surviving Lady Glyde and there being no issue. I protested in vain, and this iniquitous settlement, which placed every farthing of the £20,000 in Sir Percival's pocket, and prevented Miss Fairlie providing for Miss Halcombe, was duly signed.

III—Extracts from Marian Halcombe's Diary

LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, *November* 9. I have secured for poor Walter Hartright a position as draughtsman on an expedition which is to start immediately for central South America. Change of scene may really be the salvation of him at this crisis in his life. To-day poor Laura asked Sir Percival to release her from the engagement.

"If you still persist in maintaining our engagement," she said, looking irresistibly beautiful, "I may be your true and faithful wife, Sir Percival—your loving wife, if I know my own heart, never!"

"I gratefully accept your grace and truth," he said. "The least that *you* can offer is more to me than the utmost that I can hope for from any other woman in the world."

December 19. I received Sir Percival's consent to live with him as companion to his wife in their new home in Hampshire. I was interested to discover that Count Fosco, the husband of Laura's Aunt Eleanor, is a great friend of Sir Percival's.

December 22, 11 *o'clock*. It is all over. They are married.

Blackwater Park, Hampshire, June 11. Six long months have elapsed since Laura and I last saw each other. I have just arrived at her new home. My latest news of Walter Hartright is derived from an American paper. It describes how the expedition was last seen entering a wild primeval forest.

June 15. Laura has returned, and I have found her changed. The old-time freshness and softness have gone. She is, if anything, more beautiful. She refused to go into details on the subject of her married life, and the fact that we have this forbidden topic seems to make a difference to our old relations. Sir Percival made no pretence to be glad to see me. They brought two guests with them, Count Fosco and his wife, Laura's aunt. He is immensely fat, with a face like that of the great Napoleon, and eyes which have an extraordinary power. In spite of his size, he treads as softly as a cat. His manners are perfect. He never says a hard word to his wife; but, none the less, he rules her with a rod of iron. She is absolutely his slave, obedient to the slightest expression of his eyes. He manages Sir Percival as he manages his wife; and, indeed, all of us. He inquired to-day whether there were any Italian gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

June 16. Merriman, Sir Percival's solicitor, came down to-day, and I accidentally overheard a conversation

which seems to indicate a determination on Sir Percival's part to raise money on Laura's security, to pay off some of his heavy debts.

June 17. Sir Percival tried to make Laura sign the document which had been brought down by Merriman. On my advice, she refused to do so without reading it. A terrible scene resulted, which was only stopped by the intervention of Count Fosco. Sir Percival swore that Laura shall sign it to-morrow. To-night, Laura and I fancied we saw a white figure in the wood.

June 18. Laura has met Anne Catherick. It was she we saw in the wood last night. She came upon Laura in the boat-house and declared she had something to tell her. "What is it you have to tell me?" asked Laura. "The secret that your cruel husband is afraid of," she answered. "I once threatened him with the secret and frightened him. You shall threaten him with the secret and frighten him, too." When Laura pressed her, she declared somebody was watching them and, pushing Laura back into the boat-house, disappeared.

June 19. The worst has come. Sir Percival has discovered a message from Anne Catherick to Laura, promising to reveal the secret, and stating that yesterday she was followed by a 'tall, fat man,' clearly the count. Sir Percival was furious, and locked Laura up in her bedroom. Again the count has had to intervene on her behalf.

Later. By climbing out on the roof of the verandah, I have overheard a conversation between the count and Sir Percival. They spoke with complete frankness—with fiendish frankness—to one another. Fosco pointed out that his friend was desperately in need of money, and that, as Laura had refused to sign the document, he could not secure it by ordinary means. If Laura died, Sir Percival would inherit £20,000, and Fosco himself obtain through his wife £10,000. Sir Percival confessed that Anne Catherick had a secret which endangered his position. This secret, he surmised, she had told to Laura; and Laura, being in love with Walter Hartright—he had discovered this—would use it. The count inquired what Anne Catherick was like.

"FANCY my wife after a bad illness with a touch of something wrong in her head, and there is Anne Catherick for you," answered Sir Percival. "What are you laughing about?"

"Make your mind easy, Percival," he said. "I have my projects here in my big head. Sleep, my son, the sleep of the just."

I crept back to my room soaked through with the rain. Oh, my God, am I going to be ill? I have heard the clock strike every hour. It is so cold, so cold; and the strokes of the clock—the strokes I can't count—keep striking in my head . . .

[At this point the diary ceases to be legible.]

IV—The Story Completed by Walter Hartright

THE events that happened after Marian Halcombe fell ill while I was absent in South America I will relate briefly.

Count Fosco discovered Anne Catherick, and immediately took steps to put into execution the plot he had hinted at. Wearing the clothes of Lady Glyde, the unfortunate girl was taken to a house in St. John's Wood where the real Lady Glyde was expected to stay when passing through town on her way to Cumberland. Lady Glyde, on pretence that her half-sister had been removed to town, was induced to visit London, where she was met by Count Fosco, and at once placed in a private asylum in the name of Anne Catherick. Her statement that she was Lady Glyde was held to be proof of the unsoundness of her mind. Unfortunately for the count's plans, the real Anne Catherick died the day before the incarceration of Lady Glyde, but, as there was no one to prove the dates of these events, both Fosco and Sir Percival regarded themselves as secure. With great pomp the body of Anne Catherick was taken to Limmeridge and buried in the name of Lady Glyde.

As soon as Marian Halcombe recovered, the supposed death of her half-sister was broken to her. Recollecting the conversation she had overheard just before she

was taken ill, she had grave suspicions as to the cause of Laura's death, and immediately instituted inquiries. In the pursuit of these inquiries she visited Anne Catherick in the asylum, and her joy in discovering Laura there instead of the supposed Anne Catherick was almost overwhelming. By bribing one of the nurses, she secured Laura's freedom, and travelled with her to Limmeridge to establish her identity. To her disgust and amazement Frederick Fairlie refused to accept her statement, or to believe that Laura was other than Anne Catherick. Count Fosco had visited and prepared him.

At this juncture I returned from South America and, hearing of the death of the girl I loved, at once set off to Limmeridge on a sad pilgrimage to her grave. While I was reading the tragic narrative on the tombstone, two women approached. Even as the words, 'Sacred to the memory of Laura, Lady Glyde,' swam before my eyes, one of them lifted her veil. It was Laura.

In a poor quarter of London I took up my abode with Laura and Miss Halcombe, and while my poor Laura slowly recovered her health and spirits I devoted myself to the support of the little household, and to unravelling the mystery which surrounded the events I have here recorded. From Mrs. Clements, who had befriended poor Anne Catherick, I learnt that Mrs. Catherick had had secret meetings years before with Sir Percival Glyde in the vestry of the church at Welmingham.

To establish the exact relations between Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival, I visited Welmingham, pursued by the baronet's agents. My interview with Mrs. Catherick satisfied me that Sir Percival was not the father of Anne, and that their secret meeting in the vestry had reference to some object other than romance. The contemptuous way in which Mrs. Catherick spoke of Sir Percival's mother set me thinking. I visited the vestry where the meetings had taken place, and examining the register, discovered at the bottom of one of the pages, compressed into a very small space, the entry of Sir Felix Glyde's marriage with the mother of Sir Percival. Hearing from the sexton that an old lawyer in the neighbouring town had a copy of this register, I visited him, and found that his copy did not contain the entry of this marriage.

Here was the secret at last! Sir Percival was the illegitimate son of his father, and had forged this entry of his father's marriage in order to secure the title and estates. Mrs. Catherick was the only person who knew of the plot. In a fit of ill temper she had told her daughter Anne that she possessed a secret that could ruin the baronet. Anne herself never knew the secret, but foolishly repeated her mother's words to Sir Percival, and the price of her temerity was incarceration in a private asylum.

I returned post-haste to Welmingham to secure a copy of the forged entry. It was night. As I approached the church, a man stopped me, mistaking me for Sir Percival Glyde. A light in the vestry showed to me that Sir Percival had anticipated my discovery and had secretly visited the church for the purpose of destroying the evidences of his crime. But a terrible fate awaited him. Even as I approached the church, a huge tongue of flame shot up into the night sky. As I rushed forward I could hear the baronet vainly seeking to escape from the vestry. The lock was hampered, and he could not get out. I tried to force an entry, but by the time the flames were under control the end had come. We found the charred remains of the man who had walked through life as Sir Percival Glyde lying by the door.

The mystery was now unravelled, and I was free to marry my darling. The only other point that seemed to need clearing up was the parentage of the unfortunate Anne Catherick. That was elucidated by Mrs. Catherick herself. The father of Anne was Philip Fairlie, the father of Laura—a fact that accounted for the extraordinary likeness between the two girls. But though our tribulations seemed to be at an end, we had yet to establish the identity of Laura, and to deal with Count Fosco.

To Miss Halcombe the count had written a letter expressive of his admiration, and begging her, for her own sake, to let matters be. I knew the count was a

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS, English novelist, was born in London, January 8, 1824, the son of William Collins, R.A. At the age of twelve he was taken to Italy, where the family lived for three years. In 1841 he was articled to a firm in the tea trade, but four years later abandoned business for the law. He was called to the bar in 1851, but did not follow the profession, though his legal studies proved useful in his literary career. After his father's death in 1847 he at first conceived the idea of becoming a painter, but soon turned to letters where he quickly achieved success. Collins died in London, September 23, 1889.

dangerous enemy, who would not hesitate to employ murder if necessary to gain his ends, but I was determined to re-establish the identity of Laura. Miss Halcombe's journal afforded me a clue. I found there a statement that on the occasion of his first visit to Blackwater Park the count had been very concerned to know whether there were any Italians in the neighbourhood. Without hoping that anything would result from the manoeuvre, I followed the count one night, in the company of my friend, Professor Pesca, to the theatre. The professor did not recognize Fosco, but when the count, staring round the theatre, focussed his glasses on Pesca, I saw a look of unmistakable terror come over his countenance. He at once rose from his seat and left the place. We followed.

The professor was very grave, and it was quite a different man from the light-hearted little Italian that I knew who related to me a strange chapter in his life. As a young man, Pesca had belonged to a secret society for the removal of tyrants. He was still a member of the society and, by his oath, could be called upon to act at any time. The count had also been a member of the society, and had betrayed its secret. Hence his terror of seeing Pesca.

I immediately made use of the weapon that had been placed in my hand. I went boldly to Fosco's house, and offered to effect his escape from England, where he was doomed to certain death, in return for a full confession of his share in the abduction of Lady Glyde. He threatened to kill me, but realizing that I had him at my mercy, consented to my terms.

This confession completely established the identity of Laura and she was publicly acknowledged by Mr. Frederick Fairlie. Laura and I had been married some time before, and we were now able to set off on our honeymoon. We visited Paris. While there, I chanced to be attracted by a large crowd that surged around the doors of the Morgue. Forcing my way through, I saw, lying within, the body of Count Fosco. There was a wound exactly over his heart, and on his arm were two deep cuts in the shape of the letter 'T'—the symbol of his treason to the brotherhood to which he had belonged.

When we returned to England, we lived comfortably on the income I was able to earn by my profession. A son was born to us, and the only event in our lives which now remains to be recorded occurred when our little Walter was six months old.

At this time I had been away for nearly a fortnight, and when I reached home, to my astonishment there was no one to receive me. A note from my wife told me to proceed to Limmeridge House where complete enlightenment awaited me. I travelled to Cumberland the same afternoon. There I found Laura and Marian with the baby, and learnt that Frederick Fairlie was dead.

It was Marian Halcombe, who had been the good angel of our lives, who announced the important change that had taken place in our prospects.

"Let me make two eminent personages known to one another," she exclaimed, with all her easy gaiety of old times, holding out my son to me: "Mr. Walter Hartright — the heir of Limmeridge House."

J. B. BOSSUET

FUNERAL ORATIONS

PERHAPS the greatest pulpit orator France ever produced, Bossuet was at his best in the delivery of funeral orations, his strength lying not only in his command of language but also in his sincerity of belief. His Oraisons Funèbres (Funeral Orations), first published in 1689, stand midway between the sermon proper and the modern biographical sketch. Although his official position demanded that these Orations should be eulogies of the deceased, Bossuet never descended to flattery or refrained from speaking what he believed to be the truth. The best of the Orations are those in which he was inspired by personal friendship, as for Condé and for the Duchess of Orleans. During his tutorship of the Dauphin, Bossuet wrote for his pupil's instruction a Treatise on the Knowledge of God, and a Discourse on Universal History; and to further his scheme of uniting the Huguenots with the Roman Church he published an Exposition of the Catholic Faith, and a History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches. The following Orations have been chosen and abridged from the French text.

I—For Henrietta Maria, Queen of England

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.—Ps. ii, 10.

HE who reigns in the heavens, who is the source of all empires, and to whom alone belong glory and majesty, has also the right alone to glorify Himself by giving the law to kings, and to administer to them, when it pleases Him, great and awful lessons. Whether He exalts thrones or abases them, whether He communicates His power to princes, or withdraws it again and leaves them nothing but their own weakness, He teaches them their duties in a sovereign manner worthy of Himself. For, in giving them power, He commands them to use it as He Himself does, for the benefit of the world; and in withdrawing it He teaches them that their majesty is borrowed. Thus He instructs princes not only by words, but also by consequences and examples.

Christians, whom the memory of a great queen, daughter, wife, mother of powerful kings, and sovereign of three kingdoms, summons from all parts for this sad ceremony, this discourse will present to you one of those mournful examples which demonstrate to the eyes of the world its total vanity. You will see in a single life all the extremes of human affairs: its boundless felicity and also its miseries; a long and peaceful enjoyment of one of the noblest crowns of the universe; all that can most gloriously adorn birth and greatness accumulated on a head, which is afterwards exposed to all the outrages of fortune; a good cause at first attended by good success; and then, sudden and unprecedented revulsions; rebellion, long repressed but at last victorious; licence without restraint; laws abolished and majesty violated by assaults till then unknown; usurpation and tyranny under the name of liberty; a fugitive queen who finds no refuge in the three kingdoms, and for whom her native land is but a sad place of exile.

If the history of the Church tenderly cherishes the memory of this queen, our history will not be silent concerning the advantages which she has secured for her house and her country. Beloved and honoured wife and mother, she reconciled with France the king her husband, and the king her son. Who is not aware how, after the memorable action of the Isle de Ré, and during that famous siege of La Rochelle, this princess, prompt to act in critical junctures, brought about the peace which prevented England from continuing to succour the revolted Calvinists? And in these last years, after our great king, more jealous of his word and solicitous of the welfare of his allies than of his own interests, had declared war against the English, was she not again a wise and felicitous mediator?

HENRIETTA MARIA, WIFE OF CHARLES I
From the painting by Van Dyck

The king is led from captivity to captivity. The queen appeals vainly to France, Holland, even Poland, and to the remotest powers of the north. She stimulates the loyalty of the Scots, who arm 3,000 men. She forms with the duke of Lorraine a scheme for rescuing her husband, which seems certain of success. She brings away her children, the only hope of her house; and she acknowledges at the same time that among the most mortal griefs one is still capable of rejoicing. She consoles the king, who writes that she alone sustains his spirit, and that she needs not to fear anything degrading on his part, because he remembers without ceasing that he belongs to her.

O admirable wife, mother, queen, worthy of a better fortune, if earthly fortunes were anything. At last, O queen, you must yield to your destiny; you have sufficiently sustained the state which is assailed by an invincible and divine force, it remains henceforth that you only stand firm among its ruins!

II—For Henrietta Anne of England, Duchess of Orleans

Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.—ECCL. i, 2.

THUS was I destined to render this last tribute to the high and mighty Princess Henrietta Anne of England, duchess of Orleans, so soon after seeing her attention to the similar discourse in honour of the queen, her mother! For my sad voice was reserved this mournful ministration. O mortals, ignorant of their lot! Could she have believed it ten months ago? Brethren, could you have thought, while she was shedding such tears in this place, that she would so soon summon you hither to weep for herself?

Let this tomb convince us of our insignificance, provided that this altar at the same time reminds us of our dignity. The princess whom we deplore shall be to us a witness of both. We are all like streams of water. Whatever may be the distinctions by which men flatter their pride, all have the same mean origin. Their years roll on like waves which, after making brief noise, some lasting longer than others, all are confounded together in the fathomless deeps. So are men swallowed up in an abyss where are recognized neither princes nor kings, nor any of the claims to rank or exaltation, just as the waves that proudly vaunt themselves mingle, without name or glory, with the unknown rivulets that pour into the sea.

Where in the universe could we find greater distinction than in this princess? In whatever direction I look I follow traces of her august origin, discovering only kings, and on every side I am dazzled by the splendour of these glorious crowns. I see the house of France, incomparably the greatest on earth, to which other powerful dynasties are proud to ascribe their own greatness. I see the kings of Scotland, the kings of England, who have reigned for so many centuries over one of the most warlike nations in the world, even more by their valour than by their authority.

But this princess, born on the throne, possessed mind and heart more exalted than even her birth. The misfortunes of her house could not crush her spirit in her earliest youth, and from that time we saw in her a greatness which owed nothing to

fortune. With rejoicing we record that heaven snatched her, as if by a miracle, from the hands of the enemies of her father, to give her to France—a precious gift!

O death, withdraw awhile from our thoughts, and let us for a moment evade the excess of our grief by means of the recollection of our joy. Remember, sirs, the admiration that the princess won from all the court. She grew up amid the benediction of all the people, and the years ceased not to add to her fresh attractions. Her merit distinguished her even more than her rank, even when she had attained the second place in France. But greatness never diminished her humility, and never was she dazzled by the splendour of her surroundings.

Greatness and glory! Can we still hear such terms in this victory of death? No, sirs; I cannot further repeat such grandiose words, by means of which human arrogance seems to stupefy itself, so that it may not perceive its own abject nothingness. All our thoughts which have not God for their object are of the domain of death. This illustrious princess is but an example to warn the ambitious that they have no means of distinction from common mortals, either by their birth, or by their greatness, or by their genius; since death, levelling all alike, dominates them with universal empire, and with unfailing and sovereign command overthrows the most reverend and renowned.

HENRIETTA ANNE, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I

III—For Maria Theresa of Austria, Queen of France

They are without fault before the throne of God.—Rev. xiv, 5.

What a company the apostle John assembles before us! Here are all who have been baptized into Christ, and have washed their robes white; virgin and pure souls, who have kept themselves undefiled in the corruptions of the world. In this pure company the queen has been placed. The horror which she always cherished of sin has merited for her this honour. The faith which reaches even to the skies makes us see her to-day in that blessed society. Death has not changed her, except that an immortal beauty has taken the place of beauty changeable and mortal.

Notwithstanding her humility, the queen knew well how to present herself to the world in a dignity becoming her greatness. She was born in a court where majesty is pleased to display itself in all its array. But she loved rather to abase her majesty before God than to display it before men. So we beheld her seeking access to the altars and taking refuge in the oratory, where, notwithstanding the tumultuous excitement of the court, she found the Carmel of Elijah, and the wilderness of John, and the mount that so often witnessed the groaning of Jesus.

I have learnt from St. Augustine that 'the devout mind constitutes itself a solitude.' But, my brethren, let us not flatter ourselves; we must know how to devote ourselves to hours of retirement if we would conserve the strength of the soul. It is just here that we must admire the inviolable fidelity which the queen sustained towards God. No diversions, or travels, or engagements were permitted to interfere with those hours of retreat which she reserved for meditation and prayer.

IV—For Messire Michel le Tellier, Chancellor of France

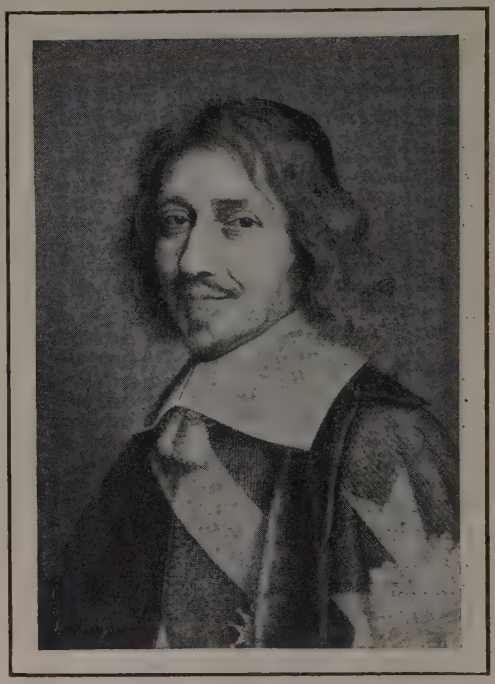
Get wisdom. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee.—PROVERBS iv, 7, 8.

IN paying homage to the illustrious man whose obsequies we celebrate and whose virtues we honour I shall be praising wisdom itself. And the wisdom which I shall laud is not that which elevates men and aggrandises families, nor that which governs empires, which regulates peace and war, which dictates laws, which dispenses favours. For, even though this great minister, chosen by divine Providence to preside at the councils of the wisest of kings, was the worthy instrument of the best-concerted measures that Europe ever saw; and though wisdom, after having controlled him from his childhood, promoted him to the greatest honours and to the climax of human happiness, yet his end has made us comprehend that it was not for these advantages that he listened to her admonitions. What we have seen him surrender without reluctance was not the object of his love.

At the time when Cardinal Mazarin advanced to the front rank, Michel le Tellier was Superintendent of Justice at Turin, and Mazarin, negotiating with the court there, was delighted with his capacity.

God, who had predestined this illustrious magistrate to become an example of justice in this splendid kingdom, had taught him to regard the office of a judge as the special means for achieving his own salvation. This holy thought, ever cherished in his soul, was likewise the felicitous expression always ready for utterance with his lips, and its repetition proved how firmly he had grasped the principles of the Christian faith.

Believe not, Christian brethren, that justice ever dwells in minds dominated by ambition. Every ambitious mind is incapable of rule. Ambition has invented those dangerous expedients in which, as in whited sepulchres, an insincere judge conserves merely the outward show of justice.



MICHEL LE TELLIER, CHANCELLOR OF FRANCE
After Nanteuil

The office of chancellor fell vacant, and all France felt that this was the devoted man who should fill it. And all the nation looked on with admiration as the people saw how the chancellor thus appointed discharged his functions with equal gentleness and strength. For he never forgot that before all others he must give an account of his administration to God. Often attacked by sickness, he several times seemed face to face with death; but he came forth from each such ordeal stronger than before, as well as more resigned to the divine will.

V—For Louis, Prince of Conde

The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.—JUDGES vi, 12.

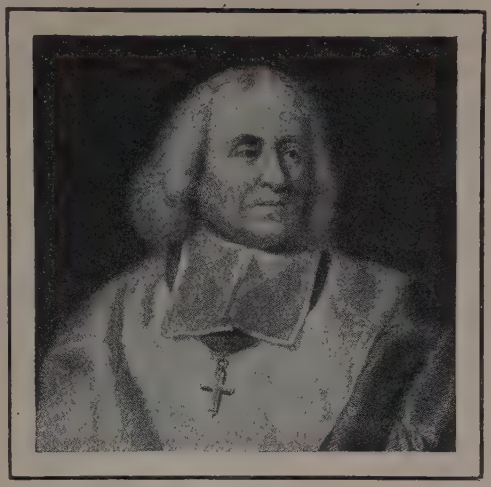
IN beginning to celebrate the immortal glory of Louis de Bourbon, prince of Condé, I feel myself equally baffled by the greatness of the subject and, if I must speak truly, by the uselessness of the attempt. What part of the world has not resounded with the echo of his victories? The Frenchman who boasts of them teaches nothing to the foreigner; and were I to attempt to recount them now,

always anticipated by your own thoughts, I should be conscious of your reproach that I had fallen far below the mark.

We feeble orators can add nothing to the glory of the grandest minds. What does not the kingdom owe to a prince who has honoured the royal house of France, the name of France, his age, and, indeed, humanity itself?

But there is a greater subject still. It is God who raises up warriors and victors. If He inspires courage, He does not the less endow them with their other great qualities of heart and mind. Who but God made a Cyrus and an Alexander? And on the battlefield the prince, whom we mourn, bent the knee and rendered praise to God who gave him the victory.

But the prince, like a wise general, also took care to know his men and his officers. He understood how to constrain them to move as one man. It was the grandest spectacle of our age to see, at the same time and in the same campaigns, two such supremely great leaders as Turenne and Condé, mutually aiding and stimulating one another in splendid emulation, one acting from profound reflection, the other moved by sudden illumination.



JACQUES BENIGNE BOSSUET, French bishop and orator, was born at Dijon, September 27, 1627, and educated at Metz and Paris. In 1652 he was ordained priest, made a doctor of divinity, and appointed archdeacon of Sarrebourg and canon of Metz. About 1660 he went to Paris, where he soon became famous for his eloquence in the pulpit and his skill in religious polemics, and was, in 1661, appointed preacher to the court. From 1670 to 1679 he was tutor to the Dauphin. Elected to the Academy in 1680, he was appointed to the bishopric of Meaux in 1681, and made councillor of state in 1697. Bossuet died in Paris, April 12, 1704.

LOUIS DE BOURBON, 'LE GRAND CONDE'
After Nanteuil

Still more impressive was it to see a king served by these two great chiefs, and profiting thus by the help ordained of heaven; and, after he was deprived through death of the aid of one, and through sickness of that of the other, rising above so sad a misfortune, and conceiving for himself such splendid schemes as to surpass the expectation of even his most admiring subjects.

If, after all others, I am permitted to come to fulfil the last duties at this tomb, O prince, worthy subject of our praises and our regrets, you will live eternally in my memory as I saw you on that last day under the hand of God, when glory seemed to be disclosed to you, more triumphantly than at Fribourg and at Rocroy. And, enchanted by so wondrous a triumph, I shall say, in the beautiful words of the beloved disciple, 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith!' Yes, the true victory, which puts the world at our feet, is our faith.

VICTOR HUGO

MARION DELORME

WRITTEN in 1829, three months before Hernani, Marion Delorme was refused a license by Charles X because of the terrible picture Victor Hugo presented of Louis XIII, during whose reign Marion Delorme was at the zenith of her brilliant and spectacular career, but was produced after the Revolution of 1830. The original title of the play was A Duel Under Richelieu, and the whole piece is built round the frustrated duel in which two young men engage against the edict of the great cardinal. This economy of stage-craft makes Marion Delorme a superior work, in point of construction, to Hernani, and though it may be less picturesque than that famous example of the romantic drama, it is on the whole a finer effort of genius. Victor Hugo occupies an anomalous position among the great dramatists. He is really a poet with a splendid lyrical inspiration; but he combines this in his plays with an acquired yet effective talent for stage-craft.

The following version has been prepared from the French text.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Marion Delorme	The Comte de Gasse	A Town Crier
Didier	Brichanteau	A Headsman
Louis XIII	L'Angely, the King's Jester	Two Workmen
The Marquis de Saverny	Rochebaron	Soldiers, Officials, and a crowd of people
The Marquis de Nangis	Laffemas	

First Act

SCENE.—*A street in Blois in* 1638. *Some officers are sitting in the twilight outside a tavern, chatting, smoking and drinking. They rise up to welcome the* Comte de Gasse.

BRICHANTEAU: You come to Blois to join the regiment?
We all condole with you. What is the news
From Paris?
Gasse: The duel has come in again. Richelieu
Is furious.
Rochebaron: That's no news. We duel here,
To pass the time away.
Gasse: But have you heard
Of the incredible, mysterious flight
Of Marion Delorme?
Brich: We have some news,
Gasse, for you. Marion is here.
Gasse: At Blois?
You jest! The Queen of Beauty? Marion
In a place like this?
Brich.: Saverny was attacked
Last night by footpads. They were killing him,
When a man beat them off, and took our friend
Into a house.
Gasse: But Marion Delorme?
Brich.: It was her house. Saverny's rescuer
Was the young man with whom she is in love.
Roche.: What is the man like?
Brich.: Ask Saverny that.
The Town Crier (*arriving with a crowd*):
'Ordinance. Louis, by the grace of God,
King of France and Navarre, unto all men,
To whom these presents come, greeting! We will,
Ordain and rule, henceforward, that all men,
Nobles or commoners, who break the law
By duelling, whether one survive or two,
Shall be hanged by the neck till they are dead.
Such is our good pleasure.'
Gasse: Hang us like thieves!

[*Two officers of the town fix the edict to the wall, and the* Crier *and the crowd depart.* Saverny *enters. The street grows dark.*]

Saverny: Fair Marion Delorme has left her house.
I cannot find her.
Gasse: What was the man like?
Sav.: I do not know. On entering the house,
I recognized sweet Marion, and began
To speak to her. Before I could turn round
And thank the man to whom I owed my life,
He knocked the candle over. I withdrew,
Seeing I was not wanted. All I know
Is that his name is Didier.
Roche.: It smacks
Of vulgar origin. To think a man
With such a name should carry Marion off—
Marion, the queen of beauty and of love!
Sav.: There may be men with greater names, but none
With greater hearts. To leap from Marion's arms
And fight with footpads for a stranger's life!
The thing's heroic! I owe Didier
A debt that I would pay, if need there were,
With all my blood. I wish he were my friend!

[L'Angely, *the King's jester—a mournful-looking creature—comes and sits with the officers. He is followed by a tall, pale, handsome young man. It is* Didier.]

Didier : The Marquis of Saverny! So the fop
Called himself. Oh, the easy, impudent air
With which he spoke to Marie! And I saved
The creature's life. If I meet him again——
Gasse : Saverny!
Did. : Here's my man.
Gasse : Have you observed
The edict against duelling, on pain
Of hanging?
Sav. : Hanging? Hang a gentleman?
You jest! That is a punishment for serfs.
Brich. : Well, read the edict underneath the lamp.
Sav. (*annoyed at* **Didier** *for staring at him*): Go, read it for me, pale face!
Did. : I?
Sav. : Yes, you.
Did. (*rising*): It is an ordinance that punishes
By gibbeting all squabbling noblemen.
Having done all you wanted, may I claim
A slight reward? Will you now fight with me?
Sav. : Certainly. Where?
Did. : Here. Who will lend a sword?
L'Angely : For this wild folly, take a fool's sword, friend.
And in exchange, bequeath to me, for luck,
The bit of rope that hangs you.
Did. (*taking his sword*) : Now, marquis!
Sav. : Sir, at your service.
Did. : Guard!
[*As their swords clash,* **Marion Delorme** *appears.*
Marion (*seeing* **Didier** *fighting*) : Stop! Help! Help! Help!
[*In answer to her cries the town guard arrive.*
The Captain of the Guard : Down with your swords! What! Duelling beneath
The edict of the king! You are dead men.
[**Didier** *and* **Saverny** *are disarmed and led away.*
Marion : What has he done?
[**L'Angely** *points to the edict : she reads it.*
Oh, when I called for help
Death came! Is there no way to rescue him?
The king is kind at heart, he will forgive——
L'Ang. : But Richelieu will not! He loves red blood,
The scarlet cardinal, he loves red blood!
Mar. : You frighten me! Who are you?
L'Ang. : The king's fool.
Mar. : Ah, Didier! If a woman's feeble hand
Can save you, mine shall do it! [*She departs.*
L'Ang. (*picking up the sword he lent to* **Didier**) : Ha! Ha! Ha!
It was not I that played the fool to-night!

Second Act

SCENE.—*A hall in the castle of Chambord.* **King Louis XIII,** *a grey-haired, weak-minded man, is sitting, pale and sorrowful, in a chair of state.* **L'Angely** *stands beside him.*

THE KING: Oh, it is miserable to be a king
That lives but does not govern. Richelieu
Is killing all my friends. I sometimes think
He wants their blood to dye his scarlet robes.
L'Angely : He works for France, sire——
King : Yes, and for himself.
I hate him. Never did a king of France
Govern with so tyrannical a hand
As he now does. A single word from me
And all his pomp and splendour, all his power,
Would vanish. But I cannot say the word;
He will not let me. Come, amuse me, fool!
L'Ang. : Is not life, sire, a thing of bitterness?
King : It is. Man is a shadow.
L'Ang. : And a king
The miserablest creature on this earth.
King : It gives me pleasure when you speak like that.
I wish that I were dead. In all the world
You are the only man I ever found
Worth listening to. I often wonder why
You care to live. What are you? A poor fool—
A puppet that I jerk to make me laugh.
L'Ang. : I live on out of curiosity.
The puppet of the king, I sit and watch
The antics of the puppet of the priest!
King : Yes, that is what I am. You speak the truth.
Could Satan not become a cardinal,
And take possession of my very soul?
L'Ang. : I think that's what has happened.
King : He loves blood,
The cardinal! It was the Huguenots
Yesterday that he wanted to behead,
And now it is the duellists. Blood! Blood!
He cannot live unless he lives in blood.

[**L'Angely** *makes a sign.* **Marion Delorme** *and the* **Marquis de Nangis** *enter.*

MARION : Pardon!
King : For whom?
Mar. : Didier.
Nangis : And the Marquis of Saverny.
They are two boys of twenty years of age—
Two children—they were quarrelling, when some spies
Posted by Richelieu—
Mar. : Pardon them, my king!
You will have pity on them. Two young boys,
Caught in a boyish quarrel! No blood shed.
You will not kill my Didier for that!
You will not! Oh, you will not!
King (*wiping the tears from his eyes*) : Richelieu
Has ordered that all duellists be hanged.
You make my head ache. Go. Leave me!
It must be so, for he has ordered it.
[**L'Angely** *signs to* **Marion** *to hide herself in the dark hall. She does so.* **Nangis** *goes out.*
King (*yawning*) : I wish they would not come and worry me.
Amuse me, L'Angely, for I am sad.
Can you not talk to me of death again?
That is a pleasant subject. Your gay talk
Alone enables me to bear with life.
L'Ang. : Sire, I have come to say farewell to you.
King : Farewell? You cannot leave me! Only death
Can end your service to a king.
L'Ang. : 'Tis death
That ends it. You condemn me to be hanged,
Since you refuse to pardon those two boys.

MARION DELORME
From a print in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

For it was I who made them fight. I lent
My sword to Didier.
King (*sadly*) : Oh, my poor fool !
So they will break your neck as well ! Farewell !
Life will be dull without you. When you die,
L'Angely, come and tell me how it feels,
If you can, as some dead men do, return
In ghostly form to earth.
L'Ang. (*to himself*) : A pleasant task !
King : No ! It would frighten me if you came back.
You must not die. L'Angely, do you think
That I could master Richelieu, if I wished ?
L'Ang. : Try !
King : Some paper !
[L'Angely *gives him some ; he hurriedly scrawls a few words, and hands the writing to the fool.*]
I have pardoned all of you.
L'Ang. (*running to* Marion) : Here is the pardon. Thank the king for it.
King (*as* Marion *throws herself at his feet*) : I must not ! Give the paper back to me !
Richelieu will be angry.
Mar. (*thrusting the pardon in her bosom*) : You must tear
My heart out ere you take it from me, sire !
King (*lowering his eyes, dazzled by her beauty*) : Are you a sorceress ? You frighten me !
Keep it and go !
Mar. (*as she departs*) : My Didier is saved !
King : At last I have shown Cardinal Richelieu
That I am King of France—
L'Ang. : Who in a fright
Made a mistake, and once did what was right !

Third Act

SCENE.—*A field by the castle of Beaugency. A great gap has been made in the outer wall, through which looms the castle keep. Two workmen are covering the gap with a vast black cloth.*

WORKMAN : If they would hang the two young gentlemen
Outside the wall, the cardinal could see
The execution without breaking down
The ramparts in this way.
His Mate : Could he not come
Through the great gate ?
Workman : What ! In a litter borne
By four-and-twenty men ? No ! Richelieu
Travels in greater state than any king.
He enters, like a conqueror, through the breach
Made in the castles of our noblemen.
He means to kill them all, they say.
Mate : And now
He comes in his great litter through this wall,
To see these poor boys hanged ? What cruelty !
Workman : Now come and see the gallows we have built.
[*As they depart,* Marion *arrives at the castle gate. She knocks, but before the door opens,* Laffemas, Richelieu's *agent, gallops up.*
Marion : An order from the king.
Gatekeeper : You cannot pass.
Laffemas : An order from the cardinal.
Gatekeeper : Pass in.
Mar. : I have a pardon for two prisoners !
Laff. : And I the document revoking it !
The cardinal is coming here to-night
To see the execution. It is fixed
For nine o'clock.
Mar. : Then there is no more hope !
Oh, God ! Oh, God ! My Didier must die !
Nothing can save him !
Laff. : You can, Marion.
Yes, you can still ! I will let Didier escape
If, Marion, you will——
Mar. : No !
Laff. : Then he dies !
Mar. : And if he lives, I lose him. (*A long silence.*) He shall live.
[*She goes into the castle with* Laffemas. Didier *and* Saverny *appear, guarded by the jailer and his men. It is now night.*
Jailer (*in a whisper to* Saverny) : You can escape. The Marquis of Nangis
Has made all preparations for the flight.
Saverny : For both of us ?
Jailer : No ; only you. And that
May cost me my own life.
Sav. : Well, save my friend.
Jailer : I cannot.
Sav. : Then I must remain with him. (*To* Didier) They will hang us, friend, to-night.
Didier : Are you sure,
Saverny, she is Marion Delorme ?
On your honour, are you sure ?
Sav. : Yes, I am.
I cannot understand you, Didier.
Are you not proud to think that you have made
So great a conquest ?
Did. : And I thought she was
As innocent as she was beautiful !
Sav. ; She loves you. You should be content with that.
You will not die while Marion Delorme

Lives. And I hope that she will not forget
I am your friend, but come and save me, too.
[*It grows darker.* **Saverny** *falls asleep.* **Marion** *comes out of the gate, carrying a bundle.*

Mar. : Put on these clothes. Richelieu has arrived ;
Can you not hear the guns announcing him ?
Did. : Raise your eyes ! Raise your eyes, and look at me !
What sort of man, think you, am I ? A fool,
Or libertine ?
Mar. (*trembling, as she fixes her eyes passionately on his*) : I love you, Didier,
More than my life. Your eyes are terrible.
What have I done ? Am I not your Marie ?
Did. : Marie ? Or Marion Delorme ?
Mar. : Didier,
Forgive me ! I—I—meant to tell you all.
I feared to lose you if you learnt my name.
You had redeemed me by your love. I longed
To rase all memories of my former self,
And live a new life with you, Didier.
For, oh, I loved you, and I love you still,
Deeply and truly ! Didier, be kind,
Or you will kill me !
Did. : How have you obtained
This favour for me ? Why is Laffemas
Risking his neck by letting me escape ?
Mar. : Not now ! I cannot tell you now ! Fly ! Fly !
Hark, they are coming ! Do not stop to speak.
Save yourself !
Did. : No ; I have no wish to live !
Thank God, here is the headsman !

[*A* **Headsman,** *carrying his axe, appears with a crowd of soldiers and officials.*
Mar. (*falling to the earth*) : Didier !
An Official : Gentlemen, are you ready ?
Sav. (*waking up*) : What a shame
To rob me of my sleep !
Headsman (*grimly*) : The time has come
To put you both to bed.
Sav. (*gaily*) : A headsman ! Good !
I like the axe much better than the rope.
Did. (*embracing him*) : Good-bye, my friend !
Mar. (*clinging to him*) : And me ! Didier, me !
Will you not say good-bye to me ?
Did. (*wildly, as the soldiers drag him off*) : No ! No !
My heart is breaking ! Oh, Marie, Marie !
I love you. I was wrong !
Mar. : You pardon me ? [times.
Did. : I ask your pardon. Think of me some-
Good-bye, my darling.
[*He is dragged behind the wall.*
Official (*catching* **Marion** *in his arms as she falls*) : All hope is not lost.
Look, here is Richelieu ! Go and plead with him.
[*The castle guns are fired. The cloth hiding the great breach in the wall drops. The* **Cardinal** *comes in his gigantic scarlet litter, borne by twenty-four footguards. Scarlet curtains conceal him from the shouting mob.*]
Mar. (*dragging herself on her knees to the litter*) : In the name of God, oh, my Lord Cardinal,
Pardon these two poor boys !
A Voice (*coming out of the litter*) : No pardon !
[*The litter passes on. The crowd surges through the wall after it.* **Marion** *is left alone. She faints.*]

America's First Representative Novelist

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

THE SPY

In 1820, after reading a novel, Fenimore Cooper remarked that he believed he could write a better story himself, and in defence of his statement produced his first novel, Precaution. This was a story of fashionable life in England, of which the author was ignorant, and was naturally a failure. Being advised to deal with a more familiar subject, he remembered a story of the War of Independence, and found a fitting scene for it in his home at Westchester, where much fighting had taken place. With the resultant novel, The Spy (1821-22) Cooper achieved an unprecedented success, which determined him to adopt the profession of novelist. In this story is displayed Cooper's natural gift of narrative, and although his personages often lack life, the figure of Harvey Birch, the spy, is one of the memorable characters in American fiction. An outline of Cooper's most famous story, The Last of the Mohicans, appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books.* The Spy is obtainable in inexpensive editions.

I—Uncomfortable Visitors

Near the close of the year 1780 a solitary traveller was pursuing his way through one of the numerous little valleys of New York State which were then common ground for the British and Revolutionary forces. Anxious to obtain a speedy shelter from the increasing violence of the storm, the traveller knocked at the door of a house which had an air altogether superior to the common farmhouses of the country. In answer to his knocking, an aged black appeared and, without consulting his superiors, acceded to the request for accommodation.

The stranger was shown into a neat parlour, where, after politely repeating his request to an old gentleman who rose to receive him, and paying his compliments to three ladies who were seated at work with their needles, he commenced laying aside his outer garments, and exhibited to the scrutiny of the observant family party a tall and graceful person, apparently fifty years of age. His countenance evinced a settled composure and dignity; his eye was quiet, thoughtful and rather melancholy; the mouth expressive of decision and much character. His whole appearance was so decidedly that of a gentleman that the ladies rose and, together with the master of the house, received anew and returned the complimentary greetings suitable for the occasion.

After handing a glass of excellent Madeira to his guest, Mr. Wharton, for so was the owner of this retired estate called, threw an inquiring glance on the stranger and asked, "To whose health am I to have the honour of drinking?"

The traveller replied, while a faint tinge gathered on his features—"Mr. Harper."

"Mr. Harper," resumed the other, with the formal precision of the day, "I have the honour to drink your health, and to hope you will sustain no injury from the rain to which you have been exposed."

Mr. Harper bowed in silence to the compliment, and seated himself by the fire with an air of reserve that baffled further inquiry.

The storm now began to rage outside with great violence, and on the way being led to the supper table a loud summons again called the black to the portal. In a minute he returned and informed his master that another traveller desired shelter for the night.

Mr. Wharton, who had risen from his seat in evident uneasiness, scarcely had time to bid the black show the second man in before the door was thrown hastily open and the stranger himself entered the apartment. He paused a moment as the person of Harper met his view, and then repeated the request he had made through the servant.

Throwing aside a rough great-coat, the intruder very composedly proceeded to allay the cravings of an appetite which appeared by no means delicate. But at every mouthful he turned an unquiet eye on Harper, who studied his appearance with a closeness that was very embarrassing. At length, pouring out a glass of wine and nodding to his examiner, the newcomer said, "I drink to our better acquaintance, sir; I believe this is the first time we have met, though your attention would seem to say otherwise."

"I think we have never met before, sir," replied Harper, with a slight smile, and then, appearing satisfied with his scrutiny, he rose and desired to be shown to his place of rest.

The knife and fork fell from the hands of the unwelcome intruder as the door closed on the retiring figure of Harper; listening attentively he approached the door, opened it—amid the panic and astonishment of his companions—closed it again, and in an instant the red wig which concealed his black locks, the large patch which hid half his face, the stoop that made him appear fifty years of age, disappeared.

"My father! My father!" cried the handsome young man.

"Heaven bless you, my Henry, my son," exclaimed the astonished and delighted parent, while his sisters sank on his shoulders dissolved in tears.

A twelvemonth had passed since Captain Wharton had seen his family, and now, having adopted the disguise mentioned, he had unfortunately arrived on the evening that an unknown and rather suspicious guest was an inmate of the house.

"Do you think he suspects me?" asked the captain.

"How should he?" cried Sarah, his elder sister, "when your sisters and father could not penetrate your disguise."

"There is something mysterious in his manner; his looks are too prying for an indifferent observer," continued young Wharton thoughtfully, "and his face seems familiar to me. The recent fate of André has created much irritation on both sides. The rebels would think me a fit subject for their plans should I fall into their hands. My visit to you would seem to them a cloak to other designs."

II—The Disguise that Failed

The morning still forbade the idea of exposing either man or beast to the tempest. Harper was the last to appear, and Henry Wharton had resumed his disguise with a reluctance amounting to disgust, but in obedience to the commands of his parent.

While the company were yet seated at breakfast, Caesar, the black, entered and laid a small parcel in silence by his master.

"What is this, Caesar?" inquired Mr. Wharton, eyeing the bundle suspiciously.

"The baccy, sir; Harvey Birch, he got home, and he bring you a little good baccy."

To Sarah Wharton this intelligence gave unexpected pleasure and, rising from her seat, she bade the black show Birch into the apartment, adding suddenly, with an apologising look, "If Mr. Harper will excuse the presence of a pedlar."

The stranger bowed a silent acquiescence, while Captain Wharton placed himself in a window recess and drew the curtain before him in such a manner as to conceal most of his person.

Harvey Birch had been a pedlar from his youth, and was in no way distinguished from men of his class but by his acuteness and the mystery which enveloped his movements. Those movements were so suspicious that his imprisonments had been frequent.

The pedlar soon disposed of a considerable part of the contents of his pack to the ladies, telling the news while he displayed his goods.

"Have you any other news, friend?" asked Captain Wharton, in a pause, venturing to thrust his head without the curtains.

"Have you heard that Major André has been hanged?" was the reply.

"Is there any probability of movements below that will make travelling dangerous?" asked Harper.

Birch answered slowly, "I saw some of de Lancey's men cleaning their arms as I passed their quarters, for the Virginia Horse are low in the county."

"You must be known by this time, Harvey, to the officers of the British Army," cried Sarah, smiling at the pedlar.

"I know some of them by sight," said Birch, glancing his eyes round the apartment, taking in their course, Captain Wharton, and resting for an instant on the countenance of Harper.

The party sat in silence for many minutes after the pedlar had withdrawn, until at last Mr. Harper suddenly said, "If any apprehensions of me induce Captain Wharton to maintain his disguise, I wish him to be undeceived; had I motives for betraying him they could not operate under present circumstances."

The sisters sat in speechless surprise, while Mr. Wharton was stupefied; but the captain sprang into the middle of the room, and exclaimed, as he tore off his disguise. "I believe you from my soul, and this tiresome imposition shall continue no longer. You must be a close observer, sir."

"Necessity has made me one," said Harper, rising from his seat.

Frances, the younger sister, met him as he was about to withdraw and, taking his hand between both her own, said with earnestness, "You cannot, you will not betray my brother!"

For an instant Harper paused, and then, folding her hands on his breast, replied solemnly, "I cannot, and I will not!" and added, "If the blessing of a stranger can profit you, receive it." And he retired, with a delicacy that all felt, to his own apartment.

In the afternoon the sky cleared, and as the party assembled on the lawn to admire the view which was now disclosed, the pedlar suddenly appeared.

"The rig'lars must be out from below," he remarked, with great emphasis; "horse are on the road; there will soon be fighting near us." And he glanced his eye towards Harper with evident uneasiness.

As Birch concluded, Harper turned to his host and mentioned that his business would not admit of unnecessary delay; he would therefore avail himself of the fine evening to ride on his journey.

There was a mutual exchange of polite courtesy between the host and his parting guest, and as Harper frankly offered his

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, American novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. He joined the merchant service in 1806, and in 1808 obtained a commission in the navy. In 1811, when he married, he resigned his lieutenancy, and settling at Westchester County, New York, devoted himself to farming for several years. From 1826 to 1833 he lived abroad, and by his participation in foreign politics and criticism of America made himself very unpopular with his countrymen. The controversy continued after his return to America, and Cooper engaged in several libel actions against Whig editors. He died at Cooperstown, New York, September 14, 1851.

hand to Captain Wharton, he remarked, "The step you have undertaken is one of much danger, and disagreeable consequences to yourself may result from it. In such a case, I may have it in my power to prove the gratitude I owe your family for its kindness."

"Surely, sir," cried the father, "you will keep secret the discovery which being in my house has enabled you to make?"

Harper turned to the speaker, and answered mildly, "I have learnt nothing in your family, sir, of which I was ignorant; but your son is safer from my knowledge of his visit than without it."

And, bowing to the whole party, he rode gracefully through the little gate, and was soon lost to view.

"Captain Wharton, do you go in to-night?" asked the pedlar abruptly.

"No!" said the captain laconically.

"I rather guess you had better shorten your visit," continued the pedlar, coolly.

"No, no, Mr. Birch; here I stay till morning! I brought myself out, and can take myself in. Our bargain went no further than to procure my disguise and to let me know when the coast was clear, and in the latter particular you were mistaken."

"I was," said the pedlar, "and the greater the reason why you should go back to-night. The pass I gave you will serve but once."

"Here I stay this night, come what will."

"Captain Wharton," said the pedlar, with great deliberation, "beware a tall Virginian with huge whiskers; he is below you; the devil can't deceive him; I never could but once."

III—A Dangerous Situation

THE family were assembled round the breakfast-table in the morning when Caesar, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed, "Run, Massa Harry, run; here come the rebel horse."

Captain Wharton's sisters, with trembling hands, had hastily replaced the original disguise, when the heavy tread of a trooper was heard outside the parlour door. The man who now entered the room was of colossal stature, with dark hair round his brows in profusion, and his face nearly hid in the whiskers by which it was disfigured. Frances saw in him at once the man of whom Harvey Birch had warned them.

"Has there been a strange gentleman staying with you during the storm?" asked the dragoon.

"This gentleman here favoured us with his company during the rain," stammered Mr. Wharton.

"This gentleman!" repeated the other, as he contemplated Captain Wharton with a lurking smile, and then, with a low bow, continued, "I am sorry for the severe cold you have in your head, sir, causing you to cover your handsome locks with that ugly old wig."

Then, turning to the father, he proceeded, "Then, sir, I am to understand a Mr. Harper has not been here?"

"Mr. Harper?" echoed the other; "yes, I had forgotten; but he is gone, and if there is anything wrong in his character we are in entire ignorance of it."

"He is gone—how, when and whither?"

"He departed as he arrived," said Mr.

Wharton, gathering confidence, "on horseback, last evening; he took the northern road."

The officer turned on his heel, left the apartment, and gave orders which sent some of the horsemen out of the valley, by its various roads, at full speed.

Then, re-entering the room, he walked up to Wharton, and said, with some gravity, "Now, sir, may I beg to examine the quality of that wig? And if I could persuade you to exchange this old surtout for that blue coat, I think I could witness an agreeable metamorphosis."

Young Wharton made the necessary changes, and stood an extremely handsome, well-dressed young man.

"I am Captain Lawton, of the Virginian Horse," said the dragoon.

"And I, sir, am Captain Wharton, of His Majesty's 60th Regiment of Foot," returned Henry, bowing.

The countenance of Lawton changed from quaintness to great earnestness, as he exclaimed, "Then, Captain Wharton, from my soul I pity you!"

Captain Lawton now inquired if a pedlar named Birch lived in the valley.

"At times only, I believe," replied Mr. Wharton cautiously. "I never see him."

"What is the offence of poor Birch?" asked the aunt.

"Poor!" cried the captain; "if he is poor, King George is a bad paymaster."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Wharton, "that any neighbour of mine should incur displeasure."

"If I catch him," cried the dragoon, "he will dangle from the limbs of one of his namesakes."

In the course of the morning, Major Dunwoodie, who was an old friend of the family, and the lover of Frances, the younger daughter, arrived, took over the command of the troop and inquired into the case of his friend the prisoner.

"How did you pass the pickets in the plains?" he asked.

"In disguise," replied Captain Wharton; "and by the use of this pass, for which I paid, and which, as it bears the name of Washington, is, I presume, forged."

Dunwoodie caught the paper eagerly, and after gazing at the signature for some time, said, "This name is no counterfeit. The confidence of Washington has been abused. Captain Wharton, my duty will not suffer me to grant you a parole—you must accompany me to the Highlands."

IV—Justice by Evasion

The Wharton family, by order of Washington, now removed to the Highlands, out of the region of warlike operations, and Captain Wharton was brought to trial. The court condemned him to execution as a spy before nine o'clock on the morning following the trial, the president, however, expressing his intention of riding to Washington's headquarters and urging a remission of the punishment. But the sentence of the court was returned—*approved*. All seemed lost.

"Why not apply to Mr. Harper?" said Frances, recollecting for the first time the parting words of their guest.

"Harper!" echoed Dunwoodie. "What of him? Do you know him?"

"He stayed with us two days. He promised Henry his friendship."

"What!" exclaimed the youth in astonishment, "did he know your brother?"

"Certainly; it was at his request that Henry threw aside his disguise."

"But," said Dunwoodie, "he knew him not as an officer of the royal army?"

"Indeed he did, and cautioned him against this very danger, bidding him apply to him when in danger and promising to requite the son for the hospitality of the father."

"Then," cried the youth, "will I save him. Harper will never forget his word."

"But has he power," said Frances, "to move Washington's stubborn purpose?"

"If he cannot," shouted Dunwoodie, "who can? Rest easy, for Henry is safe."

. . . . .

It was while these consultations were proceeding that a divine of fanatical aspect, preceded by Caesar, sought admission to the prisoner to offer him the last consolations of religion, and so persistent were his demands that at last he was allowed a private interview. Then he instantly revealed himself as Harvey

Birch, and proposed to disguise Captain Wharton as Caesar, the black servant, who had entered the room with him. So complete was the make-up that the minister and Wharton passed unsuspected through the guard, and it was only when the officer on duty entered the room to cheer up the prisoner after his interview with the 'psalm-singer' that the real Caesar was discovered, and in fright revealed that the consoling visitor had been the pedlar spy.

The pursuit was headlong and close, but when once the rocky fastnesses were reached the heavy-booted dragoons were out of the chase, and Harvey Birch conducted Captain Wharton at leisure towards one of his hiding-places, while the mountain was encircled by the watchful troopers.

V—Unexpected Meetings

When passing into the Highlands from her now desolated home, Frances Wharton had noticed under the summit of one of the rockiest heights what seemed to be a stone hut. Watching this place she had fancied more than once that she saw near the hut a form like that of Harvey Birch. Could it be one of the places from which he kept watch on the plains below? On hearing of her brother's escape, she felt convinced that it was to this hut that the pedlar would conduct him, and there, at night, she repaired alone—a toilsome and dangerous ascent.

The hut was reached at last, and the visitor, applying her eye to a crevice, found it lighted by a blazing fire of dry wood. Against the walls were suspended garments fitted for all ages and conditions, and either sex. British and American uniforms hung side by side. Sitting on a stool, with his head leaning on his hand, was a man more athletic than either Harvey or her brother. He raised his face and Frances instantly recognized the composed features of Harper. She threw open the door of the hut and fell at his feet, crying, "Save him, save my brother; remember your promise!"

Harper gently raised her and placed her on the stool, saying, "Miss Wharton, that I bear no mean part in the unhappy struggle between England and America, it might now be useless to deny. You owe your brother's escape this night to my knowledge of his innocence and the remembrance of my word. I could not openly have procured his pardon, but now I can prevent his recapture. But this interview must remain a secret confined to your own bosom."

Frances gave the desired assurance.

"The pedlar and your brother will soon be here; but I must not be seen by the royal officer, or the life of Birch might be the forfeit. Did Sir Henry Clinton know the pedlar had communion with me, the miserable man would be sacrificed at once. Therefore be prudent, be silent. Urge them to instant departure."

While he was speaking, the voice of the pedlar was heard outside.

Harper pressed his finger to his lip to remind Frances of her promise and, entering a recess in the rock behind several articles of dress, was hid from view.

The surprise of Henry and the pedlar on finding Frances in possession of the hut may be imagined.

"Are you alone, Miss Fanny?" asked the pedlar, in a quick voice.

"As you see me, Mr. Birch," said Frances, with an expressive glance towards the secret cavern, a glance which the pedlar instantly understood.

"But why are you here?" exclaimed her astonished brother.

Frances related her conjecture that this would be the shelter of the fugitives for the night, but implored her brother to continue his flight at once. Birch added his persuasions, and soon the girl heard them plunging down the mountain-side.

Immediately the noise of their departure ceased Harper reappeared, and leading Frances from the hut, conducted her down the hill to where a sheep-path led to the plain. There, pressing a kiss on her forehead, he said, "Here we must part. I have much to do and far to ride. Forget me in all but your prayers."

She reached her home undiscovered, as her brother reached the British lines, and on meeting her lover, Major Dunwoodie, in the morning learnt that the American troops had been ordered suddenly by Washington to withdraw.

VI—Last Scenes

THE war was drawing to its close when the American general, sitting in an apartment at his headquarters, asked of the aide-de-camp in attendance, "Has the man I wished to see arrived?"

"He waits the pleasure of your excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone."

In a few minutes a figure glided in, and by a courteous gesture was motioned to a chair. Washington took from a desk a small but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," said he, turning to the visitor, "the time has arrived when our connexion must cease. Henceforth and for ever we must be strangers."

"If it be your excellency's pleasure," replied the pedlar meekly.

"It is necessary. You have I trusted most of all. You alone know my secret agents in the city. On your fidelity depend not only their fortunes, but their lives. I believe you are one of the very few who have acted faithfully to our cause and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I fearlessly entrust you with this certificate. Remember, in me you will always have a secret friend, though openly I cannot know you. It is now my duty to pay you your postponed reward."

"Does your excellency think I have exposed my life and blasted my character for money? No, not a dollar of your money will I touch! Poor America has need of it all!"

"But remember, the veil that conceals your true character cannot be raised. The prime of your days is already past. What have you to subsist on?"

"These!" exclaimed Harvey Birch, stretching forth his hands.

"The characters of men much esteemed depend on your secrecy. What pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, "that I would not take the gold."

The officer grasped the hand of the pedlar as he exclaimed, "Now indeed I know you!"

It was thirty-three years after the interview just related that an American army was once more arrayed against the troops of England; but the scene was transferred from the banks of the Hudson to those of the Niagara.

The sound of cannon and musketry was heard above the sound of the cataract. On both sides repeated and bloody charges had been made. While the action was raging an old man wandering near was seen to seize a musket from a fallen soldier and plunge headlong into the thick of the fight. When, in the evening, the order was given to the shattered troops to return to camp, Captain Wharton Dunwoodie found that his lieutenant was missing and, taking a lighted fusee, he went himself in quest of the body. The lieutenant was found on the side of the hill, unable to walk from a fractured leg.

"Ah, dear Tom," exclaimed Dunwoodie, "I knew I should find you the nearest man to the enemy!"

"No," said the lieutenant. "There is a brave fellow nearer than myself. He rushed out of the smoke to make a prisoner, and he never came back. He lies just over the hillock."

DUNWOODIE went to the spot and found an aged stranger. He lay on his back, his eyes closed as if in slumber, and his hands pressed on his breast contained something that glittered like silver.

The subject of his care was a tin box, through which the bullet had pierced to find a way to his heart, and the dying moments of the old man must have been passed in drawing it from his bosom.

Dunwoodie opened it, and found a paper, on which he read:

"Circumstances of political importance, which involve the lives and fortunes of many, have hitherto kept secret what this paper reveals. Harvey Birch has for years been a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct!

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

It was the spy of the neutral ground, who died as he had lived, devoted to his country.

Comprehensive Survey of Moral Evolution

W. E. H. Lecky

The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe

Outlined by A. D. Innes

In January, 1865, when he had not yet attained his twenty-seventh birthday, Lecky established himself in the very front rank of contemporary authors by the publication of his History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. Two years before, in 1863, he had published an essay on The Declining Sense of the Miraculous, and this formed the first two chapters of the later work. The book is a really remarkable combination of history and philosophy, displaying wide reading and great power of thought and generalisation. Its central idea is the development of reason and the decay of superstition as a power in human society. This evolution is traced not only in religion, but also in politics and industry. While the book would have been the better for compression, it remains a remarkable contribution to the history of the human mind and of human society, written in a style which is lucid and polished and sometimes truly eloquent.

I—The Declining Sense of the Miraculous

The opinions and ideas which we find prevalent in one period of history are found to have ceased to be prevalent, or not to have attained prevalence, in later or earlier periods. This change is due only in lesser degree to the actual argument by which old opinions are attacked or upon which the new opinions rest; mainly they are the result of a change of attitude towards the questions involved. The rise of rationalism, which begins to become marked towards the close of the seventeenth century, is the development of such a mental attitude. Rationalism may be for our purposes defined as the predisposition to attribute all kinds of phenomenon to natural rather than to miraculous causes. It is the application of a different criterion of probability. Its causes and influence are the subject of this enquiry.

An educated man at the present time receives an account of a miracle taking place in his own day, as a rule, with a derisive incredulity which dispenses with evidence; because no amount of evidence will outweigh his predisposition to disbelief. He either repudiates the honesty of the witness or takes it as certain that he has somehow been deceived. Three hundred years ago, a miraculous account was universally accepted as perfectly credible, probable and ordinary. The clergy, legislators of every country, judges of the keenest acumen, had no doubts about the sin of witchcraft, its prevalence and the necessity for punishing it with the utmost severity. Hardly a voice was raised in question; one judge boasted that he had himself sent witches to the stake at the rate of fifty a year. Torquemada and Luther were equally emphatic and equally ruthless. More than two centuries later, Wesley protested that to deny witchcraft was to deny the Bible. To-day, no educated person believes in it; but the change has not been brought about by the accumulation of fresh evidence; the evidence has always been the same in kind, but we have learnt, as our ancestors had not, to look upon it as virtually valueless.

The fact is that if we regard witchcraft as *per se* probable, the evidence supporting it is overwhelming; if we regard it as *per se* extremely improbable, the evidence goes for nothing. In the ancient and in the medieval world, the 'miraculous'—the persistently recurrent intervention of supernatural agencies in the natural course of events—was almost universally accepted as indisputable.

Magic is human commerce with supernatural agencies. Witchcraft and sorcery are the commerce between human agents and the malignant supernatural agencies of which they are in effect the instruments. The ancient world did not dwell upon

positively malignant agencies; the magician who held commerce with the supernatural was not particularly associated with malignity, and only occasionally and in slight degree acquired the character of the medieval sorcerer or witch. Witchcraft developed with the development of the idea of the Devil and his subordinate fiends—the powers *ex hypothesi* malignant enemies of God and man. When everyone believed that Satan and his satellites were, in the most literal sense of the words, constantly going about 'seeking whom they might devour,' evidence of these operations was accepted without demur—and likewise, evidence against their suspected human agents. The Middle Ages took the truth of witchcraft for granted. The Church affirmed it, and when the Reformation came, the appeal to the Bible endorsed it.

THE predisposition to seek or to assume a supernatural explanation of any event which seems out of the common fades as the natural causes of such events become by degrees generally obvious. The supernatural is primarily sought for to account for that which is at first sight not to be naturally accounted for. The progress of science from the sixteenth century onwards accounted naturally for so much that had been regarded as supernatural, that the presumption in favour of natural explanations became the common presumption, and the predisposition to supernaturalism no longer entered into everyday life.

The belief in witchcraft grew with the victory of the Church over paganism. The terrorism of the orthodox doctrine exercised an enormous influence on the popular imagination; exclusive salvation for baptized Christians was coupled with eternal torture in the literal flames of hell for the infinitely larger number of the race. And to this was joined the terror of the hosts of evil spirits always seeking to draw the unwary into the way of destruction. All the gods and goddesses of all the pantheons in whom pagans placed their trust were absorbed into the demonic battalions. Possession by devils and the casting out of devils were readily believed to be everyday facts. The secret perpetuation of old pagan customs which had not been adapted by the Church was treated as commerce with the powers of evil. But it was not till the unrest of the twelfth century began to give birth to new heresies that the Church gave way to a new spirit of persecution, and there was evolved in the popular mind a sort of panic which turned not so much against heresiarchs as against the Arch Enemy's suspected human agents, the so-called witches; which reached its climax in the two centuries immediately preceding and following the Reformation. It was only the habit of accepting natural explanations of phenomena which grew up in the seventeenth century that deprived supernaturalism, and therefore witchcraft, of its standing ground—the habit of preferring, as the more probable, a supernatural to a natural but not immediately obvious explanation.

WITCHCRAFT is the expression of a general acceptance of the miraculous when regarded as the work of malign or diabolic agencies. Belief in it faded, as the readiness of belief in the miraculous generally faded, with the growing sense that natural phenomena, however unexpected, are always attributable to natural causes. The field of the inexplicable being reduced till inexplicable phenomena could only be looked upon as highly abnormal, instead of perfectly normal, the inexplicable phenomena were themselves called in question, till they were reduced to those of the type which the Church held to be essential evidences of her tenets. Protestantism, on controversial rather than rationalistic grounds, very soon rejected the miracles which were cited in support of Rome, while adhering to Bible miracles; though it is difficult to escape the fact that the nature of the *evidence* in both cases is essentially the same. The reconciliation with rationalism has to be found in the view that Divine interposition in human affairs is not inherently improbable, since it is not to be regarded as a contravention of natural laws but as in accord with that Law of which natural laws form a part, the law under which we daily and hourly see Will exercising control over Matter, directing it to its own ends.

II—Rationalistic Developments

THE earliest stage of religions is presumed to be that of fetishism, the worship of portions of matter animate or inanimate. At the next stage the idea of divinity is separated from matter, but man conceives the divine spirits anthropomorphically, assigns to them human qualities, and pictures them to himself and others in human likeness. When the virtue of the deity is attributed, in the spirit of fetishism, to the image, we have idolatry. Art develops in relation to religious ideas; the earliest Christian art, in the catacombs, has no suggestion of idolatry; the Deity is presented only, and very rarely, in the person of Christ. In the early medieval stage, the demand for a feminine as well as a masculine conception of the deity introduces the presentation of the Virgin—but not yet of God the Father; and the fetishist treatment of particular images comes into being—in spite of the Iconoclasts in the Eastern Church and of the denunciations of St. Agobard of Lyons in the ninth century. Mahomedanism stands alone in its refusal to countenance idolatry in practice as well as in theory. In the medieval Church, the worship of relics and of particular images was in effect encouraged.

The art which is the pursuit of beauty developed in Ancient Greece and in Renaissance Italy when it ceased in fact if not in form to have religion for its motive. The Gothic architecture which had been the most perfect expression of the sense of beauty permeated by the most profound religious sentiment was displaced by that of which St. Peter's is the supreme type, devoid altogether of religious sentiment; as were Michelangelo's 'religious' frescoes and statues. The secularisation of art marked the new rationalising spirit which severed it altogether from fetishism and from anthropomorphism. For in the earliest stages, religion had treated beauty, sensuous beauty, as a dangerous snare of the Devil; and the more definitely beauty became the object pursued, the more definitely were the ways of art and of religion parted.

The general movement of rationalism has been most profoundly influenced by the progress of physical science. The doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible might be applied to its allegorical interpretation, a process which was indeed carried to amazing lengths; but it was also applied to the complete repression of all scientific enquiry which could be contravened by any phrase in the Bible as the ultimate indisputable authority; so that to believe, for instance, in the existence of the antipodes, was tantamount to heresy. No scientific facts outside the range of the ancient Hebrew writers *could* be true; whatever they took for granted *must* be true; a postulate that was in itself a prohibition upon the progress of science, which in medieval times was possible only under Islam.

SUPERIOR knowledge excited only terror and suspicion. If it was shown in speculation it was heresy, if in the study of nature it was sorcery. The magnificent work of Roger Bacon brought upon him only imprisonment and persecution. The astronomical discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, followed at the close of the seventeenth century by Newton and Descartes, destroyed the old conception of Man as the centre of the universe; the Church could no longer prohibit the progress of the scientific spirit, and the work was completed by the advance of chemistry and, in the nineteenth century, of geology; the first emphasising the natural as against the supernatural explanation of phenomena and the second the infinite age of the universe to which Biblical chronology assigned an existence of six thousand years.

The new attitude reacted upon Biblical criticism, forcing it to bring the interpretation of scripture into conformity with the affirmations of science, as a subject regarding which the knowledge of the Hebrews was not inspired but merely represented the assumptions current in their time, the actual record of events being naturally coloured by those assumptions.

A corresponding change arises in the field of moral development. Right and wrong are absolute and unchanging, but the realization of right and wrong in parti-

cular departments is a matter of growth. The attitude towards veracity takes on new aspects with the advance of civilization; the sentiment of humanity in one age tolerates with no sort of reprobation what a later age has learnt to condemn without qualification. The religious doctrines or dogmas which clash with the developed moral perceptions are driven from the field, even as those which clash with developed scientific knowledge. The strength of Christianity lies in the fact that every moral advance only reveals more completely the moral perfection of its ideal, prosecuted in the teaching and in the person of its Founder.

III—Persecution

THE moral sentiment upon which the religion of ancient Greece and Rome centred was the sense, the pride, of virtue, claiming merit for itself. That of Christianity was the sense of sin, the absence of merit in the creature; 'we are all unprofitable servants'; resting, in medieval Christianity, upon the doctrine of the Fall of Adam and the birth into sin of all his descendants, the consequent necessity for the Atonement, and the exclusion from salvation of all who had not been released from the transmitted guilt of Adam by membership of the Church. The doctrine of exclusive salvation is directly responsible for the theory of persecution for religious opinions, because the right opinion was held to be necessary to salvation; insomuch that the unbaptized infant was doomed to an eternity of agony on account of Adam's sin five or six thousand years before its birth. Luther and Calvin were as emphatic on the subject as Rome. The great pagans were damned beside the unbaptized infants. Zwingli and Socinus in the Reformation era were alone in asserting conscience, not dogmatic belief, as the arbiter; the pioneers of the rationalism which transferred to reason the functions which had been assumed by authority. It was between the time of Bacon and Locke that Chillingworth, for the first time in England, taught the absolute innocence of honest error, and that the writ *De Heretico Comburendo* was expunged from the Statute Book.

It is a common error to suppose that opinion cannot be greatly repressed or even entirely suppressed by penal measures. Where opinion has survived and proved victorious over severe persecution, the fact has generally been due to other issues which were involved; and religious persecution has often been in effect successful. Most often, persecution has been defeated by a change in the atmosphere of thought which has weakened and finally ended the persecution itself. Nor, in many cases, have the persecuted refrained from persecution when the power has passed into their hands. The doctrine of exclusive salvation inevitably brings about persecution in order that souls may be saved though bodies perish through the repression of false doctrine. The earliest Christian persecutors found their warrant in the Levitical code which treated idolatry not as an error but as a crime. Arians and Catholics persecuted pagans and each other with equal zeal; and the doctrine of persecution received its most emphatic impulse from St. Augustine. In his eyes, heresy was the greatest of crimes. The ascetic doctrine of contempt and more than contempt for the body hardened men's hearts to physical suffering. The authority claimed for the Church was in many respects applied as a humanising and civilizing influence; but uncompromisingly it crushed all freedom of thought and of enquiry and was ultimately responsible for inflicting an enormous amount of bloodshed and suffering in the name of religion.

THOUGH Protestantism was based on the assertion of the right and duty of exercising private judgement, it was nevertheless for long permeated with the same conception of the guilt of error and the same doctrine of exclusive salvation which were in fact inconsistent with its underlying principle, of which toleration was the necessary corollary; but it was only in the course of two centuries that the underlying principle prevailed over the established habit of thought. In France, the scepticism of Montaigne as a man of the world, of Descartes as a philosopher, and of Bayle as a scholar, had the greatest

influence, in the three several fields which they touched, in developing this rationalist attitude; and most of all it was the scepticism of Voltaire, when the way had been thus prepared, that exposed the fundamental irrationalism of persecution. In England the idea of toleration was not derived from the sceptics; the most powerful indictment of intolerance was the Areopagitica of the Puritan Milton, and the spirit of toleration breathes in the Liberty of Prophesying by Jeremy Taylor; while it was bound up with the teaching of Chillingworth and the latitudinarian school in the Anglican Church, severely as they were condemned by other schools—a tribute to the greater flexibility of Protestantism.

IV—The Secularisation of Politics

In this branch of our subject, we shall observe first how theological interests, at one time dominant, ceased to be a main object of political combinations, and, secondly, how the basis of authority became secularised. Two moral influences have chiefly controlled the history of mankind, patriotism and religion. In the ancient world patriotism was supreme, religion but secondary, except in the case of the Hebrews, among whom the two were identified. With the establishment of Christianity, religious fervour displaced patriotic fervour, and the Church dominated politics; most conspicuously in the crusading era, which was also the era of the great Popes. Christendom battled whole-heartedly against Islam, and the Church could enforce the Truce of God. But with the improving organization of the civil governments and the weakening of ecclesiastical prestige, the business of administration passed out of the hands of the Churchmen, the governments ceased to fear the Church; and the new wars of religion which arose with the Reformation, unlike the Crusades, were diverted, complicated and dominated by political and national aspirations. After the Thirty Years War, religious differences could never again be the primary factor in political combinations.

The development of political feeling and the political habit of thought compels the severance of politics from theology. In the Middle Ages, politics were dominated by theology. When this was the case, religion taught emphatically that while it might be right to disobey, it was mortal sin to resist and rebel against constituted authority. Rebellion was justified only when it was in obedience to the Church, as a higher authority than the temporal monarch, acting in the protection of morals and the repression of heresy. But the Church in its own contest with the temporal power, as well as in certain aspects of Christian teaching, was antagonistic to brute tyranny, and sympathetic towards the oppressed. While the Reformation by the appeal to private judgement encouraged the challenging of authority in politics as well as in theology, the most emphatic apologists of tyrannicide were among the Jesuits. But in countries where the Churchmen found their own interests bound up with the monarchy—as in Catholic France and Protestant England—the Church ranged itself on the side of Divine Right; while, where a protestantism that had its rise among the people gained sway it was inevitably also a political protestantism, democratic in character, tending to claim the ultimate authority not for the crown but for the people, and finding the sanction of a limited monarchy in the fiction of a social contract.

In England, the creators of political liberty as well as of religious toleration were not the religious free-thinkers—Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Hume, were all very positively on the side of the crown—but mainly the Puritans, English or Scotch, or men of a definitely religious cast of mind, concluding with Locke; both came out of or were fostered by Protestantism. In Catholic France we have seen that the champions of religious toleration against persecution were the sceptics; because the rigid insistence upon dogma sanctioned persecution in the Catholic country, whereas the diversities of protestantism, resting on the tenets of private judgement, could not be ultimately reconciled with persecution. French protestantism did, in fact, produce such works as Vindiciae

contra Tyrannos, which asserted the elective basis of monarchy. But on the Continent generally, it was from the classics that the apostles of liberty drew their inspiration, a source scarcely reconcilable either with Puritanism or with Catholicism, being wholly dissociated from religion. And the development of the doctrines of liberty may be directly traced to the formation of a middle class by the increase of wealth, to the spreading of knowledge through the printing-press as well as its advance, to the weapons which deprived the privileged classes of their military superiority, and, finally, to the development of the science of political economy.

V—The Industrial History of Rationalism

THE ancient civilizations were anti-industrial, resting upon the practice of slavery, and consequently emphasising the indignity of labour. A certain humanitarianism which developed in the early Empire, and the conquests of barbarians among whom slavery had never developed, did something towards reducing its worst aspects; but it was Christianity that by slow degrees did away with it altogether by the thirteenth century, though serfdom survived. The Church fostered the spirit of charity, the spirit of self-sacrifice and the sense of Christian equality, and actual manual labour derived a novel dignity from the practices of the monks themselves. But it was the impulse to seek at once wealth by commerce and political liberty, in the larger towns, that created industrial organization; and here industrialism and clericalism parted company, though at the outset they seemed likely to work in concert.

For industrialism and commerce required to hire money, and the Church forbade usury, the receiving of any 'consideration' for the loan of money. For long the Jews, outside the pale of the Church's prohibition, were the only moneylenders, till the commercial towns of Lombardy and Germany took their place—for the simple reason that to borrow was necessary, and to lend without an equivalent for the usage was not business. Yet the Church continued to denounce the practice as in the nature of robbery and as condemned by authority.

Commerce again was incompatible with the barriers which the Church interposed between the faithful and the heretics or infidels; since it required association and mutual confidence. It learnt to ignore these barriers; and the first to profit thereby were the Jews. Industrial development suffered its most severe checks in Spain from the intolerance which expelled Jews and Moors and in France from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Commerce, in short, could not be reconciled with the theological spirit.

The Hanseatic League gave a solid force to commerce: it was glorified by Venice and Florence. At the same time the revival of classical learning was renewing the long lost influence of pre-Christian ideas; the pursuit of natural science and of speculative notions among the Moors, repressed by the Church in Europe, was nevertheless penetrating the finer intellects. On the one side this effected the revival of that most potent agency of art, the drama, which the Church had long practically crushed out of existence. A desire for intellectual amusements challenged the more barbarous forms of sport; and these things were a direct product of increasing material wealth. The brief favour they won from such a Pope as Leo was countered by the Popes of the Reformation era and their successors, and by Puritanism; and while religion denounced the actor, the leaders of rationalism defended his art.

CATHOLIC Spain in the sixteenth century might have captured and held without dispute the industrial and commercial supremacy of the world; she flung it away by her religious intolerance, her preference for gold-mines above industry and her restrictions upon commerce; and it passed to the protestant Dutch and English, whose religious zeal did not conflict with their business instincts; nor did religion affect the commercial issues, except in this instance.

The development of the science of political economy in the eighteenth century

drove out of the field the almost universal doctrine of the past that manufacture is a branch of industry inferior to and less honourable than agriculture. It made the acquisition of wealth a direct incentive to effort; by the development of commerce it increased intercommunication; and above all it disproved the old belief that one country can prosper commercially only at the expense of another, demonstrating that the prosperity of each is to the advantage of all. The opposite habit of mind is so deeply ingrained that men even while they acknowledge the truth of the axiom will act in the directly contrary spirit, just as Protestants continued to persecute; but similarly the right habit of mind will become general, establishing the sense that a war of rivalry is to no one's advantage, the conqueror suffering more than he can possibly gain; and though the day be distant, enlightened self-interest, the strongest of motives with large masses of men, will also be the strongest of motives towards peace.

The Sacred Books of Confucianism

CHINA'S FOUR BOOKS

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THE so-called Four Books of Chinese literature are held in less esteem than the Five Classics (see pages 2987-3002 and 3148-3153), but they are still studied first by every Chinaman as a preparation for what is regarded as the higher and more important literature. It should be borne in mind that the four 'Shus,' as these books are called, tell us much more about the actual teaching and history of Confucius. The four books are: (1) The Lun Yu, or the Analects of Confucius, which contain chiefly the sayings and conversations of Confucius; (2) the Ta-Hsio, or Teaching for Adults, rendered also the Great Learning, a treatise dealing with ethical and especially with political matters; (3) the Chung Yung, or Doctrine of the Mean, more correctly the State of Equilibrum or Harmony; and (4) Meng-tse, Latinised Mencius, that is, the conversations and opinions of Mencius. The first, the Lun Yu, or Analects, is the most important of these, the next in importance being the teaching of Mencius. The book to which we are most indebted in the preparation of the following epitomes is The Chinese Classics, edited by Dr. J. Legge, published by the Clarendon Press, whose courtesy we acknowledge. Other books which readers will find useful are The Sayings of Confucius, translated by S. A. Lyall; Chinese Literature, by H. A. Giles; and The Wisdom of Confucius, by G. Dimsdale Stocker.

I—The Lun Yu, or Sayings of Confucius

THE original of the Chinese title of the Lun Yu is literally Discourses and Dialogues. By most British scholars this work is called The Confucian Analects, the word 'analect' denoting things chosen, in the present case from the utterances of the master.

The Lun Yu is arranged in twenty chapters or books, and gives, ostensibly in his own words, the teaching of Confucius and that of his leading disciples. It is here that we learn nearly all that we know about Confucius. Since the work was composed, as we have it, within a century of the master's death, there seems good reason for believing that we have here a bona-fide record of what he thought and said. We may compare with the Lun Yu the Christian Gospels which profess to give the doctrines and sayings of Jesus, and also the traditional utterances of Mahomet edited by Al-Bokhari, who died in A.D. 870. The utterances which follow are by the master (Confucius) himself, unless it is otherwise stated. Other speakers are generally disciples of Confucius.

General Maxims

I CARE little who makes a nation's laws if I have the making of its ballads.

The young child ought to be obedient at home, modest from home, attentive, faithful, benevolent, spending spare time upon poetry, music and deportment.

A son ought to study his father's wishes as long as the father lives; and

after the father is dead he should study his life and respect his memory.

A man who is fond of learning is not a glutton, nor is he indolent; he is earnest and sincere in what he says and does, seeks the company of the good and profits by it.

At fifteen my whole mind was on study. At thirty I was able to stand alone. At forty my speculative doubts came to an end. At fifty I understood Heaven's laws. At sixty my passions responded to my higher instincts. At seventy my better nature ruled me altogether.

Mere study without thought is useless, but thought without study is dangerous.

Fine words and attractive appearances are seldom associated with true goodness.

If a man keeps cultivating his old knowledge and is ever adding to it new, that man is fit to be a teacher of others.

TZE-CHANG studied with a view to official promotion. The master said, "This is wrong," adding, "Thou shouldest listen much, keep silent when there is doubt, and guard thy tongue. See much, beware of dangers, and walk warily. Then shalt thou have little cause for repentance."

I do not know how a man can get on without truth. It is easier for a waggon to go without a cross-pole, or a carriage to be drawn without harness.

Neither courtesy nor music avails a man if he has not virtue and love.

Worship the dead as though they stood alive before you. Sacrifice to the spirits as if they were in your immediate presence.

If I am not personally present when the sacrifice is being made, then I do not sacrifice. There can be no proxy in this matter.

Tze-kung wanted to do away with the offering of a sheep at the new moon. The master said, "Thou lovest the sheep, but I love the ceremony."

These things are not to be tolerated: Rank without generosity, ritual without reverence, and mourning without genuine sorrow.

It is better to have virtue with want and ignominy, than wealth and honour without virtue.

If a man in the morning learns the right way of life he may die at night without regret.

A scholar's mind should be set on the search for truth, and he should not be ashamed of poor clothes or of plain or even of insufficient food.

The superior man loves the good and pursues it; besides this, he has no likes or dislikes.

The good man considers what is right; the bad man what will pay.

As long as thy parents live thou must not go far from them. But if through necessity thou leavest them, let them know where thou art, and be ready to come to them when needed.

The man who governs himself, restraining his passions, seldom goes wrong.

The good man desires to be slow of speech, but active in conduct.

Virtue stands never alone. It will always make neighbours.

In my first dealings with men I listened to their words and gave them credit for good conduct. Experience has taught me not to listen to their words but to watch their conduct.

I have met no man of strong and unbending will; even Chang is passionate.

ON being asked why Kung-wan was said to be cultured, the master replied, "Because he was quick to learn, fond of learning, and especially because he was not ashamed to ask questions of those below him." Of Tze-chang the master said that he had four characteristics of the gentleman: he was humble in his own life, respectful towards seniors, generous in supplying the needs of the people, and just in all his demands of them.

Yen Yuan and Chi Lu were once sitting by the master, who turned to them and said, "Come, I want each of you to tell me his wishes." Chi Lu said, "I should like to have carriages and horses and light fur robes to share with my friends, that they and I may carelessly wear them out." Yen Yuan said, "My wish is to make no boast of moral or intellectual excellence." The master said, "My wish is this: to make the aged happy, to show sincerity towards friends, and to treat young people with tenderness and sympathy."

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN
The Great Confucian Shrine at Peking

Nature preponderating over art begets coarseness; art preponderating over nature begets pedantry; art and nature united make the proper gentleman.

To men whose talents are above mediocrity we speak of superior things. To men whose talents are below the common we must speak things suited to their culture.

On being asked, "What is wisdom," the master replied, "To promote right thoughts and feelings among men; to honour the spirits of the dead." In reply to the question, "What is love?" the master answered, "Making most of self-sacrificing efforts but of success only in a subordinate degree."

Perfect virtue consists in keeping to the Golden Mean. He who has offended against Heaven has no one to whom he can pray.

Men should not murmur against Heaven, for all that Heaven does is good.

The master paid great attention to three things—piety, peace and health.

If I have coarse rice to eat and pure water to drink, and my bent arm for a pillow, I am content and happy. But ill-gotten riches and honour are to me as a floating cloud.

On Poetry, History and Propriety

THE master constantly talked about poetry, history and the rules of propriety.

Tze-lu, on being asked about Confucius, gave no answer. The master, being present, said, "Why didst thou not say to him, 'Confucius is a man so eager in the pursuit of knowledge that he forgets his food, so jubilant in its attainment that he forgets his grief and grows old without knowing it'?"

I was not born in the possession of knowledge, but I am fond of the past and study it closely, and hence knowledge is coming to me.

My pupils, do not think that I hide anything from you. Whatever I think and do I tell you frankly and truly.

The master used to teach four things: culture, morals and manners, piety, and faithfulness.

In knowledge and in culture I am perhaps the equal of other men. I have not yet attained to perfection, nor are my knowledge and living consistent.

The master once being very ill, Tze-lu asked permission to pray for him. The master replied, "Is that customary?" "It is," replied the disciple, "for the memorials have it, 'Pray to the spirits in heaven above and on earth below.'" The master replied, "I have for long prayed for myself, and that is best."

The master was dignified, yet gentle. He was majestic, but inspired no fear. He was gentlemanly, but always at ease.

Poetry rouses the mind, the rules of propriety establish the character, music crowns a man's education.

It would be hard to meet a man who has studied for three years without learning something good. Learn as though you felt you could never learn enough.

A man from a certain village once said, "Confucius is, no doubt, a very learned man, but he has not made himself a name in any special thing." When the master heard this, he said to his disciples, "What shall I undertake: charioteering, archery, or what? I think I shall become a charioteer, and thus get me a name."

A high officer asked Tze-kung, "May we not say that the master is a sage because he can do so many things?" To which Tze-kung replied, "Heaven has indeed highly endowed him, and he is almost a sage; and he is very many-sided." On hearing this the master said, "Does the officer know me? Being of lowly birth when I was young, I learnt many a trade, but there was nothing great in that. The superior man may excel in one thing only, and not in many things."

Wishing to go and live among the nine wild tribes of the East, one of his friends remonstrated with the master and said, "They are low. How can you go and live among them?" To which he gave for answer, "Nothing that is low can survive where the virtuous and the good-mannered man is."

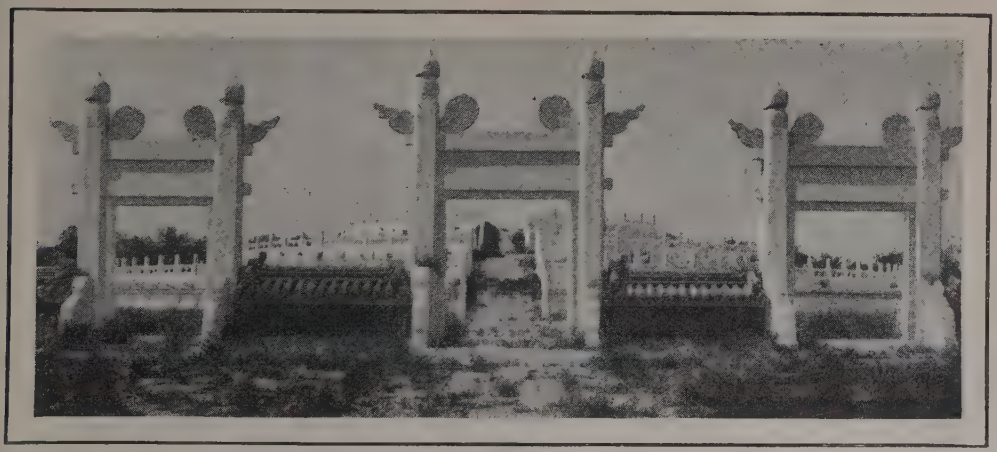
After I returned from Wei to Lu I found the music had been reformed, and that each song was given its proper place.

The master said, "To serve ministers and nobles when abroad, fathers and elder brothers when at home, to avoid neglect in offerings of the dead, and to be no slave to wine: to which of these have I attained?"

Confucius at Home and at Court

In his own village Confucius looked homely and sincere, as if he had no word to say; but in the ancestral temple and in the court he was full of words, though careful in using them.

When waiting at court he talked with the lower officers frankly, but to the higher officers more blandly and precisely. When the sovereign was present he used to be respectful but easy, solemn yet self-possessed. When the sovereign bade him receive visitors his countenance changed, and his legs appeared to bend. Bowing to those beside him, he straightened his robes in front and behind, hastening forward with his elbows extended like a bird's wings. When the guest had retired he used to report to the prince, saying, "The guest does not any more look back." When he entered the palace gate he seemed to stoop as though it were not high enough for him. Ascending the daïs, lifting up his robes with both hands, he held his breath as if he would cease



GATEWAY TO THE MARBLE ALTAR OF HEAVEN AT PEKING

The Chinese consider this altar the centre of the universe, and here, on a marble slab in the centre of the circle, the emperor attended once a year to offer prayers to the gods.

breathing. As he came down his face relaxed after the first step, and looked more at ease. At the bottom of the steps he would hurry on, spreading out his elbows like wings, and on gaining his seat he would sit intent as previously.

He was never arrayed in deep purple or in puce-coloured garments. Even at home he wore nothing of a red or reddish colour. In hot weather he used to wear a single garment of fine texture, but always over an inner garment. Over lambs' fur he wore a garment of black, over fawns' fur one of white, and over foxes' fur one of yellow. His sleeping-dress was half as long again as his body. On the first day of the month he always went to court in court robes. On fast days he wore pale-hued garments, changed his food, and made a change in his apartment.

He liked to have his rice carefully cleaned and his minced meat chopped small. He did not eat rice that had been injured by heat or damp or that had turned sour, nor could he eat fish or meat which had gone. He did not eat anything that was discoloured or that had a bad flavour, or that was not in season. He would not eat meat badly cut, or that was served with the wrong sauce. No choice of meats could induce him to eat more than he thought right.

After sacrificing at the ancestral temple he would never keep the meat there overnight, nor would he keep it more than three days at home. If by any mishap it were kept longer, it was not eaten.

He never talked at meals, nor would he speak a word in bed. Though there were on the table nothing but coarse rice and vegetable soup, he would always reventially offer some of it to his ancestors. If his mat was not straight he would not sit on it.

On Learning and Virtue

CHUNG-KUNG asked about virtue. The master said: "It consists in these things: To treat those outside thine own home as if thou wert welcoming a great guest; to treat the people as if thou wert assisting at a high sacrifice; not to do to others what thou wouldest not have them do to thee; to encourage no wrongs in the state nor any in the home."

The master being once asked "Who is the virtuous man?" answered, "One that has neither anxiety nor fear, for he finds no evil in his heart. What, then, is there to cause anxiety or fear?"

The master, on being asked by one of his disciples "On what does the art of government depend?" answered, "Sufficient food, troops, and a loyal people." "If, however," the same disciple asked, "one of them had to be dispensed with, which of the three could we best spare?" "Troops," said the master. "And which," the disciple then asked, "of the other two could be better spared?" "Food," said the master.

Tze-chang asked the master, "When may a scholar or an officer be called eminent?" The master asked, "What dost thou mean by being eminent?" To which the other answered, "To be famous throughout the state and throughout his clan." "But that," said the master, "is fame, not eminence. The truly eminent man is genuine and straightforward; he loves righteousness, weighs people's words, and looks at their countenances. He humbles himself to others, and is sincerely desirous of helping all. That is the eminent man, though he may not be a famous one."

If a ruler can govern himself, he is likely to be able to govern his people. But how can a man who has not control of himself keep his people in subjection?

Tze-kung asked, "Is it proper that a man should be liked by all his neighbours?" "Certainly not," said the master. "Is it then proper," asked the same, "that a man should be hated by all his neighbours?" "Decidedly not," said the master. "The good man is loved by his good neighbours, and hated by his bad ones."

The virtuous man is hard to satisfy, but easy to serve. Nothing that thou doest to please him satisfies him unless it is strictly according to right. But in all his demands upon his servants he expects according to capacity, and is satisfied if the servant does his best, though it be little. The bad man is easy to satisfy,

but hard to serve. He is satisfied with whatever pleases him, though it be not right; and he demands whatever he requires, making no allowance for capacity.

A scholar whose mind is set upon comfort is not worthy of the name.

"Where there's a will," said the master, "there's a way."

To refrain from speaking to a man who is disposed to hear is to wrong the man; to speak to a man not disposed to listen is to waste words.

"How can one in brief express man's whole duty?" "Is not reciprocity such a word?" said the master; "that is, what thou dost not want others to do to thee, do thou not to others."

There are three things which the virtuous man has to guard against. In youth, lust; in full manhood, strife; and in old age, covetousness.

The highest class of men are those who are born wise; the next, those who become wise by study; next and third, those who learn much, without having much natural ability. The lowest class of people are those who have neither natural ability nor perseverance. Men are very similar at birth; it is afterwards the great differences arise.

It is only the wisest and the silliest of men who never alter their opinions.

"My children," said the master once to his disciples, "Why do you not study the Book of Poetry? [The Shih King—see page 2999.] It would stimulate your mind, encourage introspection, teach you to love your fellows, and to forbear with all. It would show you your duty to your fathers and your king; and you would also learn from it the names of many birds and beasts and plants."

II—The Ta-Hsio, or Teaching for Adults

THE Ta-Hsio, or Teaching for Adults, rendered also The Great Learning, is really a treatise dealing with ethical, and especially with political, matters, the duties of rulers, ministers, etc. It is usually ascribed in part to 'the master' himself, and in part to Tseng Tsan, one of the most illustrious of his disciples. This forms Book 39 of the Li King, or Book of Rites [see page 3148], and it is admitted by the best scholars to be a genuine specimen of the teaching of Confucius, though no one believes that 'the master' is the author of the book as it now stands. The likeliest suggestion as to authorship is that which ascribes the present treatise, and also the Chung Yung (No. 28 of the Li King) to Khung Chi, the grandson of Confucius.

The great Chinese philosopher Chang said of this book: 'The Teaching for Adults is a book belonging to the Confucian school, forming the gate through which youthful students enter the great temple of virtue. We should not have been able to ascertain the methods of learning pursued by the ancients if this book and the works of Mencius had not been preserved. Beginners ought to start their studies with this book, and then pass on to the harder books, after which the Five Classics should be read.'

The object of the Ta-Hsio is to illustrate outstanding virtue, to promote love of the people and their improvement in morals and manners. In order that these results may be obtained, this treatise must be patiently, calmly and thoughtfully studied.

How the Empire is to be Improved

THE ancients, wishing to make their empire perfect, first endeavoured to make their states perfect. For this last purpose they exerted themselves to improve their families, and to this end they took great pains to improve their personal character. In order to improve their personal character, they endeavoured to purify their hearts and to make their thoughts sincere.

From the Son of Heaven [the Emperor] to the masses of the people, the cultivation of personal character was regarded as the root of all amelioration. To know this has been called knowing the 'root,' which is the perfection of knowledge.

On Thang's bathing-tub these words were inscribed:

'Renovate thyself day by day, yea, every day renovate thyself.' At the

opening of his reign, Thang was exhorted to renovate his people.

In the Book of Poetry it is said that although Kau was an ancient state, yet it regarded Heaven's commands as ever new. In the same book we read the thoughts of the Emperor Wan were deep, and his conduct firm. In all his relationships he was reverent and true. As a sovereign he was benevolent; as a minister respectful; as a son he exhibited filial piety; as a father he was kind and considerate; towards his subjects he was steadfastly faithful. This virtuous and accomplished sovereign, Wan, took great pains to sharpen his intellect and to make his heart more sensitive to all obligations. How majestic, how glorious was he; he shall ever be remembered by his grateful people at the ancestral shrine.

'The cultivation of personal character depends upon the regulation of the mind.' What does this mean? If a man's passions are not kept under control, he will form wrong judgements about actions and never have a well-balanced mind. Therefore must a man regulate his mind in order to cultivate himself. 'The government of the family depends upon the cultivation of personal character.' What does this mean? Where there is affection, judgement is distorted. We see the good qualities of those we love, but are blind to the bad ones. We see the bad qualities of those we hate, but are blind to the good ones. In order to be able to govern a family rightly, we must train our minds to judge fairly and impartially of those nearest to us—*i.e.* it requires careful self-training to be able to train a family.

'We must be able to govern the family before we can rule a state.' What means this? If a man fails to teach the members of his own family to be obedient and loyal to their head, how can he train a nation to be united, obedient and loyal?

Yas and Shun ruled with love, and the people became loving. Kieh and Kau ruled with violence, and the people became violent. The sovereign must exhibit the same qualities that he wishes his subjects to cultivate. Nor has he the right to expect his people to be free from bad qualities which are in himself. Thus it is that the government of the state rests upon the proper government of the family.

'That the empire should have peace and prosperity depends upon the proper government of the constituting states.' What does this mean?

When ruler and ministers treat their aged ones as they ought to, the inhabitants in general become filial. Similarly, the inhabitants learn to show respect towards their seniors and sympathy towards the young when their superiors set them the right example in these matters. No man should treat his inferiors as he would not like his superiors to treat him. What he disapproves of in his inferiors, let him not exhibit towards his superiors.

In the Book of Poetry it is written, 'The parents of the people are much to be congratulated. A sovereign whose loves and hates correspond with those of his people is his people's father.' To gain the people is to gain the state; therefore a ruler's primary concern should be his own integrity, for thereby he wins his people's loyalty, and through that loyalty he obtains the state, and therewith the wealth of the whole country.

In the Records of Khu one reads, 'The State of Khu values men, not gems nor robes.'

A country is wealthy if it consumes less than it produces, and that man is rich whose income exceeds his expenditure.

The virtuous ruler gathers wealth on account of the reputation it can bring him. The wicked ruler seeks wealth for its own sake, sacrificing even virtue to obtain it.

A benevolent sovereign makes a just people. When the people are just the affairs of the sovereign prosper. The state's prosperity consists in righteousness, not in riches.

III—The Chung Yung

The Chung Yung is more correctly rendered 'The State of Equilibrium and Harmony' (Legge, etc.) than by The Doctrine of the Mean, its usual appellation. Other titles suggested have been The Just Mean, The True Mean, The Golden Mean, and The Constant Mean. The word 'chung' means 'middle,'

'yung' denoting 'course' or 'way.' Hence, Chung Yung means literally, The Middle Way. Compare Aristotle's doctrine of The Mean (Ethics Book II).

This treatise occurs as Book 28 of the Li-King (see page 3148), and by Chinese scholars has been declared to be the most valuable part of the Book of Rites. We have here the fullest account existing of the philosophy and ethics of the master. Apart from its value as such, the Chung Yung is exceedingly interesting as a monument of the teaching of the ancient Chinese. In its existing form the Chung Yung is arranged in five divisions, containing, in all, thirty-three chapters. No attempt is made in the epitomes that follow to retain these divisions and chapters. For the authorship and date of this book see the introduction to the Ta-Hsio.

The Good Man's Path

THE sense of obligation has been implanted in man by Heaven. The path of duty is a life in accordance with this heaven-implanted intuition. Every man ought always to tread this path; the true doctrine teaches how this is to be accomplished. The good man will ever be on his guard lest he depart a hair's breadth from the right way.

The mental state of equilibrium is reached when a man is free from the distracting influences of anger and good will, joy and sorrow. When these emotions exist in due proportion and extent the state of harmony is attained. From the first proceed all great human enterprises. The state of harmony is the path along which all good men will go. When the states of equilibrium and harmony exist in their fullness gods and men receive their dues, and there is prosperity and happiness.

Kung-ni[1] said, 'The virtuous man embodies in himself the states of equilibrium and harmony, but the low man knows neither of these states.' This perfect condition of human character in which there is complete equilibrium and harmony is reached but by few. Why is this so? It is because those who are wise consider these ideal states too commonplace, and they aim at things which the world values more highly. The low man, on the other hand, grovels in the dust and never rises to higher thoughts or nobler aims. Men could, if they would, distinguish the worthy from the unworthy, just as with a healthy palate they can tell good food from bad. But men's moral discernment has been blunted by a life of sensuality and sin, just as the physical palate loses its power of tasting when in a diseased condition.

[1] The married name of Confucius.

In order to find out the Mean, our Father Shun, of blessed memory, used to question the people[1] and study their answers, even the shallow ones. He used to encourage them to speak out by seeming to value the poorest answers. He would take the extremest sayings he heard, and from them deduce the Mean.

It is hard to keep in the middle way: men rule kingdoms and accept honours and emoluments who have yet signally failed to govern themselves by the rules of the Mean.

The good man's ambition is not to perform feats which startle the world and give him fame, but rather to live the life of the moderate and harmonious one; yet how often for lack of true discernment he fails! This middle path is not, however, hidden from the sincere and pure; even common men and women may know it, though in its highest reaches it baffles the wisest. The greatest and the wisest and the best find lodged within them unrealized ideals. Whoever strenuously aims at realizing these ideals, though he fails, is near the right path.

'The good man has four difficulties,' said the master, 'and I have not myself been able to overcome them. (1) To serve my father as I should like my son to serve me. (2) To serve my ruler as I should like him to serve me were I his ruler. (3) To serve an elder brother as I should like him to serve me were he my younger brother. (4) To act towards a friend as I should like him to act towards me were our relations reversed.'[2]

The good man suits his conduct to his station in life. If he has wealth and high

[1] Compare the method of Socrates in the investigation of truth.

[2] In the above four 'difficulties,' note the reappearance of the law of reciprocity, the negative form of the Golden Rule.

office he acts becomingly, never treating his inferiors with harshness or contempt. If he be poor and unrecognized, he never murmurs against heaven, or pines over his lot, or cringes before superiors, or does anything immoral for applause or gain. The virtuous man accepts heaven's allotments thankfully and uncomplainingly.

In order to attain to the middle path we must carefully perform the duties which lie nearest to us, not waiting to do great things. In the Book of Poetry we read of the love of wife, children and brothers. Cultivate this love on the home hearth, and thy charity will expand and take in mankind. [Note how charity, though beginning at home, travels far afield.]

Shun displayed his filial piety on a huge scale, and brought great honour to his parents and to himself. No wonder that such filial piety as his was rewarded with dominion, wealth and fame. It is well said in the Book of Poetry, 'The good man receives Heaven's benediction.'

The Emperor Wan was the only man with no cause for grief, his father being the admirable Ki, and his son the equally admirable Wu. The father laid the foundation of all this excellence, the son transmitting it to his own son. The Emperor Wu retained the honour and distinction of his forebears Thai, Kai and Wan. He had the dignity of the true Son of Heaven, and owned all within the Four Seas.[1] He sacrificed regularly in the ancestral temple, and after death his successors sacrificed to him. The duke of Kau continued the glorious traditions handed on by Wu. Both these great rulers realized the aspirations and wishes of their forefathers, restoring and improving the ancestral temple, renovating the sacred vessels and offering sacrifices suited to each year. In other ways also they perpetuated the good deeds of their ancestors, observed their religious rites, encouraged the study of music and poetry, honoured the honourable, and loved the lovable. They showed due respect to their departed ones, and thus discharged their duty to the living and the dead.

IV—The Works of Mencius

MENCIUS is the Latinised form of 'Meng-tse,' which means 'the philosopher Meng,' Meng (or Meng-sun) being the name of one of the three great Houses of Lu, whose usurpations gave so much offence to Confucius. His personal name was Ko, though this does not occur once in his known works. He was born in 372 B.C., and died in 289 B.C. at the age of 83, in the twenty-sixth year of the Emperor Nan, with whom ended the long sovereignty of the Kau (Chow) dynasty. He was thus a contemporary of Plato (whose last twenty-three years synchronised with his first twenty-three), Aristotle, Zeno, Epicurus and Demosthenes, and he is well worthy of being ranked with these illustrious men.

Mencius was reared by his widowed mother, whose virtue and wisdom are still proverbial in China. The first forty years of his life are virtually a blank to us, so that we know very little of his early education. He is said, however, to have studied under Khung Chi, the grandson of Confucius.

In the hundred and six years between the death of Confucius (478 B.C.) and the birth of Mencius (372 B.C.), the political and moral state of China had altered greatly for the worse. The smaller feudal states had been swallowed up by larger ones, the princes were constantly at war with one another, and there was but little loyalty to the occupant of the imperial throne; moreover, the moral standard of things had lowered very much. At about the age of forty-five Mencius became Minister, under Prince Hsuan, of the Chi state. But as his master refused to carry out the reforms he urged, he resigned his post and travelled through many lands, advising rulers and ministers with whom he came in contact. In the year 319 B.C. he resumed his former position in the state of Chi, resigning once more eight years later. He now gave himself up to a life of study and teaching, preparing the works presently to be

[1] A technical name for China, which was supposed to be enclosed by the four great oceans of the world. China is also called 'The Middle Kingdom.'

noticed. His main purpose was to expound and enforce the teaching of Confucius. But his own doctrine stands on a lower level than that of the master, for he views man's well-being rather from the point of view of political economy. He was justly named by Chao Chi 'The Second Holy One or Prophet'—the name by which China still knows him.

The treatise called The Works of Mencius is a compilation of the conversation and opinions of Mencius, having a similar relation to that great philosopher that the Analects (or Lun Yu) have to Confucius. It is arranged in seven books. According to tradition the work, in its existing form, is as it came from the philosopher himself.

MENCIUS
After a Chinese painting

Virtue, not Profit, to be the Chief Quest

When Mencius visited King Hui, of Liang, the latter asked him what counsel he could give to profit his kingdom. The philosopher replied, "Why does your majesty use the word profit? The only things which I have to counsel are righteousness and good will. If the king seeks mainly the *profit* of his kingdom, the great officers will seek the profit of their families and the common people that of theirs. The chief things to be aimed at by king and people are virtue and benevolence."

"How comes it," asked the king, "that my state Tsin has deteriorated since I became its ruler, and that calamities many and great have fallen on it?" Mencius answered, "With so great an extent of territory as thine prosperity ought to be within easy reach; but in order to procure it your majesty must govern thy subjects justly and kindly, moderating penalties, lightening taxes, promoting thus and otherwise their industries, increasing their comforts as well as lessening their burdens, deepening the faithfulness of the people to one another and to the throne. Then will thy people be loyal to thee and formidable towards thy foes. Thou shalt make thy subjects loyal friends, for the benevolent one has no enemy."

A Prosperous Ruler the Friend and Father of His People

On one occasion the Emperor Hsuan of Chi visited Mencius in the Snow Palace, and asked him. "Do the people find enjoyment in music and in the chase?" "Certainly," answered Mencius; "it is when ruler and people share each other's joys and sorrows that the sovereign attains to his highest dignity. Moreover, a ruler, when moving amongst his people, ought to copy the ancient sovereigns. In the good old days, when the ruler made a tour of inspection among his people he was received with great acclamation everywhere, for joy and gladness came in his train. In the spring he inspected the ploughing and supplied all that was lacking in the way of seed. In the autumn he examined the reaping and made up for any deficiency in the yield. It was a common saying during the Hsia dynasty, 'If the Emperor visiteth not, what will become of us?' But now, may your majesty permit me to say, matters are very different, for, when in these days a ruler visits his people he is accompanied by a huge army, who with himself and suite have to be maintained by the people visited. And so it comes to be that the hungry are robbed of their food, and the toilers are wearied with the extra tasks imposed upon them. If a ruler wishes to have the hearts of his people, and to be regarded as their father, he must consider their needs and endeavour to supply them."

Mencius uses Stratagem to Bring Home to the Emperor his Guilt

Mencius said on one occasion to Hsuan, King of Chi, "Suppose one of thy ministers were to entrust his family during his

absence to a subordinate, and that the latter neglected his duty so that the wife and children were exposed to great suffering and danger. What should that minister do ? "

" Dismiss him at once," was the royal reply.

" But," continued the philosopher, " suppose that the government of your own kingdom were bad, the people suffering and disunited and disloyal on account of their king's bad rule. What then should be done ? " The king, looking this way and that, turned the conversation to other themes.

It May be Right to Kill a Sovereign

King Hsuan asked Mencius, " Is it true that Thang banished his own sovereign, Kieh [the last king of the Hsia dynasty], and that Wu attacked the tyrant Emperor Kau-hsin and slew him ? " " It is true," said Mencius, " for it is so written in the Shu King. But if a sovereign acts as Kieh did he is no longer a sovereign but a robber, and to be dealt with as such. And if a ruler is, like Kau-hsin, the enemy of his people, he is no longer their ruler, and therefore to be put out of the way, and how better than by death ? "

Gifts that May and Those that May Not be Accepted

Chan Tsin spoke to Mencius as follows. " The King of Chi once offered thee a present and thou declinedst it, but didst accept gifts offered at Sung and at Hsieh. Why this inconsistency ? If it were right to refuse in the first case it was equally right to refuse in the other two. If it were right to accept in the latter two cases, it was equally right to accept in the first case." The philosopher answered, " I acted rightly and consistently. The gifts at Sung were to provide me with what was needed for a long journey which I was about to undertake. Why should I refuse such gifts when needed ? At Hsieh I was in some personal danger and needed help to procure the means of self-defence. The gifts were to enable me to procure arms. Why should I have refused such needed help ? But at Chi I needed no money, and therefore refused it when offered, for to accept money when it is not needed is to accept a bribe. Why should I take such money ? "

Wrong Conduct Should be Ended at Once

A distinguished officer of Sung, called Tai Ying-chib, called upon Mencius and said, " I am unable as yet to dispense with the tax on goods and the duties charged at the frontier passes and in the markets, though this is a right and proper thing to do. But it is my intention, until the next year, to lighten the tax and the duties, and then next year I shall remove them altogether." The philosopher replied, " Here is a man who daily steals a score of his neighbour's fowls. Feeling that he is guilty of dishonesty, he says, ' I know that this stealing is wrong, but in the future I shall be content with stealing one fowl a month. But next year I will stop stealing fowls altogether.' If," continued Mencius, " this tax and these duties are, as you admit, wrong, end them at once. Why should you wait a year ? "

The Inherent Goodness of Human Nature

Kao Tzu said to Mencius, " Human nature resembles running water, which flows east or west according as it can find an outlet. So human nature is inclined equally to what is good and to what is bad." " It is true," answered Mencius, " that water will flow indifferently to the east or to the west. But it will not flow indifferently up or down ; it can only flow down. The tendency of human nature is towards what is good, as that of water is to flow downwards. One may, indeed, by splashing water, make it spurt upwards, but that is forcing it against its true character. Even so, when a man becomes prone to what is evil it is because his heaven - implanted nature has been diverted from its true bent."

People First, Kings Last

" The people," said Mencius, " are first in importance ; next come the gods. The kings are last and least."

Every Man Should Accept his Lot

Mencius said, " Every man's lot is fixed for him, and it is a proof of wisdom to accept it uncomplainingly. He who does this faces misfortune and even death unmoved."

What the Good King Delights in Most

"The virtuous king," said Mencius, "is glad to have a large extent of territory and a numerous people to rule over; but his heart is not on these things. To be at the head of a great kingdom and to see his people loyal, united and flourishing gives the good king joy; but his heart is set not on these things but on benevolence, justice, propriety and knowledge."

The Influence of Example

Mencius said, "In the good days of old, men of virtue and talent abounded in the land, and their influence for good was great upon their fellows. But now, alas, the masses of the people are ignorant and depraved, and their dominant influence is bad."

Counsellors Should Love Righteousness Rather than Riches

Mencius said, "Those who counsel men in high places should feel contempt for their pomp and display. I have no wish for huge and gorgeous halls, for luxurious food with hundreds of attendants, or for sparkling wine or bewitching women. These things I esteem not; what I esteem are the rules of propriety handed down by the ancients."

A Classic 'Story with a Purpose'

SAMUEL JOHNSON

RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA

IN 1759 Dr. Johnson wrote his only novel, The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, his immediate object being to meet the expenses incurred by his mother's illness and death. According to Boswell, the work was composed in the evenings of one week, and the sheets sent to the printers without even being read over by the author, who received £100 for the copyright and a further payment of £25 on a second edition. Of all Johnson's works Rasselas was apparently the most popular. By 1775 it reached its fifth edition, and has since been translated into many languages. Like Voltaire's Candide, which appeared about the same time, the work is a satire on human life in general, the theme being Johnson's favourite one of 'the vanity of human wishes.' It has been doubted whether Rasselas may justly be considered as a novel, for the didactic purpose is so dominant, but the plot is admirably constructed and the events are arranged in a skilful climax. Rasselas is obtainable in various inexpensive editions.

I—Life in the Happy Valley

RASSELAS was the fourth son of the mighty emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course, whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, the prince was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom, or policy, of antiquity had designed for the residence of the princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of

every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with all the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and to lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately gratified. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity where discord was always raging and where man preyed upon man. These methods were generally successful. Few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds; they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves. All but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure; but he neglected their officiousness and repulsed their invitations.

One day his old instructor began to lament the change which had been lately observed in him, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the place to loneliness and silence.

"I fly from pleasure," said the prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please. I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others."

"You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply. If you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint. If I had only known a want, I should have a certain wish, and that wish would excite endeavour for its satisfaction. I have already enjoyed too much. Give me something to desire."

"Sir," said the old man, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state."

"Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

II—The Escape into the Outer World

The stimulus of this new desire soon had its effect in making Rasselas no longer gloomy and unsociable. Considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, he affected to be busy in all the assemblies and schemes of diversion, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes. He retired gladly to privacy, because in picturing to himself that world which he had never seen he had now a subject of thought.

Thus passed twenty months of his life; he busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude. But one day the consciousness of his own folly and inaction pierced him deeply. He compared twenty months with the life of man. "The period of human existence," said he, "may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four-and-twentieth part."

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no time in idle resolves. Then, awakening to more vigorous exertion, he for a few hours regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole

mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

He now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels. In these fruitless researches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away, for he met a thousand amusements which beguiled his labour and diversified his thought.

A little while afterwards he began to cherish hopes of escaping from the valley by quite a different way. Among the artists allowed there, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. He interested the prince in a project of flying, and undertook to construct a pair of wings, in which he would himself attempt an aerial flight. But, alas! when in a year's time the wings were ready, and their contriver waved them and leaped from the little promontory on which he had taken his stand, he merely dropped into the lake.

The prince was not much afflicted by this disaster, and he soon forgot any disappointment he had felt in the society and conversation of a new artist—a poet called Imlac—who delighted him by the narrative of his travels and dealings with men in various parts of Africa and Asia.

"Hast thou here found happiness at last?" asked Rasselas. "Tell me, without reserve, art thou content with thy condition, or dost thou wish to be again wandering and inquiring? All the inhabitants of this valley celebrate their lot, and at the annual visit of the emperor invite others to partake of their felicity. Is this felicity genuine or feigned?"

"Great prince," said Imlac, "I shall speak the truth. I know not one of all your attendants who does not lament the hour when he entered this retreat. I am less unhappy than the rest, because I have a mind replete with images, which I can vary and combine at pleasure. The rest, whose minds have no impression but of the present moment, are either corroded by malignant passions, or sit steeped in the gloom of perpetual vacancy."

"What passions can infect those," said the prince, "who have no rivals? We are in a place where impotence precludes malice, and where all envy is repressed by community of enjoyments."

"There may be community of material possessions," said Imlac, "but there can never be community of love or of esteem. It must happen that one will please more than another. He that knows himself despised will always be envious, and still more envious and malevolent if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him. The invitations by which the inhabitants of the valley allure others to a state which they feel to be wretched proceed from the natural malignity of hopeless misery. I look with pity on the crowds who are annually soliciting admission to captivity, and wish that it were lawful for me to warn them of their danger."

Rasselas now opened his whole heart to Imlac, who, promising to assist him to escape, proposed the plan of piercing the mountain. A suitable cavern having been found, the two men worked arduously at their task, and within a few days had accomplished it. A few more days passed, and Rasselas and Imlac, with the prince's sister, Nekayah, had gone to Cairo.

III—The Search for Happiness

The prince and princess, who carried with them jewels sufficient to make them rich in any place of commerce, gradually succeeded in mixing in the society of the city; and for some time the former, who had been wont to ponder over what *choice of life* he should make, thought choice needless because all appeared to him really happy.

Imlac was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience. Till one day, having sat awhile silent, "I know not," said Rasselas, "what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of my

friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness."

"Every man," said Imlac, "may, by examining his own mind, guess what passes in the minds of others. When you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it to be possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself."

"This," said the prince, "may be true of others, since it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the *choice of life*."

"Very few," said the poet, "live by choice. Every man is placed in the present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and, therefore, you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own."

RASSELAS resolved, however, to continue his experiments on life. As he was one day walking in the street, he saw a spacious building, which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter. He found it a hall of declamation, and listened to a sage who discoursed with great energy on the conquest of the passions, and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained this important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief. Receiving permission to visit this philosopher Rasselas returned home with joy.

"I have found," said he, "a man who from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him. I will learn his doctrines and imitate his life."

"Be not too hasty," said Imlac, "to trust or admire the teachers of morality; they discourse like angels, but they live like men."

Imlac's caution turned out to be wise, for when the prince paid his visit a few days afterwards, he found the philosopher weeping over the death of his only daughter, and refusing to be comforted by any of the consolations that truth and reason could afford.

STILL eager upon the same inquiry, and resolving to discover whether that felicity which public life could not afford was to be found in solitude, Rasselas determined to visit a hermit who lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, Imlac and the princess agreeing to accompany him. On the third day they reached the cell of the holy man, who was desired to give his direction as to the choice of a life of solitude.

"I have no desire that my example should gain any imitators," replied the hermit. "In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord and misery. For some time after my retreat I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants and minerals of the place. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome, and I have been for some time unsettled and distracted. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and began to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow."

A day or two later Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit at an assembly of learned men, who met at stated intervals to compare their opinions.

"The way to be happy," said one of them, "is to live according to nature, in

obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed ; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by design, not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity."

When he had spoken, he looked round upon his respectful audience with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence.

"Sir," said the prince, with great modesty, "as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed upon your discourse. I doubt not the truth of a position which so learned a man has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature."

"When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, "I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity ; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The prince soon found that this was a sage whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed, and was silent ; and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, departed with the air of a man who has co-operated with the present system.

RASSELAS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY
From the drawing by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

IV—Happiness They Found Not

RASSELAS returned home full of reflections and, finding that Imlac seemed to discourage a continuance of the search, began to discourse more freely with his sister, who had yet the same hope with himself.

"We will divide the task between us," said she. "You shall try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life."

Accordingly, the prince appeared next day, with a splendid retinue, at the court of the bassa. But he soon found that the lives of courtiers are a continual succession of plots and detections, stratagems and escapes, faction and treachery. Many of those who surrounded the bassa were sent only to watch him and to report his conduct to the sultan. At last the letters of revocation arrived, the bassa was carried in chains to Constantinople, and in a short time the sultan that had deposed him was murdered by the Janissaries.

The princess, who had insinuated herself into many private families, proved equally unsuccessful in her inquiries. She found not one house that was not haunted by some fury that destroyed its quiet.

"In families where there is or is not poverty," said she, "there is commonly discord. The love of parents and children seldom continues beyond the years of infancy ; in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or fondness of the parents, and the parents betray each other to their children. The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and de-

spondence, of expectation and experience. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth; and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age."

"Surely," said the prince, "you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance. I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity."

"Domestic discord," answered she, "is not inevitably necessary; but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous. The good and the evil cannot well agree; the evil can yet less agree with one another, and even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance when their virtues are of different kinds. As for those who live single, I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship and without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements and vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour and their tongues with censure."

"I CANNOT forbear to flatter myself," said Rasselas, "that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. What can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgement, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgement, or purity of sentiment? From these early marriages proceed the rivalry of parents and children.

"The son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other. Surely all these evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence prescribes to irrevocable choice."

"And yet," said Nekayah, "I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. It has generally been determined that it is dangerous for a man and woman to suspend their fate upon each other at a time when opinions and habits are established, when friendships have been contracted on both sides and life has been planned into method."

Soon afterwards the prince told Imlac that he intended to devote himself to science and to pass the rest of his days in retirement.

"Before you make your final choice," answered Imlac, "you ought to examine its hazards, and to converse with some of those who are grown old in the company of themselves."

He then introduced him to a learned astronomer, who had meditated over his science and over visionary schemes for so long that he believed that he possessed the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons.

A visit made subsequently to the catacombs tended still further to give a sombre direction to the thoughts of the party.

"How gloomy," said Rasselas, "would be these mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on for ever. Those that lie here stretched before us, the wise and the powerful of ancient times, warn us to remember the shortness of our present state; they were, perhaps, snatched away while they were busy, like us, in the choice of life."

"To me," said the princess, "the choice of life is become less important; I hope, hereafter, to think only on the choice of eternity."

IT was now the time of the inundations of the Nile, and the searchers for happiness were, of necessity, confined to their house. Being, however, well supplied with materials for talk, they diverted themselves with comparisons of the different forms of life which they had observed, and with various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed—schemes which now they well knew would never be carried out.

They deliberated with Imlac what was to be done, and finally resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

Lizzie Caswall Smith

Rabindranath Tagore

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE

POEMS

A Biographical and Critical Study by Edward Thompson

I—The Poet's Family and Early Days

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was born on May 6, 1861; and was fortunate not only in the circumstances of his birth but in the hundred and fifty years that foreran his birth. His family name is Banerji; and the Banerjis are one of the four Brahmin families that rank as *kulin* Brahmins, the highest of all in Bengal. Even in the select group of the *kulin* Brahmins the Banerjis claim a shadowy pre-eminence; the god Siva, says legend, was once questioned in an earthly visit as to his name, and gave it as Banerji. The Tagores lost their caste—there is no satisfactory explanation why, but it is said that they were once compulsorily made to smell Mahomedan cooking. There are reasons for believing that the Mahomedan connexion was closer than this; and many things in the family history, notably the austerity and the fierce uncompromising theism of the poet's father and grandfather, suggest this. But, though outcasted, their wealth and talents made them leaders, and explains their new name. 'Tagore' is *thakur*, lord, the title given to every Brahmin—the Brahmin who cooks for a hostel of college students is always the *thakur*, for it is his lofty caste that enables him to prepare food that every other caste can eat. The early English officials in India picked up this trick of calling Brahmins who worked for them *thakur* or (as they mispronounced it) *tagore*; and so this family of outcast Brahmins became Tagores.

There is a Bengali proverb that the goddesses of learning and of wealth and beauty, Sarasvati and Lakshmi, 'do not mix.' But they have mixed in the Tagore family. The poet's grandfather was Dwarkanath Tagore, who visited England and was honoured here as Prince Dwarkanath Tagore. He left a reputation for immense wealth and prodigality and magnificence—also, heavy debts which his son cleared, refusing to keep himself within the limits of what was legally due. But Dwarkanath Tagore had nobler claims to our remembrance. He was the friend and supporter of Rammohan Ray, the great and courageous Hindu reformer and thinker. It was with his help that the theistic society that Rammohan Ray founded continued as the Brahmo Samaj—a society that rejected idolatry, sacrifice, and the divisions of caste (though the last with much inconsistency and hesitation). When Lord Bentinck in 1829 prohibited the burning of widows in Bengal, and a petition for the rescinding of his Regulation was sent to the Privy Council, with eight hundred signatures attached, it was Rammohan Ray (who was then in England) and Dwarkanath Tagore who led the counter-petition of the reforming Hindus, and persuaded the Privy Council to support Bentinck.

Dwarkanath's great son, Debendranath, set the Brahmo Samaj on a firm basis; and through his long life of more than eighty years he lived with such austere nobility that he earned the title of Maharshi, or 'the Great Sage.' His Autobiography, of which a portion is published in English, is a very moving and lofty revelation.

Rabindranath's brothers and sisters have all been intellectual leaders. One, Jyotirindra, is an artist whose pencilled heads have been praised enthusiastically by William Rothenstein; another, Dwijendranath, who died in 1925 in extreme old

age, was in his youth a poet and in later life a philosopher and fine prose-writer; a third was the first Indian to pass the Indian Civil Service examination. A sister was the first Bengali lady to write novels. Two nephews, Abanindranath and Gaganendranath, are the founders of the modern school of Bengali art—the former a painter and teacher of painters, the latter a black-and-white artist who can transfer to paper the hanging cataracts and forests and the sweeping mists of the mighty Himalayas.

In the poet's home, then, all the tides of vigorous eager life that were moving Bengal reached their height. He grew up in an atmosphere of intense intellectual excitement such as we have not known since the Elizabethan age. Whatever writers were growing to fame and influence, they made their way to the house of this wealthy and intellectual family; whatever political movements were stirring the people, they were most effective here. There was a cult, too, of Indian matters more ancient, of the Sanskrit poets and the older poets of Bengal. Bengali has a literature a thousand years old, and is a language spoken by fifty millions. And during the nineteenth century the thought and literature of the West were revolutionising this literature; blank verse, the sonnet, new metres, were introduced, and thought was being changed.

The poet detested school; and he has great powers of avoiding what he dislikes, which the lax and friendly discipline of his home encouraged. He was not 'educated'; he escaped one threatened school after another, or managed to leave after a short experience. But when he was about seventeen he spent a year in London, and still speaks gratefully of Professor Henry Morley, with whom he read some of Shakespeare's plays. His own Reminiscences tell the story of his early life. He wrote incessantly in these days; and was known as a rising poet before he was twenty.

II—Nature Poetry and Poems on Social Problems

The poetry that he wrote before he was twenty-five is full of beautiful glimpses, of atmosphere and of melody; but far better work came in the five years that followed. In December, 1883, he married; and his first attempt to settle down was about the year 1887, when he was living in a bungalow at Ghazipur, in the United Provinces. The town is famous for its roses, and the leisure and peace of his sojourn here show in the magnificent observation of nature, impossible to a harassed or hurried mind. His favourite Sanskrit poet is Kalidasa; and of Kalidasa's poems he prefers, not one of the dramas, but the lyrical narrative poem, The Meghaduta, or Cloud-Messenger. That poem opens on the first day of the Rains, in the great city of Ujjain, where Kalidasa lived, probably fourteen hundred years ago. Tagore, watching a later monsoon break, imagines that earlier storm:

That day, who knows what congregated cloud,
What lightning-festival, what thunders loud,
What maddened race of tempest gathered o'er
Ujjain's proud palace-crests! The dreadful roar
Of struggling clouds waked of a thousand Rains
The vaporous, restless-stirring, hidden pains
Of desolation—wakened in one day
Their secret weeping! Tearing Time's veil away,
That day the heavy rains poured ceaselessly,
As though the griefs of all eternity
Would soak thy mighty verses! . . .
To-day the sky is dark, with pouring rain:
A dire wind sweeps: beneath its dreadful flail,
With lifted hands the forests sob and wail:
The lightning rips the clouds, it peeps and peers.
Hurling through empty space its crooked spears
Of sharp-edged laughter.
In my closed, dim room
I read the *Meghdut*; on the cloudrack's spume
My mind, in freedom wandering far from home,
Is flying.

A still nobler poem is Sea-Waves, written on the loss of a pilgrim-ship carrying eight hundred passengers to the temple of Jagannath (Juggernaut) at Puri, on the Orissa coast. The reader will note in my translation, which does not attempt to do more than bring out the general outline, that the poet has been taking over into Bengali some of the fine stanza-forms that English poets—for example, Keats in his Odes—have used.

On the breast of the shoreless sea Destruction
swings and sweeps,
In dreadful festival.
The indomitable wind is roaming, ungovernable
in strength,

Beating its thousand wings.
Sky and sea in one are reeling together in vast confusion;
Darkness veils the eyes of the universe.
The lightning flashes and threatens, the foam-fields hiss,
The sharp, white, terrible mirth of brute Nature.
Eyeless, earless, houseless, loveless,
The mad Forces of Evil
Rush to ruin, without direction—they have cast off all restraints.

Mingling all horizons in confusion, the azure sea grows dark;
It weeps, it roars.
In anger, in fear, with sobbing, with thunders and awful laughter,
With maddened bellows,
It bursts and foams, shatters and scatters in seethe,
Vainly rushes to find its shores.
It is as if Vasuki[1], flinging down the earth, is playing,
Expanding his thousand hoods, swingeing his folds;
As if the Night has become a vast water, a swaying horror,
Shaking the ten directions,
Tearing the web of its own curtain of sleep.

There is neither rhythm nor metre. It is the meaningless, joyless
Dance of brute Nature.
Incarnate in a thousand shapes, is mighty Death
Dancing there?
Water, vapour, thunder and wind have found blind forms of being,
Are vaguely pulling the nerves of their new life.
Nothing they know of direction, of hindrance or let!
Afraid of themselves, they rush to ruin.
See! in the midst, eight hundred men and women
Are staring in front of them,
Embracing, standing heart to heart!

Lifting the ship, the Storm, an ogress, shouts
'Give! give! give!'
The sea, one massed foam, clamours with its million upthrust hands,
'Give! give! give!'
Wrathful at the delay, foaming and hissing,
The azure Death whitens with mighty anger.
The tiny bark cannot bear the great weight;
Its iron breast will burst!
Above and Below have become one; they seize this tiny toy,
Seize it for their sport!
The pilot stands in the bows.

Thou art not, O God! Pity is not! Life is not!
There is only the sport of Nature!

[1] Vasuki is the serpent who is supposed to uphold the earth. The Ten Directions are the eight points, with the zenith and nadir.

Seeing the terror, the infant is frightened, and screams and wails;
The piteous cry is stilled in a moment!
In the twinkling of an eye it ended! None could see
When life was, and when life finished!
It was as if in one gust a hundred lamps
Went out in unison!
In a thousand homes happiness was suddenly quenched.

But at this time he wrote, as always, a great deal of prose, much of it of a controversial kind, and some of his fiercest political and social poems. The neo-Hindu reaction was in full course, and speakers who had picked up a smattering of modern science were busy showing that everything was known to the ancient Hindus. The nonsense talked, and received with wild applause—that is still sometimes talked in India—would not seem so incredible to us if we had not forgotten some of the equally absurd efforts of our own theological apologists. But there was no superstition or scrap of primitive magic which was not justified on high scientific grounds. Thus, the *tiki* or tuft of hair kept by the orthodox Hindu was there because the ancient Aryans knew that hair was a great conductor of electricity. And with this absurd defence of everything in Hinduism went reaction in social matters, and a noisy but lazy and uncourageous nationalism and patriotism. Tagore satirised these things savagely. He is no friend to Christian doctrine, but in Preaching Religion he draws a cruel picture of the cowardice which prompted an assault on a Salvation Army missionary, and the missionary is a calm, heroic figure. In Wild Hopes he shows what he thinks of patriotism that refuses hard work and thinking and a fearless attitude towards fact.

'When mad hopes hiss like a snake in the breast, with vain rage stamping in the bonds of fate, let us compose ourselves, with great care set the hookahs out, shuffle the filthy cards vigorously, and sit down to play! Let us huddle together on a bed, a dozen of us at a time, the rice-eating, milk-drinking race of Bengalis!

'Rather than this, O that I might be an Arab Bedouin! Beneath my feet the boundless desert, melting into the horizon! My horse gallops, the sand flies! Pouring my stream of life into the sky, day and night I go with fire

burning in my heart! My spear in my hand, courage in my heart, always homeless! Free of restraint as the desert wind in its blowing! My blood swells as I leap into peril! Life tingles throughout my whole body, my whole mind!'

But his most savage attacks are on the marriage-system, by which often a girl of ten or less is united to a man far on in life. I can quote only one example, and that a brief one:

'Playing our flutes, let us bring home a bride of eight years. Let us snatch and tear open the bud of childhood, let us force out the sweet of youth! Pressing a weight of Scriptures on the new, expanding life, let us make it one with the dust of the wrinkled ages!'

III—Life Beside and On the Ganges

When he tired of Ghazipur and its roses, he planned to journey across India by the Grand Trunk Road, in a bullock-cart. This would have unfolded India slowly before him. But his father thought that it was time he did some work, since he was close on thirty, and insisted that he should take over the family estates. This he did, after a six weeks' visit to England in 1891. The estates are widely scattered, and entailed his living on the water for a considerable part of the next ten years. The Ganges now is the background of his work, and his passionate joy in the stretching stream and its peace is everywhere present.

The next ten years were years crowded with versatile journalism, as well as poetry and drama. The best of the dramas is the one of which, as Chitra, a beautiful though truncated translation has been published in English. The short stories of this time are very varied, and the best of them excellent; they deserve a greater reputation than they have ever won. Three volumes of these are included in the long series of English translations of Tagore's works published by Macmillan. If the reader likes mystery and the terrible glamour of the spirit-world, let him try Hungry Stones, in the volume of that name; if he can bear a story of the deepest tragedy and pity, let him try Living and Dead, or Subha.

The poetry of this last decade of the century is rich and luxuriously introspective—too much so. The poet became too occupied with his own mind and experiences. To every one of us this risk is constantly present, that to ourselves we are more important than anyone else in the world. Damnation comes if we indulge this interest; and other people find the man preoccupied with himself dull. And so, though Tagore's poetry of this period is full of soft beauty, it is often maddening to the Western reader, and to a great many of his own countrymen also. And yet, what freedom of movement he could attain even amid his loneliness and inevitable introspection is shown in such a poem as Urvasi. Urvasi is a myth of Indian legend, the heavenly courtesan who dances in the paradise of Indra, King of the Gods; but Tagore makes her a symbol of the ecstasy that is living throughout nature, in the sea-waves and the leafy happiness of the woods and fields and the superb procession of the clouds and planets.

In the assembly of the Gods, when thou dancest
in ecstasy of joy,
O swaying wave, Urvasi!
The companies of billows in mid-ocean swell
and dance, beat on beat;
In the crests of the corn the skirts of Earth tremble:
From thy necklace stars fall off in the sky;
Suddenly in the breast of man the heart forgets
itself,
The blood dances!
Suddenly on the world's horizon thy zone bursts—
Ah, wild in abandon!

He finished the century with a number of narrative poems and some very moving short dramas. Then his mind was taken forward to a new activity.

IV—Santiniketan; The Poet as Schoolmaster

In December 1900 Tagore settled at Santiniketan, where his father had bought a grove in which he meditated; and he started a school, with four students. Santiniketan is the other Bengal, not that of the Ganges, but the dry uplifted jungle-country. Tagore, despairing of the system of education which was a struggle to fit young men for poor clerkships, wanted to find here a place where the soul of his own country might be born afresh. He began with a school; but his ultimate aim was a new age, and a gathering-place for the aspirations of all

India, even of all Asia. His life here was full of sorrow; his wife died in 1902, a daughter in 1904, his eldest son in 1907. Yet he built up his school, and he worked as hard as ever with his pen.

There was a brief but very effective dash into politics, after the Partition of Bengal in 1905, an administrative measure which roused the national feeling of the province to wildest excitement. The poet is a magnificent speaker, and sways his audience as a tempest sways the reeds. But he felt that the national movement was neglecting the social reform that is a necessity before even political freedom; and he went back to his school.

That school has been often described. The classes are held in the open air except during the rains; one boy may be in the branches of a tree, and every pupil feels free to stop the teacher to draw his attention to the singing of a bird or the passing of a cloud. There is no harsh discipline, and teachers and boys are continually together. Singing and drama, flowers and garlands and natural loveliness of every kind, are the web on which the instruction is the pattern.

V—Coming of World Reputation

On January 28, 1912, his countrymen celebrated his jubilee by a wonderful reception in Calcutta town hall. Illness followed, and he went to England partly in the hope of recovering health. He had translated some of his poems into English prose, and on the voyage he revised these translations. Arrived in London, he had a desolate experience in a hotel where he knew nobody; at last he rang up William Rothenstein, the artist, who found him better lodgings, and then, saying he had heard he was a poet, asked if he had any translations with him. Tagore lent him his Gitanjali versions, which amazed and delighted him; he had copies sent to others, among them Mr. Yeats. They were published by Macmillan and achieved a great success here and in America; and in 1913 Tagore was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

That great success has been followed by such a change of opinion that it is necessary to remind ourselves how much political prejudice has had to do with it. Since 1919 there has been a period of bitter controversy between India and England, and of deep exasperation on both sides. After the tragedy at Amritsar in April 1919 Tagore led the protest of his countrymen by renouncing the knighthood conferred upon him in 1915. My opinion has been made sufficiently clear elsewhere. Here I would merely point out to English readers who have been angered because an Indian poet did not take the British view, that he has roused equal annoyance among his countrymen by his refusal to support non-co-operation. If Indians in British service had accepted Mr. Gandhi's programme of non-violent non-co-operation the government of India would have become impossible; Mr. Gandhi failed because the response to his appeal for non-co-operation was very poor, and Tagore was as responsible as any man in all India for this failure. To him the movement was unethical, and bound to stir up fresh hatred.

His first reputation outside his own country was made as a religious poet; but he is as versatile and many-sided a writer as ever lived, and it is a great mistake to think of him as a dreamy mystic. He has been, also, the greatest of national forces, and from Japan to Scandinavia whole peoples look to him as a spiritual guide and a very great writer.

But in the end every writer, however much he may mean to the outside world, means most to his own countrymen; and I conclude by quoting a poem in which Tagore reveals what the love of his own Motherland means to him, and how he longs for a good report with his own people after he has gone.

Mother, my sun had set. 'Come, child,' you said;
You drew me to your side, and on my head,
Kissing me, set an everlasting light.
About my breast, of thorns and blossoms plight,
A garland hung, Song's guerdon. In my heart
Its pangs burnt deep; your own hand plucked apart
The barbs and cleansed of dust, and did bedeck
With that rekindled loveliness my neck:
You welcomed me, your son to endless years!

Rising, I lift my heavy eyes of tears;
I wake! I see! and all a dream appears!

DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES IN THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON IN CALAURIA

From the painting by Alfred Bramtot

DEMOSTHENES
ON THE CROWN

THE last, as it was the greatest, speech of the greatest orator in the world, Demosthenes's oration On the Crown was delivered in 330 B.C. Six years before, Ctesiphon had proposed that Demosthenes should receive a golden crown from the state, and that his extraordinary merits should be proclaimed in the theatre at the Great Dionysia, and the Senate adopted the proposal as a bill. To prevent its being passed by the Assembly as an act, Aeschines gave notice of his intention to prosecute Ctesiphon for proposing an unconstitutional measure. The case lay dormant for six years, and then in 330 the indictment was revived from vindictive and malignant motives. In his speech against Ctesiphon, Aeschines launched a bitter attack on the whole of Demosthenes's public career and Demosthenes's reply in the speech On the Crown, ostensibly a defence of Ctesiphon, was actually a magnificent vindication of the whole of his own career, and resulted in the utter rout of Aeschines who went into exile for the rest of his life. An epitome of Demosthenes's earlier speeches, The Philippics, appears at page 2945.

I—An Account of My Life and Measures

I BEGIN, men of Athens, by praying to every deity that the good will I have ever cherished to you may be requited to me on this present trial, in which Aeschines has many advantages over me. To him is assigned the part that gives pleasure, to me that which is offensive to all. As I am to render an account of my life and measures I would call the gods to my aid. The crimes I am accused of are many and grievous ; for some of them the penalties are heavy.

When the Phocian war had broken out, you were in this position : You wished the Phocians to be saved, though you saw they were not acting right ; and would have been glad for the Thebans, with whom, for a just reason, you were angry, to suffer anything ; for they had not borne with moderation their good fortune at Leuctra. Offended with them, you lent a willing ear to Philip when he offered you peace and them succour, after they had been long harassed by other states. The peace was not brought about by me, as Aeschines calumniously charged. He ventured to assert that I, besides being the author of the peace, had prevented the country making it in a general council of the Greeks.

If, indeed, I had been bribed by Philip to prevent the union of the Greek states, it was your business to protest and inform the people. But you never did so. Not a word of truth on the subject has Aeschines spoken. Besides, it is the country that he most traduces by his falsehoods. For if you were at the same time calling on the Greeks to take arms, and sending your own ambassadors to treat with Philip for peace, you were performing the part of a Eurybatus [a notorious thief and trickster], not the act of a commonwealth, or of honest men. But it is false—it is false !

For what purpose could you have sent for them at that period ? For peace ? They all had it. For war ? You were yourselves deliberating about peace. It appears, therefore, that I was not the author of the original peace, and none of his other calumnies against me is true. I moved the decree to sail for whatever place Philip was in, and receive his oath without delay ; yet this decree he neither mentions nor reads, though the resolution was carried by the senate and five ambassadors were chosen.

Notwithstanding that I had passed this decree for the advantage, not of Philip, but of Athens, our worthy ambassadors so little regarded it as to sit down in Macedonia three months, until Philip returned from Thrace, after subjugating the country ; though they might in three days have reached the Hellespont and saved the fortresses, by receiving his oath before he reduced them. Thus he would

have lost the peace, and not have obtained both the peace and the fortresses.

When you had been deceived by Philip through the agency of these men, who sold themselves in the embassies and reported not a word of truth to you—when the unhappy Phocians had been deceived and their cities destroyed, the despicable Thessalians and stupid Thebans looked on Philip as a friend, a benefactor, a saviour. You and the rest of the Greeks, all alike cheated and disappointed, observed the peace; for what else could be done?

And when Philip was marching about achieving his successes, certain citizens of the states, Aeschines among them, took advantage of the peace to follow a corrupt and venal policy, and the people, as a result, have lost their liberty; while the statesmen, traitors and miscreants as they are, find that, while they imagined they were selling everything but themselves, they had sold themselves first.

II—The Terms of the Indictment

Now read the indictment brought by this hireling against Ctesiphon, but in reality against myself.

'In the archonship of Chaeronidas, on the sixth of Elaphebolion, Aeschines, son of Atrometus, preferred before the archon an indictment against Ctesiphon, son of Leosthenes, for an illegal measure—for that he proposed a decree against law, to wit, that it was right to crown Demosthenes, son of Demosthenes, of Paenia, with a golden crown, and to proclaim in the theatre at the great Dionysian festival that the people crown him on account of his virtue and his good will to all the Greeks, and because he has constantly promoted the welfare of the people, and is zealous to do whatever good he can—all which clauses are false and illegal; the laws enacting first that no false allegations shall be entered in the public records; secondly, that an accountable officer shall not be crowned (but Demosthenes is a conservator of the walls, and has charge of the theoric fund); thirdly, that the crown shall not be proclaimed in the Dionysian festival; but if the council confer a crown, it shall be published in the council hall; if the people, in the Pnyx at the Assembly. Penalty, fifty talents.'

The clauses of the decree which he prosecutes are these, men of Athens. Now from these very clauses I think I shall at once make it clear to you that my whole defence will be just. With respect to the statement that I have zealously sought to do good, your judgement must depend on my public acts. As to his proposing where to proclaim the crown, I imagine this also relates to my worthiness of the crown and the public proclamation.

I proceed to my actual measures. Philip started, men of Athens, with an immense advantage. In all the Greek states alike there sprang up a crop of unexampled traitors and wretches whom he secured for his agents and his supporters. Ought Athens, Aeschines, to have cast off her dignity and, in the style of Thessalians and Dolopians, helped to acquire for Philip the dominion of Greece, and extinguished the rights of our ancestors? What was I, your statesman, to advise or move, I who saw that Philip himself, with whom we were contending, had, in the strife for power and empire, had his eye cut out, his collar bone fractured, his hand and leg mutilated, and was ready to sacrifice any part of his body provided he could live with the remainder in honour and glory?

The only course was resistance to all his attacks on you. Such a course you took, and I assisted you from the beginning. When he was appropriating to himself Euboea, subjugating the Hellespont and besieging Byzantium, was it meet that any of the Greeks should rise up to prevent these proceedings, or not? If some ought to do so, who but the Athenian people should it have been? Such, then, was the policy I espoused.

And yet you cannot find one decree of my passing which makes me chargeable with the war. In that letter in which Philip complains of certain of our statesmen he makes no mention of me. For he must have mentioned his own aggressions, had he written aught against me, for on these I fixed myself—these I kept resisting. And when you crowned me

for those services, for this is now the second proclamation in my favour, Aeschines, being present, neither opposed it nor indicted the mover.

When Philip was driven out of Euboea, with arms by you, with counsels and decrees by me, he sought some new position of attack on Athens. Who, then, succoured the Byzantines? You, men of Athens. But who advised you and framed the measures of state? I! What benefits resulted you know. Read the proclamations of the crowns conferred by the Byzantines, the Chersonetes and the Perinthians on our country as their saviour. That salvation and the honours bestowed on this country were the effects of my policy and my administration.

I also saw, men of Athens, that your navy was decaying, and that, while the rich were escaping with small payments, the men of moderate means were losing their substance. I therefore proposed a law by which I compelled the rich to perform their duty, and stopped the oppression of the poor; and—what was most useful to the country—I caused her preparations to be made in time. And being indicted for it, I was acquitted.

Concerning the proclamation in the theatre, I pass over the fact that thousands have been proclaimed before, and I myself have often been proclaimed before. But, by the gods, are you, Aeschines, so perverse and stupid as not to be able to reflect that the party crowned has the same glory from the crown, wherever it be published, and that the proclamation is made in the theatre for the benefit of those who confer the crown?

III—Scathing Exposure of Aeschines

In reply to the falsehoods of Aeschines, and to his many hard words, I must mention who he is, and from what descended. Accursed one! What have you or yours to do with virtue? How should you discern what is honourable or otherwise? How were you ever qualified? What right have you to talk about education? I am at no loss for materials concerning you and your family, but am at loss what to mention first—whether how your father, Tromes, being servant to Elpias, wore a weight of fetters and a collar; or how your mother brought you up a third-rate actor. But you are so ungrateful and wicked by nature that, after being raised by the people from beggary to affluence, instead of returning their kindness, you work against them as a hireling politician.

Of the speeches which it may possibly be contended he has made for the good of his country, I will say nothing; of the acts which he was clearly proved to have done for the enemy, I will remind you. When Philip sent Python of Byzantium, together with an embassy from all his own allies, with the intention of putting our commonwealth to shame, and proving her in the wrong, then—then Python swaggered and poured a flood of abuse on you. I neither yielded nor gave way; I rose and answered him, and betrayed not the interests of the commonwealth. So plainly did I convict Philip of injustice that his very allies rose up and acknowledged it; while Aeschines fought his battle and bore false witness against his own country.

I could produce many more cases where Aeschines was discovered at that period assisting the enemy and harassing me. But one last act he achieved, O Athenians, which crowned all he had done before. The Amphissian war, which brought Philip to Elatea, which caused him to be chosen general of the Amphictyons, which ruined everything in Greece—was his contrivance. He is the single author of all our calamities. I protested at the time, and cried out in the assembly: "You are bringing a war, Aeschines, into Attica; an Amphictyonic war!" But his party would not let me be heard.

The mention of this man's treasonable acts brings me to the part I have myself taken in opposition to him. When Philip came with his army and seized Elatea, I alone, of all your orators and statesmen, deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of danger. Do not impute it to me as a crime that Philip chanced to conquer in battle; that issue depended not on me, but on the gods. For resources—our country possessed the islanders; not all, but the weakest; for neither Chios, nor

Rhodes, nor Corcyra was with us. Look, now, at the advantages of Philip, whom we had to contend with. In the first place, he ruled his followers with unlimited sway, the most important thing for military operations. In the next place, they had arms always in their hands. Besides, he had plenty of money and did always what he pleased, not responsible to anyone, but himself absolute master, leader and lord of all.

I, who was matched against him—what had I under my control? Nothing. Public speech, for instance, the only thing open to me—even to this you invited his hirelings as well as myself; and whenever they prevailed over me, as often happened for some cause or other, your resolutions were passed for the enemy's good. Still, under these disadvantages I got you for allies Euboeans, Achaeans, Corinthians, Thebans, Megarians, Leucadians, Corcyreans. Of money, too, I procured as large a contribution as possible.

But if I am accused for what I have actually done, how would it have been if, through my hard bargaining, the states had gone off and attached themselves to Philip, and he had become master at the same time of Euboea, Thebes and Byzantium? A wicked thing is a calumniator, every way spiteful and fault-finding!

Even in the defeat, if you exult in that which should make you groan, you accursed one, by nothing that I have done will it appear to have befallen us. From no embassy did I ever come away defeated by the ambassadors of Philip; but where his ambassadors were defeated in argument he in state after state came with arms and carried the day. Ask any man by what means Philip achieved his successes, and you will be told, by his army, and by corrupting and bribing men in power. Well, your forces were not under my control; so that I cannot be questioned for anything done in that department. But, by refusing the price of corruption, I have overcome Philip. For the offerer of a bribe, if it be accepted, has vanquished the taker. So the person who refuses it has vanquished him who offers it.

By the slander of this man I am forced to discuss my fortune and my circumstances. I had the advantage, Aeschines, in my boyhood of going to proper schools. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choirmaster, ship-commander, ratepayer. When I entered on state affairs my policy was such that I have been crowned many times.

But you, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, look what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine. As a boy you were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room. When you were enrolled among your fellow-townsmen you selected the honourable employment of clerk to our petty magistrates; but after a while you were removed, having done all that you charge others with. Then you hired yourself to ranting players with whom you acted third parts.

Then when you espoused politics you lived the life of a hare, fearing and ever expecting to be scourged for your crimes; though all have seen how bold you were at the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the misfortunes of a thousand citizens—what does he deserve at the hands of the living?

Contrast now your career and mine, Aeschines, and then ask these people whose fortune they would prefer. You have worked for the enemy, I for my country. This very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offence; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger.

Ill betide thee, and may the gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a vile third-rate actor!

IV—My Claims to Public Recognition

Do you ask me, Aeschines, for what merit I claim to be honoured? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted, formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt or induce to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial

to my country. Whatever I have advised my fellow-citizens, I have never advised like you men, leaning as in a balance to the side of profit; all my proceedings have been those of a soul upright, honest and incorrupt; entrusted with affairs of greater magnitude than any of my contemporaries, I have administered them all honestly and faithfully. Therefore do I claim to be honoured.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen. In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth; in all circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and spirit, on other things. Such a spirit you will find I have ever cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded, when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me, when they menaced, when they promised, when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me, never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you.

From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honour, the power, the glory, of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being.

I do not walk about the market-place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men, who rail at Athens, as if in doing so they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful and say we should keep him so thriving all the time.

Never, O ye gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! Inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling. But if they are incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may be speedily released from our present fears and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

Brilliant Excursion into Scientific Romance

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON

PERHAPS most famous at the present day as the eponymous hero of Rostand's comedy (see page 2919) Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, who was born in 1619 and died in 1655, distinguished himself as a wit and poet as well as a fighter of innumerable duels. He contributed to the stage a tragedy, Agrippine (1653) and a comedy, Le Pédant Joué (1654), his plays being highly esteemed by Molière. His most interesting and characteristic work is found in the Comic Histories of the States and Empires of the Moon (1656) and of the Sun (1661). The existing versions of these satirical romances show signs of censorship, probably by the Inquisition, as Bergerac was noted as a freethinker. Even so, the ironical humour of the Voyages and their ingenious mixture of science and romance make them inimitably entertaining and curiously modern. They probably furnished suggestions for Voltaire's Micromégas, Swift's Gulliver, and many later works. A portrait of Cyrano de Bergerac appears at page 2920. A translation of the Voyages to the Sun and Moon is published by George Routledge.

I—Arrival on the Moon

AFTER many experiments I constructed a flying machine and, sitting on the top of it, I boldly launched myself in the air from the crest of a mountain. I had scarcely risen more than half a mile when something went wrong with my machine and it shot back to the earth. But, to my astonishment and joy, instead of descending with it, I continued to rise through the calm, moonlight air. For three-quarters of an hour I mounted higher and higher. Then suddenly all the weight of my body seemed to fall upon my head. I was no longer rising quietly from the Earth, but tumbling headlong on to the Moon. At last I crashed through a tree and landed gently on the grass below.

I found myself in the midst of a wild and beautiful forest, so full of the sweet music of singing-birds that it seemed as if every leaf on every tree had the tongue and figure of a nightingale. The ground was covered with unknown, lovely flowers, which had a magical scent. As soon as I smelt it I became twenty years younger. My thin, grey hairs changed into thick, brown, wavy tresses; my wrinkled face grew fresh and rosy; and my blood flowed through my veins with the speed and vigour of youth.

I was surprised to find no trace of human habitation in the forest. But in wandering about I came upon two strong, great animals, about twelve cubits long. One of them came towards me, and the other fled into the forest. But it quickly returned with seven hundred other beasts. As they approached me, I perceived that they were creatures with a human shape, who, however, went on all-fours like some gigantic kind of monkey. They shouted with admiration when they saw me; and one of them took me on his back, and galloped with me into a great town.

When I saw the splendid buildings of the city I recognized my mistake. The four-footed creatures were really enormous men. Seeing that I went on two legs, they would not believe that I was a man like themselves. They thought I was an animal without any reasoning power, and they resolved to send me to their queen, who was fond of collecting strange and curious monsters.

All this, of course, I did not understand at the time. It took me some months to learn their language. These Men of the Moon have two dialects; one for the nobility, the other for the common people. The language of the nobility is a kind of music; it is certainly a very pleasant means of expression. They are able to communicate their thoughts by lutes and other musical instruments quite as well as by the voice.

When twenty or thirty of them meet together to discuss some matter, they carry on the debate by the most harmonious concert it is possible to imagine.

The common people, however, talk by agitating different parts of their bodies. Certain movements constitute an entire speech. By shaking a finger, a hand, or an arm, for instance, they can say more than we can in a thousand words. Other motions, such as a wrinkle on the forehead, a shiver along a muscle, serve to design words. As they use all their body in speaking in this fashion, they have to go naked in order to make themselves clearly understood. When they are engaged in an exciting conversation they seem to be creatures shaken by some wild fever.

Instead of sending me at once to the Queen of the Moon, the man who had captured me earned a considerable amount of money by taking me every afternoon to the houses of the rich people. There I was compelled to jump and make grimaces, and stand in ridiculous attitudes in order to amuse the crowds of guests who had been invited to see the antics of the new animal.

But one day, as my master was pulling the rope around my neck to make me rise up and divert the company, a man came and asked me in Greek who I was. Full of joy at meeting someone with whom I could talk, I related to him the story of my voyage from the Earth.

"I cannot understand," I said, "how it was I rose up to the Moon when my machine broke down and fell to the Earth."

"That is easily explained," he said. "You had got within the circle of lunar influence, in which the Moon exerts a sort of sucking action on the fat of the body. The same thing often happens to me. Like you, I am a stranger on the Moon. I was born on the Sun, but, being of a roving disposition, I like to explore one planet after another. I have travelled a good deal in Europe, and conversed with several persons whose names you no doubt know. I remember that I was once famous in ancient Greece as the Demon of Socrates."

"Then you are a spirit?" I exclaimed,

"A kind of spirit," he replied. "I was one of the large company of the Men of the Sun who used to inhabit the Earth under the names of oracles, nymphs, woodland elves and fairies. But we abandoned your

world in the reign of the Emperor Augustus; your people then became so gross and stupid that we could no longer delight in their society. Since then I have stayed on the Moon. I find its inhabitants more enlightened than the inhabitants of the Earth."

"I don't!" I exclaimed. "Look how they treat me, as if I were a wild beast! I am sure that if one of their men of science voyaged to the Earth, he would be better received than I am here."

"I doubt it," said the Man of the Sun. "Your men of science would have him killed, stuffed, and put in a glass case in a museum."

II—The Garb of Shame

At this point our conversation was broken off by my keeper. He saw that the company was tired of my talk, which seemed to them mere grunting. So he pulled my rope, and made me dance and caper until the spectators ached with laughter.

Happily, the next morning the Man of the Sun opened my cage and put me on his back and carried me away.

"I have spoken to the King of the Moon," he said, "and he has commanded that you should be taken to his court and examined by his learned doctors."

As my companion went on four feet, he was able to travel as fast as a racehorse, and we soon arrived at another town, where we put up at an inn for dinner. I followed him into a magnificently furnished hall, and a servant asked me what I would begin with.

"Some soup," I replied.

I had scarcely pronounced the words when I smelt a succulent broth. I rose up to look for the source of this agreeable smell; but my companion stopped me.

"What do you want to walk away for?" said he. "Stay and finish your soup."

"But where is the soup?" I said.

"Ah," he replied. "This is the first meal you have had on the Moon. You see, the people here only live on the smell of food. The fine, lunar art of cookery consists in collecting the exhalations that come from cooked meat and bottling them up. Then, at meal-time, the various jars are uncorked, one after the other, until the appetites of the diners are satisfied."

"It is, no doubt, an exquisite way of eating," I said; "but I am afraid I shall starve on it."

"Oh, no, you will not," said he. "You will soon find that a man can nourish himself as well by his nose as by his mouth."

And so it was. After smelling for a quarter of an hour a variety of rich, appetising vapours, I rose up quite satisfied.

In the afternoon I was taken to the palace of the king, and examined by the greatest men of science on the Moon. In spite of all that my friend had said on my behalf, I was adjudged to be a mere animal, and again shut up in a cage. The king, queen and courtiers spent a considerable time every day watching me, and with the help of the Man of the Sun I soon learnt to speak a little of their music language. This caused a great deal of surprise. Several persons began to think that I was really a man who had been dwarfed and weakened from want of nourishment.

But the learned doctors again examined me and decided that, as I did not walk on four legs, I must be a new kind of featherless parrot. Thereupon I was given a pole to perch on, instead of a nice warm bed to lie in; and every day the queen's fowler used to come and whistle tunes for me to learn. In the meantime, however, I improved my knowledge of the language and at last I spoke so well and intelligibly that all the courtiers said that the learned doctors had been mistaken. One of the queen's maids of honour not only thought that I was a man, but fell in love with me. She often used to steal to my cage and listen to my stories of the customs and amusements of our world. She was so interested that she begged me to take her with me if ever I found a way of returning to the Earth.

In my examination by the learned doctors I had stated that their world was but a Moon, and that the Moon from which I had come was really a world. It was this which had made them angry against me. But my friend, the Man of

the Sun, at last prevailed upon the king to let me out of the cage on my retracting my wicked heresy. I was clad in splendid robes, and placed on a magnificent chariot to which four great noblemen were harnessed, and led to the centre of the city, where I had to make the following statement:

"People, I declare to you that this Moon is not a Moon but a world; and that the world I come from is not a world but a Moon. For this is what the Royal Council believe that you ought to believe."

The Man of the Sun then helped me to descend from the chariot, and took me quickly into a house and stripped me of my gorgeous robes. "Why do you do that?" I asked. "This is the most splendid dress I have ever seen on the Moon."

"It is a garb of shame," said my companion. "You have this day undergone the lowest degradation that can be imposed on a man. You committed an awful crime in saying that the Moon was not a Moon. It is a great wonder you were not condemned to die of old age."

"Die of old age?" I said.

"Yes," replied my companion. "Usually, when a Man of the Moon comes to that time of life in which he feels that he is losing his strength of mind and body, he invites all his friends to a banquet. After explaining what little hope he has of adding anything to the fine actions of his life, he asks for permission to depart. If he has led a bad life, he is ordered to live; but if he has been a good man, his dearest friend kisses him, and plunges a dagger in his heart."

As he was talking the son of the man in whose house we were staying entered the room. My companion quickly rose on his four feet, and made the young man a profound bow. I asked him why he did this. He told me that on the Moon parents obey their children, and old men are compelled to show to young men the greatest respect.

"They are of opinion," said my companion, "that a strong and active young man is more capable of governing a family than a dull, infirm sexagenarian. I know that on your Earth old men are supposed to be wise and prudent. But, as a matter of fact, their wisdom and prudence consist merely of a timid frame of mind and a disinclination to take any risks."

The father then entered the room, and his son said to him in an angry voice:

"Why have you not got our house ready to sail away? You know the walls of the city have gone some hours ago. Bring me at once your image!"

The man brought a great wooden image of himself, and his son whipped it furiously for a quarter of an hour.

"And now," said the young man at last, "go and hoist the sails at once!"

III—Marvels of the Moon

There are two kinds of towns on the Moon; travelling towns and sedentary towns. In the travelling towns, each house is built of very light wood, and placed on a platform, beneath the four corners of which great wheels are fixed. When the time arrives for a voyage to the seaside or the forest, for a change of air, the townspeople hoist vast sails on the roofs of their dwellings and sail away altogether towards the new site.

In the sedentary towns, on the other hand, the houses are made with great strong screws running from the cellars to the roofs, which enable them to be raised or lowered at discretion. The depth of the cellar is equal to the height of every house; in winter, the whole structure is lowered below the surface of the ground; in spring, it is lifted up again by means of the screw.

As, owing to the father's neglect, the house in which we were staying could not set sail until the next day, my companion and I accepted an invitation to stay the night there. Our host then sent for a doctor, who prescribed what foods I should smell and what kind of bed I should lie in.

"But I am not sick!" I said to the Man of the Sun.

"If you were," he replied, "the doctor would not have been sent for. On the Moon, doctors are not paid to cure men, but to keep them in good health. They are officers of the state, and once a day they call at every house and instruct the

THE KING AND QUEEN SPENT SOME TIME EVERY DAY IN WATCHING ME
From the drawing by J. Monsell

inmates how to preserve their natural vigour."

"I wish," I said, "you could get him to order me a dozen roasted larks instead of the mere smell of them. I should like to taste some solid food just for a change."

He spoke to the doctor and, at a sign from him, our host took a gun and led me into his garden.

"Are those the kind of birds you mean?" he said, pointing to a great swarm of larks singing high up in the sky.

I replied that they were, and he shot at them, and thirty larks tumbled over at our feet, not merely dead, but plucked, seasoned and roasted.

"You see," said my host, "we mix with our gunpowder and shot a certain composition which cooks as well as kills."

I picked up one of the birds and ate it. In sober truth, I have never tasted on Earth anything so deliciously roasted.

When I had finished my repast, I was conducted to a little room, the floor of which was strewn with fine orange blossoms about three feet deep. The Men of the Moon always sleep on these thick, soft heaps of fragrant flowers, which are chosen for them every day by their doctors. Four servants came and undressed me, and gently rubbed my limbs and my body, and in a few moments I was fast asleep.

Early next morning I was awakened by the Man of the Sun, who said to me:

"I know you are anxious to return to your Earth and relate the story of all the strange and wonderful things you have seen on the Moon. If you care to while away an hour or two over this book, I will prepare for your return voyage."

The book which he put into my hand was an extraordinary object. It was a kind of machine, full of delicate springs, and it looked like a new kind of clock. In order to read it, you had to use, not your eyes, but your ears. For on touching one of the springs, it began to speak like a man. It was a history of the Sun, and I was still listening to it when my companion arrived.

"I am now ready," he said. "On what part of the Earth would you like to land?"

"In Italy," I replied. "That will save me the cost and trouble of travelling to Rome—a city I long to see."

Taking me in his arms, the Man of the Sun rose swiftly up from the Moon and carried me across the intervening space, and dropped me rather roughly on a hill near Rome. When I turned to expostulate with him, I found that he had disappeared.

G. W. F. Hegel

The Philosophy of History

Like his lectures on the Philosophy of Religion (see page 2874) and those on Aesthetics, Hegel's lectures on the Philosophy of History were not published until 1832, the year after his death, although they were delivered in the earlier years of his professorship at Berlin. These lectures form the most popular of Hegel's works. According to Hegel, the political state is an individual, and the relations of states with each other and the 'world spirit' of which they are the manifestations constitute the material of history. The history of the world is a scene of judgement where a single people holds dominant power as unconscious instrument of the universal spirit until replaced by another with a larger measure of liberty. Three main periods—the Oriental, the Classical and the Germanic—in which respectively the single despot, the dominant order, and the man as man possessed freedom, constitute the history of the world. An English translation of the Philosophy of History by J. Sibree was published in 1852.

I—In the East Began History

Universal or world history travels from east to west, for Europe is absolutely the end of history, Asia the beginning. The history of the world has an east in an absolute sense, for, although the earth forms a sphere, history describes no orbit round it, but has, on the contrary, a determinate orient—viz. Asia. Here rises the outward visible sun, and in the west it sinks down; here also rises the sun of self-consciousness. The history of the world is a discipline of the uncontrolled natural will, bringing it into obedience to a universal principle and conferring subjective freedom. The East knew, and to this day knows, freedom only for one; the Greek and Roman world knew that some are free; the German world knows that all are free. The first political form, therefore, that we see in history is despotism; the second democracy and aristocracy; and the third monarchy.

The first phase—that with which we have to begin—is the East. Unreflected consciousness—substantial, objective, spiritual existence—forms the basis; to which the subjective will first sustains a relation in the form of faith, confidence, obedience. In the political life of the East we find a realized national freedom, developing itself without advancing to subjective freedom. It is the childhood of history. In the gorgeous edifices of the Oriental empires we find all national ordinances and arrangements, but in such a way that individuals remain as mere accidents. These revolve round a centre, round the sovereign, who as patriarch stands (not as despot, in the sense of the Roman imperial constitution) at the head. For he has to enforce the moral and substantial; he has to uphold those essential ordinances which are already established; so that what among us belongs entirely to subjective freedom, here proceeds from the entire and general body of the state.

The glory of the Oriental conception is the one individual as the substantial being to which all belongs, so that no other individual has a separate existence, or mirrors himself in his subjective freedom. All the riches of imagination and nature are appropriated to that dominant existence in which subjective freedom is essentially merged; the latter looks for its dignity not in itself but in the absolute object. All the elements of a complete state—even subjectivity—may be found there, but not yet harmonised with the grand substantial being. For outside the one power—before which nothing can maintain an independent existence—there is only revolting caprice, which, beyond the limits of the central power, moves at will without purpose or result.

Accordingly we find the wild herds breaking out from the upland, falling upon

the countries in question and laying them waste, or settling down in them and giving up their wild life; but in all cases lost resultlessly in the central substance.

This phase of substantiality, since it has not taken up its antithesis into itself and overcome it, directly divides itself into two elements. On the one side we see duration, stability—empires belonging, as it were, to mere Space (as distinguished from Time); unhistorical history, as, for example, in China, the state based on the family relation. Yet the states in question, without undergoing any change in themselves, or in the principle of their existence, are constantly changing their opinion towards each other. They are in ceaseless conflict, which brings on rapid destruction. The opposing principle of individuality enters into these conflicting relations; but it is itself as yet only unconscious, merely natural universality—light which is not yet the light of the personal soul. This history, too, is for the most part really unhistorical, for it is only the repetition of the same majestic ruin.

The new element which, in the shape of bravery, prowess, magnanimity, occupies the place of the previous despotic pomp goes through the same cycle of decline and subsidence. And this subsidence, therefore, is not really such; for through all this restless change no advance has been made. History passes at this point—and only outwardly, that is, without connexion with the previous phase—to Central Asia. To carry on the comparison with the individual man, this would be the boyhood of history, no longer manifesting the repose and trustfulness of the child, but boisterous and turbulent.

II—Greece, Rome and Christianity

The Greek world may, then, be compared to the season of adolescence, for here we have individualities shaping themselves. This is the second main principle in human history. Morality is, as in Asia, a principle, but it is morality impressed on individuality, and consequently denoting the free volition of individuals. Here, then, is the union of the moral with the subjective will, or the kingdom of beautiful freedom, for the idea is united with a plastic form. It is not yet regarded abstractedly, but intimately bound up with the real, as in a beautiful work of art; the sensible bears the stamp and expression of the spiritual. The kingdom is consequently true harmony; it is a world of the most charming but perishable, or quickly passing, bloom; it is the natural, unreflecting observance of what is becoming—not yet true morality. The individual will of the subject adopts without reflection the conduct and habit prescribed by justice and the laws. The individual is, therefore, in unconscious unity with the idea—the social weal.

The third phase is the realm of abstract universality (in which the social aim absorbs all individual aims); it is the Roman state, the severe labours of the manhood of history. For true manhood acts neither in accordance with the caprice of a despot nor in obedience to a graceful caprice of its own. It works for a general aim, one in which the individual perishes and realizes his own private object only in that general aim. The state begins to have an abstract existence and to develop itself for a definite object, in accomplishing which its members have indeed a share, but not a complete and concrete one (calling their whole being into play). Free individuals are sacrificed to the severe demands of the national ends, to which they must surrender themselves in this service of abstract generalisation. The Roman state is not a repetition of such a state of individuals as was the Athenian *polis*. The geniality and joy of soul that existed there have given place to harsh and rigorous toil. The interest of history is detached from individuals.

But when, subsequently, in the historical development, individuality gains the ascendant, and the breaking up of the community into its component atoms can be restrained only by external compulsion, then the subjective might of individual despotism comes forward to play its part. The individual is led to seek consolation for the loss of his freedom in exercising and developing his private rights. In the next place, the pain inflicted by despotism begins to be felt, and spirit, driven back

into its utmost depths, leaves the godless world, seeks for a harmony in itself, and begins now an inner life—a complete concrete subjectivity, which at the same time possesses a substantiality that is not grounded in mere external existence.

Within the soul, therefore, arises the spiritual solution of the struggle, in the fact that the individual personality, instead of following its own capricious choice, is purified and elevated into universality—a subjectivity that of its own free will adopts principles tending to the good of all, reaches, in fact, a divine personality. To the worldly empire this spiritual one wears a predominant aspect of opposition, as the empire of a subjectivity that has attained to the knowledge of itself—itself in its essential nature—the empire of spirit in its full sense.

The Christian community found itself in the Roman world, but as it was secluded from this state, and did not hold the emperor for its absolute sovereign, it was the object of persecution. Then was manifested its inward liberty in the steadfastness with which sufferings were borne. As regarded its relation to the truth, the fathers of the Church built up the dogma, but a chief element was furnished by the previous development of philosophy.

It was through the Christian religion that the absolute idea of God, in its true conception, attained consciousness. Here man, too, finds himself comprehended in his true nature, given in the specific conception of 'the Son.' Man, finite when regarded for himself, is yet at the same time the image of God and a fountain of infinity in himself. Consequently he has his true home in a supersensuous world—an infinite subjectivity, gained only by a rupture with natural existence and volition. This is religious self-consciousness.

The first abstract principles are won by the instrumentality of the Christian religion for the secular state. First, under Christianity slavery is impossible; for man as man—in the abstract essence of his nature—is contemplated in God; each unit of mankind is an object of the grace of God and of the divine purpose. Utterly excluding all speciality, therefore, man, in and for himself—in his simple quality of man—has infinite value; and this infinite value abolishes all particularity attaching to birth or country.

The other, the second principle, regards the subjectivity of man in its bearing on chance. Humanity has this sphere of free spirituality in and for itself, and everything else must proceed from it. The place appropriated to the abode and presence of the Divine spirit—the sphere in question—is spiritual subjectivity, and is constituted the place in which all contingency is amenable. It follows, thence, that what we observe among the Greeks as a form of customary morality cannot maintain its position in the Christian world. For that morality is spontaneous, unreflected wont; while the Christian principle is independent subjectivity—the soil on which grows the True.

An unreflected morality cannot continue to hold its ground against the principle of subjective freedom. Now the principle of absolute freedom in God makes its appearance. Man no longer sustains the relation of dependence, but of love—in the consciousness that he is a partaker in the Divine existence.

III—The Germanic World

The German world appears at this point of development—the fourth phase of world history. The old age of nature is weakness; but this of spirit is its perfect maturity and strength, in which it returns to unity with itself, but in its fully developed character as spirit.

The Greeks and Romans had reached maturity within ere they directed their energies outwards. The Germans, on the contrary, began with self-diffusion, deluging the world and breaking down in their course the hollow political fabrics of the civilized nations. Only then did their development begin, kindled by a foreign culture, a foreign religion, polity and legislation. The process of culture they underwent consisted in taking up foreign elements into their own national life.

The German world took up the Roman culture and religion in their completed form. The Christian religion which it

adopted had received from councils and fathers of the Church—who possessed the whole culture, and in particular the philosophy of the Greek and Roman world—a perfected dogmatic system. The Church, too, had a completely developed hierarchy. To the native tongue of the Germans the Church likewise opposed one perfectly developed—the Latin. In art and philosophy a similar alien influence predominated. The same principle holds good in regard to the form of the secular sovereignty. Gothic and other chiefs gave themselves the name of Roman patricians. Thus, superficially, the German world appears to be a continuation of the Roman. But there dwelt in it an entirely new spirit —the free spirit which reposes on itself.

The three periods of this world will have to be treated accordingly.

THE first period begins with the appearance of the German nations in the Roman Empire. The Christian world presents itself as Christendom—one mass of which the spiritual and the secular form only different aspects. This epoch extends to Charlemagne. In the second period the Church develops for itself a theocracy and the state a feudal monarchy. Charlemagne had formed an alliance with the Holy See against the Lombards and the factions of the nobles in Rome. A union thus arose between the spiritual and the secular power, and a kingdom of heaven on earth promised to follow in the wake of this conciliation.

But just at this time, instead of a spiritual kingdom of heaven, the inwardness of the Christian principle wears the appearance of being altogether directed outwards, and leaving its proper sphere. Christian freedom is perverted to its very opposite both in a religious and a secular respect; on the one hand to the severest bondage, on the other to the most immoral excess—a barbarous intensity of every passion.

The first half of the sixteenth century marks the beginning of the third period. Secularity appears now as gaining a consciousness of its intrinsic worth; it becomes aware that it possesses a value of its own in the morality, rectitude, probity and activity of man. The consciousness of independent validity is aroused through the restoration of Christian freedom. The Christian principle has now passed through the terrible discipline of culture, and it first attains truth and reality through the Reformation.

This third period extends to our own times. The principle of free spirit is here made the banner of the world, and from this principle are evolved the universal axioms of reason. Formal thought—the understanding—had been already developed, but thought received its true material first with the Reformation. From that epoch thought began to gain a culture properly its own; principles were derived from it which were to be the norm for the constitution of the state. Political life was now to be consciously regulated by reason. Customary morality, traditional usage, lost their validity; the various claims insisted upon must prove their legitimacy as based on rational principles.

These epochs may be compared with the earlier empires. Charlemagne's time may be compared with the Persian Empire; it is the period of substantive unity, having its foundation in the inner man, the heart, and both in the spiritual and the secular still abiding in its simplicity.

TO the Greek world and its merely ideal unity the time preceding Charles V answers; where real unity no longer exists, because all phases of particularity have become fixed in privileges and peculiar rights. A diplomatic policy arises which, in the interest of a European balance of power, unites them with and against each other. It is the time in which the world becomes clear and manifest to all (discovery of America).

So, too, does consciousness gain clearness in the supersensuous world, and respecting it. Substantial objective religion brings itself to sensuous clearness in the sensuous element (Christian art), and also becomes clear to itself in the element of inmost truth. We may compare this time with that of Pericles. The introversion of spirit begins (Socrates—Luther), though Pericles is wanting in this epoch. Charles V possesses enormous possibilities in point of outward appliances, and

appears absolute in his power; but the inner spirit of Pericles, and therefore the absolute means of establishing a free sovereignty, is not in him. Spirit now becomes clear to itself in separations occurring in the realm of reality; now the distinct elements of the German world manifest their essential nature.

The third epoch may be compared to the Roman world. The authority of national aim is acknowledged, and privileges melt away before the state's common object.

IV—Modern Times

SPIRIT at last perceives that nature—the world—must be an embodiment of reason. An interest in the contemplation and comprehension of the present world became universal. Thus experimental science became the science of the world; for experimental science involves, on the one hand, the observation of phenomena; on the other hand, also the discovery of the law, the essential being, the hidden force, that causes those phenomena—thus reducing the data supplied by observation to their simple principles. Intellectual consciousness was first extricated by Descartes from that sophistry of thought which unsettles everything. As it was the purely German nations among whom the principle of spirit first manifested itself, so it was by the Romanic nations that the abstract idea was first comprehended.

Experimental science, therefore, very soon made its way among them, in common with the Protestant English, but especially among the Italians. It seemed to men as if the laws of the universe were now established for the first time; for only then did they feel a real interest in the universe when they recognized their own reason in the reason that pervades it. The human eye became clear, perception quick, thought active and interpretative. The discovery of the laws of nature enabled men to contend against the monstrous superstition of the time, as also against all notions of mighty alien powers which magic alone could conquer.

The independent authority of subjectivity was maintained against belief founded on authority, and the laws of nature were recognized as the only bond connecting phenomena with phenomena.

Nor was thought less vigorously directed to the spiritual side. Right and social morality came to be looked upon as having their foundation in the actual present will of man, whereas formerly it was referred only to the command of God enjoined *ab extra*, or appearing in the form of particular right, as opposed to that based on general principles, in old parchments as *privilegia*, or in international compacts. Luther had secured to mankind spiritual freedom, and the reconciliation of the objective and the subjective in the concrete. He had triumphantly established the position that man's eternal destiny must be wrought out in himself. But the import of that which is to take place in him—what truth is to become vital in him was taken for granted by Luther, as something already given, something revealed by religion. Now the principle was set up that this import must be capable of actual investigation, and that to this basis of inward demonstration every dogma must be referred.

This is the point which consciousness has attained, and these are the principal phases of that form in which the principle of freedom has realized itself, for the history of the world is nothing but the development of the idea of freedom. But objective freedom—the laws of 'real' freedom—demands the subjugation of the mere contingent will, for this is in its nature formal. If the objective is in itself rational, human insight and conviction must correspond with the reason which it embodies, and then we have the other essential element—subjective freedom—also realized.

THAT the history of the world, with all the changing scenes which its annals present, is this true process of development and the realization of spirit—this is the true *Theodikaia*, the justification of God in history. The spirit of man may be reconciled with the course of universal history only by perception of this truth—that all which has happened, all that happens daily, is not only not without God, but is essentially His work.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE

THE MODERN REGIME

ENTERING on a literary career in 1854, Taine published during the next fifteen years a series of essays on critical, historical and philosophical subjects, including his famous History of English Literature (see page 2541). In 1871 he conceived the idea of his great life-work, Les Origines de la France Contemporaine, in which he proposed to trace the causes and effects of the revolution of 1789. This work occupied all his time until his death in 1893; the first of the series, The Ancient Régime, appearing in 1875, the second, The Revolution, in 1878–81–85, and the third, The Modern Régime, in 1890–94. The last-named stands apart as a trenchant analysis of modern France, Taine showing that the Revolution merely caused absolutism to change hands and gave a new form to the centralisation of the country which already existed. Taine's usual scientific method of treatment is enlivened in this work by the greater play given to his feelings. This epitome has been prepared from the French text, published by Hachette.

I—The Architect of Modern France

IN trying to explain to ourselves the meaning of an edifice, we must take into account whatever has opposed or favoured its construction, the kind and quality of its available materials, the time, the opportunity and the demand for it; but, still more important, we must consider the genius and taste of the architect, especially whether he is the proprietor, whether he built it to live in himself, and, once installed in it, whether he took pains to adapt it to his own way of living, to his own necessities, to his own use.

Such is the social edifice erected by Napoleon Bonaparte, its architect, proprietor and principal occupant from 1799 to 1814. It is he who has made modern France. Never was an individual character so profoundly stamped on any collective work, so that, to comprehend the work, we must first study the man.

Contemplate in Guérin's picture the spare body, those narrow shoulders under the uniform wrinkled by sudden movements, that neck swathed in its high, twisted cravat, those temples covered by long, smooth, straight hair, exposing only the mask, the hard features intensified through strong contrasts of light and shade, the cheeks hollow up to the inner angle of the eye, the projecting cheekbones, the massive, protuberant jaw, the sinuous, mobile lips, pressed together as if attentive; the large, clear eyes, deeply sunk under the broad arched eyebrows, the fixed oblique look, as penetrating as a rapier, and the two creases which extend from the base of the nose to the brow as if in a frown of suppressed anger and determined will. Add to this the accounts of his contemporaries who saw or heard the curt accent, or the sharp, abrupt gesture, the interrogating, imperious, absolute tone of voice, and we comprehend how, the moment they accosted him, they felt the dominating hand which seizes them, presses them down, holds them firmly and never relaxes its grasp.

Now, in every human society a government is necessary, or, in other words, an organization of the power of the community. No other machine is so useful. But a machine is useful only as it is adapted to its purpose; otherwise it does not work well, or it works adversely to that purpose. Hence, in its construction, the prime necessity of calculating what work it has to do, also the quality of the materials one has at one's disposal.

During the French Revolution legislators had never taken this into consideration; they had constituted things as theorists, and likewise as optimists, without closely studying them, or else regarding them as they wished to have them. In the national assemblies, as well as with the public, the task was deemed easy and

ordinary, whereas it was extraordinary and immense, for the matter in hand consisted in effecting a social revolution and in carrying on a European war.

What is the service which the public power renders to the public? The principal one is the protection of the community against the foreigner, and of private individuals against each other. Evidently, to do this, it must *in all cases* be provided with indispensable means, namely, diplomats, an army, a fleet, arsenals, civil and criminal courts, prisons, a police, taxation and tax-collectors, a hierarchy of agents and local supervisors, who, each in his place and attending to his special duty, will co-operate in securing the desired effect.

Evidently, again, to apply all these instruments, the public power must have, *according to the case*, this or that form of constitution, this or that degree of impulse and energy; according to the nature and gravity of external or internal danger, it is proper that it should be concentrated or divided, emancipated from control or under control, authoritative or liberal. No indignation need be cherished beforehand against its mechanism, whatever this may be. Properly speaking, it is a vast engine in the human community, like any given industrial machine in a factory, or any set of organs belonging to the living body.

Unfortunately, in France, at the end of the eighteenth century, a bent was taken in the organization of this machine, and a wrong bent. For three centuries and more the public power had unceasingly violated and discredited spontaneous bodies. At one time it had mutilated them and decapitated them. For example, it had suppressed provincial governments (*états*) over three-quarters of the territory in all the electoral districts; nothing remained of the old province but its name and an administrative circumscription. At another time, without mutilating the corporate body, it had enervated and deformed it, or dislocated and disjointed it.

Corporations and local bodies, thus deprived of, or diverted from, their purpose, had become unrecognizable under the crust of the abuses which disfigured them; nobody, except a Montesquieu, could comprehend why they should exist. On the approach of the Revolution they seemed, not organs, but excrescences, superannuated monstrosities. Their historical and natural roots, their living germs far below the surface, their social necessity, their fundamental utility, their possible usefulness, were no longer visible.

II—The Body-Social of a Despot

Corporations and local bodies being thus emasculated, by the end of the eighteenth century the principal features of modern France are traced; a creature of a new and strange type arises, defines itself and issues forth, its structure determining its destiny. It consists of a social body, organized by a despot and for a despot, calculated for the use of one man, excellent for action under the impulsion of a unique will, with a superior intelligence, admirable so long as this intelligence remains lucid and this will remains healthy; adapted to a military life and not to civil life, and therefore badly balanced, hampered in its development, exposed to periodical crises, condemned to precocious debility, but able to live for a long time, and for the present, robust, alone able to bear the weight of the new dominion, and to furnish for fifteen successive years the crushing labour, the conquering obedience, the superhuman effort which its master, Napoleon, exacts.

However clear and energetic the ideas of Napoleon are when he sets to work to make the New Régime, his mind is absorbed by the preoccupations of the sovereign. It is not enough for him that his edifice should be monumental, symmetrical and beautiful. First of all, as he lives in it and derives the greatest benefit from it, he wants it habitable, and habitable for Frenchmen of the year 1800. Consequently, he takes into account the habits and dispositions of his tenants, the pressing and permanent wants for which the new structure is to provide. These wants, however, must not be theoretic and vague, but verified and defined; for he is a calculator as close as he is profound, and deals only with positive facts.

To restore tranquillity, many novel measures are essential. And first, the political and administrative concentration just decreed, a centralisation of all powers in one hand, local powers conferred by the central power, and this supreme power in the hands of a resolute chief equal in intelligence to his high position; next, a regularly paid army, carefully equipped, properly clothed and fed, strictly disciplined and therefore obedient and able to do its duty without wavering or faltering, like any other instrument of precision; an active police force and *gendarmerie* held in check; administrators independent of those under their jurisdiction—all appointed, maintained, watched and restrained from above, as impartial as possible, sufficiently competent and, in their official spheres, capable functionaries; finally, freedom of worship and, accordingly, a treaty with Rome and the restoration of the Catholic Church—that is to say, a legal recognition of the orthodox hierarchy and of the only clergy which the faithful may accept as legitimate—in other words, the institution of bishops by the Pope and of priests by the bishops. This done, the rest is easily accomplished.

The main thing now is to dress the severe wounds the Revolution has made—which are still bleeding—with as little torture as possible, for it has cut down to the quick; and its amputations, whether foolish or outrageous, have left sharp pains or mute suffering in the social organism.

ABOVE all, religion must be restored. Before 1789, the ignorant or indifferent Catholic, the peasant at his plough, the mechanic at his work-bench, the good-wife attending to her household, were unconscious of the innermost part of religion; thanks to the Revolution, they have acquired the sentiment of it, and even the physical sensation. It is the prohibition of the mass which has led them to comprehend its importance; it is the revolutionary government which has transformed them into theologians.

From the year IV (1795) the orthodox priests have again recovered their place and ascendancy in the peasant's soul which the creed assigns to them; they have again become the citizen's serviceable guides, his accepted directors, the only warranted interpreters of Christian truth, the only authorised dispensers and ministers of divine grace. He attends their mass immediately on their return, and will put up with no other.

Napoleon, therefore, as First Consul, concludes the Concordat with the Pope and restores religion. By this Concordat the Pope 'declares that neither himself nor his successors shall in any manner disturb the purchasers of alienated ecclesiastical property, and that the ownership of the said property, the rights and revenues derived therefrom, shall consequently remain incommutable in their hands or in those of their assigns.'

THERE remain the institutions for instruction. With respect to these, the restoration seems more difficult, for their ancient endowment is almost entirely wasted; the government has nothing to give back but dilapidated buildings, a few scattered investments formerly intended for the maintenance of a college scholarship, or for a village schoolhouse. And to whom should these be returned, since the college and the schoolhouse no longer exist? Fortunately, instruction is an article of such necessity that a father almost always tries to procure it for his children; even if poor, he is willing to pay for it, if not too dear; only, he wants that which pleases him in kind and in quality and, therefore, from a particular source, bearing this or that factory stamp or label.

The state invites everybody, the communes as well as private persons, to the undertaking. It is on their liberality that it relies for replacing the ancient foundations; it solicits gifts and legacies in favour of new establishments, and it promises 'to surround these donations with the most invariable respect.' Meanwhile, and as a precautionary measure, it assigns to each its eventual duty; if the commune establishes a primary school for itself, it must provide the tutor with a lodging, and the parents must compensate him; if the commune founds a college or accepts a *lycée*, it must pay for the annual support of the building, while the

pupils, either day scholars or boarders, pay accordingly.

In this way the heavy expenses are already met, and the state, the manager general of the service, furnishes simply a very small quota; and this quota, mediocre as a rule, is found almost null in fact, for its main largess consists in 6,400 scholarships which it establishes and engages to support; but it confers only about 3,000 of them, and it distributes nearly all of these among the children of its military or civil employees, so that the son's scholarship becomes additional pay for the father; thus, the two millions which the state seems, under this head, to assign to the *lycées*, are actually gratifications distributed among its functionaries and officials. It takes back with one hand what it bestows with the other.

This being granted, it organizes the university and maintains it, not at its own expense, however, but at the expense of others, at the expense of private persons and parents, of the communes and, above all, at the expense of rival schools and private boarding-schools, of the free institutions, and all this in favour of the university monopoly which subjects these to special taxation as ingenious as it is multifarious. Whoever is privileged to carry on a private school, must pay from two to three hundred francs to the university; likewise, every person obtaining permission to lecture on literature or on science.

III—The New Taxation, Fiscal and Bodily

Now, as to taxes. The collection of a direct tax is a surgical operation performed on the taxpayer, one which removes a piece of his substance; he suffers on account of this, and submits to it only because he is obliged to. If the operation is performed on him by other hands, he submits to it voluntarily or not; but if he has to do it himself, spontaneously and with his own hands, it is not to be thought of. On the other hand, the collection of a direct tax according to the prescriptions of distributive justice is a subjection of each taxpayer to an amputation proportionate to his bulk, or at least to his surface; this requires delicate calculation and is not to be entrusted to the patients themselves; for not only are they surgical novices and poor calculators, but again, they are interested in calculating falsely.

To this end, Napoleon establishes two divisions of direct taxation: one, the real-estate tax, which has no bearing on the taxpayer without any property; and the other the personal tax, which does affect him, but lightly. Such a system favours the poor; in other words, it is an infraction of the principle of distributive justice; through the almost complete exemption of those who have no property, the burden of direct taxation falls almost entirely on those who own property. If they are manufacturers, or in commerce, they support still another burden, that of the licence tax, which is a supplementary impost proportioned to their probable gains.

Finally, to all these annual and extra taxes, levied on the probable or certain income derived from invested or floating capital, the exchequer adds an eventual tax on capital itself, consisting of the *mutation* tax, assessed on property every time it changes hands through gift, inheritance or by contract, obtaining its title under free donation or by sale; which tax, aggravated by the *timbre*, is enormous, since, in most cases, it takes five, seven, nine, and up to ten and one-half per cent on the capital transmitted.

One tax remains, and the last, that by which the state takes, no longer money, but the person himself, for the best years of his life, namely, military service. It is the Revolution which has rendered this so burdensome; formerly it was light, for, in principle, it was voluntary. The militia, alone, was raised by force and, in general, among the country people; the peasants furnished men for it by casting lots. But it was simply a supplement to the active army, a territorial and provincial reserve, a distinct, sedentary body of reinforcements, and of inferior rank which, except in case of war, never marched; it turned out but nine days of the year and, after 1778, never turned out again. In 1789 it comprised in all

75,260 men, and for eleven years their names, inscribed on the registers, alone constituted their presence in the ranks.

Napoleon put this military system in order. Henceforth, every male able-bodied adult must pay the debt of blood; no more exemptions in the way of military service; all young men who had reached the required age drew lots in the conscription and set out in turn according to the order fixed by their drafted number.

But Napoleon is an intelligent creditor; he knows that this debt is 'most frightful and most detestable for families,' that his debtors are real, living men, and therefore different in kind, that the head of the state should keep these differences in mind; that is to say, their condition, their education, their sensibility and their vocation; that, not only in their private interest, but again in the interest of the public, not merely through prudence, but also through equity, all should not be indistinguishably restricted to the same mechanical pursuit, to the same manual labour, to the same indefinite servitude of soul and body.

Napoleon also exempts the conscript who has a brother in the active army, the only son of a widow, the eldest of three orphans, the son of a father seventy-one years old dependent on his labour, all of whom are family supports. He joins with these all young men who enlist in one of his civil militias, in his ecclesiastical militia, or in his university militia, pupils of the Ecole Normale, seminarians for the priesthood, on condition that they engage to do service in their vocation, and do it effectively, some for ten years, others for life, subject to a discipline more rigid than, or nearly as rigid as military discipline.

IV—The Prefect Absolute

Yet another institution which Napoleon gave to the Modern Régime in France is the Prefect of a Department. Before 1870, when this prefect appointed the mayors, and when the council general held its session only fifteen days in the year, this prefect was almost omnipotent; still, at the present day, his powers are immense, and his power remains preponderant.

He has the right to suspend the municipal council and the mayor, and to propose their dismissal to the head of the state. Without resorting to this extremity, he holds them with a strong hand, always uplifted over the commune, for he can veto the acts of the municipal police and of the road committee, annul the regulations of the mayor and, through a skilful use of his prerogative, impose his own. He holds in hand, removes, appoints or helps appoint, not alone the clerks in his office, but likewise every kind and degree of clerk who, outside his office, serves the commune or department, from the archivist down to and comprising the lowest employees, such as forest-guards of the department, policemen posted at the corner of a street and stone-breakers on the public highway.

Such, in brief, is the system of local and general society in France from the Napoleonic time down to the date 1889, when these lines are written. National government is a despotic centralised machine.

The departments and communes have become vast lodging-houses, all built on the same plan and managed according to the same regulations, with apartments in them which, more or less good, are more or less dear, but at rates which, higher or lower, are fixed at a uniform tariff over the entire territory, so that the 36,000 communal buildings and the eighty-six department hotels are about equal.

The permanent taxpayers of both sexes who have made these premises their home have not obtained recognition for what they are, invincibly and by nature, a syndicate of neighbours, an involuntary, obligatory association, in which physical solidarity engenders moral solidarity, a natural, limited society whose members own the building in common, and each possesses a property-right more or less great according to the contribution he makes to the expenses of the establishment.

Up to this time no room has yet been found, either in the law or in minds, for this very plain truth; its place is taken and occupied in advance by the two errors which in turn, or both at once, have led the legislator and opinion astray.

MARGARET OLIPHANT

SALEM CHAPEL

IN 1849 Margaret Oliphant published her first novel, Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland. This had some success, and she followed it up in 1851 with Caleb Field. In the same year she began a connexion with Blackwood's Magazine which was maintained throughout her life. To the pages of Maga she contributed between 1862 and 1865 a series of stories with the collective title of Chronicles of Carlingford; this series included Salem Chapel, The Rector and the Doctor's Family, The Perpetual Curate, and Miss Marjoribanks. Of this series, and in many respects of all Mrs. Oliphant's novels, Salem Chapel is generally admitted to be her best work, exhibiting subtler analysis of character and a more vigorous grasp of incident than are apparent in her other stories. Altogether Mrs. Oliphant produced more than 120 separate works, including novels, books of travel and description, histories, biographies and volumes of literary criticism. Salem Chapel is included in Everyman's Library. An outline of Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Edward Irving appears in other pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Course of Lectures

SALEM CHAPEL, with its congregation of greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, milkmen, dressmakers and others, was but little noticed by the big houses in Carlingford, but to Arthur Vincent it was a spot of standing ground whence he had an opportunity of making the truth—and himself—known. Fresh from Homerton College, well educated and enlightened, he expected to be admitted to all the social pleasures of the town; it was, therefore, a blow to find he was expected to circulate among his flock, to say grace at Mrs. Tozer's 'teas,' and get up soirées to amuse the congregation, as old Mr. Tufton, the superannuated minister, had been accustomed to do; moreover, to be regarded as an admirer of pretty pink Phoebe Tozer, the butterman's daughter, and be advised by the deacon, her father.

"If you was to ask my advice," said Tozer, "I'd say to give it 'em a little more plain, meaning the Church folks. It's expected of a new man. I'd touch 'em up in the State-Church line, Mr. Vincent, if I was you. Give us a coorse upon the anomalies, and that sort of thing—the bishops in their palaces, and the fishermen as was the start of it all; there's a deal to be done in that way. I'd give 'em a coorse; there's nothin takes like a coorse in our connexion. Whether it's on a chapter, or a book of Scripture, or on a perticklar doctrine, I'd make a p'int of giving 'em a coorse if it was me."

But Vincent, engrossed by his meeting with Lady Western, the charming young widow who was the leader of society in Carlingford, had other things to think of. She had enchanted him the first time he saw her at his strange parishioner's, Mrs. Hilyard's, the mysterious needlewoman of Back Grove Street. She, with her whimsical humour, with that gleam of secret mockery in her eyes, and the incongruity between her air of gentle breeding and her squalid surroundings as a needy seamstress, had puzzled him greatly; but he forgot all about her—he could think of nothing but Alice Western. Her invitation to the last of her summer parties had enraptured him; he lived in a state of sweet, delicious intoxication until the Thursday dawned. But as hostess she was equally charming to all alike; she assured everybody they were 'so kind to come'; she distributed her smiles, her kind words everywhere. He was alone among all the chattering people. It was not that they were unkind, or exclusive; it was simply that they did not know him, and were busy talking among themselves.

Poor Vincent! He hurried home to his rooms thrilling with projects, schemes and sudden vindictive ambition. That fair creature should learn that the young

Nonconformist was worthy of her notice. Those self-engrossed simperers should yet be startled out of their follies by the new fame rising up among them. And the outcome of it was the 'coorse' the butter-man desired—the series of lectures on Church and State which shook society in Carlingford to its very foundations.

II—Susie's Lover

"Now we've got a young man as is a credit to us," said Tozer, "and now he's warming to his work, as I was a little afraid of at first, for somehow I can't say as I could see to my satisfaction as his heart was in it—I say, now as we've got a pastor as does us credit, I am not the man to consider a bit of expense. My opinion is as we should take the music-hall for them lectures."

"If we was charging sixpence a head or so," said the other deacon, Pigeon, the prudent poulterer.

"That's what I'll never give my consent to—never!" said Tozer. "If we was amusin' the people we might charge sixpence a head; but, mark my words, there ain't twenty men in Carlingford, nor in no other place, as would give sixpence to have their minds enlightened. No, sir; we're conferring a boon, and let's do it handsomely. Here's my name for five pound to clear expenses, and if every other man in Salem does as well there ain't no reason for hesitating."

The music-hall was accordingly taken, and the lectures given every Wednesday. On the last night a rustle thrilled the audience as Vincent was preparing to speak, and he saw Alice Western, in all the glory of full dress, threading her way through the crowd, accompanied by an eagle-faced man, just as Mrs. Hilyard entered at the back of the hall. He paused, conscious only of that fair young creature in all her bloom of beauty—the man who accompanied her, Mrs. Hilyard, a thin, dark, eager shadow in the distance, and himself connecting them together—until a murmur of impatience roused him, and he delivered his lecture with much applause.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent, how very wicked and clever of you! I am so horrified and charmed," said Lady Western. "How can you be *so* clever and *so* wicked? Now, I want you to dine with me, and I shall have someone to come who will be a match for you. I am very fond of clever society, though there is so little of it in Carlingford. Do promise to come! I am sure you found us very stupid last time. And I am stupid, I confess," added the beauty, turning those sweet eyes, which were more eloquent than genius, upon the slave who was reconquered by a glance; "but I like clever people dearly. Good-bye till to-morrow. I shall quite reckon upon to-morrow. Remember, half-past six. Now, you must not forget."

He would have gone to the end of the world for her. All unwarned by his previous failure, paradise had opened again to his delighted eyes. Even the presiding at a tea-meeting at the chapel, and the accidental overhearing of Mrs. Hilyard's passionate and angry interview with her husband—the eagle-faced man he had seen with Lady Western—her threatening to murder him if he ever succeeded in tracing their daughter and snatching her from her—failed to waken him from his dream.

Mrs. Hilyard had shown much interest in hearing of Vincent's mother and sister, and their quiet life at Lonsdale. The news of his sister Susan's engagement to a Mr. Fordham had pleased her; and somehow, having learnt part of her secret as he had done, it seemed natural enough to him that Mrs. Hilyard should suggest her daughter should go for shelter, at least for a time, to his mother's house.

"I want to send a child to her—a persecuted, helpless child, whom it is the object of my life to keep out of her father's hands," she said, her dark, thin face growing more pallid, her eyes softening with tears. "She will be safe at Lonsdale. Now write to your mother; she shall suffer no loss, and I will thank her on my knees. It is life or death."

He had been too much absorbed in his own emotions to think much of Susan's engagement, save with a brotherly distrust and jealousy of the *fiancé* he had never seen. He was thinking of Lady Western

still in an elevated frame of mind, scarcely aware of the prosaic ground he trod on when he reached his rooms to find his mother waiting there in an abandon of weariness and distress.

An anonymous letter, warning her that Mr. Fordham had a wife living, and was 'a man that goeth about seeking whom he may devour,' had been brought to her. But her son could gain no satisfaction at Fordham's town address when he went there to make inquiries, although on the evening of the same day, in the unimaginable bliss of his friendly intimacy with Lady Western, he was startled by a look of sudden anguish on her face at the mention of Fordham's name.

"My brother and he used not to be friends, but I suppose——" she said. "What did you want to know?"

"Only," said Vincent, with involuntary bitterness, "if he was a man of honour, and could be trusted—nothing else."

The young dowager paused and sighed; her beautiful eyes softened with tears.

"Oh, yes, yes; with life—to death!" she said, with a low accompaniment of sighing, and a wistful, melancholy smile upon her lovely face. And Vincent hastened home, not glad of that favourable verdict, even for poor Susan's sake, but overpowered with jealous rage. It was terrible to learn from the supposed Mrs. Hilyard that Fordham was the name under which her husband (Colonel Mildmay), Alice Western's brother, had masqueraded.

"I need not suggest to you that this must be acted on at once," she said. "The man we have to deal with spares nothing. Go, poor mother, and save your child if you can; and so will I—we are companions in misfortune. And you are a priest—why cannot you curse him?" she exclaimed with a cry.

Vincent left his mother, and went up to her with a sudden impulse.

"I am a priest; let me bless you," said the young man, touching with a compassionate hand the dark head bending before him. Then he took his mother away.

III—The Pursuit

The long tiring journey to Lonsdale was over, the dreadful rousing of the quiet cottage in the dead of night to find that Susan was no longer there, that Colonel Mildmay had taken her and his daughter away. There was but one comfort for the bereaved mother in the matter—she had taken Mary, the little maidservant, too. They had returned in all haste to Carlingford to see if it were indeed true that her *fiancé* had done as he had suggested—escorted her to her mother, but they both of them knew they would not find her there. The real Fordham, a former lover of Lady Western's, had given Vincent all the help he could, more to clear his own character than from any love of him, for the two men were instinctively jealous of each other. Besides, Mildmay was her brother—Alice's brother. Oh, hideous fate, it was *her* brother whom Vincent was bound to pursue to the ends of the world! They had travelled to Carlingford together, but Mildmay had not taken Susan there; the poignancy of that return drive along the bleak moorland road, as an early church-bell tinkled into silence and struck horrible iron echoes upon the heart of the minister of Salem, was intolerable.

Sunday morning! Life all disordered, incoherent, desperate—all its usages set at naught, and duties left behind. Chaos gloomed round the poor minister, who, in all his misery, was human enough to remember his substitute Beecher's smile, and Phoebe Tozer's invitation to tea—Beecher the pastor from 'Omerton, too, who had concluded that the pastor, though he had made 'an 'it,' was not found to suit the congregation, and that probably another candidate for Salem might be required before long.

Sunday night! And the momentary glimpse he caught of Mrs. Hilyard gliding past through London Bridge station, a horrible composure on her white face, dogging Mildmay's steps with a dreadful, relentless purpose in her eyes—a conscious death tracking his every step—drove Vincent back with a sudden paralysing touch. But the meeting with Mary, the little Lonsdale servant, weeping despairingly at her dismissal, full of the story of Colonel Mildmay's deceit, and his intention of taking Susan to France that night

to be married, sent him forward, a second would-be murderer, after the first who had preceded him in the shape of the Carlingford needlewoman. The criminal who escaped two such avengers must bear a charmed life.

It would be vain to attempt any description of Mrs. Vincent's feelings on that dreadful Sunday morning. But no whisper of the torture she was enduring must breathe among the flock. Nothing could excuse her from attending Salem, seeing her son's people, and holding up Arthur's standard. She dressed herself in her best black silk dress; the smile that might have come on the face of a martyr at the stake dawned on her pale face as she tied her bonnet strings.

It came upon her with an acute sting to think that her poor young minister was travelling that day, but she had to preserve her semblance of gentle placidity, she who had been a minister's wife for thirty years, and knew what it was! She pretended to dine so that no outlet might be left to gossip on that score. Then she took a good book, and lay down on the sofa in the awful silence—the moments creeping, stealing over her in a tedious procession she could almost see—the silence throbbing all around her as if with the beats of her own heart. And another horrible, sunshiny, cheerful day came, but no arrival, no letter—nothing but hopeless, sickening, intolerable suspense.

Then poor little rustic Mary appeared, but without Susan. The worst had come, except for Arthur, who might be helped out of his troubles. So, stunned and hopeless, she set out to visit his people, to talk to Adelaide Tufton, and hear her sharp gossip; to listen to the old minister's dawdling forth his slow sentiments; to see the Tozers and soothe their feelings, and hear what they had to say. An *auto da fé* in the old Spanish fashion would have been easier, to be sure, but this was how the minister's mother, in the depths of unknown anguish and calamity, was expected to exert herself—the only way in which she could serve her son.

Was it possible that she had slept? A moment ago and it was daylight; now the pale half-light struggling with the darkness filled the room. Such a silence seemed in the house—silence that crept and shuddered. And to think that she had slept!

She called Mary, but there was no answer. What was it?—rising darkly, rising slowly, out of the shadows in which it had been crouching, a huddled, indistinct figure. Oh, God! Not Susan! Not her own child!

"I AM Susan Vincent," said the awful ghost. "I am—Susan Vincent," it said at intervals with a pitiful iteration; Susan suffering from some dreadful mental shock, Susan dangerously ill, tracked every step of the way by a stranger in whose custody she was for murder—the murder of Colonel Mildmay.

"Not here—not here!" cried the mother in her passion. She thrust the dreadful messenger of justice out with those hands that shook with tremors of anguish and weakness. She shut the door upon him with all her feeble strength, locked it, put a chair against it; then she stumbled and fell on her knees, and remained so, forgetting, as it seemed, how she came there, and gradually by instinct putting together the hands which trembled like leaves in the wind. "Lord, Lord!" she cried, hovering on the wild verge between passion and insensibility. She called Him by name only as utter anguish alone knows how: she had nothing to tell Him; she could only call upon Him by His name.

IV—The Pastor's Resignation

AND thus it was that Vincent found them after his return from that dreary journey to Dover, where Colonel Mildmay lay shot in the wretched room in the shabby public-house to which only terror could have driven him.

"I'm your friend, Mr. Vincent—I always was; I'm not one as will desert a friend in trouble," said Tozer. "The thing for us to do is to keep it quiet—to keep it quiet, sir. If it could be kept private from the Salem folks, it would be for the best," and thanks to him the detective was taken away, and the house left in peace.

"Oh, Arthur, thank God you've come! Now I shall be able to bear it," cried his

MARGARET OLIPHANT OLIPHANT was born at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, Midlothian, April 4, 1828, daughter of Francis Wilson. In 1852 she married her cousin Frank Wilson Oliphant, and for some years lived in London, moving in 1859 to Italy, where he died. Left entirely without resources, Mrs. Oliphant returned to England and applied herself to literary work in order to educate and provide for her surviving children. In 1866 she settled at Windsor. All her children died before her and after the death of the last in 1894 her health steadily declined and she herself died at Wimbledon, June 25, 1897.

From a drawing made in 1895 by Janet Mary Oliphant. Courtesy of William Blackwood & Sons, Ltd.

mother, upon his breast. And he turned from Susan's bed with an involuntary shudder, leaving his mother to her vigil, his heart fainting within him.

Yet out of the thunder and storm came all at once the light of Lady Western's sympathy; poor young man, he thought it was the light of love all radiant and glorious. For one delicious moment he believed that superlative and ineffable, like his misery, was to be his joy. But she was already engaged to Fordham, and he was but pursuing an *ignis fatuus*.

Slowly the heavy week stole round; he would fain have withdrawn from the ordeal of confronting the people of Salem and have sent once more for Beecher to preach, but Tozer would not have it.

"It's next Sunday as is the battle," he said. "Get that over, and things will come straight. When they see you in the pulpit in your old way, and all things as they was, bless you, they'll get used to it, and won't mind the papers no more nor—nor I do. If you take my advice, you'll begin another coorse of lectures—it would have a good effect, it would." And the inspiration of that night of agony brought out the sermon that startled half the population of Carlingford that wonderful Sunday.

The deacons would have wished to shake hands with him and express their sympathy, and congratulate him on his preaching at its close, but he had escaped from the vestry before they reached it. He had caught sight of Mrs. Hilyard, the incomprehensible woman whose threats against Mildmay he remembered, and followed to denounce her as she left the chapel.

"I was about to tell you something which ought to be good news," she said. "That man is not dead, you know. I have something to tell you—something you will be glad to know. Listen! Your sister is safe. Stop! Hear me! I tell you again and again your sister is safe! That man is not dead—you know he is not dead. And yesterday—hush! never mind! —yesterday he made a declaration that it was not she—a declaration before the magistrates. He swore to it. He said it was another, and not that girl; he said on his oath it was not she."

Still her fate hung on the merest thread, and she knew it. It was only Lady Western's arrival that saved her; she left there a prisoner on parole.

"Take me with you, Alice," she said, once more looking Vincent in the face. "Take charge of me, keep me prisoner, until all this is cleared up. I am about tired of living a disguised princess. I shall miss Salem, though you are so much less sure about doing good than you used to be, Mr. Vincent. If my soul happens to be saved, however, you will have had some share in the achievement."

"Ladies," said Vincent hoarsely, "it is better you should leave this place at once. I will see you to your carriage. If I do wrong, the consequences will fall hardest on me. You are her shield and defence," he said, looking at Lady Western. "You will keep her safe—safe?" And he saw them drive away with a sort of despairing exultation.

The crisis of Susan's illness passed that afternoon, and she was restored to them, freed from all suspicion of murder, from all scandal, too; for Colonel Mildmay had deposed that she had accompanied his

daughter merely as companion on a hasty journey, and that, in short, instead of the romantic connexion supposed to exist between the parties, with all the passions of love and revenge naturally involved, the ties between them were of the simplest and most temporary nature.

Arthur spoke that night in a 'rapture,' and when he had done his work he went home without waiting to talk to anybody; he felt that his heart had made communications to other hearts in his audience almost without his knowing it.

But his mind was made up. He resigned the ministry of Salem Chapel. So Beecher from 'Omerton took his place, with Phœbe Tozer as his bride six months later, and, after a year's experience, was fully acknowledged, if he was not quite equal to Mr. Vincent in the pulpit, to be more complaisant at tea-parties, and to have made 'an 'it.'

Vincent saw Lady Western but thrice more. The last time was when, as a bride, she bent forward to smile at him from her carriage. It was kind as the sunshine, this sweet bridal face leaning out with that momentary glance of recognition; but neither the bells, nor the flowers, nor the sunshine went with such a pang to his heart as that look of kindness. He went on blindly to the silent country, where the fields lay callow under the touch of spring. He had but one heart, and had thrown it away. His work—that, too, was to come to nothing and be ended.

But three years afterwards, with the coming of Alice Mildmay, Mrs. Hilyard's daughter, the youthful replica of that other Alice, after all his troubles the loves and the hopes came back with the swallows to build under his eaves and stir in his heart.

Gloomy and Tragic, but a Masterpiece

THOMAS OTWAY

VENICE PRESERVED

A STRAYED tragedian belonging by genius, though not by time, to the Elizabethans, Thomas Otway lived tragically, wrote tragedy and died young. His plays are gloomy and devoid of lyrical poetry, yet reach the heart by sheer force and knowledge of human nature. He had written several tragedies and comedies before, in 1680, he produced the first of his two great masterpieces, The Orphan, or The Unhappy Marriage, a tragedy written in blank verse and showing a study of Shakespeare. In 1682 was produced Venice Preserved, A Plot Discover'd, founded upon the Abbé de Saint-Réal's History of the Plot of the Spanish against Venice in 1618, but considerably modified by Otway. The play had immediate success, was translated into almost every modern European language and, like The Orphan, remained a stock piece on the stage until the nineteenth century. 'More tears,' said Scott, 'have been shed probably for the sorrows of Belvidera [in Venice Preserved] and Monimia [in The Orphan] than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' Venice Preserved is included in the Temple Dramatists.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Duke of Venice
Priuli, father of Belvidera
Jaffier, husband of Belvidera
Pierre, friend of Jaffier
Antonio, a senator
Renault, a conspirator
Belvidera
Senators, Officer, Guards, Friar, Executioner, a rabble of the common people

First Act

SCENE.—*A chamber in Venice*

BELVIDERA discovered. *Enter* **Jaffier**, who, after making a fruitless appeal for pecuniary assistance to his father-in-law, **Priuli** (who hates him for having robbed him of his child), has been tempted by his dearest friend, **Pierre**, a soldier of fortune, to join with **Bedamar**, the Spanish ambassador, and other conspirators in a plot to overthrow the senate. **Pierre** has inveighed against the rank injustice and the grinding tyranny of the senate, but his real grievance against the ruling powers is that they have censured him for resenting a foul outrage attempted by one of their number, who has tried to rob him of the dearest object of his affections. **Jaffier**, on the other hand, has joined the plot because he is a desperate man, whose heavy debts prevent him from maintaining his beloved wife **Belvidera** in that state to which her birth and his love entitle her. He has just returned from being enrolled among the conspirators, having first, as a pledge of faith, handed over

Belvidera to the care of Renault, one of the most prominent of his new associates.]

Belvidera : Tell me, be just, and tell me
Why dwells that heavy cloud upon thy face ?
Why am I made a stranger ? Why that sigh,
And I not know the cause ?
Why starts my love, and looks as if he wished
His fate were finished ? Tell me, ease my fear ;
Lest, when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy mind
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaffier : Oh, Belvidera ! [villain ?

Belv. : Why was I last night delivered to a

Jaf. : Ha ! A villain ?

Belvidera : Yes ; to a villain ! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches
That look as hell had drawn them into league ?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies ?
'To you, sirs, and to your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this : Whene'er I prove unworthy '—
You know the rest—'then strike it to her heart.'
Oh, why's that 'rest' concealed from me ? Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust ?
But by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves ;
Straight to the senate, tell them all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaf. : Is this the Roman virtue ? This the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter ?
Would she have e'er betrayed her Brutus ?

Belv. : No ; for Brutus trusted her.

Jaf. : Yet, think a little, ere thou tempt me further ;
Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows. [ments,
I have bound myself by all the strictest sacra-
Divine and human——

Belv. : Speak !

Jaf. To kill thy father——

Belv. : My father !

Jaf. : Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look when these wide streets run blood !
I, and the glorious partners of my fortune,
Shouting and striding o'er the prostrate dead
Still to new waste ; whilst thou, far off in safety,
Smiling shalt see the wonders of our daring
And, when night comes, with praise and love receive me.

Belv. : Oh ! [thought !

Jaf. : Have a care, and shrink not even in
For if thou dost——

Belv. : I know it, thou wilt kill me.
Do ! Strike thy sword into this bosom ; lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father ! Though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing,
Driven me to basest wants, can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age ?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being ?
Nay, be a traitor, too, and sell thy country ?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low
As cut the throats of wretches as they sleep ?

Jaf. : Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera. I have engaged
With men of soul fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind : there's not a heart amongst them
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashioned.

Belv. : What's he to whose curst hands last night thou gav'st me ?
Was that well done ? Oh, I could tell a story
Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its den.

Jaf. : Speak on, I charge thee.

Belv. : Oh, my love ! if e'er
Thy Belvidera's peace deserved thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night ! Last night !

Jaf. : Distract me not, but give me all the truth !

Belvidera : No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the power of that old son of mischief,
But that vile wretch approached me. How I wept,
And shrunk and trembled ! Wished in vain for him
That should protect me ! Thou, alas ! wert gone.

Jaf. : Patience, sweet heaven, 'till I make vengeance sure !

Belv. : He drew the hideous dagger forth thou gav'st him, [it !
And with upbraiding smiles he said : 'Behold
This is the pledge of a false husband's love.'
But with my cries I scared his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and muttered vows to hell.
These are thy friends ! With *these* thy life, thy honour,
Thy love, all staked, and all will go to ruin.

Jaf. : No more ; I charge thee keep this secret close ;
Clear up thy sorrows ; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat them like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more ; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour.

[Jaffier tells Pierre of the insult put on Belvidera by Renault, and holds a conversation with Renault himself in which he pays an ironical tribute to his truth and honesty. This rouses Renault who, subsequently, at the final meeting of the conspirators, takes advantage of the departure of Jaffier to denounce him as a traitor. Pierre, by alternate threats and appeals, and by exposing Renault's behaviour to Belvidera, allays the tumult and suspicion and pledges his life for the loyalty of Jaffier.]

Second Act

SCENE.—*The Senate House, where appear, sitting, the* **Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio** *and eight other senators.*

DUKE : Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night ?
Priuli : We stand upon the brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends ; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes ; nay, the hour, too, fixed ;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning ; but if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered.
[*Enter* **Officer** *and* **Guards.**
Officer : Two prisoners have the guard seized in the street,
Who say they come to inform this reverend senate
About the present danger.
[*Enter an officer with* **Jaffier,** *who, sorely against his will, has been persuaded by* **Belvidera** *to give himself up and to betray the conspiracy to the senate.*]
All : Give them entrance. Well, who are you ?
Jaffier : A villain. Would that every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.
Duke : 'Tis rumoured that a plot has been contrived
Against this state ; that you've a share in't, too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honour
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.
Jaf. : Think not that I, to save my life, come hither ;
I know its value better ; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. I'm the sworn foe of Venice,
But I may prove a friend.
Duke : Name your conditions.
Jaf. : For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends,
Whose names are here enrolled. Nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend council
That in a full assembly of the senate
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.
All : We all swear.
Jaf. : And, as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blessed,
Or cursed for ever.
All : Else be cursed for ever !
Jaf. : Then here's the list, and with't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers a paper.*
Duke : Give order that all diligent search be made
To seize these men : their characters are public.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear, till morning,
To be our prisoner.
[*Exit* **Jaffier** *guarded. Enter* **Officer.**
Officer : My lords, more traitors,
Seized in the very act of consultation ;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief.
Bring in the prisoners !
[*Enter* **Pierre, Renault** *and other conspirators.*
Pierre : You, my lords and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often laboured in your service ?
Duke : Go on ; you shall be heard, sir.
Pierre : If I'm a traitor
Produce my charge ; or show the wretch that's base
And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.
[*Re-enter* **Jaffier,** *guarded.*
My friend, too, bound ! Nay, then,
Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
They call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother ?
Jaffier : To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
Pierre : So, then, all's over :
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more ! Farewell !
Duke : Say, will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy ?
Pardon or death ?
Pierre : Death ! Honourable death !
Renault : Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.
Duke : Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners !
Jaffier, you are free, but these must wait for judgement. [*Exeunt all the senators.*
Pierre : Come, where's my dungeon ? Lead me to my straw :
It will not be the first time I've lodged hard,
To do the senate service.
Jaf. : Hold, one minute.
Pierre : Who's he disputes the judgement of the senate ?
Presumptuous rebel. On ! [*Strikes* **Jaffier.**
Jaf. : I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow :
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries ;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy ;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance.
Pierre : What whining monk art thou ? What holy cheat
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears ?
Hence, I know thee not !
Jaf. : Not know me, Pierre ?

Pierre : No, know thee not. What art thou ?
Jaf. : Jaffier, thy friend ; thy once loved, valued friend,
Pierre : By heavens, thou liest ! The man so-called, my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just and valiant,
Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart :
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward ;
Poor even in soul and loathsome in thy aspect ;
All eyes must shun thee and all hearts detest thee.
Jaf. : I have not wronged thee ; by these tears I have not,
But still am honest, true and hope, too, valiant ;
My mind still full of thee : therefore, still noble.
Let not thy eyes, then, shun me ; nor thy heart
Detest me utterly : Oh, look upon me ! [me ?
What shall I do—what say to make thee hear
Pierre : Dar'st swear thou hast not wronged me ? Whence these chains ?
Whence this dishonour but from thee, thou false one ?
Jaf. : All's true ; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.
Pierre : What's that ?
Jaf. : To take thy life on such conditions
The council have proposed.
Pierre : Life ! Ask my life ? Confess ? record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe ? [jangling,
No ! This vile world and I have long been
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in 't !
Jaf. : I'll weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty : [me,
Lie at thy feet and kiss them, though they spurn
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at ;
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pierre : I scorn it more because preserved by thee :
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants and raised thee from thy state
To rank thee in my list of noble friends ;
All I received in surety for thy truth
Were unregarded oaths, and this—this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen,
So I restore it back to thee again ;
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee. Take it.
Farewell ! For now I owe thee nothing.
Jaf. : My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine and ache with gazing.
Pierre : Leave me ! Nay, then thus—thus I throw thee from me,
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee !

[*Exeunt* **Pierre** and conspirators, guarded. **Belvidera** then enters and tries to console **Jaffier** in his access of remorse and humiliation. She also tells him that the senate has gone back on its word and has issued warrants for the execution of the exempted conspirators, who are first to be racked and then broken on the wheel. In his agony, **Jaffier** at first tries to keep his vow by plunging the dagger into **Belvidera's** heart ; but her caresses unman him and he beseeches her to fall at her father's feet and not to rise till she has obtained the senate's pardon for **Pierre.**]

Third Act

SCENE I.—**Belvidera** *becomes reconciled to her father and obtains from him a promise that he will do his best to get the lives of the conspirators spared. But* **Priuli's** *efforts prove unavailing ; and in a final harrowing interview between* **Belvidera** *and* **Jaffier**, *the latter, torn between love for the partner of his domestic joys and hatred for the betrayer of his honour, bids his wife an everlasting farewell, telling her he goes to attend the execution of* **Pierre**, *who has desired to see him before he dies.*

SCENE II.—*A scaffold, and a wheel prepared for the execution of* **Pierre** ; *then enter* **Officer, Pierre** *and* **Guards**, *a* **Friar, Executioner** *and a great rabble. Enter* **Jaffier.**

JAFFIER : Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee :
How shall I look up to thy injured face
That always used to smile with friendship on me?
Pierre : Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame,
I can't forget to love thee. Prithee, Jaffier,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee ;
I'm now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men like thee to bless my journey.
Jaf. : Good ! I'm the vilest creature, worse than e'er [of
Suffered the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste
Why was I sent for to be used thus kindly ?
Officer : The time grows short, your friends are dead already.
Jaf. : Dead !
Pierre : Yes, dead, Jaffier ; they have all died like men, too,
Worthy their character.
Jaf. : And what must I do ?
Pierre : Couldst thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,
I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows
Heaven knows, I want a friend.
Jaf. : And I a kind one
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue.
Pierre : I charge thee, Jaffier, live.
Jaf. : Yes, I will live ;
But it shall be to see thy fall revenged.
Pierre : Thou'rt noble : I forgive thee : shall I trust thee ? [doubtings !
Jaf. : Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy
Pierre : Curse on this weakness. [*He weeps.*
Jaf. : Tears ! Amazement ! Tears !
I never saw thee melted thus before ; [bosom,
And know there's something labouring in thy
That must have vent.

Pierre : Seest thou that engine ?
[*Pointing to the wheel.*
Jaf. : Why ?
Pierre : Is't fit a soldier who has lived with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcass on a wheel ?
Jaf. : What's to be done ?
Pierre : Do something noble to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Off. : The day grows late, sir.
Pierre : I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier ;
Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice. [be satisfied.
Jaf. : No more of that : thy wishes shall
I have a wife, and she shall bleed ; my child, too,
Yield up his little throat, and all
To appease thee.
[*Going away,* **Pierre** *holds him.*
Pierre : No—this—no more.
[*He whispers to* **Jaffier.**
Jaf. : Ha ! is't then so ?
Pierre : Most certainly.
Jaf. : I'll do it.
Pierre : Remember.
Off. : Sir !
Pierre : Come, now I'm ready.
[*He and* **Jaffier** *ascend the scaffold.*
Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour ;
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate and die with decency.
[*Takes off his gown ;* **Executioner** *prepares to bind him.*
Pierre : Now, Jaffier ! Now I'm going.
Now—— [**Executioner** *having bound him.*
Jaf. : Have at thee.
Thou honest heart, then—here ! (*stabs him*).
And this is well, too (*stabs himself*).
Friar : Damnable deed !
Pierre : Now thou'st indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly—we've deceived the senate.
Jaf. : Bravely.
Pierre : Ha, ha, ha !—oh ! oh ! [*Dies.*
Jaf. : Now, ye cursed rulers,
Thus of the blood ye have shed I make libation
And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you
And all your race ! Be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls ! let plague and famine waste
Your generation ! Oh, poor Belvidera !
Sir, I've a wife, bear this in safety to her,
A token, that with my dying breath I blessed her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick. I'm quiet. [*Dies.*
Off. : Bear this news to the senate
And guard their bodies till there's further order.
Heaven grant I die so well !

SCENE III.—*An apartment in* **Priuli's** *house. Soft music. Enter* **Belvidera,** *distracted, led by two of her women,* **Priuli** *and servants.*

BELVIDERA : Are you returned ? See, father, here he's come again :
Am I to blame to love him ? Oh, thou dear one,
Why do you fly me ? Are you angry still then ?

THOMAS OTWAY was born at Trotton, near Midhurst, Sussex, March 3, 1651, and educated at Winchester and at Christ Church, Oxford. His first play, Alcibiades, was produced in 1675, and for Mrs. Barry, mistress of the earl of Rochester, who played the part of Draxilla, Otway conceived an overwhelming passion. As a result of her despiteful treatment he obtained a cornetcy in a regiment serving in the Netherlands in 1678 and on the disbandment of the English troops in 1679 returned to London and abandoned himself to a life of degrading dissipation. He died April 14, 1685, choked, it is said, by a crust, to buy which he had begged from a stranger.

Jaffier, where art thou ? Father, why do you do thus ?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere. [tyrant :
Stand off, I say : what, gone ? Remember it,
I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.
[*Enter* **Officer.**
Priuli : News, what news ?
Officer : Most sad, sir ;
Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent [himself ;
A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next
Both fell together.
Priuli : Daughter !
Belv. : Ha ! look there !
[*The ghosts of* **Jaffier** *and of* **Pierre** *appear.*
My husband bloody, and his friend, too ! Murder !
Who has done this ? Speak to me, thou sad vision ! [Vanished—
On these poor trembling knees I beg it.
Here they went down—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den up ! [Jaffier !
You shan't delude me thus. Ho, Jaffier,
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him !
My love ! my dear ! my blessing ! help me ! help me !
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell. [*Dies.*
Priuli : Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning,
Where the free air, light and the cheerful sun
May never enter. Hang it round with black ;
Set up one taper, that may last a day,
As long as I've to live ; and there all leave me.
[*Exeunt all.*

WILLIAM CARLETON

THE BLACK PROPHET

THE sketches of Irish life which Carleton began his literary career by contributing to the Dublin Christian Examiner were collected and published in 1830 under the title of Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, and attracted much attention. In 1834 appeared a second volume of Irish Tales, and from that time till his death Carleton produced, with great industry, numerous volumes of short stories and novels. Among the latter the most notable are Fardorougha the Miser, Valentine McClutchy, Rody the Rover, The Black Prophet, and The Tithe Proctor. The Black Prophet appeared first in the Dublin University Magazine in 1846, being published separately in the following year. Carleton believed rightly that it was his best work. It was written in a season of unparalleled scarcity and destitution, and the scenes represented were those which he himself had witnessed in 1817 and 1822. All Carleton's pictures of Irish peasant life were written from intimate acquaintance, and he described himself as 'the historian of their manners and customs, their feelings, their prejudices, their superstitions and their crimes.'

I—The Murders in the Glen

THE cabin of Donnel M'Gowan, the Black Prophet, stood at the foot of a hill, near the mouth of a gloomy and desolate glen.

In this glen, not far from the cabin, two murders had been committed twenty years before. The one was that of a carman, and the other of a man named Sullivan; and it was supposed they had been robbed. Neither of the bodies had ever been found. Sullivan's hat and part of his coat had been found on the following day in a field near the cabin, and there was a pool of congealed blood where his footmarks were imprinted. A man named Dalton had been taken up under circumstances of great suspicion for this latter murder, for Dalton was the last person seen in Sullivan's company, and both men had been drinking together in the market. A quarrel had ensued, blows had been exchanged, and Dalton had threatened him in very strong language.

No conviction was possible because of the disappearance of the body, but Dalton had remained under suspicion, and the glen, with its gloomy aspect, was said to be haunted by Sullivan's spirit and to be accursed as the scene of crime and supernatural appearances.

Within M'Gowan's cabin, which bore every mark of poverty and destitution, a young girl about twenty-one, of tall and slender figure, with hair black as the raven's wing, and eyes dark and brilliant, wrangled fiercely with an older woman, her stepmother. From words they passed to a fearful struggle of murderous passion.

Presently, Sarah, the younger of the two, started to her feet and fled out of the house to wash her hands and face at the river that flowed past. Then she returned, and spoke with frankness and good nature.

"I'm sorry for what I did. Forgive me, mother! You know I'm a hasty divil—for a divil's limb I am, no doubt of it. Forgive me, I say! Do now; here, I'll get somethin' to stop the blood!"

She sprang at the moment, with the agility of a wild cat, upon an old chest that stood in the corner of the hut. By stretching herself up to her full length, she succeeded in pulling down several old cobwebs that had been undisturbed for years, and while doing so, knocked down some metallic substance which fell on the floor.

"Murdher alive, mother!" she exclaimed. "What is this? Hallo, a tobaccy-box! An' what's this on it? Let me see. Two letters—a 'P' and an 'M.' 'P. M.'—arrah, what can that be for? Well, divil may care. Let it lie on the shelf there. Here now, none of your cross looks. I say, put these cobwebs to your face, and they'll stop the bleedin'. And now good-night to you, an' let that

be a warnin' to you not to raise your hand to me again."

The girl went off to spend the night at a dance and a wake, and the stepmother, having dressed her wound as well as she could, sat down by the fire and began to ruminate.

Presently she took up the tobacco-box and, looking at it carefully, clasped her hands.

"It's the same!" she exclaimed. "Oh, merciful God, it's thrue—it's thrue! I know it by the broken hinge an' the two letters! Saviour of life, how will this end, an' what will I do? But I must hide this, and put it out of his reach."

She accordingly went out and thrust the box up under the thatch of the roof so that it was impossible to suspect that the roof had been disturbed.

II—The Prophet Schemes

THAT same evening Donnel was overtaken on the road from Ballynafail, the market-town, by Jerry Sullivan, a struggling farmer, and they proceeded together to the latter's house.

"This woeful saison, along wid the low prices and the high rents, houlds out a black and terrible look for the counthry, God help us!" said Sullivan.

"Ay," returned the Black Prophet, "if you only knew it. Isn't the Almighty, in His wrath, this moment proclaimin' it through the heavens and the airth? Look about you, and say what is it you see that doesn't foretell famine. Doesn't the dark, wet day, an' the rain, rain, rain foretell it? Doesn't the rottin' crops, the unhealthy air, an' the green damp foretell it? Doesn't the sky without a sun, the heavy clouds, an' the angry fire of the west foretell it? Isn't the airth a page of prophecy, an' the sky a page of prophecy, where every man may read of famine, pestilence an' death?"

"The time was," said Sullivan, "an' it's not long since, when I could give you a comfortable welcome as well as a willin' one; but now 'tis but poor and humble tratement I can give you. But if it was betther, you should just be as welcome to it, an' what more can you say?"

"Well," replied the other, "what more can you say, indeed? I'm thankful to you, Jerry, an' I'll accept your kind offer."

The night had set in when they reached the house, where the traces of poverty were as visible upon the inmates as upon the furniture.

Sullivan was strangely excited—he had discovered a stolen interview outside between his eldest daughter and young Condy Dalton.

Mave Sullivan—a young creature of nineteen, of rare natural beauty and angelic purity—turned deadly pale when her father spoke.

"Bridget," Sullivan said, turning to his wife, "I tell you that I came upon that undutiful daughter of ours courtin' wid the son of the man that murdhered her uncle, my only brother—coortin' wid a fellow that Dan M'Gowan here knows will be hanged yet, for he's jist afther tellin' him so."

"You're ravin,' Jerry," exclaimed his wife. "You don't mean to tell me that she'd spake to, or make any freedoms whatsomever wid young Condy Dalton? Hut, no, Jerry; don't say that, at all events!"

BUT Sullivan's indignation passed quickly to alarm and distress, for his daughter tottered, and would have fallen if Donnel had not caught her.

"Save me from that man!" she shrieked at Donnel, clinging to her mother. "Don't let him near me! I can't tell why, but I am deadly afraid of him."

Her parents, already sorry for their harsh words, tried to console her.

"Don't be alarmed, my purty creature," said the Black Prophet softly. "I see a great good fortune before you. I see a grand and handsome husband, and a fine house to live in. Grandeur and wealth is before her, for her beauty an' her goodness will bring it all about."

When the family, after the father had offered up a few simple prayers, retired to rest, Sullivan took down his brother's old great coat and placed it over M'Gowan, who was already in bed. But the latter immediately sat up and implored him to take it away.

Next morning before departing, Donnel repeated to Mave Sullivan his prophecy of the happy and prosperous marriage.

But Mave, who knew where her affection rested, found no comfort in these predictions, for the Daltons were pressed as hard by poverty as their neighbours.

As for Donnel M'Gowan, cunning and unscrupulous, his plan was to secure Mave for young Dick o' the Grange, a small landowner, and a profligate. To do this he relied on the help of his daughter Sarah and was disappointed. For Sarah was to find Mave Sullivan her friend, and she renounced her father's scheme, so that no harm happened to the girl.

III—The Shadow of Crime

With famine came typhus fever, and the state of the country was frightful beyond belief. Thousands were reduced to mendicancy, numbers perished on the very highways, and the road was literally black with funerals. Temporary sheds were erected near the roadsides, containing fever-stricken patients who had no other home.

Under the ravening madness of famine, legal restraints and moral principles were forgotten, and famine riots broke out. For, studded over the country were a number of farmers with bursting granaries, who could afford to keep their provisions in large quantities until a year of scarcity and high prices arrived; and the people, exasperated beyond endurance, saw long lines of provision carts on their way to the harbours for exportation.

Such was the extraordinary fact!

Day after day, vessels laden with Irish provisions, drawn from a population perishing with actual hunger, and with pestilence which it occasioned, were passing out of our ports, whilst other vessels came in freighted with our provisions sent back, through the charity of England, to our relief.

Goaded by suffering, hordes of people turned out to intercept meal-carts and provision vehicles, and carts and cars were stopped on the highways, and the food which they carried openly taken away.

Sarah M'Gowan herself went to the Daltons, where typhus and starvation were doing their worst, to render what service she could, and Mave Sullivan would have done the same but for the entreaties of her parents, who feared the terrible fever.

The Black Prophet alone went on his way unmoved, scheming to accomplish his vile ends. It was not enough for him that Mave was to be abducted; he had also planned a robbery for the same night, and was resolved to procure the conviction of old Condy Dalton for the almost forgotten murder of Sullivan in the glen.

M'Gowan was driven to this last step by his own disturbed mind. The disappearance of the tobacco-box troubled him, for on seeking it under the thatch it was no longer there, and the discovery by his wife of a skeleton buried near their cabin caused him still greater uneasiness. Then Sarah had followed him one night, when he was walking in his sleep, to the secret grave of the murdered man, and though the Prophet did not say anything on that occasion to incriminate himself, he was vexed by the occurrence.

So, on the information of Donnel M'Gowan, and a man called Roddy Duncan, who was deep in the Prophet's subtle villainies, the skeleton was dug up, and old Condy Dalton arrested.

"It's the will of God!" replied the old man, when the police-officers entered his unhappy dwelling, and charged him with the murder of Bartholomew Sullivan. "It's God's will, an' I won't consale it any longer. Take me away. I'm guilty—I'm guilty!"

Sarah was ministering to the Daltons at the very time when her father was informing against old Condy, and was present when the police took him away. Shortly afterwards, when she had left the house, she was struck down by typhus.

In a shed that simply consisted of a few sticks laid up against the side of a ditch, with the remnant of some straw for bedding, Mave Sullivan found the suffering girl, with no other pillow than a sod of earth.

"Father of mercy!" thought Mave, "how will she live—how can she live here? An' is she to die in this miserable way in a Christian land?"

Sarah lay groaning with pain, and then raving in delirium.

"I won't break my promise, father, but I'll break my heart; an' I can't even give her warning. Ah, but it's treachery, an' I hate that. No, no; I'll have no hand in it—manage it your own way!"

"Dear Sarah, don't you know me?" said Mave tenderly. "Look at me—I am Mave Sullivan, your friend that loves you."

"Who is that?" Sarah asked, starting a little. "I never had anyone to take care o' me—nor a mother; many a time—often—often—the whole world—some one to love me. Oh, a dhrink, a dhrink! Is there no one to give me a dhrink? I'm burning, I'm burning! Mave Sullivan, have pity on me—I heard someone name her—I'll die without you give me a dhrink!"

Mave hastily fetched some water, and in the course of two or three days Sarah's situation, thanks to the attention of Mave and her neighbours, was changed for the better, and she was conveyed home to the Prophet's cabin on a litter—only to die in a few days.

It was the knowledge of what she owed to Mave that forced Sarah to frustrate her father's plot for Mave's ruin.

The robbery was no more successful than the abduction, for Roddy Duncan withdrew from it, and Donnel M'Gowan learnt that the house to be plundered was well guarded.

IV—An Amazing Witness

THE court was crowded when Cornelius Dalton was put to the bar charged with the wilful murder of Bartholomew Sullivan, by striking him on the head with a walking-stick, and when the old man stood up all eyes were turned on him. It was clear that there was an admission of guilt in his face, for instead of appearing erect and independent, he looked around with an expression of remorse and sorrow, and it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to plead 'Not Guilty.'

The first witness called was Jeremiah Sullivan, who deposed that at one of the Christmas markets in 1798 he was present when an altercation took place between his late brother Bartle and the prisoner. They were both drinking, and their friends separated them. He never saw his brother alive afterwards. He then deposed to the finding of his brother's coat and hat, crushed and torn.

The next witness was Roddy Duncan, who deposed that on the night in question he was passing on a car and saw a man drag something heavy, like a sack. He then called out was that Condy Dalton? And the reply was, "It is, unfortunately!" upon which he wished him good-night.

Next came the Prophet. He said he was on his way through Glendhu, when he came to a lonely spot where he found the body of Bartholomew Sullivan, and beside it a grave dug two feet deep. He then caught a glimpse of the prisoner, Condy Dalton, among the bushes, with a spade in his hand. He shouted out and, getting no answer, was glad to get off safe.

On the cross-examination, he said "the reason why he let the matter rest until now was that he did not wish to be the means of bringin' a fellow-creature to an untimely death. His conscience, however, always kept him uneasy, and many a time of late the murdhered man appeared to him, and threatened him for not disclosing what he knew."

"You say the murdered man appeared to you. Which of them?"

"Peter Magennis—what am I sayin'? I mean Bartle Sullivan."

The counsel for the defence requested the judge and jury to make a note of Peter Magennis, and then asked the Prophet what kind of a man this Bartle Sullivan was.

"He was a very remarkable man in appearance; stout, with a long face, and a scar on his chin."

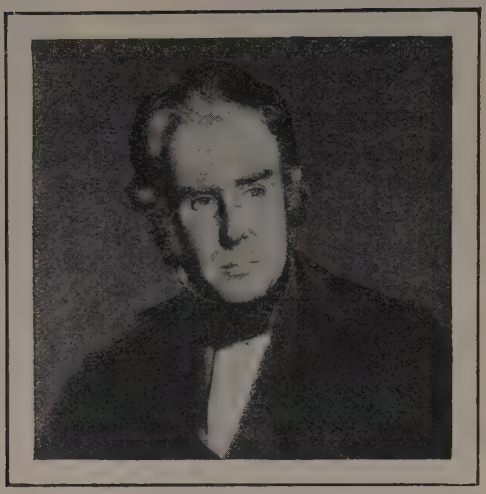
"And you saw that man murdered?"

"I seen him dead after havin' been murdhered."

"Do you think, now, if he were to rise again from the grave that you would know him?"

Then the counsel spoke to some person behind, and a stranger mounted a table confronting the Black Prophet.

"Whether you seen me dead or buried is best known to yourself," said the



WILLIAM CARLETON, Irish novelist, was born at Prillisk, Co. Tyrone, March 4, 1794, the youngest of fourteen children, his father being a poor farmer. He received some education at hedge-schools and from a priest at Donagh. His early intention of entering the church was abandoned as the result of a religious pilgrimage he undertook at the age of nineteen. Going to Dublin in search of a career, he obtained a clerical post in a Sunday School office, and soon began to write for periodicals. In spite of considerable success in literary work, Carleton remained very poor, and in 1848 was granted a pension. He died January 30, 1869.

stranger. "All I can say is that here I am, Bartle Sullivan, alive an' well."

Hearing his name, crowds pressed forward, recognizing Bartle Sullivan, and testifying their recognition by a general cheer.

There were two persons present, however, Condy Dalton and the Prophet, on whom Sullivan's appearance produced very opposite effects.

Old Dalton at first imagined himself in a dream, and it was only when Sullivan, promising to explain all, came over and shook hands with him, and asked his pardon, that the old man understood he was innocent.

The Prophet looked with mortification rather than wonder at Sullivan; then a shadow settled on his countenance, and he muttered to himself, "I am doomed! Something drove me to this."

The trial was quickly ended. Sullivan's brother and several jurors established his identity, and Condy Dalton was discharged.

The judge then ordered the Prophet and Roddy Duncan to be taken into custody, and an indictment of perjury to be prepared at once. The graver charge of murder was, however, brought against M'Gowan, the murder of a carman named Peter Magennis, and the following day he found himself in the very dock where Dalton had stood.

V—Fate: the Discoverer

THE trial of Donnel M'Gowan brought several strange things to light. It was proved that the Prophet's real name was McIvor, that he had a wife living, and that this wife was a sister to the murdered carman, Peter Magennis. After the murder, McIvor fled to America with his daughter and his wife lost sight of him. She had only returned to these parts recently, and she identified the skeleton of her brother because of a certain malformation of the foot.

Then a pedlar, known in the neighbourhood as Toddy Mack, deposed that he had given Magennis a steel tobacco-box with the letters 'P.M.' punched on it.

It was Roddy Duncan who had seen this tobacco-box put under the thatch, and he, knowing nothing of its history, had given it to Sarah M'Gowan, who, equally ignorant, had given it to a young man who called himself Hanlon, but was in fact the son of Magennis.

On the night of the murder the unhappy woman whom Sarah called stepmother, and who lived with the Black Prophet, saw the tobacco-box in M'Gowan's hands, and it contained a roll of bank-notes. When she asked how he came by it, he gave her a note, and said, "That's all the explanation you can want."

The chain of circumstantial evidence was sufficient to establish the Prophet's guilt, and the judge passed the capital sentence.

The Prophet heard his doom without flinching, and only turned to the gaoler to say, "Now that everything is over, the sooner I get to my cell the betther. I have despised the world too long to care a single curse what it says or thinks about me."

Sarah, who heard of her father's fate while she lay dying, tended by Mave Sullivan and her newly discovered mother, sent the condemned man a last message. "Say that his daughter, if she was able,

would be with him through shame, an' disgrace, an' death; that because he said once in his life that he loved her, she'd forgive him all a thousand times, an' would lay down her life for him."

The acquittal of old Condy Dalton, who for years had tortured himself with remorse, believing he had killed Sullivan, and the resurrection of Bartle Sullivan, filled all the countryside with delight.

Thanks to the money of his friend, Toddy Mack, Dalton was once more re-established in a farm that he had been compelled to relinquish, and when sickness and the severity of winter passed away Mave and young Condy Dalton were happily married.

Roddy Duncan was transported for perjury. Bartle Sullivan, on the first social evening that the two families, the Sullivans and the Daltons, spent together after the trial, cleared up the mystery of his disappearance.

"I remimber fightin'," he said, "wid Condy on the night. We went into a field near the Grey Stone to decide it. All at wanst I forgot what happened, till I found myself lyin' upon a car wid the McMahons that lived ten or twelve miles beyond the mountains. Well, I felt disgraced at bein' beaten by Con Dalton, and as I was fond of McMahon's sister, but off we went to America, for, you see, she promised to marry me if I'd go. Well, she an' I married when we got to Boston, and Toddy here, who took to the life of a pedlar, came back with a good purse and lived wid us. At last I began to long for home, and so we all came together. An', thank God, we were all in time to clear the innocent, and punish the guilty; ay, an' reward the good, too, eh, Toddy?"

Founder of the Modern Science of Electricity

MICHAEL FARADAY

EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCHES IN ELECTRICITY

Outlined by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

SOME of the most brilliant experiments in the history of science are recorded in Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity, which was published in three volumes between 1839 and 1855. The work contains the substance of the investigations he made between 1831 and 1838, during which period he made discoveries which have had the most momentous consequence. Thus, his discovery of the mutual relation of magnets and of wires conducting electric currents was the beginning of the modern dynamo, and all that it involves; his discoveries of electrical induction and of electrolysis were of equal significance. Most of the researches are too technical for epitomisation, but those given in the following pages are representative of his manner and methods. An outline of Faraday's famous lectures on The Chemical History of a Candle appears at page 1228, accompanied by a portrait of the distinguished scientist.

I—Atmospheric Magnetism

IT is to me an impossible thing to perceive that two-ninths of the atmosphere by weight is a highly magnetic body, subject to great changes in its magnetic character, by variations in its temperature and condensation or rarefaction, without being persuaded that it has much to do with the variable disposition of the magnetic forces upon the earth's surface.

The earth is a spheroidal body consisting of paramagnetic and diamagnetic substances irregularly disposed and intermingled; but for the present the whole may be considered a mighty compound magnet. The magnetic force of this great magnet is known to us only on the surface of the earth and water of our planet, and the variations in the magnetic lines of force which pass in or across this surface can be measured by their action on small standard magnets; but these variations are limited in their information, and do not tell us whether the cause is in the air above or the earth beneath.

MICHAEL FARADAY LECTURING IN THE OLD LECTURE HALL AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION IN 1857

From the painting by Alexander Black

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The lines of force issue from the earth in the northern and southern parts and coalesce with each other over the equatorial, as would be the case in a globe having one or two short magnets adjusted in relation to its axis, and it is probable that the lines of force in their circuitous course may extend through space to tens of thousands of miles. The lines proceed through space with a certain degree of facility, but there may be variations in space, *e.g.* variations in its temperature which affect its power of transmitting the magnetic influence.

Between the earth and space, however, is interposed the atmosphere, and at the bottom of the atmosphere we live. The atmosphere consists of four volumes of nitrogen and one of oxygen uniformly mixed and acting magnetically as a single medium. The *nitrogen* of the air is, as regards the magnetic force, neither paramagnetic nor diamagnetic, whether dense or rare, or at high or low temperatures.

The *oxygen* of the air, on the other hand, is highly paramagnetic, being, bulk for bulk, equivalent to a solution of protosulphate of iron, containing of the crystallised salt seventeen times the weight of the oxygen. It becomes less paramagnetic, volume for volume, as it is rarefied, and apparently in the simple proportion of its rarefaction, the temperature remaining the same. When its temperature is raised —the expansion consequent thereon being permitted—it loses very greatly its paramagnetic force, and when its temperature is lowered its paramagnetic condition is exalted. These characters oxygen preserves even when mingled with the nitrogen in the air.

Hence the atmosphere is a highly magnetic medium, and this medium is changed in its magnetic relations by every change in its density and temperature, and must affect both the intensity and direction of the magnetic force emanating from the earth, and may account for the variations found in terrestrial magnetic power.

We may expect as the sun leaves us on the west some magnetic effect correspondent to that of the approach of a body of cold air from the east. Again, the innumerable circumstances that break up more or less any average arrangement of the air temperature may be expected to give not merely differences in the regularity, direction and degree of magnetic variation, but, because of vicinity, differences so large as to be many times greater than the mean difference for a given short period, and they may also cause irregularities in the times of their occurrence. The atmosphere also diminishes in density upwards, and this diminution affects the transmission of the electric force.

The result of the *annual variation* that may be expected from the magnetic constitution and condition of the atmosphere seems to be of the following kind.

Since the axis of the earth's rotation is inclined 23° 28′ to the plane of the ecliptic, the two hemispheres will become alternately warmer and cooler than each other. The air of the cooled hemisphere will conduct magnetic influence more freely than if in the mean state and the lines of force passing through it will increase in amount, whilst in the other hemisphere the warmed air will conduct with less readiness than before and the intensity will diminish. In addition to this effect of temperature, there ought to be another due to the increase of the ponderable portion of the air in the cooled hemisphere, consequent on its contraction and the coincident expansion of the air in the warmer half, both of which circumstances tend to increase the variation in power of the two hemispheres from the normal state. Then, as the earth rolls on its annual journey, the once cooler becomes the warmer hemisphere, and sinks as far below the average magnetic intensity as it before had stood above it, whilst the other hemisphere changes its magnetic condition from less to more intense.

II—Electro-Chemical Action

The theory of definite electrolytical or electro-chemical action appears to me to touch immediately upon the absolute quantity of electricity belonging to different bodies. As soon as we perceive that chemical powers are definite for each body, and that the electricity which we can loosen from each body has definite chemical action which can be measured, we seem to have found the

link which connects the proportion of that we have evolved to the proportion belonging to the particles in their natural state.

Now, it is wonderful to observe how small a quantity of a compound body is decomposed by a certain quantity of electricity. One grain of water, for instance, acidulated to facilitate conduction, will require an electric current to be continued for three minutes and three-quarters to effect its decomposition, and the current must be powerful enough to keep a platina wire $\frac{1}{104}$ inch in thickness red hot in the air during the whole time, and to produce a very brilliant and constant star of light if interrupted anywhere by charcoal points. It will not be too much to say that this necessary quantity of electricity is equal to a very powerful flash of lightning; and yet when it has performed its full work of electrolysis, it has separated the elements of only a single grain of water.

On the other hand, the relation between the conduction of the electricity and the decomposition of the water is so close that one cannot take place without the other. If the water be altered only in that degree which consists in its having the solid instead of the fluid state, the conduction is stopped and the decomposition is stopped with it. Whether the conduction be considered as depending upon the decomposition or not, still the relation of the two functions is equally intimate.

Considering this close and twofold relation—namely, that without decomposition transmission of electricity does not occur, and that for a given definite quantity of electricity passed an equally definite and constant quantity of water or other matter is decomposed; considering also that the agent, which is electricity, is simply employed in overcoming electrical powers in the body subjected to its action, it seems a probable and almost a natural consequence that the quantity which passes is the equivalent of that of the particles separated; *i.e.* that if the electrical power which holds the elements of a grain of water in combination, or which makes a grain of oxygen and hydrogen in the right proportions unite into water when they are made to combine, could be thrown into a current, it would exactly equal the current required for the separation of that grain of water into its elements again; in other words, that the electricity which decomposes and that which is evolved by the decomposition of a certain quantity of matter are alike.

This view of the subject gives an almost overwhelming idea of the extraordinary quantity or degree of electric power which naturally belongs to the particles of matter, and the idea may be illustrated by reference to the voltaic pile.

The source of the electricity in the voltaic instrument is due almost entirely to chemical action. Substances interposed between its metals are all electrolytes, and the current cannot be transmitted without their decomposition. If, now, a voltaic trough have its extremities connected by a body capable of being decomposed, such as water, we shall have a continuous current through the apparatus, and we may regard the part where the acid is acting on the plates and the part where the current is acting upon the water as the reciprocals of each other. In both parts we have the two conditions, *inseparable in such bodies as these:* the passing of a current, and decomposition. In the one case we have decomposition associated with a current; in the other, a current followed by decomposition.

Let us apply this in support of my surmise respecting the enormous electric power of each particle or atom of matter.

Two wires, one of platina, and one of zinc, each one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter, placed five-sixteenths of an inch apart, and immersed to the depth of five-eighths of an inch in acid, consisting of one drop of oil of vitriol and four ounces of distilled water at a temperature of about 60° Fahrenheit, and connected at the other ends by a copper wire eighteen feet long, and one-eighteenth of an inch in thickness, yielded as much electricity in little more than three seconds of time as a Leyden battery charged by thirty turns of a very large and powerful plate electric machine in full action. This quantity,

although sufficient if passed at once through the head of a rat or cat to have killed it, as by a flash of lightning, was evolved by the mutual action of so small a portion of the zinc wire and water in contact with it that the loss of weight by either would be inappreciable; and as to the water which could be decomposed by that current, it must have been insensible in quantity, for no trace of hydrogen appeared upon the surface of the platina during these three seconds. It would appear that 800,000 such charges of the Leyden battery would be necessary to decompose a single grain of water; or, if I am right, to equal the quantity of electricity which is naturally associated with the elements of that grain of water, endowing them with their mutual chemical affinity.

This theory of the definite evolution and the equivalent definite action of electricity beautifully harmonises the associated theories of definite proportions and electro-chemical affinity.

According to it, the equivalent weights of bodies are simply those quantities of them which contain equal quantities of electricity, or have naturally equal electric powers, it being the electricity which *determines* the equivalent number, *because* it determines the combining force. Or, if we adopt the atomic theory or phraseology, then the atoms of bodies which are equivalent to each other in their ordinary chemical action have equal quantities of electricity naturally associated with them.

I cannot refrain from recalling here the beautiful idea put forth, I believe, by Berzelius in his development of his views of the electro-chemical theory of affinity, that the heat and light evolved during cases of powerful combination are the consequence of the electric discharge which is at the moment taking place. The idea is in perfect accordance with my view of the quantity of electricity associated with the particles of matter.

The definite production of electricity in association with its definite action proves, I think, that the current of electricity in the voltaic pile is sustained by chemical decomposition, or, rather, by chemical action, and not by contact only. But here, as elsewhere, I beg to reserve my opinion as to the real action of contact.

Admitting, however, that chemical action is the source of electricity, what an infinitely small fraction of that which is active do we obtain and employ in our voltaic batteries! Zinc and platina wires one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter and about half an inch long, dipped into dilute sulphuric acid, so weak that it is not sensibly sour to the tongue, or scarcely sensitive to our most delicate test papers, will evolve more electricity in one-twentieth of a minute than any man would willingly allow to pass through his body at once.

The chemical energy represented by the satisfaction of the chemical affinities of a grain of water and four grains of zinc can evolve electricity equal in quantity to that of a powerful thunderstorm. Nor is it merely true that the quantity is active; it can be directed—made to perform its full equivalent duty. Is there not, then, great reason to believe that, by a closer investigation of the development and action of this subtile agent, we shall be able to increase the power of our batteries, or to invent new instruments which shall a thousandfold surpass in energy those we at present possess?

III—The Gymnotus, or Electric Eel

Wonderful as are the laws and phenomena of electricity when made evident in inorganic or dead matter, their interest bears scarcely any comparison with that which attaches to the same force when connected with the nervous system and with life.

The existence of animals able to give the same concussion to the living system as the electrical machine, the voltaic battery, and the thunderstorm being made known to us by various naturalists, it became important to identify their electricity with the electricity produced by man from dead matter. In the case of the Torpedo [a fish belonging to the family of Electric Rings] this identity has been fully proved, but in the case of the Gymnotus the proof has not been quite complete.

A gymnotus being obtained, I conducted a series of experiments. Besides the hands two kinds of collectors of electricity were used—one with a copper disk for contact with the fish, and the other with a plate of copper bent into saddle shape, so that it might enclose a certain extent of the back and sides of the fish. These conductors, being put over the fish, collected power sufficient to produce many electric effects.

SHOCK. The shock was very powerful when the hands were placed one near the head and the other near the tail, and the nearer the hands were together, within certain limits, the less powerful was the shock. The conductors conveyed the shock very well when the hands were wet.

GALVANOMETER. A galvanometer was readily affected by using the saddle conductors, applied to the anterior and posterior parts of the gymnotus. A powerful discharge of the fish caused a deflection of thirty or forty degrees. The deflection was constantly in a given direction, the electric current being always from the anterior part of the animal through the galvanometer wire to the posterior parts. The former were, therefore, for the time externally positive and the latter negative.

MAKING A MAGNET. When a little helix containing twenty-two feet of silked wire wound on a quill was put into a circuit, and an annealed steel needle placed in the helix, the needle became a magnet; and the direction of its polarity in every case indicated a current from the anterior to the posterior parts of the gymnotus.

CHEMICAL DECOMPOSITION. Polar decomposition of a solution of iodide of potassium was easily obtained.

EVOLUTION OF HEAT. Using a Harris' thermo-electrometer, we thought we were able, in one instance, to observe a feeble elevation of temperature.

SPARK. By suitable apparatus a spark was obtained four times.

Such were the general electric phenomena obtained from the gymnotus, and on several occasions many of the phenomena were obtained together. Thus, a magnet was made, a galvanometer deflected and, perhaps, a wire heated by one single discharge of the electric force of the animal. When the shock is strong, it is like that of a large Leyden battery charged to a low degree, or that of a good voltaic battery of, perhaps, one hundred or more pairs of plates, of which the circuit is completed for a moment only.

By experiment I calculated that a single medium discharge of the fish is at least equal to the electricity of a Leyden battery of fifteen jars, containing 3,500 square inches of glass coated on both sides, charged to its highest degree. This conclusion is in perfect accordance with the degree of deflection which the discharge can produce in a galvanometer needle, and also with the amount of chemical decomposition produced in the electrolysing experiments.

The gymnotus frequently gives a double and even a triple shock, with scarcely a sensible interval between each discharge.

As at the moment of shock the anterior parts are positive and the posterior negative, it may be concluded that there is a current from the former to the latter through every part of the water which surrounds the animal, to a considerable distance from its body. The shock which is felt, therefore, when the hands are in the most favourable position is the effect of a very small portion only of the electricity which the animal discharges at the moment, by far the largest portion passing through the surrounding water.

This enormous external current must be accompanied by some effect within the fish *equivalent* to a current, the direction of which is from the tail towards the head, and equal to the sum of *all these external* forces. Whether the process of evolving or exciting the electricity within the fish includes the production of the internal current, which is not necessarily so quick and momentary as the external one, we cannot at present say; but at the time of the shock the animal does not apparently feel the electric sensation which he causes in those around him. The extent of surface which the fish that is about to be struck offers to the water conducting the electricity increases the effect of the shock; thus the larger the fish the greater the shock to which it will be subjected.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

HEAVEN AND HELL

THE extraordinary absorption of Swedenborg with Christian mysticism was a development of his middle age. The first half of his life was taken up with scholarship, with a scientific career of the greatest promise and no mean achievement, with legislation and with affairs generally. But the mental metamorphosis which overawed his friends was, in reality, an outcome of his strivings after abstract beauty and his searching of the infinite through the medium of learning and science. It was only when that medium failed to satisfy his particular individuality that he turned, with all the intensity of the great thinker, so devotedly to the religious vein. His claim to personal revelation in trances was always respected by his friends, and as a man he was never led into dogmatism or intolerance. He founded no sect, but in 1787 a Swedenborg community was founded in London, of which the existing incorporated Swedenborg Society is the outcome, and since that time about fifty volumes of his works have been translated into English, including Heaven and Hell, The Divine Providence, and The Divine Love and Wisdom, all three of which are published by Dent.

I—Of Heaven

THE first thing necessary to be known is, who is the God of heaven, for everything else depends on this. In the universal heaven no other is acknowledged for its God but the Lord alone. They say there, as He Himself taught, that He is One with the Father; that the Father is in Him, and He in the Father; that whosoever seeth Him seeth the Father; and that everything holy proceeds from Him. I have often conversed with the angels on this subject, and they constantly declared that they are unable to divide the Divine Being into three because they know and perceive that the Divine Being is One, and that He is One in the Lord.

The angels, taken collectively, are called heaven, because they compose it. But still it is the Divine Sphere proceeding from the Lord, which enters the angels by influx and is by them received, which essentially constitutes it, both in general and in particular. The Divine Sphere proceeding from the Lord is the good of love and the truth of faith. In proportion, therefore, as the angels receive good and truth from the Lord, so far they are angels and so far they are heaven.

As in heaven there are infinite varieties, and no society is exactly like another, nor indeed, any angel, therefore heaven is divided in a general, in a specific and in a particular manner. It is divided, in general, into two kingdoms; specifically, into three heavens; and, in particular, into innumerable societies.

There are angels who receive the Divine Sphere proceeding from the Lord more or less interiorly. They who receive it more interiorly are called celestial angels; but they who receive it less interiorly are called spiritual angels. Hence, heaven is divided into two kingdoms, one of which is called the Celestial Kingdom and the other the Spiritual Kingdom.

The angels of each heaven do not dwell all together in one place, but are divided into larger and smaller societies, according to the difference of the good of love and faith in which they are grounded; those who are grounded in similar good forming one society. There is an infinite variety of kinds of good in the heavens and every angel is such in quality as is the good belonging to him.

That heaven, viewed collectively, is in form as one man, is a mystery which is not yet known to the world; but it is well known in the heavens, for the knowledge of this mystery, with the particular and most particular circumstances relating to it, is the chief article of the intelligence of the angels, since many other things depend upon it, which, without a knowledge of this as their common centre, could not possibly enter distinctly and clearly into their ideas. As they know that all the

heavens, together with their societies, are in form as one man, they also call heaven the Grand Man. The Divine Sphere of the Lord constitutes heaven, and not anything of the angels' self-hood.

From my experience, which I have enjoyed for many years, I can affirm that angels, as to form, are in every respect men; they are deficient in nothing that belongs to a man, except that they are not super-invested with a material body. Their habitations are exactly like our houses on earth but more beautiful. They contain chambers, withdrawing rooms and bed-chambers in great numbers; and are encompassed with gardens and flower-beds. Where the angels live together in societies the habitations are contiguous, and arranged in the form of a city, with streets, squares and churches. It has also been granted to me to walk through them, and occasionally to enter the houses. This occurred to me when wide awake, my interior sight being open at the time.

There is a correspondence between all things belonging to heaven and all things belonging to man. It is unknown at this day what correspondence is. This ignorance is owing to various causes, the chief of which is that man has removed himself from heaven through cherishing the love of self and of the world. For he that supremely loves himself and the world cares only for worldly things, because they please the external senses and are agreeable to his natural disposition; but has no concern about spiritual things, because these only please the internal senses and are agreeable to the internal or rational mind. These, therefore, they cast aside, saying that they are too high for man's comprehension. Not so did the ancients. With them the science of correspondences was the chief of all sciences. By means of its discoveries, also, they imbibed intelligence and wisdom; and such of them as belonged to the Church had by it communication with heaven, for the science of correspondences is the science of angels.

The whole natural world corresponds to the spiritual world; and not only the natural world collectively, but also in its individual parts. Wherefore, every object in the natural world existing from something in the spiritual world is called its correspondent. The natural world exists and subsists from the spiritual world, just as the effect exists from the efficient cause.

Since man is both a heaven and a world in miniature, he has belonging to him both a spiritual world and a natural world. The interiors, which belong to his mind and have relation to his understanding and will, constitute his spiritual world; but his exteriors, which belong to his body and have reference to its senses and actions, constitute his natural world.

The nature of correspondence may be seen from the face in man. In a countenance which has not been taught to dissemble, all the affections of the mind display themselves visibly, in a natural form, as in their type; whence the face is called the index of the mind. Thus man's spiritual world shows itself in his natural world. All things, therefore, which take effect in the body, whether in the countenance, speech, or gestures, are called correspondences.

The angels rejoice that it has pleased the Lord to reveal many particulars to mankind. They desire me to state from their lips that there does not exist, in the universal heaven, a single angel who was created such from the first, nor any devil in hell who was created an angel of light and afterwards cast down thither; but that all the inhabitants, both of heaven and hell, are derived from the human race, the inhabitants of heaven being those who had lived in heavenly love and faith, and the inhabitants of hell those who had lived in infernal love and faith.

II—Of the World of Spirits

The world of spirits is not heaven, nor yet hell, but is a place or state intermediate between the two. Thither man goes after death, and having completed the period of his stay there, according to his life in the world, he is elevated into heaven or cast into hell.

The world of spirits contains a great number of inhabitants, because it is the region in which all first assemble and

where all are examined, and are prepared for their final abode. Their stay there is not limited to any fixed period; some do but just enter it, and are presently either taken up to heaven or cast down to hell; some remain there only a few weeks, and some for several years, but never more than thirty. The varieties in the length of their stay depend upon the correspondence, or non-correspondence, between their interiors and their exteriors.

As men enter the world of spirits they are distinguished by the Lord into classes. The wicked are immediately connected by invisible bonds with the society of hell, and the good, in a similar way, with the society of heaven, the ruling love of which is similar to their own. But, notwithstanding these bonds, they meet and converse together. I saw a father conversing with his six sons, all of whom he recognized; but as they were different in disposition, resulting from their course of life in the world, after a short time they were parted.

The spirit of a man when first he enters the world of spirits is similar in countenance, and in the tone of his voice, to what he was in the world.

The reason is, because he is then in the state of his exteriors, and his interiors are not yet laid open. This is the first state of man after death. But afterwards his countenance is changed, being rendered similar to his governing affection or love, which is that in which the interiors belonging to his mind had been grounded while in the world, and which had reigned in his spirit while this was in the body. For the face of a man's spirit differs exceedingly from that of his body, the face of his body being derived from his parents, but his spirit's from his ruling affection, of which it is the image.

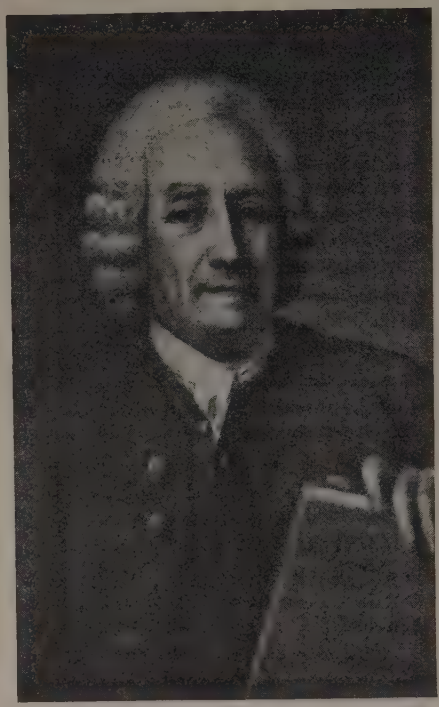
That his own life remains with everyone after death is known to every Christian from the Word. Everyone also who thinks under the influence of good, and of real truth, has no other ideas than that he who has lived well will go to heaven and he who has lived ill will go to hell.

But by deeds and works are not merely meant deeds and works as they appear in their external form, but as they appear internally. Everyone knows that every deed or work proceeds from the will and thought of the doer; for otherwise they would be mere motions, such as are performed by automatons and images. The deed or work, then, viewed in itself, is nothing but an effect, which derives its soul and life from the will and thought from which it is performed; and so completely is this the case that the deed or work is the will and thought in their effect, and is, consequently, the will and thought in their external form. It hence follows that such as are, in quality, the will and thought which produce the deed or work, such, also, is the deed or work itself; and that if the thought and will are good, the deeds or works are good, and if the thought and will are evil, the deeds and works are evil, notwithstanding they may appear like the former.

To sum up the truths concerning man's state after death, I will say, first, that man, after death, is his own love, or his own will; secondly, that, in quality, man remains to eternity such as he is with respect to his will or governing love; thirdly, that the man whose love is celestial and spiritual goes to heaven; but that the man whose love is worldly, destitute of such as is celestial and spiritual, goes to hell; fourthly, that faith does not remain with man if not grounded in heavenly love; fifthly, that what remains with man is love in act, consequently his life.

III—Of Hell

When treating above respecting heaven, it has everywhere been shown that the Lord is the God of heaven, and thus that the whole government of the heavens is that of the Lord. Now, as the relation which heaven bears to hell, and that which hell bears to heaven, is such as exists between two opposites, which mutually act against each other, and the result of whose action and reaction is a state of equilibrium in which all things may subsist; therefore, in order that all and everything should be maintained in equilibrium, it is necessary that the same Ruler who governs the one should also govern the other.



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was born January 29, 1688, at Stockholm, his father being Dr. Svedberg, afterwards bishop of Skara. After a university course at Upsala young Svedberg toured Europe and studied for some time at Oxford. At the siege of Frederikshall he invented machinery for transporting boats overland and in 1719 the family name was changed to Swedenborg, 'en' corresponding to the German 'von' as the sign of nobility. In the House of Nobles Emanuel had considerable influence, while his scientific career was brilliant, but in 1743 he turned to the study of things spiritual and forsook science entirely four years later. He died in London, March 29, 1772. In 1908 his remains were taken to Stockholm.

It is this spiritual equilibrium that causes man to enjoy freedom in thinking and willing. For whatever a man thinks and wills has reference either to evil and the falsity proceeding from it, or to good and the truth which comes from that source: consequently, when he is placed in that equilibrium he enjoys the liberty of either admitting and receiving evil and its falsity from hell, or good and its truth from heaven. Every man is maintained in this equilibrium by the Lord, because He governs both—heaven as well as hell.

From an inspection of the monstrous forms belonging to the spirits in the hells, it was made evident to me that they all, in general, are forms of self love and the love of the world, and that the evils of which in particular they are the forms derive their origin from those two loves. It has also been told me from heaven, and proved to me by much experimental evidence, that those two loves—self love and the love of the world—reign in the hells, and also constitute them; whereas love to the Lord and love towards the neighbour reign in the heavens, and also constitute them; and that the two former loves, which are the loves of hell, and the two latter, which are the loves of heaven, are diametrically opposite to each other.

As by the fire of hell is to be understood all the lust of doing evil flowing from self love, by the same is also meant torment, such as exists in the hells. For the lust flowing from that love is, in those who are inflamed by it, the lust of doing injury to all who do not honour, respect and pay court to them.

Now when such a lust rages in every one in a society, and they have no external bonds to keep them under restraint, such as the fear of the law, and of the loss of character, of honour, of gain and of life, everyone, under the influence of his own evil, attacks another and, so far as he is strong enough, subjugates him, subjects the rest to his own authority and exercises ferocious outrages with delight upon all who do not submit to him.

All the hells are societies of this description, on which account, every spirit, in every society, cherishes hatred in his heart against every other; and, under the influence of such hatred, breaks out into savage outrages against him, as far as he is able to inflict them. These outrages, and the torments so occasioned, are also meant by hell-fire, for they are the effects of the lusts which there prevail.

THESE particulars which have been delivered in this work respecting heaven, the world of spirits, and hell, will appear obscure to those who take no pleasure in acquiring a knowledge of spiritual truths; but they will appear clear to those who take pleasure in that acquirement, and especially those who cherish an affection of truth for its own sake. For everything that is loved enters with light into the ideas of the mind, and this is eminently the case when that which is loved is truth, for all truth dwells in light.

THOMAS CARLYLE

FREDERICK THE GREAT

SOON after the completion of his Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell (see page 1039) Carlyle selected Frederick as the subject of his next important historical work and in 1851 he settled down to its composition, sparing himself no pains in research and twice at least visiting Germany to see Frederick's battlefields and to obtain materials. In 1858 the first two volumes appeared under the title History of Friedrich II of Prussia, Called Frederick the Great, four other volumes appearing in 1862, 1864 and 1865. In some respects the book is Carlyle's masterpiece, the descriptions of the campaigns being so vivid, that they are said to be used by military students in Germany, and the descriptions of social life at the Prussian Court and of the relations of Frederick to Voltaire being triumphs of humorous portraiture. Emerson said the book was the wittiest ever written. Its success was immediate and permanent, and its worth was acknowledged by the grant to Carlyle of the Prussian Order of Merit in 1874.

I—Forebears and Childhood

ABOUT the year 1780 there used to be seen sauntering on the terrace of Sans-Souci, a highly interesting, lean, little old man of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Friedrich II, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people was *Vater Fritz*—Father Fred. A king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king; in a Spartan simplicity of vesture. In 1786 his speakings and his workings came to *finis* in this world of time. Editors vaguely account this man the creator of the Prussian monarchy, which has since grown so large in the world.

He was born in the palace of Berlin, about noon, on January 24, 1712; a small infant, but of great promise and possibility. Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Prussia, father of this little infant, did himself make some noise in the world as second king of Prussia.

The founder of the line was Conrad of Hohenzollern, who came to seek his fortune under Barbarossa, greatest of all the kaisers. Friedrich I of that line was created Elector of Brandenburg in 1415; the eleventh in succession was Friedrich Wilhelm, the Great Elector, who in 1640 found Brandenburg annihilated, and left it in 1688 sound and flourishing, a great country, or already on the way towards greatness; a most rapid, clear-eyed, active man. His son got himself made king of Prussia, and was Friedrich I, who was still reigning when his grandson, Frederick the Great, was born. Not two years later Friedrich Wilhelm is king.

Of that strange king and his strange court there is no light to be had except from the book written by Frederick's little sister, Wilhelmina, when she grew to size and knowledge of good and evil—a flickery wax taper held over Frederick's childhood. In the breeding of him there are two elements noticeable, widely diverse—the French and the German. Of his infantine history the course was in general smooth. The boy, it was said, was of extraordinary vivacity; only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish. The French element is in his governesses—good Edict-of-Nantes ladies.

For the boy's teachers, Friedrich Wilhelm has rules for guidance strict enough. He is to be taught useful knowledge—history of the last hundred and fifty years, arithmetic, fortification; but nothing useless of Latin and the like. Spartan training, too, which shall make a soldier of him; whereas young Fritz has vivacities, a taste for music, finery and excursions into forbidden realms distasteful and incomprehensible to Friedrich Wilhelm. We perceive the first small cracks of incurable division in the royal household, traceable

from Fritz's sixth or seventh year; a divulsion splitting ever wider, new offences super-adding themselves. This Fritz ought to fashion himself according to his father's pattern, and he does not. These things make life all bitter for son and for father, necessitating the proud son to hypocrisies very foreign to him had there been other resource.

The boy in due time we find (at fifteen) attached to the amazing regiment of giants, drilling at Potsdam; on very ill terms with his father, however, who sees in him mainly wilful disobedience and frivolity. Once, when Prussia and Hanover seem on the verge of war over an utterly trivial matter, our crown prince acquires momentary favour. The Potsdam Guards are ordered to the front, and the prince handles them with great credit. But the favour is transitory, seeing that he is caught reading French books, and arrayed in a fashion not at all pleasing to the Spartan parent.

II—The Crown Prince Leaves Kingship

THE life is indeed so intolerable that Fritz is with difficulty dissuaded from running away. The time comes when he will not be dissuaded, resolves that he will endure no longer. There were only three definite accomplices in the wild scheme, which had a very tragical ending. Of the three, Lieutenant Keith, scenting discovery, slipped over the border, and so to England; his brother, Page Keith, feeling discovery certain, made confession, after vigilance had actually stopped the prince when he was dressed for flight. There was terrible wrath of the father over the would-be 'deserter and traitor,' and not less over the other accomplice, Lieutenant Katte, who had dallied too long. The crown prince himself was imprisoned; court-martial held on the offenders; a too-lenient sentence was overruled by the king, and Katte was executed. The king was near frenzied, but beyond doubt thought honestly that he was doing no more than justice demanded.

As for the crown prince himself, deserting colonel of a regiment, the court-martial with two dissentients, condemned him to death; sentence which the Junius Brutus of a king would have duly carried out. But remonstrance is universal, and an autograph letter from the kaiser seemingly decisive. Frederick was, as it were, retired to a house of his own and a court of his own—court very strictly regulated—at Cüstrin; not yet a soldier of the Prussian army, but hoping only to become so again; while he studied the domain sciences, more particularly the rigidly economical principles of state finance as practised by his father. The tragedy has taught him a lesson, and he has more to learn. That period is finally ended when he is restored to the army in 1732.

Reconciliation, complete submission and obedience, a prince with due appreciation of facts has now made up his mind to; very soon shaped into acceptance of paternal demand that he shall wed Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, insipid niece of the kaiser. In private he expresses himself none too submissively, but offers no open opposition to the king's wishes.

The charmer of Brunswick turned out not so bad as might have been expected; not ill-looking; of an honest, guileless heart, if little articulate intellect; considerable inarticulate sense; after the marriage, which took place in June 1733, shaped herself successfully to the prince's taste, and grew yearly gracefuller and better-looking. But the affair, before it came off, gave rise to a certain visit of Friedrich Wilhelm to the kaiser, of which the outcome was that complete distrust of the kaiser displaced the king's heretofore determined loyalty to him.

Meanwhile an event has fallen out at Warsaw. Augustus, the physically strong, is no more; transcendant king of edacious flunkeys, father of 354 children, but not without fine qualities; and Poland has to find a new king. His death kind ed foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our crown prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of war.

Stanislas is overwhelmingly the favourite candidate, supported, too, by France. The other candidate, August of Saxony, secures the kaiser's favour by promise of support to his Pragmatic Sanction; and the appearance of Russian troops secures 'freedom of election' and

FRIEDRICH II, KING OF PRUSSIA, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT

From the painting by Madame Thersbusch at Versailles

choice of August by the electors who are not absent. August is crowned, and Poland in a flame. Friedrich Wilhelm cares not for Polish elections, but, as by treaty bound, provides 10,000 men to support the kaiser on the Rhine, while he gives asylum to the fugitive Stanislas. Crown prince, now twenty-two, is with the force; sees something of warfare, but nothing big.

War being finished, Frederick occupied a mansion at Reinsberg with his princess, and things went well, if economically, with much correspondence with the other original mind of those days, Voltaire. But big events are coming now. Mr. Jenkins's ear re-emerges from cotton-wool after seven years, and Walpole has to declare war with Spain in 1739. Moreover, Friedrich Wilhelm is exceedingly ill. In May 1740 comes a message—Frederick must come to Potsdam quickly if he is to see his father again. The son comes. "Am not I happy to have such a son to leave behind me?" says the dying king. On May 31 he dies. No baresark of them, nor Odin's self, was a bit of truer stuff.

III—The Silesian Wars

SHALL we, then, have the philosopher-king, as Europe dimly seems to half expect? He begins, indeed, with opening corn magazines, abolishing legal torture; will have freedom of conscience and the Press; encourages philosophers and men of letters. In those days he had his first meeting with Voltaire, recorded for us by the Frenchman twenty years later; for his own reasons, vitriolically and with inaccuracies, the record amounting to not much. Frederick was suffering from a quartan fever. Of which ague he was cured by the news that Kaiser Karl died on October 20, and Maria Theresa was proclaimed sovereign of the Hapsburg inheritance, according to the Pragmatic Sanction.

Whereupon, without delay, Frederick forms a resolution, which had sprung and got to sudden fixity in the head of the young king himself, and met with little save opposition from all others—to make good his rights in Silesia. A most momentous resolution; not the peaceable magnanimities, but the warlike, are the thing appointed for Frederick henceforth.

In mid-December the troops entered Silesia; except in the hills, where Catholics predominate, with marked approbation of the population, we find. Of warlike preparation to meet the Prussians is practically none, and in seven weeks Silesia is held, save three fortresses easy to manage in spring. Will the hold be maintained?

Meanwhile, France will have something to say, moved by a figure not much remembered, yet notable, Marshal Belleisle; perhaps, after Frederick and Voltaire, the most notable of that time. A man of large schemes, altogether accordant with French interests, but not, unfortunately, with facts and law of gravitation. For whom the first thing needful is that Grand Duke Franz, husband of Maria Theresa, shall not be elected kaiser; who shall be is another matter—why not Karl Albert of Bavaria?

After brief absence, Frederick is soon back in Silesia, to pay attention to blockaded Glogau and Brieg and Neisse; harassed, however, by Austrian Pandours out of Glatz, a troublesome kind of cavalry. The siege of Neisse is to open on April 4, when we find Austrian Neipperg with his army approaching; by good fortune a dilatory Neipperg; of which comes the battle of Mollwitz.

In which fight victory finally rested with Prussians and Schwerin, who held the field, Austrians retiring, but not much pursued; demonstration that a new military power is on the scene (April 10). A victory, though, of old Friedrich Wilhelm, and his training and discipline, having in it as yet nothing of young Frederick's own.

A BATTLE, however, which in effect set going the conflagration unintelligible to Englishmen, known as War of the Austrian Accession. In which we observe a clear ground for Anglo-Spanish War, and Austro-Prussian War; but what were the rest doing? France is the author of it, as an Anti-Pragmatic war; George II and Hanover are dragged into it as a Pragmatic War; but the intervention of France at all was barefacedly unjust and gratuitous. To begin with, however, Belleisle's scheming brings about election to kaisership of Karl Albert of Bavaria,

principal Anti-Pragmatic claimant to the Austrian heritage.

Brieg was taken not long after Mollwitz, and now many diplomatists come to Frederick's camp at Strehlen. Will he choose English or French alliance? Will England get him what will satisfy him from Austria? If not, French alliance and war with Austria—which problem issues in treaty with France—mostly contingent.

Diplomatising continues, no one intending to be inconveniently loyal to engagements; so that four months after French treaty comes another engagement or arrangement of Klein Schnelendorf—Frederick to keep most of Silesia, but a plausible show of hostilities—nothing more—to be maintained for the present. In consequence of which Frederick solemnly captures Neisse.

FREDERICK THE GREAT IN THE VILLA RAVENE, REINSBERG
From the painting by W. Amberg

The arrangement, however, comes to grief, enough of it being divulged from Vienna to explode it. Out of which comes the Moravian expedition; by inertness of allies turned into a mere Moravian foray.

Raid being over, Prince Karl, brother of Grand Duke Franz, comes down with his army, and follows the battle of Chotusitz, also called of Czaslau. A hard-fought battle, ending in defeat of the Austrians; not in itself decisive, but in the eyes of Europe very confirmatory of the view that the Austrians cannot beat the Prussians. From a wounded general, too, Frederick learns that the French have been making overtures for peace on their own account, Prussia to be left to Austria if she likes.

No need, then, for Frederick to be scrupulous about making his own terms. His Britannic Majesty is urgent that Maria Theresa should agree with Frederick. Out of which comes Treaty of Breslau, ceding Silesia to Prussia; and exceeding disgust of Belleisle, ending the first Silesian War.

With which Frederick would have liked to see the European war ended; but it went on, Austria, too, prospering. He tries vainly to effect combinations to enforce peace. George of England, having at last fairly got himself into the war, and through the battle of Dettingen, valorously enough; operations emerging in a Treaty of Worms (September 1743), mainly between England and Austria, which does *not* guarantee the Breslau Treaty.

An expressive silence! 'What was good to give is good to take.' Is Frederick, then, not secure of Silesia? If he must guard his own, he can no longer stand aside. So the Worms Treaty begets an opposition treaty, chief parties Prussia, France and Kaiser Karl Albert of Bavaria, signed at Frankfort-on-Maine, May 1744. Before which France has actually declared war on England, with whose troops her own have been fighting for a not inconsiderable time without declaration of war; and all the time fortifications in Silesia have been becoming realities; Frederick will strike when his moment comes.

The imperative moment does come when Prince Karl, or, more properly, Traun,

under cloak of Prince Karl, seems on the point of altogether crushing the French. Frederick intervenes, in defence of the kaiser; swoops on Bohemia, captures Prague; in short, brings Prince Karl and Traun back at high speed, unhindered by French. Thenceforward, not a successfully managed campaign on Frederick's part, admirably conducted on the other side by Traun. This campaign the king's school in the art of war, and M. de Traun his teacher—so Frederick himself admits.

Austria is now sure to invade Silesia; will Frederick not block the passes against Prince Karl, now having no Traun under his cloak? Frederick will not—one leaves the mouse-trap door open, pleasantly baited, moreover, into which mouse Karl will walk. And so, three weeks after that remarkable battle of Fontenoy, in another quarter, very hard-won victory of Maréchal Saxe over Britannic Majesty's Martial Boy, comes battle of Hohenfriedberg. A most decisive battle, 'most decisive since Blenheim,' wrote Frederick, whose one desire now is peace.

Britannic Majesty makes peace for himself with Frederick, being like to have his hands full with a rising in the Scotch Highlands; Austria will not, being still resolute to recover Silesia—rejects bait of Prussian support in imperial election for Franz, Kaiser Karl Albert being now dead. What is kaisership without Silesia? Prussia has no insulted kaiser to defend, desires no more than peace on the old Breslau terms properly ratified; but finances are low. Grand Duke Franz is duly elected; but the empress queen will have Silesia. Battle of Sohr does not convince her. There must be a surprising last attempt by Saxony and Austria; settled by battles of Hennensdorf and Kesselsdorf.

So at last Frederick got the Peace of Dresden—security, it is to be hoped, in Silesia, the thing for which he had really gone to war; leaving the rest of the European imbroglio to get itself settled in its own fashion after another two years of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frederick now has ten years of peace before him, during which his actions and salutary conquests over difficulties were many, profitable to Prussia and himself. Frederick has now, by his second Silesian war, achieved greatness; 'Frederick the Great,' expressly so denominated by his people and others. However, there are still new difficulties, new perils and adventures, ahead.

For the present, then, Frederick declines the career of conquering hero; goes into law reform; gets ready a country cottage for himself, since become celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. General war being at last ended, he receives a visit from Maréchal Saxe, brilliant French field-marshal, most dissipated man of his time, one of the 354 children of Augustus the Physically Strong.

But the ten years are passing—there is like to be another war. Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, made in a hurry, had left some questions open in America, answered in one way by the French, quite otherwise by English colonists. Canada and Louisiana mean all America west of the Alleghanies? Why then? Whomsoever America does belong to, it surely is not France. Braddock disasters, Frenchmen who understand war—these things are ominous; but there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt. Here in Europe, too, King Frederick had come in a profoundly private manner upon anti-Prussian symptoms—Austrian, Russian, Saxon—of a most dangerous sort; in effect, an underground treaty for partitioning Prussia; knowledge thereof extracted from Dresden archives.

IV—The Seven Years' War Opens

Very curious diplomatisings, treaties and counter-treaties are going on. What counts is Frederick's refusal to help France against England, and agreement with George of England—and of Hanover—to keep foreign troops off German soil. Also Kaunitz has twirled Austrian policy on its axis; we are to be friends with France. In this coming war England and Austria, hitherto allies, to be foes; France and Austria, hitherto foes, to be allies.

War starts with the French capture of Minorca and the Byng affair, well known. What do the movements of Russian and Austrian troops mean? Frederick asks at

Vienna; answer is no answer. We are ready then; Saxony is the key to Bohemia. Frederick marches into Saxony, demands inspection of Dresden archives, with originals of documents known to him; blockades the Saxons in Pirna, somewhat forcibly requiring not Saxon neutrality, but Saxon alliance. And meanwhile neither France nor Austria is deaf to the cries of Saxon-Polish majesty. Austrian Field-Marshal Browne is coming to relieve the Saxons; is foiled, but not routed, at Lobositz; tries another move, executing admirably his own part, but the Saxons fail in theirs; the upshot, capitulation, the Saxon troops forced to volunteer as Prussians.

For the coming year, 1757, there are arrayed against Frederick four armies—French, Austrian, Russian, Swedish; help only from a Duke of Cumberland on the Weser: the last two enemies not presently formidable. He is not to stand on the defensive, but to go on it; startles the world by suddenly marching on Prague, in three columns. Before Prague, a mighty battle desperately fought; old Schwerin killed, Austrian Browne wounded mortally—fatal to Austria; Austrian driven into Prague, with loss of 13,000 men. Not annihilative, since Prague can hold out, though with prospect of famishing.

But Daun is coming, in no haste—Fabius Cunctator about to be named—with 60,000 men; does come to Kolin. Frederick attacks; but a blunder of too-impetuous Mannstein fatally overturns the plan of battle; to which the resulting disaster is imputed; disaster seemingly overwhelming and irretrievable, but Daun does not follow up. The siege of Prague is raised and the Prussian army—much smaller—retreats to Saxony. And on the west Cumberland is in retreat seawards, after Hastenbeck, and French armies are advancing; Cumberland very soon mercifully to disappear, Convention of Kloster-Seven unratified. But Pitt at last has hold of the reins in England, and Ferdinand of Brunswick gets nominated to succeed Cumberland—Pitt's selection?

In these months nothing comes but ill fortune; clouds gathering; but all leading up to a sudden and startling turning of tables. In October, Soubise is advancing; and then—Rossbach. Soubise thinks he has Frederick outflanked, finds himself unexpectedly taken on flank instead; rolled up and shattered by a force hardly one-third of his own; loses 8,000 men, the Prussians not 600; a tremendous rout, after which Frederick had no more fighting with the French.

Having settled Soubise and recovered repute, Frederick must make haste to Silesia, where Prince Karl, along with Fabius Daun, is already proclaiming Imperial Majesty again, not much hindered by Bevern. Schweidnitz falls; Bevern, beaten at Breslau, gets taken prisoner; Prussian army marches away; Breslau follows Schweidnitz. This is what Frederick finds, three weeks after Rossbach. Well, we are one to three; we will have at Prince Karl—soldiers as ready and confident as the king, their hero. Challenge accepted by Prince Karl; consummate manoeuvring, borrowed from Epaminondas, and perfect discipline wreck the Austrian army at Leuthen; conquest of Silesia brought to a sudden end. The most complete of all Frederick's victories.

Next year (1758) the first effective subsidy treaty with England takes shape, renewed annually; England to provide Frederick with two-thirds of a million sterling. Ferdinand has got the French clear over Rhine already. Frederick's next adventure, a swoop on Olmütz, is not successful; the siege not very well managed; Loudon, best of partisan commanders, is dispatched by Daun to intercept a very necessary convoy; which means end of siege. Cautious Daun does not strike on the Prussian retreat, not liking pitched battles.

However, it is now time to face an enemy with whom we have not yet fought; of whose fighting capacity we incline to think little, in spite of warnings of Marshal Keith, who knows them. The Russians have occupied East Prussia and are advancing. On August 25, Frederick comes to hand-grips with Russia—Theseus and the Minotaur at Zorndorf; with much ultimate slaughter of Russians, Seidlitz, with his cavalry, twice saving the day; the bloodiest battle of the Seven Years'

DEFEAT OF FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THE AUSTRIANS AT THE BATTLE OF KOLIN, JUNE 18, 1757

From the painting by Carl von Blaan

War, giving Frederick new views of Russian obstinacy in the field. The Russians finally retire; time for Frederick to be back in Saxony.

For Daun has used his opportunity to invade Saxony; very cleverly checked by Prince Henri, while Frederick is on his way back. To Daun's surprise, the king moves off on Silesia. Daun moved on Dresden. Frederick, having cleared Silesia, sped back, and Daun retired. The end of the campaign leaves the two sides much as it found them; Frederick at least not at all annihilated.

V—Frederick at Bay

Not annihilated, but reduced to the defensive; best of his veterans killed off in spite of English subsidy. The allies form a huge cordon all round; broken into at points during the spring, but Daun finds at last that Frederick does not mean any invasion; that he, Daun, must be the invader. But now and hereafter Fabius Cunctator waits for Russia.

In summer Russia is moving; Soltikoff, with 75,000 men, advancing, driving back Dohna. Frederick's best captains are all gone now; he tries a new one, Wedell, who gets beaten at Züllichau. Moreover, Haddick and Loudon are on the way to join Soltikoff. Frederick plans and carries out his movements to intercept the Austrians with extraordinary swiftness; Haddick and Austrian infantry give up the attempted junction, but not so swift-moving Loudon with his 20,000 horse; interception a partial failure, and now Frederick must make straight for the Russians.

Just about this time—August 1—Ferdinand has won the really splendid victory of Minden, on the Weser, a beautiful feat of war; for Pitt and the English in their French duel a mighty triumph; this is Pitt's year, but the worst of all in Frederick's own campaigns. His attack now on the Russians was his worst defeat—at Kunersdorf. Beginning victoriously, he tried to drive home with exhausted troops, who were ultimately driven in rout by Loudon with fresh regiments (August 9).

For the moment Frederick actually despaired; intended to resign command, and 'not to revive the ruin of his country.' But Daun was not capable of dealing the finishing stroke; managed, however, to take Dresden, on terms. Frederick, however, is not many weeks on recovering his resolution; and a certain astonishing march of his brother, Prince Henri—fifty miles in fifty-six hours through country occupied by the enemy—is a turning-point. Soltikoff, sick of Daun's inaction, made ready to go home; and England rejoiced over Wolfe's capture of Quebec. Frederick, recovering, goes too far, tries a blow at Daun, resulting in disaster of Maxen, loss of a force of 12,000 men. On the other hand, Hawke finished the French fleet at Quiberon Bay. A very bad year for Frederick, but a very good one for his ally. Next year Loudon is to invade Silesia.

It did seem to beholders in this year 1760 that Frederick was doomed, could not survive; but since he did survive it, he was able to battle out yet two more campaigns, enemies also getting worn out; a race between spent horses. Of the marches by which Frederick carried himself through this fifth campaign it is not possible to give an idea. Failure to bring Daun to battle, sudden siege of Dresden—not successful, perhaps not possible at all that it should have succeeded. In August a dash on Silesia with three armies to face—Daun, Lacy, Loudon, and possible Russians, edged off by Prince Henri. At Liegnitz the best of management, helped by good luck and happy accident, gives him a decisive victory over Loudon's division, despite Loudon's admirable conduct; Daun's plans quite scattered, and Frederick's movements freed. Three months later the battle of Torgau, fought dubiously all day, becomes a distinct victory in the night. Neither Silesia nor Saxony is to fall to the Austrians.

Liegnitz and Torgau are a better outcome of operations than Kunersdorf and Maxen; the king is, in a sense, stronger, but his resources are more exhausted, and George III is now become king in England, Pitt's power very much in danger there. In the next year most noteworthy is

Loudon's brilliant stroke in capturing Schweidnitz, a blow for Frederick quite unlooked for.

In January, however, comes bright news from Petersburg; implacable Tsarina Elizabeth is dead, Peter III is tsar, sworn friend and admirer of Frederick; Russia, in short, becomes suddenly not an enemy but a friend. Bute, in England, is proposing to throw over his ally, unforgivably; to get peace at price of Silesia, to Frederick's wrath, who, having moved Daun off, attacks Schweidnitz, and gets it. So ends the seventh campaign.

French and English had signed their own peace preliminaries, to disgust of Excellency Mitchell, the first-rate ambassador to Frederick during these years. Austria makes proffers, and so at last this war ends with Treaties of Paris and Hubertsburg; issue, as concerns Austria and Prussia, 'as you were before the war.'

VI—Afternoon and Evening of Frederick's Life

Frederick's Prussia is safe; America and India are to be English, not French; France is on the way towards spontaneous combustion in 1789—these are the fruits of the long war. During the rest of Frederick's reign—twenty-three years—is nothing of world history to dwell on. Of the coming combustion Frederick has no perception; for what remains of him, he is king of Prussia, interesting to Prussia chiefly; whereof no continuous narrative is henceforth possible to us, only a loose appendix of papers, as of the extraordinary speed with which Prussia recovered—brave Prussia, which has defended itself against overwhelming odds. The repairing of a ruined Prussia cost Frederick much very successful labour.

Treaty with Russia is made in 1764, Frederick now, having broken with England, being extremely anxious to keep well with such a country under such a tsarina, about whom there are to be no rash sarcasms. In 1769 a young Kaiser Joseph has a friendliness to Frederick very unlike his mother's animosity. Out of which things comes first partition of Poland (1772); an event inevitable in itself, with the causing of which Frederick had nothing whatever to do, though he had his slice. There was no alternative but a general European war; and the slice, Polish Prussia, was very desirable; also its acquisition was extremely beneficial to itself.

In 1778 Frederick found needful to interpose his veto on Austrian designs in respect of Bavarian succession; got involved subsequently in Bavarian war of a kind, ended by intervention of Tsarina Catherine. In 1780 Maria Theresa died; Joseph and Kaunitz launched on ambitious adventures for imperial domination of the German Empire, making overtures to the Tsarina for dual empire of east and west, alarming to Frederick. His answer was the 'Fürstenbund,' confederation of German princes, Prussia atop, to forbid peremptorily that the laws of the Reich be infringed; last public feat of Frederick; events taking an unexpected turn, which left it without actual effect in European history.

A few weeks after this Fürstenbund, which did very effectively stop Joseph's schemes, Frederick got a chill, which was the beginning of his breaking up. In January 1786 he developed symptoms concluded by the physician called in to be desperate, but not immediately mortal. Four months later he talked with Mirabeau in Berlin, on what precise errand is nowise clear; interview reported as very lively, but 'the king in much suffering.'

Nevertheless, after this he did again appear from Sans-Souci on horseback several times, for the last time on July 4. To the last he continued to transact state business with a perfection not surpassed in his palmiest days; he saw his ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries never was the king's intellect clearer or his judgement more just and decisive. The body of Frederick is a ruin but his soul is still here. 'My life is on the decline; the time which I have still I must employ; it belongs not to me but to the state'—till August 15.

On August 17 he died. In those last days it is evident that chaos is again big. Better for a royal hero, fallen old and feeble, to be hidden from such things; hero whom we may account as hitherto the last of the kings.

PIERRE CORNEILLE

THE LIAR

As a comic dramatist Pierre Corneille cannot compare with Molière, although Molière acknowledged him as his master. Nor, it must be confessed, are Corneille's comedies as interesting as his tragedies. The Liar (Le Menteur), however, which was produced in 1643, is important in standing in the same relation to French comedy as Le Cid (see page 733) does to French tragedy. Like all Corneille's earliest and best work, it is clear in outline and simple in construction. Dorante, the young law student who invents and circulates the wildest of falsehoods, for the mere pleasure of exercising his imagination, is a not disagreeable change from Corneille's usual incarnations of chivalrous heroism. The comedy is derived from the Spanish, but is a far more polished production than its original. Corneille takes his plots wherever he finds them, but his characters are his own; they reflect the French society of his age. Le Menteur had a less successful sequel, La Suite du Menteur (1644). The following epitome has been prepared from the French text.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Dorante, a young law student
Géronte, his father
Alcippe and **Philiste**, his friends
Cliton, his valet
Clarice, Alcippe's sweetheart
Lucrèce, her friend
Isabelle, her maid

First Act

Dorante *has just come from Poitiers and, dressed in the habits of a nobleman, he is sauntering in the Tuileries, attended by his valet,* **Cliton.**

DORANTE: Oh, how glad I am to get away from the dust and dullness of the law, and wear the sword! I'm delighted that my father at last allowed me to follow my own tastes. Now, Cliton, tell me fairly: do I look like a young courtier, or is there still something of the law student about me?

Cliton: You are a marvel, sir. You only arrived in Paris yesterday evening, and even a Parisian would now take you for a gallant young man of the town. Of course, if there is anything that you still wish to know——

Dor.: Who are these two charming ladies?

Clit.: I don't know.

Dor.: Of what use are you to me, then?

Clit.: But I can soon find out from their coachman. There isn't a coachman in Paris that could help talking, though it cost him his life.

[**Cliton** *runs off, and* **Clarice** *and* **Lucrèce** *enter, followed by* **Isabelle.** *On approaching,* **Clarice** *stumbles.*

Clarice: Oh!

Dor. (*giving her his hand*): What a lucky slip for me! I am vastly pleased, madam, to have an occasion to give you my hand!

Clar.: The pleasure, sir, is so slight that it is scarcely worth your taking it.

Dor.: It is true that neither my attentions nor your desires have led up to this. Still, I am very happy, for I am sure my small deserts would never have gained me this pleasure.

Clar.: I think the greatest pleasure consists in gaining something without having merited it. Surely a mark of favour is worth more than a mark of gratitude?

Dor.: It is the intention of the giver which makes a gift precious. Ah, if in giving me your hand you also gave me your heart, what a gift that would be!

Clar.: My heart is not so quickly disposed of. This is the first time I have seen you.

Dor.: Ever since I returned from the war in Germany—quite a year ago—I have been trying to obtain an introduction to you.

Clar.: What! You have been fighting in Germany?

Dor.: Yes; four years. Haven't you seen my name in the Gazette? I have taken part in a good many battles and sieges.

Clit. (*in a whisper, pulling his coat tail*): You are raving, sir. You only came from Poitiers yesterday.

Dor. (*also in a whisper*): Keep quiet, you wretch. (*Aloud to* **Clarice**) Yes, I distinguished myself in Germany; but last winter I was sent with some despatches to Paris and, seeing you, I gave up my career and stayed on in town in the hope of meeting you.

Isabelle (*whispering to* **Clarice**): Alcippe is coming, madam; he will be suspicious.

Clar.: Good-bye, sir. We have to meet a friend. Some other day, perhaps, we shall be able to have a longer chat.

[*The ladies make their curtsey, and depart.*

Dor.: Follow them, Cliton.

Clit.: I know all that there is to know. The coachman said to me that the lovelier of the two ladies was his mistress. She lives at the Place Royale, and her name is Lucrèce. The other lady resides close by; though I do not know what her name is, I shall soon find out.

Dor.: You need not trouble, Cliton. I am certain it was Lucrèce who spoke to me. She was much the lovelier.

Clit. : Pardon me, sir; but I think that the silent lady was the more beautiful. Besides, silence in a woman is a marvellous quality. Yes, if she isn't Lucrèce, I'm a fool!

Dor. : I know you are. But here come two of my friends. They seem uncommonly excited. [**Alcippe** *and* **Philiste** *enter.*

Philiste : What! A magnificent feast on the river with music?

Alcippe : Yes; yesterday evening, but I don't know who gave it to her.

Dor. : I did.

Alc. : You, Dorante? You? I did not know you were in Paris.

Dor. : I have now been here a month; but, having fallen head over heels in love, I have not had time to call on either of you.

Clit. (*whispering*) : Are you mad? You only came here yesterday.

Phil. (*whispering to* **Alcippe**) : It is clear that Dorante is the man who is trying to win Clarice from you. Will you challenge him at once?

Alc. : No, I'll see Clarice first. I'm dying of jealousy. Come.

[*With a cold bow to* **Dorante** *they depart.* **Dorante** *is taken aback, but quickly recovers.*

Clit. : I can't stand it any longer. What! you've been four years fighting in Germany, and one year in Paris courting a lady you just met for the first time, and following another about for a month and entertaining her on the river with feasts and concerts. What good does this wild talk do you?

Dor. : Do you think Lucrèce would have listened to me if I had told her that I was a raw lad just come up from the university? 'If you need any Roman or canonical law, dear lady, I am well up in Justinian and Baldus.' Is that the way you would have me make love, Cliton? No! One must discourse of movements and counter-movements, heroic sorties and skilful ambuscades. No matter what mistakes you make, so long as you astonish the lady; do that, and she will at last admire you for the tricks you have played on her. A man with a good imagination——

Clit. : A liar——

Dor.: If you like; but you must dazzle a woman if you want to win her. When you have gained her love, she will forgive the means by which you gained it. Heavens! Here comes my father. [**Géronte** *enters.*

Géronte : I have been seeking all day for you, my son. Where have you been? It is time I told you why I brought you to Paris. One of my oldest friends has a charming daughter. Clarice is her name, and I have arranged for you to marry her.

Dor. (*under his breath*) : Oh, Lucrèce, Lucrèce!

Gér. : You are the only child I have, my boy, and I want to see my grandchildren before I die. I am getting old, so your marriage had better take place at once.

Dor. : It is impossible, my father, for me to marry Clarice. I am already married.

Gér. : Married? Without my consent and knowledge? To whom, sir?

Dor. : To Orphise, the heiress of Seigneur Armédon.

Gér. : I have never heard of either of them.

Dor. : That's strange. They live in Poitiers, and Armédon, my dear father, is as noble as you are. I was flirting one evening with Orphise, and Armédon found me in her room. Already half in love with the beautiful girl, I agreed to a secret marriage in order to prevent any scandal. Surely you will not blame me for acting like a man of honour?

Gér. : I don't blame you for that, but for keeping the affair hidden from me. Good-bye. I must see Clarice's father at once, and break off our arrangement. [*He departs.*

Dor. : Well, Cliton, didn't I get out of that easily? A fool would have protested that he would not marry this Clarice, and yet would have let himself be married to her at last in spite of his love for Lucrèce. What a convenient thing a good imagination is.

Clit. : So there's no truth in this tale of a secret marriage?

Dor. : None whatever.

Clit. : You would much oblige your valet, sir, by giving me some means of knowing when you are about to deal one of these master strokes of yours. In this case, though well warned, I was as much deceived as your father was.

Dor. : You must study my ways, and you'll soon fall into them.

Clit. : You dig so many pits for others that I'm afraid you will at last fall into one of them yourself.

Dor. : Have no fear. Come to my lodgings; I must follow up the good impression I made on Lucrèce, by sending her a love-letter. You shall take it at once. [*They depart.*

Second Act

Clarice *and her maid,* **Isabelle,** *are standing in the doorway of* **Lucrèce's** *house in the Place Royale.*

Clarice : I confess I would rather have Alcippe; but he has been courting me now for two years, and promising that as soon as his father comes to Paris we shall be married. But his father never comes. What is the other one like?

Isabelle : Géronte's son, whom your father has chosen for your husband? Ha, ha, ha! You remember the gallant young soldier you met this morning, who had been fighting four years in Germany, and following you about for a twelve-month? That was Dorante.

Clar. : And he came up from Poitiers yesterday! Oh, the lying knave!

Isab. : They all do it. Every raw university student tries to pass himself off as a cavalier. They have all fought in Germany, most of them have taken part in every campaign.

Clar. : But that isn't all. He has got me into trouble with Alcippe by saying he gave me a feast on the river yesterday evening. Oh, the dances I am supposed to have danced! Oh, the fine wines and the fine dishes I am supposed to have had!

Isab. : Dorante must certainly be madly in love with you. And how clever he is! Having found out that Alcippe was courting you, he has, by making him jealous, rendered him intolerable. And he has sent his father to yours to arrange a marriage, and the matter is now agreed on.

Clar. : No, it isn't; for it turns out that Dorante is already married. In spite of this, he has written a love-letter to Lucrèce. Just out of mischief, she has given him an appointment beneath her window; and she wants me to do the talking. Look, here he comes! I must run up to the window.

[*They disappear, and* **Dorante** *and* **Cliton** *stroll to the house.*

Dor. : Oh, what a day I've had! Only yesterday evening I came from Poitiers, and I have already refused a marriage, got into a love-affair, and killed my man.

Clit. : Killed your man? Was the challenge Alcippe sent you this afternoon a serious matter, then? He believed your tale about the feast you gave to Clarice?

Dor. : Yes, that was the trouble. He believed it, so there was nothing to do but to kill him.

Clit. : You will never have to kill me, for I shall never believe a word of anything you say.

Dor. : Hush, the window is opening!

[**Clarice** *opens the window and leans out;* **Lucrèce** *stands in the shadow behind her.*

Clar. : Is that you, Dorante?

Dor. : Yes, madam. Here is Dorante ready to live or die for you. Oh, that I could efface from my life the days I lived without knowing and loving you!

Lucrèce (*in a whisper to* **Clarice**) : He said the very same thing in his letter to me.

Clar. : Are you really in love with me?

Dor. : Night and day I dream only of Lucrèce.

Clar. (*whispering to her friend*) : It is now your turn to receive his attention. (*Aloud to* **Dorante**) Will you tell me, sir, what is the right name to give to the man who only came up from Poitiers yesterday, and now says that he has been fighting in Germany for four years, and following me for twelve months; who is sometimes married, sometimes a bachelor; and who gives magnificent feasts on the river at night while he is sleeping in his bed? What is the right name to give such a man?

Clit. : Now, if you can get out of this, I will admit you are clever.

Dor. (*in a whisper to* **Cliton**) : It is as easy as possible. (*Aloud to* **Clarice**) I will explain everything to you one day; at present I will deal with the matter of most importance. You were the cause of my pretended marriage.

Clar. : I?

Dor. : You! Listen to me. Not being able to consent——

Clit. : For pity sake, tell me if you are going to use your imagination!

Dor. (*in a savage whisper*) : Can't you be quiet? (*Aloud to* **Clarice**) Being unable to consent to marry anyone but you, I pretended to be married already, so as to prevent my father from arranging a marriage between me and Clarice.

Clar. : But I was told that you made love to Clarice this morning in the Tuileries.

Dor. : It is false! I have never made love to anyone but you.

Clar. : This impudence is more than I can endure. I saw you make love to Clarice with my own eyes. It is impossible to believe a single word you say. Never let me see you again.

[*With an angry movement she closes the window, and* **Géronte** *comes out of the house.*

Géronte : Do you call yourself a gentleman? Did I hold a dagger to your throat when I asked you if you would marry Clarice? Why, then, did you put me off with a foul lie? Have I ever forced you to do anything that you disliked? Did I not allow you to leave the law and come to Paris and prepare for the army as soon as ever you said you wanted to? And all this kindness, you ungrateful wretch, you have repaid with lies!

Dor. : Father, father, listen to me! I will tell you the truth. I have fallen madly in love with a beautiful young lady, Lucrèce. You know her?

Gér. : The cousin of Clarice? Yes; her father is also one of my old friends.

Dor. : I was afraid you would marry me to Clarice; but I could not tell you I adored Lucrèce, as I did not know if she returned my love. That was why I pretended I was married. If you can only get the consent of Lucrèce's father, I'll give you my word of honour that I will marry her at once. Cliton will bear me out that I am in earnest this time, won't you, Cliton?

Gér. : Aren't you ready to die of shame to find that your own father must needs place more faith in the word of your valet than in your own statement? Now listen. I will give you one more chance. I will ask on your behalf for the hand of Lucrèce, but if you put any obstacle in the way of this marriage I swear I will kill you with my own hands. [*He re-enters the house.*

Dor : I do not fear. If only he can obtain Lucrèce for me I shall be entirely happy.

[**Clarice** *and* **Lucrèce** *come out of the house.*

Clar. (*to* **Lucrèce**) : Well, we must find out at once which of us he is really in love with. You see, in spite of all he has written to you, he has only eyes for me.

Dor. (*to* **Clarice**) : Believe me that everything I have done has been done with the sole object of winning you.

Clar. : There you are, Lucrèce, he has veered round to me again. How can we place any faith in him?

Dor. (*whispering to* **Cliton**) : Lucrèce! Heavens, I have mistaken their names!

Clit. (*whispering to* **Dorante**) : I told you Lucrèce was the lovelier. It was Clarice who spoke to you at the window. I have just found that out.

Dor. (*still in a whisper*) : You are right. Lucrèce is by far the more beautiful. Now watch my new game, Cliton, and see how easily I'll bring it off.

Clar. : Now, Dorante, speak frankly for once. Are you in love with Lucrèce? Surely you spoke to her this evening in very loving terms?

Dor. : I have never spoken a word to Lucrèce, though I loved her all along. It was you, Clarice, that appeared at the window, and I paid you back in your own coin. I pretended to make love to you.

Clar. : But in the Tuileries? Were you pretending then?

Dor. : Not exactly pretending. I talked to you, but I fell in love with Lucrèce. (*To* Lucrèce) Ah, madam, why were you then so reserved and silent? I simply talked to your cousin with the object of making your acquaintance. You are the only woman I have ever loved, believe me.

Lucr. : You set me a difficult task.

Dor. : My father is asking yours, this very minute, to agree to our marriage. Can you want any further proof? My dear Lucrèce, you must see that I am really in earnest.

[Alcippe *and* Gèronte *enter*.

Alcippe : My father has come up to Paris at last, and arranged our marriage, Clarice.

Gér. : Lucrèce, your father has engaged you to my Dorante. I know he is madly in love with you, and he is not a bad boy at heart, so I am sure you will be happy.

Dor. : And I'm sure we will, Lucrèce. Won't you accept me, my dearest?

Lucr. (*smiling*) : I am an obedient daughter, Dorante; since my father has arranged for me to marry you, I must do so.

Alc. : Come, Clarice; let us go in and sign the marriage contract.

Dor. : Yes, Lucrèce, let us go in.

[*The two couples disappear.*

Clit : Ah, Dorante has been taken in his own trap; but he has got out of it with his usual cleverness. Any fool can be untruthful, but it takes a clever man to brave out a lie, and even then he is only wasting his talents.

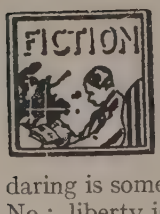
The Rollicking Romance of Days that are Gone

CHARLES LEVER

TOM BURKE OF 'OURS'

THREE of Lever's novels—Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley (see page 3137), and Jack Hinton—had already appeared serially in the Dublin University Magazine, when in 1842 he accepted an invitation to become its editor and definitely abandoned medicine for literature. The first fruit of this appointment was the military novel Tom Burke of 'Ours,' published, after running serially in the magazine, in 1844. By many accounted Lever's best work, it is more serious in tone than any of his preceding novels. In it the author utilises the rich colouring gained from his residence in Brussels, and the book is less remarkable for the complex, if vigorous, story it contains than for its graphic and exciting pictures of men and events in the campaigns of Napoleon. As an early critic said, 'It is not Mr. Lever's forte, perhaps, to dive into the secret heart of things, or analyse his heroes or heroines, but who can witch the world with such noble horsemanship?' An inexpensive edition of Tom Burke is published by Macmillan.

I—The Boy Rebel



"BE advised by me," said de Meudon earnestly; "do not embark with these Irish rebels in their enterprise! They have none. Their own daring is some deed of rapine and murder. No; liberty is not to be achieved by such bands as these. France is your country—there liberty has been won; there lives one great man whose notice, were it but passingly bestowed, is fame."

He sank back exhausted. The energy of his speech was too great for his weak and exhausted frame to bear. Captain de Meudon had come to Ireland in 1798 to aid in the rebellion; he had seen its failure, but had remained in Ireland trying vainly to give to the disaffection some military organization. He had realized the hopelessness of his efforts. He was ill, and very near to death. Now I stood by his bedside in a little cottage in Glenmalure.

Boy as I was, I had already seen enough to make me a rebel in feeling and in action. I had stood a short time before by the death-bed of my father, who disliked me, and who had left nearly all his property to my elder brother, who was indifferent to me. My father had indentured me as apprentice to his lawyer, and sooner than submit to the rule of this man—the evil genius of our family—I had taken flight. The companion of my wanderings was Darby M'Keown, the piper, the cleverest and cunningest of the agents of rebellion. Then I had met de Meudon, who had

turned my thoughts and ambitions into another channel.

My companion grew steadily worse.

"Take my pocket-book," he whispered; "there is a letter you'll give my sister Marie. There are some five or six thousand francs—they are yours; you must be a pupil at the Polytechnique at Paris. If it should be your fortune to speak with General Bonaparte, say to him that when Charles de Meudon was dying—in exile—with but one friend left—he held his portrait to his lips and, with his last breath, kissed it."

A shivering ran through his limbs—a sigh—and all was still. He was dead.

"HALLOA, there!" said a voice. The door opened, and a sergeant entered. "I have a warrant to arrest Captain de Meudon, a French officer who is concealed here. Where is he?"

I pointed to the bed.

"I arrest you in the king's name!" said the sergeant, approaching. "What——" He started back in horror. "He is dead!"

Then entered one I had seen before—Major Barton, the most pitiless of the government's agents in suppressing insurrection.

The sergeant whispered to him, and his eye ranged the little chamber till it fell on me.

"Ha!" he cried. "*You* here! Sergeant, here's one prisoner for you, at any rate."

Two soldiers seized me, and I was marched away towards Dublin. About noon the party halted, and the soldiers lay down and chatted on a patch of grass, while my own thoughts turned sadly back to the friend I had known.

Suddenly I heard a song sung by a voice I knew, and afterwards a loud clapping of hands. Darby M'Keown was there in the midst of the soldiers and, as I turned to look at him, my hand came in contact with a clasp-knife. I managed with it to free my arms from the ropes that fastened them; but what was to be done next?

"I didn't think much of that song of yours," said one of the soldiers. "Give us 'The British Grenadiers.'"

"I never heard them play but onst, sir," said Darby, meekly, "and they were in such a hurry I couldn't pick up the tune."

"What d'you mean?"

"'Twas the day but one after the French landed, and the British Grenadiers was running away."

The party sprang to their legs, and a shower of curses fell upon the piper.

"And sure," continued Darby, "'twasn't my fault av they took to their heels. Wouldn't anyone run for his life av he had the opportunity?"

These words were uttered in a raised voice, and I took the hint. While Darby was scuffling with the soldiers, I slipped away.

For miles I presssed forward without turning, and in the evening I found myself in Dublin. The union with England was being debated in the Parliament House; huge and angry crowds raged without. Remembering the tactics de Meudon had taught me, I sought to organize the crowd in a kind of military formation against the troops; but a knock on the head with a musket-butt ended my labours, and I knew nothing more until I came to myself in the quarters of an old chance acquaintance—Captain Bubbleton.

Here, in the house of this officer—an eccentric and impecunious man, but a most loyal friend—I was discovered by Major Barton, and dragged to prison. I was released by the intervention of my father's lawyer, who claimed me as his apprentice.

FOR weeks I lived with Captain Bubbleton and his brother officers, and nothing could be more cordial than their treatment of me. 'Tom Burke of Ours,' the captain used proudly to call me. Only one officer held aloof from me, and from all Irishmen—Montague Crofts, through whom it came about that I left Ireland.

One day an uncouth and ragged woman entered the barracks and addressed me. It was Darby M'Keown, and he brought me nothing less precious than de Meudon's pocket-book, which had been taken from me, and had been picked up by him on the road. A few minutes later Bubbleton lost a sum at cards to Crofts; knowing he could not pay, I passed a note quietly to him. When Bubbleton had gone, Crofts held up the note before me. It was a

French note of de Meudon's. I demanded my property back. He refused, and threatened to inform against me. On my seeking to prevent him from leaving the room, he drew his sword and wounded me; but a blow from a strong arm laid him senseless—dead, perhaps—on the floor.

"We must be far from this by daybreak," whispered Darby.

I walked out of the barracks as steadily as I could. For all I knew, I was implicated in murder—and Ireland was no place for me. In a few days I stood on the shores of France.

II—A Blow for the Emperor

By means of a letter of introduction to the head of the Polytechnique, which de Meudon had placed for me in his pocket-book, I was able to enter that military college and, after a spell of earnest study, I was appointed to a commission in the Eighth Hussars. Proud as I was to became a soldier of France, yet I could not but feel that I was a foreigner, and almost friendless—unlucky, indeed, in the choice of the few friends I possessed. Chief of them was the Marquis de Beauvais, concerning whom I soon made two discoveries—that he was in the thick of an intrigue against the republic I served, and its First Consul, and that he was in love with Marie de Meudon.

To her, as soon as an opportunity came, I gave the news of her brother's end, and his last message. She was terribly affected; and the love we bore in common to the dead, and her own wonderful beauty, aroused in me a passion that was not the less fervent because I felt it was almost hopeless. I did not dare to ask her love, but I had her friendship without asking. She it was who warned me of the dangerous intrigues of de Beauvais and his associates. She it was who, when I fell a victim to their intrigues, laboured with General d'Auvergne, who had befriended me at college, to restore me to liberty.

I had heard that de Beauvais and his fellow royalists were plotting in a château near Versailles, and that a scheme was afoot to capture them. In hot haste I rode to the château, hoping secretly to warn my friend. He did indeed escape, but it was my lot to be caught with the conspirators. For the second time in my short life I saw the inside of a prison; I was in danger of the guillotine; despair had almost overpowered me, when I learnt that my friends had prevailed—my sword was returned to me. I became again an officer of the army of him who was now emperor, and I set forth determined to wipe out on the battlefield the doubts that still clung to my loyalty. Ere I left, the dream I had dared to cherish was utterly banished. Marie de Meudon was wedded, by the emperor's wish, to the gallant and beloved soldier on whose staff I proudly served—General d'Auvergne.

In four vast columns of march, the mighty army poured into the heart of Germany. But not until we reached Mannheim did we learn the object of the war. We were to destroy the Austro-Russian coalition, and the first blow was to be struck at Ulm. When Ulm had capitulated, General d'Auvergne and his staff returned to Elchingen, and on the night when we reached the place I was on the point of lying down supperless in the open air, when I met an old acquaintance, Corporal Pioche, a giant cuirassier of the Guard, who had fought in all Bonaparte's campaigns.

"Ah, mon lieutenant," said he, "not supped yet, I'll wager. Come along with me; Mademoiselle Minette has opened her canteen."

Presently we entered a large room, at one end of which sat a very pretty Parisian brunette, who bade me a gracious welcome. The place was crowded with captains and corporals, lieutenants and sergeants, all hobnobbing, hand-shaking, and even kissing each other. "Each man brings what he can find, drinks what he is able and leaves the rest," remarked Pioche, and invited me to take my share in the common stock.

All went well until I absent-mindedly called out, as if to a waiter, for bread. There was a roar of laughter at my mistake, and a little dark-whiskered fellow stuck his sword into a loaf and handed it to me. As I took the loaf, he disengaged his point and scratched the back of my

hand with it. Obviously the insult was intended.

"Ah, an accident, *morbleu!*" said he, with an impertinent shrug.

"So is this!" said I, as I seized his sword and smashed it across my knee.

"It's François, *maître d'armes* of the Fourth," whispered Pioche; "one of the cleverest duellists in the army."

I was hurried out to the court, one adviser counselling me to beware of François's lunge in tierce, another to close on him at once, and so on. For a long time after we had crossed swords, I remained purely on the defensive; at last, after a desperate rally, he made a lunge at my chest, which I received in the muscles of the back; and, wheeling round, I buried my blade in his body.

François lingered for a long time between life and death, and for several days I was incapacitated, tenderly nursed by Minette.

As soon as I was recovered the order came to advance.

Not many days passed ere the chance came to me for which I had longed—the chance of striking a blow for the emperor. Hand-to-hand with the Russian dragoons on the field of Austerlitz, sweeping along afterwards with the imperial hosts in the full tide of victory, I learnt for the first time the exhilaration of military glory; and I had the good fortune to receive the emperor's favour—being appointed to the *compagnie d'élite* that was to carry the spoils of victory to Paris.

A few weeks after my return to Paris, the whole garrison was placed in review order to receive the wounded of Austerlitz.

As the emperor rode forward bareheaded to greet his maimed veterans, I heard laughter among the staff that surrounded him. Stepping up, I saw my old friend Pioche, who had been dangerously wounded, with his hand in salute.

"Thou wilt not have promotion, nor a pension," said Napolean, smiling. "Hast any friend whom I could advance?"

"Yes," answered Pioche, scratching his forehead in confusion. "She is a brave girl, and had she been a man——"

"Whom can he mean?"

"I was talking of Minette, our *vivandière*."

"Dost wish I should make her my aide-de-camp?" said Napoleon, laughing.

"*Parbleu!* Thou hast more ill-favoured ones among them," said Pioche, with a glance at the grim faces of Rapp and Daru. "I've seen the time when thou'd have said, 'Is it Minette that was wounded at the Adige and stood in the square at Marengo? I'll give her the Cross of the Legion!'"

"And she shall have it!" said Napoleon. Minette advanced, and as the emperor's own cross was attached to her buttonhole, she stood as pale as death, overcome by her pride.

For two hours waggon after waggon rolled on, filled with the shattered remnants of an army. Every eye brightened as the emperor drew near, the feeblest gazed with parted lips when he spoke, and the faint cry of 'Vive l'Empéreur' passed along the line.

III—Broken Dreams

Ere I had left Paris I had made, and broken off, another dangerous friendship. In the *compagnie d'élite* was an officer named Duchesne who took a liking to me—a royalist at heart, and a cynic who was unfailing in his sneers at all the doings of Napoleon. His attitude was detected and he was forced to resign his commission; and his slights upon the uniform I wore grew so unbearable that I abandoned his company—little guessing the revenge he would take upon me.

Once more the Grand Army was set in motion, and the hosts of France pressed upon Prussia from the south and west. Napoleon turned the enemy's right flank, and compelled him to retire and concentrate his troops around Jena, which was plainly to be the scene of a great battle.

My regiment was ordered on September 13, 1806, to proceed without delay to the emperor's headquarters at Jena, and I was sent ahead to make arrangements for quarters. In the darkness I lost my way, and came upon an artillery battery stuck fast in a ravine, unable to move back or forwards. The colonel was in despair, for

the whole artillery of the division was following him and would inevitably be involved in the same mishap. Wild shoutings had been succeeded by a sudden silence, when a stern voice called out: 'Cannoniers, dismount; bring the torches to the front!'

When the order was obeyed, the light of the firewood fell upon the features of Napoleon himself. Instantly the work began afresh, directed by the emperor with a blazing torch in his hand. Gradually the gun-carriages were released and began to move slowly along the ravine. Napoleon turned, and rode off at full speed in the darkness towards Jena. It was my destination, and I followed him.

He preceded me by about fifty paces—the greatest monarch of the world, alone, his thoughts bent on the great events before him. On the top of an ascent the brilliant spectacle of a thousand watchfires met the eye. Napoleon, lost in meditation, saw nothing and rode straight into the lines. Twice the challenge '*Qui vive?*' rang out. Napoleon heard it not. There was a bang of a musket, then another, and another. Napoleon threw himself from his horse, and lay flat on the ground. I dashed up, shouting, 'The emperor! The emperor!' My horse was killed, and I was wounded in the shoulder; but I repeated the cry until Napoleon stepped calmly forward.

"Ye are well upon the alert, *mes enfants*," he said, smiling. Then, turning to me, he asked quickly, "Are you wounded?"

"A mere scratch, sire."

"Let the surgeon see to it, and do you come to headquarters when you are able."

In the morning I went to headquarters, but the emperor was busy; seemingly I was forgotten. My regiment was out of reach, so, at the invitation of my old duelling antagonist, François, I joined the Voltigeurs. My friends could not understand why, after tasting the delights of infantry fighting, I should wish to rejoin the hussars; but I went back to my old regiment after the victory, and rode with it to Berlin.

Soon after our arrival there I read my name in a general order among those on whom the Cross of the Legion was to be conferred. On the morning of the day when I was to receive the decoration, I was requested to attend the bureau of the adjutant-general. There I was confronted with Marshal Berthier, who held up a letter before me. I saw, by the handwriting, it was Duchesne's.

"There, sir, that letter belongs to you," he said. "There is enough in it to make your conduct the matter of a court-martial; but I am satisfied that a warning will be sufficient. I need hardly say that you will not receive the Cross of the Legion."

I glanced at the letter, and realized Duchesne's treachery. Knowing that all doubtful letters were opened and read by the authorities, he had sent me a letter bitterly attacking the emperor, and professing to regard me as a royalist conspirator.

Exasperated, I drew my sword.

"I resign, sir," I said. "The career I can no longer follow honourably and independently, I shall follow no more."

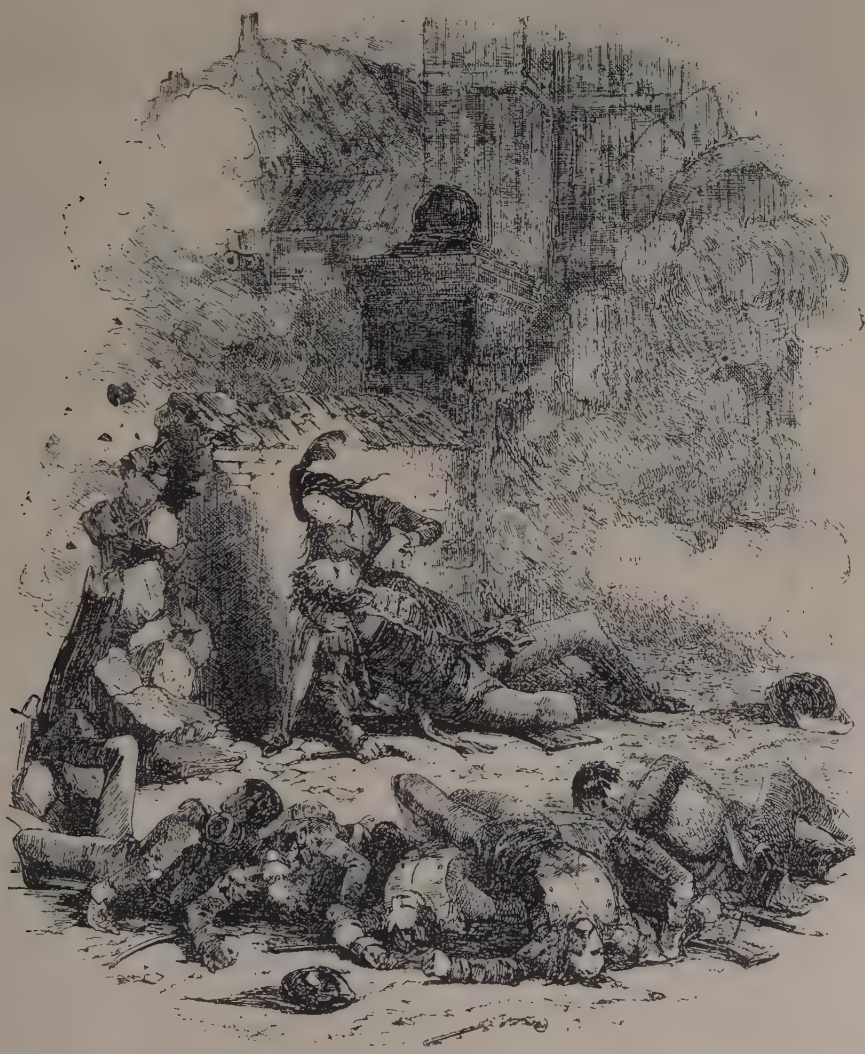
With a half-broken heart and faltering step, I regained my quarters; the whole dream of life was over. Broken in spirit, I made my way slowly back through Germany to Paris, and back to Ireland.

IV—The Call of the Sword

On reaching my native country I found that my brother had died and that I had inherited an income of £4,000 a year. I sought to forget my past. But a time came when I could resist the temptation no longer, and the first fact I read of was the burning of Moscow. As misfortune followed misfortune, an impulse came to me that it was useless to resist. My heart was among the glittering squadrons of France. I thought suddenly, was this madness? And the thought was followed by a resolve as sudden. I wrote some lines to my agent, saddled my horse, and rode away. At Verviers I offered my sword to the emperor as an old officer, and went forward in charge of a squadron of Brienne. This place was held by the Russians, and Blücher and his Prussians were near at hand. Once

more I beheld the terrific spectacle of an attack by the army of Napoleon. But alas! the attack was vain; I heard the trumpet sound a retreat. And as I turned, I saw the body of an aged general officer among a heap of slain. With a shriek of horror, I recognized the friend of my heart, General d'Auvergne. Round his neck he wore a locket with a portrait of his wife, Marie de Meudon. I detached the locket, and bade the dead a last adieu.

Why should I dwell on a career of disaster? Retreat followed retreat, until the fate of Napoleon's empire depended on the capture of the bridge of Montereau. Never, indeed, did an enterprise seem more full of danger. Every house which looked on the bridge was crenelated for small-arms, and garrisoned by sharp-shooters—the fierce Jäger of Germany, whose rifles are the boast of the Vaterland. Cannon bristled along the heights; their wide mouths pointed to that devoted spot, already the grave of hundreds. Withdrawn under cover of a steep hill, my regiment was halted, with two other heavy cavalry corps, awaiting orders; and from the crest of the bridge I could



FEELING A FLASK PRESSED TO MY LIPS, I LOOKED UP AND SAW MINETTE

From the drawing by Phiz, by courtesy of Macmillan & Co.

MINETTE BECKONED TO THE COLUMN TO COME ON
From the drawing by Phiz, by courtesy of Macmillan & Co.

observe the first movements of the fight.

A fierce cannonade was opened from either side. At last the hoarse roll of a drum was heard, and an infantry column was seen advancing up the road. They passed beneath a rock on which a little group of officers were standing, and as they went a cheer of 'Vive l'Empereur!' broke from them. I strained my eyes towards the place, for now I knew the Emperor himself was there. I could not, however, detect him in the crowd, who all waved their hats in encouragement to the troops. Regiment after regiment strove to cross, only to be shattered and mangled by the tremendous fire of the enemy. Four sappers at length laid a petard beneath the gate at the other side of the bridge. But the fuse went out.

"This to the man who lights the fuse!" cried Napoleon, holding up his great Cross of the Legion.

I snatched a burning match from a gunner beside me, and rushed across the bridge. Partly protected by the high projecting parapet, I lit the fuse and then fell, shot in the chest. My senses reeled; for a time I knew nothing; then I felt a flask pressed to my lips. I looked up and saw Minette. "Dear, dear girl, what a brave heart is thine!" said I, as she pressed her handkerchief to my wound.

Her fingers entangled in the ribbon of the general's locket that I had tied round my neck, and by accident the locket opened. She became deathly pale as she saw its contents; then, springing to her feet, she gave me one glance—fleeting, but how full of sorrow!—and ran to the middle of the bridge. The petard had done its work. She beckoned to the column to come on; they answered with a cheer. Presently four grenadiers fell to the rear, carrying between them the body of Minette.

They gave her a military funeral; and I was told that a giant soldier, a corporal it was thought, knelt down to kiss her before she was covered with the earth, then lay quietly down in the grass. When they sought to move him, he was stone dead.

When I had recovered from my wound, it was nothing to me that Napoleon, besides giving me his Grand Cross, had made me general of brigade. For Napoleon was no longer emperor, and I would not serve the king who succeeded him. But ere I left France I saw Marie de Meudon. At the sight of her my old passion returned, and I dared to utter it. I know not how incoherently the tale was told; I can but remember the bursting feeling of my bosom, as she placed her hand in mine, and said, "It is yours."

MEDIEVAL GERMAN

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGS

UPON the obscure origins of this tremendous epic all the exhaustive patience of German research has been brought to bear, not to mention learned contributions from other countries. Herr Abeling suggests that the nucleus of the story originated among the Franks of South France and passed, about A.D. 500-600, northwards across the Rhine; at the same time penetrating in another direction by way of Ireland—then in comparatively close touch with the continent—through the Orkneys and Shetlands to Iceland, where a primitive form of it survives in the Eddas. That form is largely concerned with mythology and is a phantasmagoria of the grotesque doings of semi-divine beings. In the much later Teutonic version dealt with below, the story becomes embroidered upon the rich stuff of medieval chivalry and beside the high-coloured threads of that story runs a grim and rigid design, the motif of evil-doing leading surely towards doom. It was this Teutonised legend that inspired Wagner's Der Ring des Nibelungen, whose four sections, Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried, and Götterdämmerung, are dealt with elsewhere in *The World's Great Books.*

I—Siegfried and Kriemhilda

IN stories of our fathers high marvels we are told
Of champions well approved in perils manifold.
Of feasts and merry meetings, of weeping and of wail,
And deeds of gallant daring I'll tell you in my tale.

In Burgundy there flourish'd a maid so fair to see
That in all the world together a fairer could not be.
The maid was called Kriemhilda; through her in dismal strife
Full many a prowest warrior thereafter lost his life.

This beautiful maiden was the ward of her three brothers, noble and wealthy kings, whose country was Burgundy. They were Gunther, Gernot and the youthful Giselher. Many lords were their vassals, and all Etzel's land rang with the fame of their deeds of might and valour. They dwelt at Worms by the Rhine, doing honourable service throughout their earthly life; but they came to a mournful end through the strife of two great ladies.

Dame Uté was their mother, a queen both rich and sage;
Their father hight Dankrat, who the fair heritage
Left to his noble children when he his course had run
He, too, by deeds of knighthood in youth had worship won.

Among the strong and bold knights of these three overlords were Hagen of Tronjé, his brother Dankwart the swift-footed, Ortwein of Metz, the two Margraves Eckewart and Gere, the powerful Volker of Alsatia, Rumold the kitchen master, a redoubtable knight, and Sindold and Hunold, masters of the ceremonies at this court of pomp and splendour.

Meanwhile amid the splendour the maid Kriemhilda dreamed [wild it seemed—
That she had reared a falcon—strong, fair and
Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be [see.
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to

To her mother Uté at once the dream she told,
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold; [mate;
'The falcon that thou rearest is sure a noble
God shield him in His mercy, or thou must lose him straight.'

'What say'st thou? A mate for me? Oh, dearest mother mine!
Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.
I'll live and die a maiden and end as I began,
Nor, let what else befall me, will suffer woe for man.'

But the maiden's mother exhorted her not to forswear love so lightly. And though for many a merry day Kriemhilda lived in happy freedom, yet it was her destiny one day to wed a gallant warrior, and that self-same falcon of her dream was he. Terrible was her vengeance on those who rent him.

[kind
In Netherland then flourish'd a prince of lofty
(Whose father hight Siegmund, his mother was Sieglind); [side;
In a sumptuous castle down by the fair Rhine's
Men did call it Santen, 'twas famous far and wide. [good;
Siegfried did men call him, that same champion
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,
And through strength of body in many a land rode he,
Ha! What men of valour he found in Burgundy!

The young hero, carefully trained, and of the noblest disposition, at length grew so stalwart that he could bear weapons. He turned his thoughts to women, and dreamt of a fair bride.

SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILDA

So Siegmund, his father, summoned all his liegemen to a grand festival in the castle hall. Rich apparel was given to four hundred sworded knights, and mass was sung and honour was given to God. Then the time sped merrily in sports. Horses were saddled, and in the tournament many lances were splintered and shafts broken. Minstrels sang for gold, and were handsomely rewarded. The king enfeoffed Siegfried with lands and castles, as in his youth he had been endowed by his sire. The festival lasted a week and ended gloriously.

'Twas seldom teen or sorrow the prince's heart assay'd.
At length he heard the rumour, how a lovely [maid
In Burgundy was dwelling, the fairest of the fair;
For her sweet sake great joy and eke much [sorrow did he bear.
By fame her peerless beauty was bruited far and [wide,
Nor less her lofty virtue, and her pure virgin pride
Was day by day reported among the knightly band.
And drew guests ever flocking unto King Gunther's land.

For all the host of suitors that sought to bend her will,
True to her own coy promise remain'd Kriemhilda still,
That she, for all their wooing, would love vouchsafe to none;
That knight was yet a stranger who at last her favour won.

When sought the son of Sieglind to gain the haughty fair,
The vows of other suitors to his were light as air.
Such knight deserv'd to vanquish the coyest maiden's pride;
Ere long the noble Kriemhilda was bold Siegfried's bride.

His kinsmen and his liegemen, seeing that he would wed,
Did counsel that the maid whom he to high altar led
Should be of equal dignity, for his and for their sake,
Then said the noble Siegfried: 'Sure will I Kriemhilda take.'

SIEGMUND approved of his son's choice, and offered to send a strong force of his liegemen with Siegfried to Worms for his protection when he should go to claim the maiden as his wife, for well he knew that Gunther and Gernot had fierce followers and that the life of the suitor might be in peril. But the youthful knight refused to ride with an army to gain his bride. He consented to take only a retinue of twelve good knights.

So the fearless band set out, and on the seventh morning drew near to Worms on the Rhine. Hearing of the approach of strangers, King Gunther summoned Hagen with his vassals for information concerning these strange knights.

Hagen, after looking from the window at the splendid cavalcade, declares that though he never saw Siegfried, this must be he. He tells the king that by this hero's hand had fallen the brave Nibelungs, the high princes Shilbung and Nibelung. Great wonders had been wrought by this Siegfried. One day he came to a mountain and suddenly encountered some brave guardians of the great hoard, the treasure of the Nibelungs, dwarfs and gnomes working underground to find gold and jewels.

The Nibelungs had just brought the hoard forth from a cavern to divide it. They spied Siegfried, and cordially greeted him. Shilbung and Nibelung asked him to apportion the treasure between them, and he could not refuse. He saw more precious stones than a hundred double waggons would hold, and much red gold. All this he must divide, and for reward they gave him the sword of the Nibelungs, called Balmung.

Calamitous was the adventure that followed. For in vain Siegfried strove to come to the end of the task. At length the princes, in anger and impatience, attacked him; but Siegfried, with their father's sword now at his behest, smote the

two princes dead and also twelve knights, and vanquished seven hundred others. The famous dwarf Alberic next strove to overcome him, but failed, and was compelled to yield to him the magic helmet, the Tarnkappe, which rendered the wearer invisible.

Thus did Siegfried become master of the hoard. He commanded the Nibelungs to carry it back whence they had brought it, made Alberic its custodian and imposed on him the oath of service.

'Yet more I know of Siegfried,
that well your ear may hold.
A poison-spitting dragon he
slew with courage bold,
And in the blood then bath'd
him, till horny grew his
skin,
And now no weapons harm him,
as often proved has been.'

After listening to this wonderful recital, the king went down to greet Siegfried, whom he asked for information as to whence he came and on what errand. Gunther and his brothers marvelled when the stranger boldly declared that he had come to claim the land as his own. Their wrath was kindled, but it soon appeared that this prince had not come with hostile intent, and on both sides the talk fell into milder mood.

GUNTHER AND BRUNHILDA

Siegfried became the honoured guest of Gunther, and he went forth to help him against fierce Saxon invaders, whom he vanquished in a fearful conflict. Not only did Gunther rejoice, but the heart of Kriemhilda was gladdened by the triumph of her chosen hero.

II—Gunther and Brunhilda

But at this time it was rumoured that many fair maidens dwelt beyond the seas, and Gunther was minded to woo one of them. There was said to be a queen whose strength was even equal to her beauty, and whose love would be only for that knight that could surpass her at the spear and in hurling the stone and in leaping after it to the mark. He only would win this damsel who could excel her in these three games; and if he lost he would also forfeit his head. Gunther declared to his knights that he would risk his body to gain this beautiful but cruel queen to wife; and so to Iceland he journeyed after this Queen Brunhilda. He, by the advice of Hagen, asked Siegfried to go with him, and the latter consented on condition that the king would bestow on him the hand of his sister Kriemhilda.]

'I promise,' said Gunther, 'and take in pledge
thy hand, [land,
And soon as fair Brunhilda shall come into this
To thee to wife my sister surely will give,
So may'st thou and thy fair one aye long and
happy live.'

[Siegfried took with him his magic Tarnkappe, and he advised that only Hagen and Dankwart should accompany them, and after voyaging for twelve days they saw the towers of Isenstein, Brunhilda's castle.

Courteously were the four travellers welcomed; but when Brunhilda was informed of their errand, she haughtily challenged Gunther to the triple contest, which forthwith took place. Gunther must have perished but for the magic of Siegfried, who, invisible in his magic helmet, was in each stage with Gunther, lending him his immense strength. The queen, though enraged, owned herself beaten and called on her retainers to acknowledge Gunther as their lord. And, after a high festival, Brunhilda set sail with Gunther and his three friends for the Rhineland, where with great rejoicings the double wedding of Gunther with Brunhilda and Siegfried with Kriemhilda was celebrated.]

[arose
One day at th' hour of vespers a tumult loud
From certain lusty champions that for their
pastime chose

To prove themselves at tilting in the castle court;
Then many a knight and lady ran thither to see the sport.

There were the proud queens sitting together, as befel,
Each on a good knight thinking that either lov'd [full well.
Then said the fair Kriemhilda, 'My lord is of such might
That surely o'er these kingdoms he ought to rule of right.'

Then cried the lady Brunhilda, 'Nay, how can that be shown?
Were there none other living but thou and he alone,
Then might the kingdoms thus be rul'ed by him and thee.
But long as Gunther's living, that sure can never [be.'

This rejoinder kindled Kriemhilda's wrath. Both women quickly waxed angry. Fierce indeed was their quarrel. Brunhilda wept passionately, so that Gunther's men compassionated her, and there arose causes of trouble which led to plots and treachery, and at length many warriors died because two women had quarrelled.

It was by foulest treachery that the brave Siegfried met his fate. His wife was sorely anxious as to what might happen when he went forth to war, and told to Hagen a secret, hoping that thereby she might save him from harm. She related how when he bathed in the blood of the dragon, one spot between his shoulders had by chance been covered by a leaf dropping from a linden-tree. In that spot alone could he be wounded, and Kriemhilda implored Hagen to watch over Siegfried's welfare.

With false intention, Gunther and Hagen went hunting. With them, all unsuspecting, rode Siegfried, in spite of the tearful entreaties of his wife, who told him how she had dreamt that two wild boars had chased him over the heath, and that the flowers were red with blood. Then two mountains fell on him, and in her dream she saw him no more. But Siegfried kissed her, set at naught her fears and rode off. She never saw her hero alive again. In the chase he slew many great beasts of the forest, outrunning everything and everybody that day. But after the hunt was over, as he lay down to drink at a brook in the forest, Hagen stole up behind him and basely slew him by stabbing him in the back, in the one vulnerable spot which Kriemhilda had described. The flowers were all red with his blood.

The widowed Kriemhilda bewailed day by day, and none could give her comfort, excepting the youthful knight, Giselher, who alone was true and good to her. As for the beautiful Brunhilda, she sat in cold arrogance, caring not for the grief of her rival, and never again turning to her in sympathy or friendship.

Sorrowfully Kriemhilda went daily to the minster to pray for the soul of her husband. She mourned him as long as her life endured, and terrible was her vengeance. But after four years, thinking to console her, her friends contrived that she should possess the great hoard from the land of the Nibelungs, to which she had full right, for it was her marriage-day gift. Giselher and Gernot went for it, and with them Kriemhilda sent eight thousand men to fetch it from the place where it was concealed, and where Alberic guarded it.

It was at once surrendered, for Alberic and his men acknowledged that it was the noble queen's wedding-gift, fatal though it had been to the hero, her husband. Kriemhilda's men carried the treasure on their ships across the waves and then in twelve waggons.

When Kriemhilda received the hoard of precious stones and gold, it filled towers and chambers. She would have given it all up to have had Siegfried again by her side. But again Hagen wronged her, for he secured the keys, and when the king was away on a journey, he seized the treasure and sank it in the Rhine at Lochheim. Then did Kriemhilda hate him more bitterly than ever.

III—The Nibelungs' Fate

Etzel, King of the Huns, who had lost his wife, Queen Helca, mourned sorely for her. His friends commended to him a beautiful widow in the land of Burgundy, named Kriemhilda, as one who would make him a noble wife. So he sent good Rudeger of Bechlaren as envoy to seek her hand.

But she for many days would not listen to the overtures, though her brothers besought her to cease her mourning now that thirteen years had passed. At length, the thought occurring to her that it might be that King Etzel, if she wedded him, would aid her in her long-cherished schemes of vengeance, Kriemhilda gave her consent, and with a great retinue of noble knights and maidens she set forth on her journey to the land of the Huns.

King Etzel came to meet his bride with a splendid train of followers, and was by her sweetly greeted with kisses. Twelve knights were also kissed by her. Then at Tulna there was a joust, and great was the honour won by knights. Next they came to Vienna, where they were received with great honour, and then the party journeyed to King Etzel's castle in Hungary, where Kriemhilda reigned gloriously as Queen Helca had done. So in happiness and honour they dwelt together till the seventh year, during which time, to the king's great joy, Kriemhilda bore a son. He was named Ortlieb. And so things went happily till the thirteenth year.

And now the queen thought much of the old wrongs inflicted on her, and of her honour among the Nibelungs, and she pondered how she might be avenged on Hagen, who had robbed her of Siegfried. The yearning grew upon her soul. Easily she persuaded Etzel to send an invitation to Gernot, her brother, and Hagen of Tronjé to visit Hungary. When the message was received, Hagen in his craft feared to go; but Gunther and Gernot resolved that they two both would visit their sister, and Hagen set out with them

from the Rhine for the Danube. The Prince of the Rhine equipped for his escort a thousand and three score of his knights and nine thousand squires.

With false heart Kriemhilda went forth to meet the Nibelungs. She kissed Giselher, but Hagen she at once challenged, demanding from him what he had done with the Nibelung hoard.

"The devil a bit I bring you!" cried Hagen. "I have to carry enough in my shield, sword and mail, so I carry nothing to you."

The evil work began at a great joust, when a proud Hun was slain by stout Volker of Alsatia, the famous fiddler, in anger. Then at dinner Hagen raised the wrath of Etzel by insulting remarks about young Prince Ortlieb. Next a fierce fight took place between a party of the Burgundians and many of the Huns, in which all the latter who fought were slain. Volker and Hagen had mainly caused the trouble. The feud grew hourly more bitter, and hosts of the knights of the land of the Huns began to flock to the aid of King Etzel and the queen. In the fray Ortlieb was slain by Hagen.

To Kriemhilda came young Giselher and besought his sister to show mercy to her great company of kinsmen and guests.

"I will show no mercy," said she, "for I received none. Yet, deliver Hagen captive, and ye shall live, for ye are my own brothers. Then there shall be a truce."

Her offer was refused, and she issued the terrible command of vengeance. At her order the hall was set on fire in which the Nibelung knights were gathered, her own knights guarding the doors to prevent any from escaping. But Hagen was taken alive and led to the queen, who ordered him to be shut in a dungeon. Truly her vengeance was bitter. She went to Hagen and angrily spoke her will that he should give her back the Nibelung hoard. Then might he be spared. Grimly he refused, and she bade her attendants smite off his head. But Kriemhilda quickly suffered, for the bold knight Hildebrand sprang fiercely at her and slew her with his sword.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befel,
Save that there was weeping for friends belov'd so well;
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting all.
Now the story here is ended: this is the Nibelungs' fall.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE NIBELUNG KNIGHTS AND THE HUNS, IN ETZEL'S PALACE

This, and the illustrations at pages 3362 and 3363 are from the frescoes by Schnorr von Carolsfeld, at Munich

Bernardin de Saint Pierre

Voyage to the Isle of France

In 1768 Bernardin de Saint Pierre was sent out to Mauritius, which was then a French colony called the Isle of France, to fortify it against the English. He found that it was not worth fortifying, and after an absence of three years he returned to France. In 1773 he published his famous Voyage to the Isle of France, and thereby made his name, and began the literature of picturesque description. It gave him a position similar to that which Defoe occupies in England, for by means of it he introduced into French literature the exotic element which he afterwards expanded in Paul and Virginia (see page 937). He was the first French writer of genius to apply the art of description in depicting the life and scenery of distant lands. In this, his first book, is developed that feeling for nature, inspired by an emotional theism and a scientific outlook of a somewhat sentimental kind, which afterwards led him to become an ardent disciple of Rousseau and his 'back-to-nature' teaching. The following epitome has been made from the French.

I—Miseries of Slavery

Port Louis, *August* 6, 1768. The Isle of France was discovered by a Portuguese, and taken over by the Dutch; but they abandoned it in 1712, and settled at the Cape of Good Hope, and the French then took possession of it.

The island was a desert when we occupied it, and the first settlers were a few honest, simple farmers from our colony of Bourbon, who lived together very happily until 1760, when the English drove us out of India. Then, like a flood, all the scoundrels, rogues and broken men hunted from our Indian possessions invaded the island and threw everything into disorder and ruin.

Everybody is envious and discontented; everybody wishes to make a fortune at once and depart. And this in an island with no commerce and scarcely any agriculture, where the only money found is paper money! Yet they all say they will be rich enough to return to France in a year's time. They have been saying this for many years. Everything is in a state of squalid neglect. The streets are neither paved nor planted with trees; the houses are merely tents of wood; the windows have no glass and no curtains, and it is rare that one finds within even a few poor pieces of furniture.

There are only four hundred farmers. The rest of the white population are mainly idlers, who gather together in the square from noon till evening and pass away the time in gambling and scandal-mongering.

The work of agriculture is carried on by black slaves imported from Madagascar. They can be got in exchange for a gun or a roll of cloth, and the dearest does not cost more than seven pounds. They are compelled to work from sunrise to sunset, and they are given nothing to eat but mashed maize boiled in water and tapioca bread. At the least negligence the skin is scourged from their body. The women are punished in the same manner. Sometimes when they are old they are left to starve to death.

Every day during my sojourn in the Isle of France I have seen black men and black women lashed hands and feet to a ladder and flogged for forgetting to shut a door or for breaking a bit of pottery. I have seen them bleeding all over, and having their wounded bodies rubbed with vinegar and salt. I have seen them speechless with excess of pain; I have seen some of them bite the iron cannon on which they have been bound.

I do not know if coffee and sugar are necessary to the happiness of Europe, but I know well that these two vegetables are a source of misery to the inhabitants of two continents of the world. We are dispeopling America in order to have a land to grow them; we are dispeopling Africa in order to have a nation to cultivate

them. There are 20,000 slaves on the Isle of France, but they die so fast that, to keep up their number, 1,200 have to be imported every year.

I am very sorry that our philosophers who attack abuses with so much courage have hardly spoken of the slavery of the black races, except to make a jest of it. They have eyes only for things very remote. They speak of St. Bartholomew, of the massacre of the Mexicans by the Spaniards, as if this crime was not one committed now by the half of Europe. Oh, ye men who dream of republics, see how your own people misuse the authority entrusted to them! See your colonies streaming with human blood! The men who shed it are men of your stamp; like you, they talk of humanity, they read the books of our philosophers, and they exclaim against despotism; but when they get any power they show that they are really brutes. In a country of so corrupt a morality an absolute government is necessary. The excesses of a single tyrant are preferable to the crimes of a whole people.

II—A Land of Beauty and Abominations

PORT LOUIS, *September* 13, 1769. An officer proposed to make a walking tour round the island with me, but when the time came to set out he excused himself, so I resolved to go alone. But knowing that I should often have to camp out in the woods alone, I took two negroes with me to carry provisions, and I armed myself with a double-barrel gun and a couple of pistols, for fear I should encounter the runaway slaves that hide in the desert part of the island.

Striking out through the plains of Saint Pierre, we walked for four days along the seashore, with the dense and silent forest on our left hand. On crossing the Black River I came to the last farm on this part of the coast. It was a long hut, formed of stakes and covered with palm leaves. There was only one room. In the middle of it was the kitchen; at one extremity were the stores and the sleeping places of the eight black slaves; at the other end was the farmer's bed; a hen was sitting on some eggs on the counterpane, and some ducks were living beneath the bed, and around the leafy wall pigeons had made their nests. In this miserable hut I was surprised to find a very beautiful woman. She was a young Frenchwoman, born, like her husband, of a good family.

They had come to the island some years ago in the hope of making a fortune; they had left their parents, their friends and their native land to pass their lives in this wild and lonely place, from which one could see only the empty sea and the grim precipices of a desolate mountain. But the air of contentment and goodness of this young and lovely mother of a growing family seemed to make everybody around her happy.

When evening came she invited me to share a simple but neatly served supper. I was given as a bedroom a little tent built of wood, about a hundred steps away from the log cabin. As the door had not been put up, I closed the opening with planks, and loaded my gun and pistols; for the forest all around is full of runaway slaves. A few years ago forty of them began to make a plantation on the mountain close by; the white settlers surrounded them, but rather than return to captivity all the slaves threw themselves into the sea.

I STAYED with the farmer and his wife until three o'clock the next afternoon. The farmer walked with me as far as Coral Point. He was a remarkably robust man, and his face and arms and legs were burnt by the sun. Unlike the ordinary settler, he worked himself in tilling the land and felling and carting trees. The only thing that worried him, he said to me, was the unnecessary trouble that his wife took in bringing up her family. Not content with looking after her own five children, she had recently burdened herself with the care of a little orphan girl. The honest farmer merely told me of his little worries, for he saw that I was aware of all his happiness. When we took farewell of each other, we did so with a cordial embrace.

The country beyond his farm was charming in its verdure and freshness; it is a rich prairie stretching between the splendid sea and the magnificent forest. The murmur of the fountains, the beautiful

colour of the waves, the soft movement of the scented air, filled me with joy and peace. I was sorry that I was alone; I formed all kinds of plans. From all the outside world I only wanted a few loved objects to enable me to pass my life in this paradise. And great was my regret when I turned away from this beautiful and yet deserted place.

I had scarcely gone two hundred feet when a band of blacks, armed with guns, came towards me. Advancing to them, I saw that they were a detachment of the black police. One of them carried two little dogs; another pulled a negress along by means of a cord around her neck—she was part of the loot they had got in attacking and dispersing a camp of runaway slaves. The negress was broken with grief. On her back she carried a large gaping bag. I looked in it. Alas! it contained a man's head. The natural beauty of the country disappeared. I saw it as it really was—a land of abominations.

III—Bourbon, the Pirates' Island

PORT LOUIS, *December* 21, 1770. Having obtained permission to return to France, I embarked on November 9, 1770, on the *Indien*. It took us twelve days to cover the forty leagues between the Isle of France and Bourbon. This was due to the calm weather; but on landing at Bourbon, we encountered a hurricane.

Out of the calm sea there suddenly came a monstrous wave, which broke so violently on the shore that everybody fled. The foam rose fifty feet into the air. Behind it came three waves of the same height and force, like three long, rolling hills. The air was heavy, the sky dark with motionless clouds, and vast flocks of whimbrels and drivers came in from the open sea and scattered along the coast. Even men felt a secret terror at the sight of a frightful tempest in the midst of calm weather.

On the second day the wind completely dropped, and the sea grew wilder. The billows were more numerous and swept in from the ocean with great force.

Here I gathered something of the history of the island of Bourbon. It was first inhabited by a band of pirates, who brought with them some negresses from Madagascar. This happened in 1657. Some time afterwards our Indian company set up a factory in the island, and the governor managed to keep on good terms with his dangerous neighbours. One day the Portuguese viceroy of Goa anchored off the island and came to dine with the governor. He had scarcely landed when a pirate ship of fifty guns entered the harbour and captured the Portuguese vessel. The captain of the pirates then landed, and was also invited to dinner by the governor. The buccaneer sat down at table by the side of the viceroy, and told the Portuguese that he was now a prisoner. When the wine and the good cheer had put the man in a good humour, M. Desforges (that was the name of our governor) asked him at how much he fixed the ransom of the viceroy.

"I want a thousand piastres," said the pirate.

"That's too little," replied M. Desforges, "for a brave man like you and a great lord like him. Ask more, or ask nothing."

"Very well," said the generous corsair, "he can go free."

The viceroy at once re-embarked, vastly content at having escaped so cheaply.

THE pirate afterwards settled in the island with all his followers, and was hanged after an amnesty had been published in favour of himself and his men. He had forgotten to have his name included in it, and a counsellor who wished to appropriate his spoils profited by this mistake and had him put to death. One of the pirates, who lived to the age of one hundred and four years, died only a little time ago. His companions soon grew more peaceful in their manners on adopting more peaceful occupations, and though their descendants are still distinguished by a certain spirit of independence, this is now softened by the society of the worthy farmers who have settled at Bourbon.

There are five thousand Europeans on the island and sixty thousand blacks. The land is three times more peopled than that of the Isle of France, and it is very much better cultivated.

The manners of the old settlers of Bourbon were very simple. Most of the houses were never shut, and a lock was an object of curiosity. The people kept their savings in a shell above their door. They went barefooted, and fed on rice and coffee; they imported scarcely anything from Europe, being content to live without luxury provided they lived without trouble. When a stranger landed, they came without knowing him and offered him their houses to live in.

IV—Dutch Contentment

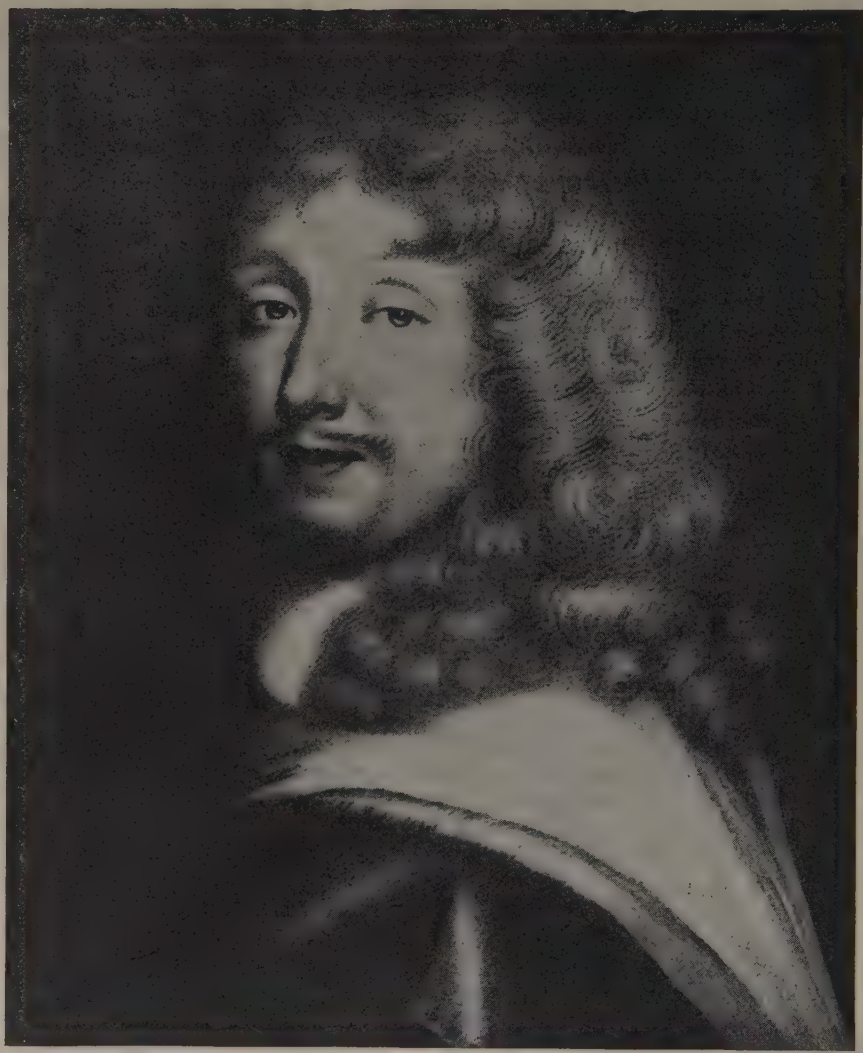
PORT LOUIS, *January* 20, 1771. I have landed among the Dutch at the extremity of Africa, without money, without linen and without friends. Learning of my position, M. de Tolback, the governor of Cape Colony, has invited me to dinner; and, happily, the secretary of the council has provided me with money, having allowed me to use his credit in buying whatever I need. The streets of the Cape are well set out; some are watered by canals, and most of them are planted with oak trees. The fronts of the houses are shadowed by their foliage; every door has seats on both sides in brick or turf. There is no gambling at the Cape, no play-acting or novel reading. The people are content with the domestic happiness that virtue carries in its train. Every day brings the same duties and pleasures. There are no spectacles at the Cape and no one wants any; every man has in his own home all that he desires.

A quiet life of this sort furnishes little matter for conversation, so the Dutchmen of the Cape do not talk very much. They are a rather melancholic people, and they prefer to feel rather than to argue. So little happens, perhaps, that they have nothing to talk about; but what does it matter if the mind is empty when the heart is full, and when the tender emotions of nature can move it without being excited by artifice or constrained by a false decorum?

It was with much regret that I left these worthy people, but I am not sorry to return to France. How many voyagers return and yet find no place of retreat. Of their friends, some are dead, others are gone away; but life is only a brief voyage and the age of man a rapid day. I wish to forget the storms of it, and remember only in these letters the goodness, the virtue and the constancy that I have met with.

Perhaps this humble work may make your names, O virtuous settlers at the Cape, survive when I am in the grave! For thee, O ill-fated negro! that weepest on the rocks of the Isle of France, if my hand, which cannot wipe away thy tears, can but bring thy tyrants to weep in sorrow and repentance, I shall want nothing more from the Indies; I shall have won the only fortune I require.

PORT LOUIS, CAPITAL OF MAURITIUS, FORMERLY THE ILE DE FRANCE
This statue in Labourdonnais Square commemorates the island's notable French governor in the eighteenth century



La Rochefoucauld. François de la Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac, perhaps the most illustrious member of her old aristocracy that France ever produced, was born in La Rue des Petits Champs, Paris, September 15, 1613. His family, a very ancient one, had its seat in the province of Angoumois (department of Charente). Before he was sixteen he joined the army, received a wound at the siege of Paris, and another through which he nearly lost his sight, in the encounter outside Le Faubourg St. Antoine, 1652. Intrigues with the Queen, Anne of Austria, against Richelieu, caused him several compulsory retirements to his estates and once eight days in the Bastille. He was a brilliant member of the salon of Madame de Sablé, but a surreptitious publication of his memoirs hurt the feelings of many of his friends. The letters of Madame de Sévigné throw some light on his later years, and he died in Paris, March 17, 1680, of gout. He was recognized in his day as an aristocrat among aristocrats, and to us he remains one of the most polished writers in an age when French had still much of the diamond brilliance left from its greatest sixteenth century lustre.

This portrait is from the painting by Petitot.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

MEMOIRS

THE life of La Rochefoucauld was divided into two parts, first a period of action which resulted in disappointment and disaster, and then a period of meditation, when he reviewed the events in which he had taken part, and formulated his philosophy of life. The first edition of his Memoirs was published without his permission in 1662, and caused pain to many of his friends, although he denied its authenticity. Barely a third of the work could be attributed to its reputed author, the volume having been compiled mainly from various common-place books. In spite of La Rochefoucauld's protests the pirated Memoirs continued to be printed, and it was not until more than a hundred years after his death that an authentic edition made its appearance in 1817. The Memoirs are of great literary value, yielding in interest to no memoirs of an age rich in such works, and exhibiting La Rochefoucauld as a master of terse and incisive phrase. An outline of La Rochefoucauld's Maxims appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

I—Court Intrigues

KING LOUIS XIII was of feeble constitution, further impaired by over-exertion in hunting. His temperament was severe and solitary; he wished to be governed, but was sometimes impatient of government. His mind took note only of details and his knowledge of war was fit rather for a subordinate officer than for a king.

Cardinal Richelieu, who owed all his elevation to the queen-mother, Marie dei Medici, was ruler of the state. His vast and penetrating mind formed projects as bold as he was personally timid. His policy was to establish the king's authority and his own by the ruin of the Huguenots and of the great houses of the kingdom, and then to attack the house of Austria, a power most redoubtable to France. He stuck at nothing, either to advance his satellites or to destroy his enemies. The passion which he had long cherished for the queen, Anne of Austria, had changed to dislike, and she had an aversion for Richelieu. The king was embittered against her by jealousy and by the sterility of their marriage. The queen was an amiable woman, without falsity of any kind, and with many virtues; her intimate friend was Madame de Chevreuse, who was of kindred sentiments.

But Madame de Chevreuse almost always brought misfortune to those whom she interested in her projects. She had much spirit, ambition and beauty, and made full use of her charms to forward these enterprises of hers. Already Cardinal Richelieu had accused the queen and her of complicity in Chalais's plot against the king's life—for Chalais had been her warm admirer—and the king believed in their guilt to the end of his days.

Again, when the young and handsome Lord Holland came to France to arrange the marriage of the King of England to the sister of the King of France, and quickly won the affection of Madame de Chevreuse, the two lovers thought fit to celebrate their attachment by inspiring a similar intrigue between the French queen and the Duke of Buckingham, who had not so much as met one another. This astonishing undertaking was successful. Buckingham came over to wed madame in the name of his master, and his ardent love for the queen, which she fully returned, deeply wounded both the king and Richelieu.

The cardinal sought his revenge through Lady Carlisle. That haughty and jealous woman, to whom Buckingham had long been attached, noticed one night at a ball in England that he was wearing diamonds which she had not seen before, and contrived, unobserved, to detach them, in order that she might send them to Richelieu. These diamonds had been a gift of the King of France to his queen, and it

RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE
From the painting by Henri Motte in the La Rochelle Museum

was intended that the cardinal, by showing them to the king, should prove the queen's weakness. But the Duke of Buckingham discovered his loss the same night and at once suspected Lady Carlisle's design. He issued an immediate order that the English ports should be closed, and that no one should be permitted, under whatever pretext, to leave the country; and then, having had exactly similar jewels prepared, he sent them to the Queen of France, with an account of the whole matter.

It was at this time that the cardinal formed the project of the destruction of the Huguenot party, and of laying siege to La Rochelle. The Duke of Buckingham came with a powerful fleet to aid La Rochelle, but in vain; the fortress was taken, and the duke was assassinated in England. This murder gave the cardinal an inhuman joy; he jested at the queen's sorrow, and began to hope again.

After the ruin of the Huguenots I returned from the army to court, being now seventeen years old, and began to notice the state of affairs. The queen-mother and the cardinal were at enmity, and though everyone saw that something would come of it, no one could foretell what would happen. The cardinal's situation was precarious; the king had learnt of his love for the queen, and was quite ready to disgrace him, and even asked the queen-mother to nominate someone to replace him. She hesitated, and that hesitation was her ruin and saved the cardinal.

THE reversal of the situation took place on the famous 'day of dupes,' on which the queen-mother, presuming too much on her power, challenged the cardinal, in the king's presence, with his ingratitude and treacheries. No one doubted but that Richelieu's day was over, and the whole court crowded to the queen-mother to share in her imaginary triumph. But the king went the same day to Versailles, and the cardinal followed him; the queen, fearing that she would find Versailles dull and uncomfortable, remained behind; and the wily statesman made such good use of his opportunity that the king's consent was won to the downfall

LOUIS XIII, KING OF FRANCE

of his mother. She was soon arrested, and her sorrows lasted as long as her life.

Many were implicated in her ruin, and were exiled or thrown into the Bastille, or brought to the scaffold; and so much bloodshed and so many fortunes reversed brought odium on Richelieu. The mild regency of Marie dei Medici was remembered, and all the great families lamented that liberty was a thing of the past.

For my part, I thought that the queen's cause was the only one which an honourable man could follow. She was unhappy; the cardinal was rather her tyrant than her lover; she had been good to me, and had trusted me; Mademoiselle d'Hautefort, with whom I had great friendship, was her friend too—sufficient reasons, these, to dazzle a youth who had seen almost nothing of the world, and to turn his steps in a direction quite contrary to his interests. King and cardinal alike soon came to detest me, and my life thenceforth was troubled by the visitations of their displeasure. In recording the scenes in which I have had a part, I have no intention of writing history, but only of touching on a few personal episodes.

II—Richelieu's Death

War was declared in 1635 against the King of Spain, and I accompanied the French army of twenty thousand men which marched to the support of the Prince of Orange in Flanders. During neither this nor the following winter was I allowed at court. Madame de Chevreuse, who had been sent to Tours on the occasion of Richelieu's triumph, had heard a good account of me from the queen, and invited me to see her; we soon struck up a very great friendship, and I came to be a confidential intermediary between the queen and her, and was often entrusted by one or other of them with most perilous commissions.

When I was at last readmitted to court in 1637, I found the queen in great trouble. She had been accused of a crime against the state, a treasonable understanding with the Spanish minister; some of her servants were arrested; the chancellor examined her like a criminal; it was even proposed to seclude her at Havre, annul her marriage and repudiate her altogether. In this extremity, abandoned by all the world, she proposed that I should kidnap her and Mademoiselle d'Hautefort and carry them off to Brussels. Difficult and dangerous as this project was, it gave me greater joy than any I had known, for I was at an age when man likes to engage in dashing and heroic feats. Happily, however, the chancellor's investigations proved her majesty not guilty.

MARIE DE ROHAN, DUCHESSE DE CHEVREUSE

From a contemporary painting

But an unfortunate series of accidents led to my imprisonment for a week in the Bastille. A signal had been agreed upon between the queen and Madame de Chevreuse during the recent trouble. If all went well, Madame de Chevreuse was to receive a prayer-book bound in green, but a red binding was to indicate disaster. I never knew which of the two ladies made the mistake, but Madame de Chevreuse received what she took to be the signal of misfortune, concluded that both she and the queen were undone and, disguising herself as a man, she fled to Spain.

This escapade, so surprising at the very moment when the queen's troubles had come to an end, inspired the king and the cardinal with the gravest suspicions that they had not, after all, fathomed her majesty's treachery. The cardinal summoned me to Paris and hinted at unpleasant consequences if I did not reveal all I knew. I knew nothing; and as my manner seemed more reserved and dry than he was accustomed to, I was sent off to the Bastille.

The little time that I spent there showed me, more vividly than anything I had yet seen, the picture of vengeance. I saw there men of great names and of great merits, an infinite number of men and women of all ranks in life, all unhappy in the affliction of long and cruel incarceration. The sight of so many pitiable creatures did much to increase my natural hatred for Cardinal Richelieu's administration. I was released in eight days, and thought myself very fortunate to escape at a period when no others were set at liberty.

But my disgrace was well repaid. The queen showed herself gratefully aware of all that I had suffered in her service; Mademoiselle d'Hautefort gave full expression to her esteem and friendship; and Madame de Chevreuse was not less gracious. I enjoyed not only the favour of those to whom I was attached, but also a certain approval which the world is not slow to give to the unfortunate whose conduct has not really been disgraceful. Under these conditions an exile of two or three years from court was not intolerable.

Cardinal Richelieu died on December 4, 1642. Although his enemies could only rejoice at finding themselves free at last from so many persecutions, the event has shown that the state could ill spare him. He had made so many changes in public affairs that he alone was able to direct them safely. No one before Richelieu had known all the power of the kingdom, or had been able to gather it all up into the hands of the sovereign. The severity of his administration had cost many lives; the nobility had been humbled and the common people had been loaded with taxes; but the grandeur of his political designs, such as the taking of La Rochelle, the destruction of the Huguenot party and the weakening of the house of Austria, no less than his intrepidity in carrying them out, have secured for his memory a justly merited fame.

MARIE D'HAUTEFORT, DUCHESSE DE SCHOMBERG

III—Under Mazarin's Rule

I RETURNED to Paris immediately after the death of Richelieu, thinking that I might have occasion to serve the queen. In accordance with the late cardinal's will, Cardinal Mazarin succeeded to his powers. The king's state of health went from bad to worse, and the court was filled with intrigues with regard to the regency which must so soon be appointed. His death took place on May 14, 1643. The queen at once brought her little son, Louis XIV, to Paris; two days later she was declared regent in parliament; and the same evening, to the amazement of his enemies, she appointed Cardinal Mazarin chief of the council.

The court was now divided between the Duke of Beaufort and the cardinal, and it was expected that the return of Madame de Chevreuse would incline the queen to the former party. But the queen was in no hurry for that lady's return, knowing well what turmoils she was apt to bring in her train. Perhaps I urged her recall more boldly than was wise; at any rate, I won my point, and her majesty sent me to form Madame de Chevreuse for her reappearance at court under the new conditions.

I represented to her how indispensable Cardinal Mazarin was to the state; that he was accused of no crime; and was guiltless of Richelieu's oppressions; and that the most fatal course she could take would be to attempt to govern the queen. Madame de Chevreuse promised to follow my advice, and came up to court, but her old instincts of domination were too much for her, and she soon declared herself openly against the minister who enjoyed all the queen's confidence.

After various manoeuvres on the part of the cardinal and of Madame de Chevreuse to get the upper hand, Mazarin discovered

FRANÇOIS, DUC DE BEAUFORT

a plot against his life, in which the Duke of Beaufort was implicated, and had the duke arrested and imprisoned. At the same time Madame de Chevreuse was sent away to Tours, and as I was unwilling to promise that I would have no more to do with her, I lost the favour of the queen, provoked the cardinal's displeasure, and soon found that Madame de Chevreuse herself was forgetful of all I had done for her. Kept in idleness, tantalised by promises of office which were never fulfilled, and forbidden even to follow the wars, my wretched position led me at last to seek some way of showing my resentment at the treatment I had received from the queen and cardinal.

The means were at hand. Like many others, I had come under the spell of the beauty and charm of Madame de Longueville, and thus come gradually into association with the party of the Fronde. I followed the Duke of Enghien, her brother, to the attack on Courtray, then to Mardick, where I was wounded; and this time of military service united me more closely to his later interests.

By the year 1647 everyone was weary of Mazarin's rule. His bad faith, his weakness and his trickiness were becoming known; provinces and towns alike were groaning under taxation, and the citizens of Paris were reduced to sheer despair. Parliament tried respectful remonstrances in vain; the cardinal thought himself safe in the servility of the nation. But the great majority in France desired a change, and the smouldering discontent soon burst into a flame.

The Duke of Enghien, who had become, by the death of his father, Prince of Condé, had gained in 1648 a great victory in Flanders, and a solemn thanksgiving was held in Notre Dame to celebrate it. Mazarin chose this moment for the arrest of Broussel and other members of parliament who had voiced most urgently the public distress. The action roused Paris to a fury which astonished him; the people sought him to tear him to pieces; barricades were erected in the streets, and the king and queen were besieged in the royal palace. Resistance to the parliament's demands was at the moment impossible.

I was at this time absent from Paris, having been sent down by the queen to my government at Poitou, which I had purchased; the province was almost in insurrection, and I had to pacify it. I happened to be deeply wounded by a new slight which Cardinal Mazarin had put upon me, when Madame de Longueville sent for me to come to Paris, informing me that the whole plan for a civil war had been drawn up, and asking for my counsel in the matter. The news delighted me, and I arrived at the capital eager for my revenge on the queen and the cardinal.

Mazarin, on the other hand, had formed his plan. Realizing that Paris was unsafe,

ANNE GENEVIEVE DE BOURBON-CONDE, DUCHESSE DE LONGUEVILLE

he determined to leave it, to place the king at Saint-Germain, and to lay siege to the city, which would soon be reduced by famine and dissensions. Their escape was made on the eve of Epiphany 1649, all the court following in great disorder.

The city was for a time in much perplexity, but the arrival of the Duke of Beaufort, who had broken prison at Vincennes, put heart into the people, who took him for their liberator. All preparations were made for a civil war, the real basis of which was a general hatred of Cardinal Mazarin, which was common to both parties. In an early engagement outside the city I was so gravely wounded as to see no more of this war, the events of which are hardly worth narrating. On April 1, 1649, the parliament received an amnesty from the king. Neither party had vanquished the other; the cardinal and the parliament were each as strong as before, but everyone was glad to be rid, for the time, of the horrors of civil war.

IV—The Wars of the Fronde

The Prince of Condé, who had great influence in the council, showed himself so contemptuous to Mazarin, and became so inconvenient to the queen by his arrogance that she decided to arrest him, and to involve Madame de Longueville, the duke, her husband, and the Prince of Conti in the same disgrace. Accordingly, on January 18, 1650, the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Longueville and the Prince of Conti were seized and imprisoned at Vincennes, and the order was given at the same time to arrest Madame de Longueville and myself. But we succeeded in escaping together to Dieppe, where we were forced to separate; Madame de Longueville found refuge at Stenay, where she met with Turenne, and I returned to my government of Poitou and formed alliance there with the Duke of Bouillon, Turenne's brother. Together the duke and I matured designs which led to the civil war in the south.

My father having died at Verteuil in March 1650, I succeeded to the title of Duke of La Rochefoucauld. I invited a large number of nobles and gentlemen of that region to the funeral ceremonies; our plans were put before them; though some of them held back, most were favourable; and I soon found myself at the head of a force of two thousand horse and eight hundred foot. The Duke of Bouillon and I were joined by the young Princess of Condé with her son, the Duke of Enghien; we gathered more troops at Turenne, and marched upon Bordeaux. After overcoming some opposition, the princess entered that city in triumph on May 31, 1650, and we joined her a few days later.

The grievances of the princess and the presence of her son excited the liveliest enthusiasm, and the party opposed to Mazarin had entire mastery of the town. The revolt of Bordeaux carried with it almost all Guienne, and Mazarin determined to crush it before it should extend to the neighbouring provinces. A royal army of veterans was sent down, Bordeaux was closely invested, an obstinate defence was made, but the town had to capitulate on September 28, on the condition of an amnesty to the princess and her adherents.

Meanwhile, Turenne, with a Spanish force, had made a vain attempt to rescue the captive princes, and Mazarin had removed them to Havre, where the government was devoted to him. There was now such general hatred of the cardinal that people were willing to unite with those whom they had considered their mortal enemies in order to secure his ruin.

In the early days of 1651 I was summoned to Paris by the Princess Palatine, who united a taste for gallantry with a remarkable talent for intrigue, and remained for some time hidden in her house, where I was witness to many consultations for the removal of Mazarin from power. I even made a last attempt to persuade the cardinal himself to release the princes; in four nocturnal interviews I tried to show him how all parties were uniting to compass his ruin, but was unable to convince him without betraying secrets which were not my own. Mazarin gave me no hope of their liberation.

Then arose a general storm against the minister, and he made his escape on the night of February 7. The queen would

have followed him with her son, but the Frondeurs and the partisans of the princes kept her a prisoner in her palace. Without any hope of assistance, and daunted day and night by an infuriated populace, she sent for me and gave me an order to the governor of Havre to release the princes immediately. I warned the leaders of the Fronde that her sincerity was not above suspicion, and that all depended upon her close imprisonment, and so set out along the northern road upon my mission. But the cardinal had been beforehand with me; the princes were at liberty, and on February 16 they entered Paris in triumph.

Mazarin, who had fled to Cologne, whence he continued to direct the queen's cabinet, returned to France at the head of a small army in January 1652, and arrived at Poitiers without meeting any resistance. The party opposed to him was rent by faction and strife, but the Prince of Condé united it, and fought an indecisive engagement with the royal troops on April 8. On the 11th the prince and I were well received in Paris; but it was evident that the citizens were weary of all these troubles, desired nothing so much as the king's return, and detested the ambition of the leaders of faction. Indeed, the magistrates were negotiating with Mazarin, and declared the city neutral. On July 2 the Prince of Condé was marching his force from Saint-Cloud to Charenton when he was attacked by Turenne; and in the sanguinary combat which followed, and in which I was fighting beside the prince, I received a wound in the head which prevented my taking any further part in these disturbances.

Shortly afterwards, the Prince of Condé, his popularity wholly gone, took service under the King of Spain; King Louis XIV, amid general acclamations, returned to Paris on October 21; and Cardinal Mazarin, having overcome all his enemies, entered the capital in a veritable triumph in February 1653.

THE ARREST OF EDMOND DANTES AT HIS WEDDING-FEAST
From the film version of Dumas' Monte Cristo by courtesy of the Fox Film Co., Ltd.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

THE extraordinary fertility of invention and industry in output which distinguished Dumas above all other writers seem to have reached their height about 1844, in which year alone he is said to have turned out something like forty volumes, these including the famous romance The Three Musketeers (see page 3007) and The Count of Monte Cristo, which perhaps was the first of his novels to win a world-wide audience. Its unflagging spirit, the endless surprises, and the air of reality which was cast over the most extravagant situations made the work worthy of the popularity it enjoyed in almost every country in the world. The island from which it takes its name is a barren rock rising 2,000 feet out of the sea a few miles south of Elba. Dumas attempted to emulate Scott, and built a château near St. Germain, which he called Monte Cristo, costing over £25,000. It was afterwards sold for a tenth of that sum to pay his debts. Numerous inexpensive editions of the novel are procurable.

I—The Conspiracy of Envy

ON February 28, 1815, the three - master *Pharaon* arrived at Marseilles from Smyrna, commanded by the first mate, young Edmond Dantès, the captain having died on the voyage. He had left a package for the Maréchal Bertrand on the Isle of Elba, which Dantès had duly delivered, conversing with the exiled Emperor Napoleon himself.

The shipowner, M. Morrel, confirmed young Dantès in the command; and, overjoyed, he hastened to his father and then to the village of the Catalans, near Marseilles, where the dark-eyed Mercédès, his betrothed, impatiently awaited him.

But his good fortune excited envy. Danglars, the supercargo of the *Pharaon*, wanted the command for himself, and Fernand, the Catalan cousin of Mercédès, hated Dantès because he had won her heart. Fernand's jealousy so took possession of him that he fell in willingly with a scheme which the envious Danglars proposed. Making use of Dantès' compromising visit to Elba, they addressed an anonymous denunciation to the *procureur du roi*, which, in this period of Bonapartist plots, was indeed a formidable matter. Caderousse, a boon companion, was at first taken into their confidence, but as he came to think it a dangerous trick to play the captain, he refused to take part in it.

On the morrow the wedding-feast took place, and at two o'clock Dantès, radiant with joy and happiness, prepared to accompany his bride to the hôtel de ville for the civil ceremony. But at that moment the measured tread of soldiery was heard on the stairs, and a magistrate presented himself, bearing an order for the arrest of Edmond Dantès. Resistance or remonstrance was useless, and Dantès suffered himself to be taken to Marseilles, where he was examined by the deputy *procureur du roi*, M. de Villefort. To him, on demand, he recounted the story of his visit to Elba.

"Ah!" said Villefort, "if you have been culpable it was imprudence. Give up this letter you have brought from Elba, and go and rejoin your friends."

"You have it already," cried Dantès.

Villefort glanced at it, and sank into his seat, stupefied. It was addressed to M. Noirtier, a staunch Bonapartist.

"Oh, if he knew the contents of this," murmured he, "and that Noirtier is father of Villefort, I am lost!" He approached the fire and cast the fatal letter in.

"Sir," said he, "I shall detain you till this evening in the Palais de Justice. Should anyone else interrogate you do not breathe a word of this letter."

"I promise."

It was Villefort who seemed to entreat, and the prisoner to reassure him.

But the doom of Edmond Dantès was cast. Sacrificed to Villefort's ambition, he was lodged the same night in a dungeon of the gloomy fortress-prison of the Château

d'If, while Villefort posted to Paris to warn the king that the usurper Bonaparte was meditating a landing in France.

Napoleon returned. There followed the Hundred Days, and Louis XVIII again mounted the throne. M. Morrel's intercessions during Napoleon's brief triumph for the release of Dantès but served, on the restoration of Louis, to compromise further the unhappy prisoner, who languished in a foul dungeon in the Château d'If.

In the cell next to Dantès was another political prisoner, the Abbé Faria. He had been in the château four years when Dantès was immured and, with marvellously contrived tools and incredible toil, had burrowed a tunnel through the rock fifty feet long, only to find that, instead of leading to the outer wall of the château, whence he could have flung himself into the sea, it led to the cell of another prisoner—Dantès. He penetrated it after Dantès had been solitary six years.

The prisoners met every day between the visits of their gaolers. Faria showed Dantès the products of his industry and ingenuity—his books, written on the linen of shirts, his fish-bone pens and needles, knives and matches, all accomplished secretly; and beguiled much of the weariness of confinement by educating Dantès in the sciences, history and languages. Dantès possessed a prodigious memory, and his studies progressed rapidly. Soon Dantès told the abbé his story, and the abbé had little difficulty in opening the eyes of the astonished Dantès to the villainy of his supposed friends and the deputy *procureur*. Thus was instilled into his heart a new passion—vengeance.

II—The Cemetery of the Château d'If

More than seven years passed thus when, coming into the abbé's dungeon one night, Dantès found him stricken with paralysis. His right arm and leg remained paralysed after the seizure. When Dantès next visited him the abbé showed him a paper, half-burnt, and rolled in a cylinder.

"This paper," said Faria, "is my treasure; and if I have not been allowed to possess it, you will. Who knows if another attack may not come and all be finished?"

The abbé had been secretary to the last of the Counts of Spada, one of the most powerful families of medieval Italy, and he, dying in poverty, had left Faria an old breviary, which had been in the family since the days of the Borgias. In this, by chance, Faria found a piece of yellow paper, on which, when put in the fire, writing began to appear. From the remains of the paper he made out, during the early days of his imprisonment, that a Cardinal Spada, at the end of the fifteenth century, fearing poisoning at the hands of Pope Alexander VI, had buried in the Island of Monte Cristo, a rock between Corsica and Elba, all his ingots, gold, money and jewels, amounting then to nearly two million Roman crowns.

"The last Count of Spada made me his heir," said the abbé. "The treasure now amounts to nearly thirteen millions of money!"

The abbé remained paralysed, and had given up all hope of enjoying the treasure himself; and presently another seizure took him, and one night Dantès was alone with a corpse.

Next morning the preparations for burying the dead man were made, the body being placed in a sack and left in the cell till the evening. Dantès came into the cell again.

"Ah!" he muttered. "Since the dead leave this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!"

Opening the sack, he took out the dead body of his friend, and dragged it through the tunnel to his own cell. Placing it on his own bed, he covered it with the rags he wore himself. Then he sewed himself in the sack with one of the abbé's needles. In his hand he held the dead man's knife, and with palpitating heart awaited events.

Slowly the hours dragged on, until at length he heard the heavy footsteps of the gaolers descending to the cell. They lifted the sack and carried him on a bier through the castle passages, until they came to a door, which was opened. On passing through this, the noise of the waves was heard as they dashed on the rocks below.

Then Dantès felt that they took him by the head and by the heels, and flung him

into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet. The sea is the cemetery of Château d'If!

Although giddy, and almost suffocated, he had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand held his knife, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then, by a desperate effort, severed the cord that bound his legs at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface, paused to breathe, and then dived again, in order to avoid being seen. When he rose again, he struck boldly out to sea and, fortunately, was picked up by a sailing-vessel.

Now at liberty, fourteen years after his arrest, he renewed an oath of implacable vengeance against Danglars, Fernand and Villefort. Nor was it long before he had discovered the secret cave in the island of Monte Cristo, with all its dazzling wealth, as the Abbé Faria had truly foretold. He now stood possessed of such means of vengeance as never in his wildest dreams had any innocent prisoner hoped to be able to command.

III—Vengeance Begins

Some two years later Gaspar Caderousse, the keeper of an inn near Beaucaire, was lounging listlessly at his door, when a traveller on horseback dismounted at his door and entered. The visitor—Monte Cristo—gave the name of Abbé Busoni, and astonished Caderousse by showing a minute knowledge of his earlier history. The abbé explained that he had been present at the death of Edmond Dantès in prison, and said that even in his dying moments the prisoner had protested he was utterly ignorant of the cause of his imprisonment.

"And so he was!" exclaimed Caderousse. "How should he have been otherwise?"

The abbé had heard of the death of Edmond's aged father, and now he was told the old man had died of starvation.

"Thus heaven recompenses virtue," said Caderousse. "I am in destitution and shall die of hunger, as old Dantès did, whilst Fernand and Danglars roll in wealth. All their malpractices have turned to luck. Danglars speculated and made a fortune. He is a millionaire, and now Count Danglars. Fernand played traitor at the battle of Ligny, and that served for his recommendation to the Bourbons. Afterwards he became Count of Morcerf, and got a considerable sum by the betrayal of Ali Pasha in the Greek War of Independence."

The abbé, making an effort, said, "And Mercédès—she disappeared?"

"Yes, as the sun, to rise next day with more splendour. She is rich, the Countess of Morcerf—she waited two hopeless years for Dantès—and yet I am sure she is not happy."

"And M. de Villefort?" asked the abbé.

"Some time after having arrested Dantès, he married and left Marseilles; no doubt but he has been as lucky as the rest."

"God may seem sometimes to forget for a time," said the abbé, "while His justice reposes, but there always comes a moment when He remembers."

Early in 1838 a certain Count of Monte Cristo became a great figure in the life of Paris. His name awakened thoughts of romance and dazzling wealth in the minds of all. It was Albert, the son of the Count of Morcerf, who first introduced the Count of Monte Cristo to the high society of Paris. They had become acquainted at Rome, where Monte Cristo had been able to render a great service to the Viscount Albert de Morcerf and his friend, the Baron Franz d'Epinay.

All sorts of stories were afloat in Paris as to the history of this Count of Monte Cristo. When he went to the opera he was accompanied by a beautiful Greek girl, named Haidée, whose guardian he was.

But nothing ruffled Monte Cristo. Calmness and deliberation marked all his movements; in some respects he was more like a machine than a human being. Everything he said he would do was done precisely. And now the schemes he had long studied in secret he had begun to carry through as certainly and relentlessly as Fate.

M. de Villefort, now *procureur du roi*, had a daughter by his first wife, for he had

married a second time. Her name was Valentine, and at the command of her father, but not by her own wish, she was engaged to the Baron Franz d'Epinay. She loved a young military officer named Maximilian Morrel, son of the Marseilles shipowner. But neither of them had dared to avow their affection for each other to Valentine's father.

Meanwhile, the tide of fortune seemed to have turned with Baron Danglars. His business had suffered many losses, but his greatest loss of all was due to some false news about the price of shares which had been telegraphed to Paris by means which Monte Cristo could have explained.

The baron's daughter was engaged to Albert de Morcerf, but the Count of Morcerf had now come under a cloud, for his betrayal of Ali Pasha had been made public. So the baron did not hesitate to break the engagement, and to accept as the suitor for his daughter a dashing young man known as Count Cavalcanti, who had been introduced to Paris by Monte Cristo, but concerning whose antecedents nothing seemed to be known.

The Count of Morcerf was tried for his betrayal of Ali, and seemed likely to be acquitted, when a veiled woman was brought to the place of trial, and testified before the committee that she was the

HAIDÉE WARD OF MONTE CRISTO, DENOUNCES THE COUNT OF MORCERF
By courtesy of the Fox Film Co., Ltd.

daughter of Ali Pasha, and that Morcerf had not only betrayed her father to the Turks, but had sold her and her mother into slavery. The veiled woman was Haidée, the ward of Monte Cristo. The count was now a ruined man, and when his son Albert discovered the part that Monte Cristo had played, he publicly insulted him at the opera.

A duel was averted, for Albert publicly apologised to the count of Monte Cristo when he learnt the reasons for his actions. Furious that he had not been avenged by his son, Morcerf rushed to the house of Monte Cristo.

"I came to tell you," said Morcerf, "that as the young people of the present day will not fight, it remains for us to do it."

"So much the better," said Monte Cristo. "Are you prepared?"

"Yes, sir; and witnesses are unnecessary, as we know each other so little."

"Truly they are unnecessary," said Monte Cristo, "but for the reason that we know each other well. Are you not the soldier Fernand who deserted on the eve of Waterloo? Are you not the Lieutenant Fernand who served as guide and spy to the French army in Spain? Are you not the Captain Fernand who betrayed, sold and murdered his benefactor, Ali?"

"Oh," cried the general, "wretch, to reproach me with my shame! Tell me your real name that I may pronounce it when I plunge my sword through your heart."

At this, Monte Cristo, bounding to a dressing-room near, quickly pulled off his coat and waistcoat and, donning a sailor's jacket and hat, was back in an instant.

Gazing for a moment in terror at this man who seemed to have risen from the dead to avenge his wrongs, Morcerf turned, seeking the wall to support him, and went out by the door uttering the cry—"Edmond Dantès!"

Events marched rapidly now, and Paris had scarcely ceased talking of the suicide of the Count of Morcerf, when Cavalcanti, identified as a former galley-slave named Benedetto, was arrested for the murder of a fellow-convict.

Danglars fled from France, his great business in ruin. With him he took a large sum of money, which, however, was taken from him near Rome by brigands controlled by Monte Cristo.

IV—Vengeance is Complete

In the household of Villefort, Monte Cristo had done nothing to bring vengeance on that evil man. He had seen from the first that Villefort's second wife was studying the art of poisoning and he felt that revenge was already at work here. There had already been three mysterious deaths in the house, and now the beautiful Valentine seemed to be suffering from the early effects of some slow poison. Maximilian Morrel, in despair of Valentine's life, rushed to Monte Cristo for his advice and assistance.

"Must I let one of the accursed race escape?" Monte Cristo asked himself, but decided, for Maximilian's sake, that he would save Valentine. He had bought the house adjoining that of Villefort and, clearing out the tenants, had engaged workmen to remove so much of the old wall between the two houses that it was a simple matter for him to take out the remaining stones and pass into a large cupboard in Valentine's room. Here the count watched while Valentine was asleep, and saw Madame de Villefort creep into the room and substitute for the medicine in Valentine's glass a dose of poison.

He then entered the room and threw half the draught into the fireplace, leaving the rest in the glass. When Valentine awoke he gave her a pellet of hashish, which made her sink into a deathlike sleep.

Next morning the doctor declared that Valentine was dead. In the glass he discovered poison and, as the same poison was found in madame's laboratory, there was no doubt of her guilt. She admitted all, and confessed that her object had been to make her own son sole heir to Villefort's fortune.

Madame de Villefort fell at her husband's feet. He addressed her with passionate words of reproach as he turned to leave her.

"Think of it, madame," he said; "if on my return justice has not been satisfied, I will denounce you with my own mouth,

and arrest you with my own hands! I am going to the court to pronounce sentence of death on a murderer. If I find you alive on my return, you shall sleep to-night in gaol."

Madame sighed, her nerves gave way, and she sank on the carpet.

But Villefort little knew at the moment he spoke these burning words to the woman who was his wife that he himself was not going out to condemn a fellow-sinner, but to be himself condemned. For the man to whom he referred as a murderer was the so-called Count Cavalcanti, really Benedetto, who now turned out to be an illegitimate son of Villefort's, whom he had endeavoured to bury alive as an infant in the garden of a house at Auteuil.

The night before, the criminal had had a long interview with Monte Cristo's steward, who had disclosed to the prisoner the secret of his birth, and in court he declared his father was Villefort, the public prosecutor! This statement made a great commotion in the court, and all eyes were on Villefort while Benedetto continued to answer the questions of the president, and proved that he was the child whom Villefort would have buried alive years before. The public prosecutor himself confirmed the prisoner's story by admitting his guilt and staggering from the court.

When Villefort arrived at his own house he found everything in confusion. Making his way to his wife's apartments, he had the horror of meeting her while she still lived, just at the very instant when the poison she had taken did its work, and of finding a moment or two after that she had poisoned his little son Edward.

This was more than the brain of man could endure, and Villefort turned from the tragic scene a raving madman, rushing wildly to the garden and beginning to dig with a spade.

The vengeance of Edmond Dantès, so long delayed, so carefully and laboriously planned, was now complete, and it only remained for him to perform the last of his marvels, at the same time giving proof of his boundless generosity. Valentine de Villefort had been buried, and Maximilian was in despair; but Monte Cristo urged the young man to have patience and hope.

It seemed a strange thing to ask a lover whose sweetheart had been placed within the tomb to have hope and to come to Monte Cristo in one month. But this was the bargain they made.

When the month had passed, Maximilian came to the isle of Monte Cristo.

"I have your word," he said to the count, "that you would help me die or give me Valentine!"

"Ah! A miracle alone can save you—the resurrection of Valentine! Thus do I fulfil my promise!"

Monte Cristo turned to a jewelled cabinet, and took from it a tube of greenish paste. Maximilian swallowed some of the mysterious substance, which was but hashish. He sat down and waited.

"Monte Cristo," he said, "I feel that I am dying—good-bye!"

Meanwhile, Monte Cristo had opened a door from which a great light streamed. Maximilian opened his eyes, looked towards the light; and then—he saw Valentine!

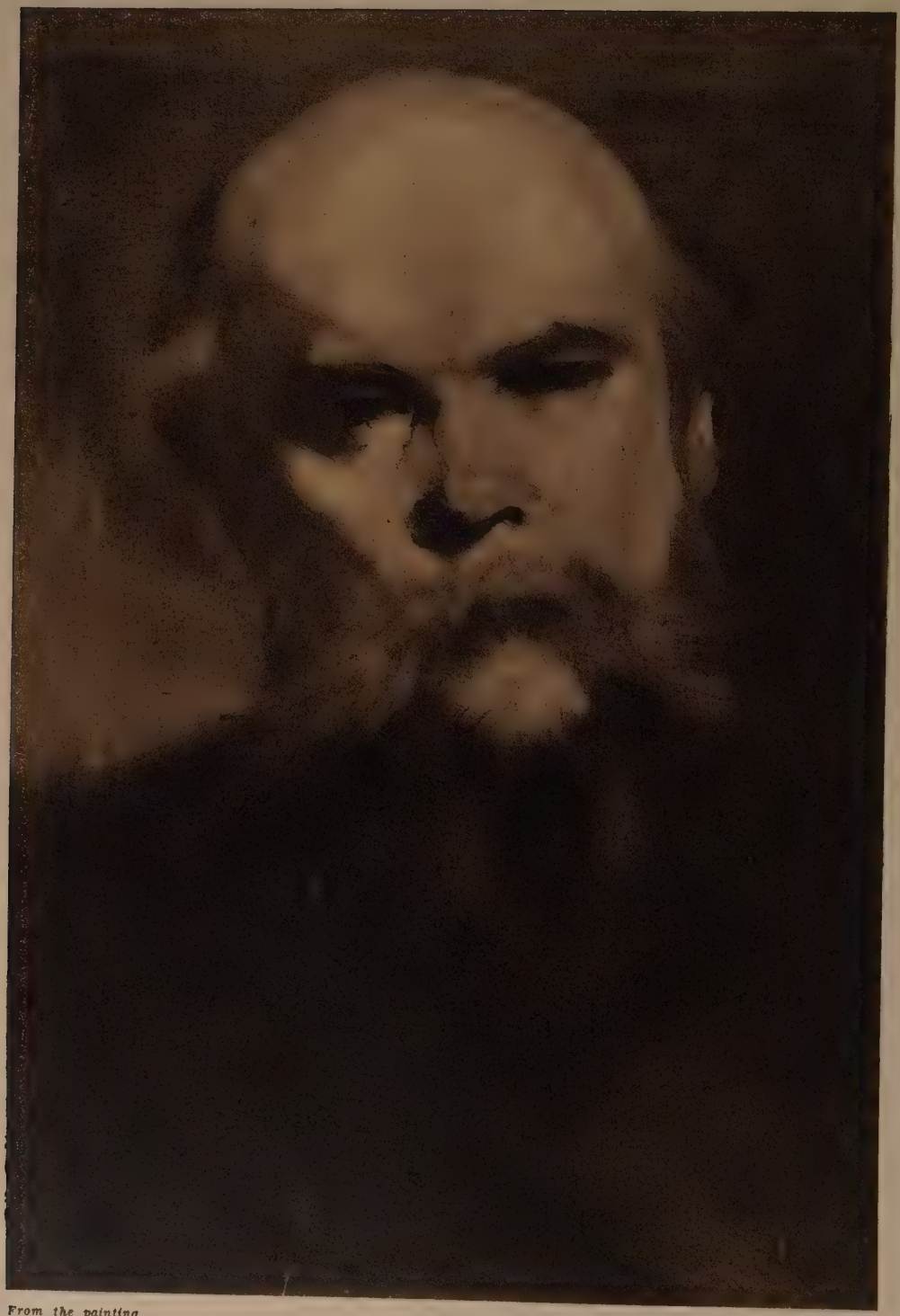
Then Monte Cristo spoke. "He calls you, Valentine, even as he thinks he dies by his own will. But even as I saved you from the tomb, so have I saved him. I feared for his reason if he saw you, except in a trance—from his trance he will wake to happiness!"

Next morning Valentine and Maximilian were walking on the beach, when Jacopo, the captain of Monte Cristo's yacht, gave them a letter. As they looked on the superscription they cried, simultaneously, "Gone!"

In his letter, Monte Cristo said: 'All that is in this grotto, my friend, my house in the Champs Elysées, and my château at Tréport, are the marriage gifts bestowed by Edmond Dantès upon the son of his old master, Morrel. Mademoiselle de Villefort will share them with you; for I entreat her to give to the poor the immense fortune reverting to her from her father, now a madman, and her brother, who died last September with his mother.'

"But where is the count?" asked Morrel eagerly. Jacopo pointed towards the horizon, where a white sail was visible.

"And where is Haidée?" asked Valentine. Jacopo still pointed towards the sail.



From the painting by Eugène Carrière in the Luxembourg

Paul Verlaine

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PAUL VERLAINE

COLLECTED POEMS

A Critical and Biographical Study by R. Musgrove Scott

'LET your verse be a great adventure . . . and every scrap is literature,' wrote Verlaine in one of his few charmingly pedagogic moments. As advice the phrase may be elegant rather than weighty, but it is admirably self-revealing. It explains and rationalises the freedom of his own poetry, and incidentally provides some justification for those occasions on which this freedom is not altogether a noble thing. Moreover, through the verse, it had a very far-reaching and profound influence upon French literature. Victor Hugo may not have been more vainglorious than usual when he exclaimed that it was he himself who 'made the wind of revolution blow' through poetic theory, but it was certainly Verlaine who showed how the power of this wind could be put to the best use.

Poetry can always be analysed as either Classical or Romantic. By its very nature that which belongs to the first division is governed by strict rules that determine its style and, to a lesser degree, its matter. But Romantic poetry should *ipso facto* be absolutely free both in thought and in form. In France, however, before the work of Verlaine had been accomplished, it was emphatically not free. Classicism has always exercised a powerful fascination upon the Latin mind, and the earlier French Romantics—de Vigny, Lamartine, de Musset—had always been fundamentally respectful towards it. Even the later innovators, following the lead of de Banville and the exuberantly pontifical Hugo, allowed themselves to be bound by conventions and dogmas that tended more and more to standardise and sterilise their work. Romanticism became almost as formal as Classicism; it had its ritual, its traditions and its high priests. Fortunately, Paul Verlaine was inspired with a divine irreverence in face of all these things, and Romanticism was restored to its proper purity and given unprecedented vigour and freedom.

It is seldom instructive to investigate the early years of a great poet's life if we wish to trace his genius to its source. His pedigree is usually even less informative. So it is with Verlaine. His father was an irascible and very commonplace army officer; his mother a typical member of the prosperous middle class. Paul was born at Metz on March 30, 1844. His school career was not in the least exceptional, but it is worthy of note that during this period he was pampered by both his father and his mother, since to the end of his life he retained some of the characteristics of a spoilt child. His education ended when he took an ordinary degree at the Sorbonne in 1862. He became a clerk, first in an insurance office, then in the Hôtel de Ville of Paris—a competent clerk, who won the favour of his superiors and who might have risen high in the civil service. From this desirable if uninspiring elevation he was saved by three things: by the fact that as a student he had written some verses that gained him admission to the literary circles of Paris; by his unquenchable thirst for absinthe; and by his enthusiastically joining the Communists in 1871, a step which made it impossible for him to return to the Hôtel de Ville when his party had been suppressed.

It is an interesting fact that Verlaine, like so many English schoolboys, seems to have been inspired, at about the age of seventeen, to write truly original

poetry by reading The Flowers of Evil, the germinative work of that much-libelled poet, Charles Baudelaire. What Verlaine did compose was at first neither original nor Baudelairean, but a pallid hybrid. He was imitating The Flowers of Evil when he referred to his 'sharp, false-sounding voice—like the voice of a corpse that will sing,' but the words very aptly describe the tone of his verse at this period.

Nevertheless, even the imitative and quite uninteresting music of A Parisian Nocturne, one of the earliest of his surviving poems, is occasionally broken by a mutter of adolescent revolt that we prophets after the event can approve as being distinctly promising.

He bells one of these airs, these ballads or polkas,
That children tap for us on our harmonicas.

THESE lines undoubtedly bear the impress of the very original mind that was later to conceive such exquisitely personal lyrics as Moonlight, and The Piano, Kissed by a Fragile Hand. The close proximity of two words that arrest the attention—'bells,' a metaphor borrowed from natural history, and 'harmonicas'—may be unintentional, but since the apt use of vigorous and striking words was part of his later technique we can with tolerable certainty give Verlaine the credit for having already evolved the idea. Thus, before he had taken his university degree, his revolutionary genius had triumphed over the strong temptation to become a second Baudelaire.

His first literary period coincides with the nine years of his clerkship. As has been mentioned above, he was already well received in Parisian literary society. His reputation as a poet was greatly enhanced by the publication, in 1866, of a collection of his earlier pieces under the title of Saturnian Poems. This volume was followed by Fêtes Galantes in 1869 and The Good Song in 1870. The comparatively placid course of Verlaine's life was for a time little changed by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in the latter year, and by his marriage, although his bouts of excessive conviviality were beginning to make his habits sufficiently irregular to excite adverse comment. But in 1871 there came the Communist reign of anarchy, his foolish indulgence in politics, and the consequent loss of his position.

He had scarcely become accustomed to being without regular occupation and salary and to the formidable task of sponging upon his father-in-law when he met Arthur Rimbaud. With this young poet, whose genius was as great as Verlaine's own, he embarked upon a foreign tour. It took him to Belgium and England, but ended in disaster in 1873, since at Brussels, Verlaine, maddened by absinthe, attempted to shoot Rimbaud. He was imprisoned for two years.

HIS life in Paris after his release was largely one of dissipation and privation. It is true that during part of this period he produced much fine poetry. Volume followed volume with impressive regularity: Wisdom appeared in 1881, Now and Then in 1884, Love in 1888, and Parallel in 1889. His genius came to be recognized more and more with each successive publication. Gradually, however, drink and illness impaired his powers, and his time was largely spent in borrowing money and converting it into liquid refreshment. There were, of course, intervals of reformation, of intense productiveness, when all wou'd seem well; but inevitably the mendicant voice of the poet would again be raised thirstily in the cafés of the Latin Quarter. This irregular, incoherent manner of life quickly affected his writing. Not one of the eleven volumes of verse that appeared between the publication of Parallel and his death is worthy even of mention.

There is, nevertheless, one redeeming aspect of this later part of his career: throughout he maintained his independence with regard to his poetry, however bad that might be. He may have seemed to many a shiftless, prematurely old wastrel, but he knew himself to be a prince of poets. On January 8, 1896, he died. Five thousand persons, including all the literary giants of France, attended his funeral, the expenses of which were defrayed by the government. Thus, tardily, did his country acknowledge Verlaine's greatness.

There is a tendency to-day to question this greatness, and able critics have very definitely maintained that Verlaine is only a poet of talent, not of genius. Whether or not this conclusion is just from a literary point of view is a matter of opinion; there is no doubt, however, that Verlaine occupies a position of the first importance in the history of literature. It is true that he was only one of the several fountain-heads whence flowed the ideas that were to inspire the succeeding generation, but he alone was not merely the founder of a school: he alone influenced a wider circle than one of conscious followers. Other poets of the age were perhaps more brilliant, more popular, more intriguingly incomprehensible, but none can lay claim to have done more useful or more abiding work than Verlaine. Fully to appreciate this point, we have only to glance at his contemporaries, but before doing so, it would be best to record his own achievements.

VERLAINE has been described, according to the taste of various writers, as a Decadent or a Symbolist. It is as significant, however, and very much more simple to call him a Romantic. The first label means nothing; and as for the second, too much has been made of the mysticism of such phrases as:

> And their soft, blue shadows
> Whirl in the ecstacy
> Of a moon of rose and grey.

or

> When, solemnly, the evening
> Falls from the black oaks
> Comes the voice of our despair—
> A nightingale will sing.

Of course there is symbolism in these verses, but it is also inherent in all great Romantic poetry. We find it in de Musset, in Baudelaire, in Burns, Shelley and Keats. Verlaine did elaborate the technique of the art of suggestion: 'it is not the colour but the shade,' he wrote, that weds 'dream to dream, the flute to the horn,' and he was faithful to his own theory. But to seize upon this single characteristic and to make it all-important is to convey a one-sided impression of Verlaine, who had a vast number of styles at his command, and who was always disinclined merely to be one of a school, although he occasionally toyed with the pleasurable idea of becoming the master of many disciples.

HIS lyrics, which, be it remembered, he regarded as a series of 'great adventures' that might lead him anywhere (even into the Halls of Fame), are, in fact, almost impossible of general classification, except as good or bad. Some are fanciful, others genuinely imaginative; some are gay, others melancholy; some are ingenuously libidinous, others vaguely religious; but one thing they have in common: their varied styles all perfectly express the sentiments contained in them. They are free from all conventions, even from that of conscious unconventionality, and this freedom was strange to French literature. This does not mean that previous poets had not been able to infuse their personalities into whatever they wrote; they had—but they marshalled and drilled their thoughts according to the codified rules of Classical or Romantic poetry. As we have already said, this rigid discipline was extremely deleterious.

It is doubtful whether Verlaine really understood this; the important point is that he absolutely refused to impose any restrictions upon his verse. He broke with the laws governing emphasis in order to be natural; he rhymed after an effective fashion of his own that scandalised the pedantic; by exalting 'music before all things,' and especially before the accepted systems of scansion, he made French poetry more unconstrainedly melodious than it had been for centuries. All these revolts have been exceedingly fruitful; indeed, Verlaine's teaching is now so generally accepted that it is difficult to revive in our imaginations the intellectual atmosphere of the period (less than half a century ago!) in which it was thought violently heretical.

None of his contemporaries was destined to exercise so universal an influence, although it would be foolish to claim that none was as great a poet. All the members of the Parnassian school—Leconte de Lisle, J. M. de Hérédia, Catulle Mendès and Prudhomme are the most

important—wrote poetry of undeniable excellence. Much of it is perfect in its way, but its scope and technique were strictly limited by Parnassian theory, so that this narrow perfection was its maximum achievement. It contained no promise for the future; it had no motive power. The Symbolists who took themselves very seriously were equally sterile. One can easily imitate Mallarmé and Villiers de l'Isle Adam—most young poets do—but one cannot learn from them. Victor Hugo possessed an amazing genius—we are not in the least surprised that he was the idol of his nation; but a succession of Hugos would have been something of an affliction. Such followers as he had entirely failed to understand that he was not great because he was usually noisy and flamboyant. Rimbaud's brilliance has inspired wonder, admiration, pleasure and disgust, but little else. Laforgue, Henri de Régnier, Vielé Griffin, Samain, Gide—all are poets of the first order, but their triumphs are barren when compared with Verlaine's.

His position in literary history as one of the most vital innovators of the nineteenth century is, therefore, definite and assured. We may now turn to consider the works that have had so beneficial an effect upon the subsequent course of French poetry, for Verlaine taught almost entirely by example. We find that his most perfect writings are lyrics, usually short and simple, and all characterised by a fragile and exquisite charm that does not depend upon the mood of the reader for its appeal. We read certain phrases once and cannot forget them; it is their music, rather than the thoughts that they express, which haunts us always. Nor are we ever weary of these songs; their freshness seems to be eternal.

Any comprehensive analysis of poetry, however, always makes it seem more artificial than it actually is. So, when we discuss the qualities of Verlaine's work, we must not imagine that he wrote with the deliberate intention of giving it these qualities. One of the chief virtues of his earlier poetry is its spontaneity. His harmonies are never elaborate and always effective; his lyrics are as natural as they are melodious.

We may illustrate this statement by quoting one of Verlaine's most perfect songs, The Sky is Up Above the Roof, which has been thus sympathetically translated by Ernest Dowson:

The sky is up above the roof
  So blue, so soft!
A tree there, up above the roof,
  Swayeth aloft.

A bell within that sky we see,
  Chimes low and faint:
A bird upon that tree we see,
  Maketh complaint.

Dear God! is not the life up there,
  Simple and sweet?
How peacefully are borne up there
  Sounds of the street!

What hast thou done, who comest here,
  To weep alway?
Where hast thou laid, who comest here,
  Thy youth away?

It was one of the tenets of the Symbolist school that no art which did not suggest the infinite was perfect. If poetry having such a quality inevitably made its author a member of the school, then, in spite of his arch remarks about 'cymbalists,' we could not deny that Verlaine was a fully qualified Symbolist. He succeeds in linking something quite trivial in itself—some occurrence of everyday life that seemed to him full of hidden meaning, some passing sensation that revealed a new vista down which his imagination might travel—with eternity.

His lyrics allow us a glimpse of unearthly beauty, elusive, momentary, a mere 'trembling of the veil' (as Mallarmé said) which divides the world of the senses from the world of the spirit. Nothing concrete is actually revealed to us; we have only the consciousness that a certain poem, by means of the arrangement of the words and images that make it, has aroused some emotion in us that we cannot explain. To demonstrate this quality of Verlaine's art, we might examine Moonlight.

Your soul is a countryside preferred
  For masques and bergamasques that please,
Playing on lutes and dancing—the mummers
  Half sorrowful beneath their masking fantasies.

While singing in the minor mode
  The victor Love and Fate the opportune,

They seem to have no faith in what they sing,
And their song mingles with the silver of the moon

With the moonlight, sad and beautiful,
That makes the jets of water sob in ecstasies
Of worship—high, slender jets among the marbles—
And sets the birds a-dreaming in their trees.

Verlaine's lyric is personal; in it he gives expression to the ideas evoked by this beauty in his own mind. He does not pretend that he is attempting to capture moonlight and to translate it into words. Yet this is precisely what he achieves. There is in his verses the stillness, the unreality, the slight melancholy, the hard clearness that are associated with full moonlight. Also, in the first two stanzas, its effect upon our emotions is suggested. For a moment we seem to see the 'preferred' countryside fantastic beneath it, and feel that we are about to understand exactly why it so moves us; there is that 'trembling of the veil,' a fleeting revelation of infinity, and then we return to earth again to watch a silver fountain spraying in the moon, with the essential secret of its beauty still unexplained.

It has frequently been asserted, both in France and elsewhere, that all symbolical art is fundamentally nothing but moonshine, which is patently an insufficient basis upon which to found great poetry; that it is clever and whimsical and pretty enough, but too often comes near to being absolute nonsense. This judgement does not apply to Verlaine. His work has always a beauty quite apart from its mystical (or emotional) elements. Lyrics, like all great poetry, do not only appeal to the senses, but also to the intellect. They naturally cannot be either majestic or profoundly dramatic, so depend very largely upon the excellence of their technique for their intellectual effect. Verlaine, then, within their little compass, gives the reader a sudden, new perception of some aspect of the beautiful, and does it with supreme grace. His art consists in being exquisitely unexpected.

Such typical phrases as 'an autumn evening that looks both ways,' 'calm in the half-day that the high branches make,' 'in the interminable boredom of plains' and 'Before you came, pale morning star, A thousand quails sang, sang in the thyme,' show that he was a master of this unexpectedness, which he normally combined with the most complete felicity of expression. With these we might also set:

About the belfry-towers the Angelus
Sets a silver crown that sings—
White owls, crying mournfully,
As they wheel on smooth wings.

There is no suggestion of preciousness in these descriptive phrases; they are impressionistic, yet how exact, how neat; they are gossamer, perhaps; but only a genius can weave beautiful patterns of such material.

Mallarme, an acute if not altogether impartial critic, considered that this earlier, symbolical poetry of Verlaine constitutes his best work. It certainly has wonderful distinction and charm, which are due to the fact that in it the emotional and intellectual elements are blended in just proportions. But Verlaine sometimes abused his own method. He sometimes took the most astonishing liberties with his verse when he wished to achieve a definite effect. There is a poem about London in which the unexpected takes the unpleasant form of a variety of whoops and cat-calls that are extremely suggestive of one of the less exclusive restaurants in Soho. When he sings 'Ha! Ha! Ha! the bizarre lover!' or 'Richepin . . . is the name of a jolly good fellow, an excellent pal,' we are shocked, not pleased. Similarly, his emotion tends to become excessive and slightly maudlin. But such downfalls are rare in these early poems. Verlaine usually contrived to give them an adolescent freshness and exuberance even when, a man of thirty-four, he was in gaol in Belgium.

This buoyant youthfulness is a quality that is found throughout his best poetry, lending vivid colour to its 'great adventure' aspect. It is sparkling and vigorous; it shows Verlaine's interest in all manner of things, and is written on the naïve assumption that everybody else will find them equally fascinating. He is extraordinarily communicative, writing, almost confidentially, of his wife, his love

for her, his friends, his religion, Arthur Rimbaud, prison, parties that he has attended, with the same complete candour.

His consistent frankness might be absolutely intolerable; it occasionally is. On the whole, however, we find it extremely attractive. This is partly due to the melody of his verse; partly to Verlaine's gift, to which we referred in discussing his more definitely symbolical poetry, for showing that the apparently trivial or commonplace may suggest things immeasurably profound.

NOBODY has so completely succeeded in capturing the beauty of the passing moment and making it eternal as Verlaine. On entering the room of a certain friend he always experienced the liveliest pleasure. There might seem to be little of the stuff of which poetry is made in the appreciation of a scheme of interior decoration. Yet mark how Verlaine colours the subject with his own thoughts; what an agreeably sentimental atmosphere he gives this room.

The piano, kissed by a fragile hand,
  Gleams faintly in the evening's rose and grey;
While a fan whispers very softly
  And an ancient melody, gentle and gay,
Wanders, discreet, with slightly mumbled tone,
About the room whose fragrance is her own.

There is not a false note in the verse. It opens to us an infinitely long succession of pleasant rooms in which the poet lingers as gracefully and as naturally as Wordsworth by Grasmere or Theocritus on the bland hill-slopes of Sicily. Indeed, one of Verlaine's more important 'adventures' consisted in his domesticating to some extent the Romantic Muse, and acclimatising her to the rather uncongenial conditions existing in France during the later years of the Second Empire.

No better example of the effects of this experiment can be given than the opening lines of The Alley.

She walks, as from an old-time pastoral,
  Dainty among enormous satin bows,
Of perfumed fards and powders prodigal,
  By antlered trees that cast their deep shadows
In the alley where moss enamels ancient seats;
  Walks with those little gestures, coquette smiles
That ladies keep for well-loved parakeets.

This has a beauty of its own, and constitutes a very definite breach with previous literary traditions. Even Wordsworth and Crabbe, turning as they did to the village idiot for new inspiration, and to everyday conversation for a new poetic language, were not so original as Verlaine when he exploited the bourgeois motifs of his age. He gave them depth and coherence; he invested them with unusual charm in making songs round them. In doing so he admirably expressed his emotional and highly coloured personality, and incidentally re-discovered superficial beauties that had long been neglected in the universal endeavour to be profound: beauties which Dowson has successfully captured in his translation of Colloque Sentimental.

Into the lonely park, all frozen fast,
There came two shadows who recall the past.

'Doth thine heart beat at my sole name alway?
Still dost thou see my soul in visions?'
  'Nay!'—
'Were not the heavens blue, was not hope high?'
'Hope has fled vanquished down the darkling sky.'—

So through the barren oats they wanderèd,
And the night only heard the words they said.

ONE of his most successful lyrics of this style, Love on the Ground, combines what might almost be called personal anecdote with *double entendre* too obvious to be termed symbolism. The decorations, we would emphasise, are Second Empire; the melodiousness, the haunting notes, the frivolous tone of the last stanza, show Verlaine's distinctive touch.

The wind, some nights ago, threw over Love,
  Who bent his bow malignantly and smiled, so gay,
In the park's most mysterious corner,
  And whose look made us dream through a whole summer's day.

The wind (some nights ago) has thrown Love [down!
  The marble staggered at dawn, and fell. How sad to see
The pedestal, on which the sculptor's name
  Is barely legible in the dim shade of the tree.

How sad it is to see the pedestal [choly
  Standing there alone! And brooding melan-
Visits and leaves my dreams, where misery
  Mirrors a future prescribed and solitary.

How sad it is! And you, tell me, you grieve
  At such a sorry picture, though your wanton eye
Follows a butterfly of blue and gold
  That dances above the lane where the fragments lie?

This is still 'great adventure'; we feel that Verlaine was genuinely moved by the little accident (so easily transformed by his theatrical imagination into an auspicious event) in the park, and consequently his poem describing it has an unaffected freshness and delicacy.

It might be thought that the suggestion of misery in Love on the Ground was a mere artistic device: the banal expression of a poetic lover of the grief occasioned by the destruction of his hopes. In view of many other poems and external evidence, however, we may confidently say that Verlaine was a prey to melancholy. It certainly declares itself very obviously in his poetry. Perhaps the best of his lyrics is also the saddest.

Tears fall in my heart
As they fall on the town;
What is this languor
That creeps into my heart?

O soft voice of the rain
On earth and the roofs!
For a heart that is weary
Oh, the voice of the rain!

Tears fall without cause
In this heart without heart—
Is not this betrayal?
But it mourns without cause.

It is much the worst pain
Not to understand why,
Love empty, hate empty,
My heart knows so much pain.

We have kept this song to the end, not only because of its exquisite music and faultless phraseology, but because it helps to explain much of Verlaine's life that was deplorable. The helpless sorrow, the benumbing lassitude of mind, these, like his genius, were born in him. They explain his early desire for absinthe, and his later subjection to it. Yet through the misery, both in art and life, ring the clear notes of true poetry, and hearing them we can forget the tipsy beggar of the Boulevard Saint-Michel and admire one of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century.

A Light on the Darkness of the Homeric Age

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN

TROY AND ITS REMAINS

DURING his early childhood an old scholar delighted Heinrich Schliemann with stories of the great deeds of Homeric heroes, communicating to him a love for antiquity which remained the abiding passion of his life. When in 1868, with his fortune made, he was able to gratify what had always been his supreme interest, he inaugurated a series of explorations in Greece and Asia Minor and gained world-wide fame by his discoveries at Tiryns, Mycenae and Hissarlik, largely solving the problems of antiquity and archaeology associated with these localities. The results of his excavations at Hissarlik between 1870 and 1873 are described in Troy and Its Remains which was published in 1875. Our outline of this book, with illustrations re-drawn from those contained in it, is included here by permission of the publisher, John Murray. The treasure he unearthed at Hissarlik was sent to Berlin, and that found at Mycenae in 1876 went to Athens. Schliemann's other publications include Mycenae, 1877, Ilios, and a sequel to this latter book, Troja, issued in 1884.

I—Searching for the Site of Troy

MISCELLANEOUS

HISSARLIK, Plain of Troy, *October* 18, 1871. In my work Ithaca, the Peloponnesus and Troy, published in 1869, I endeavoured to prove, both by my own excavations and by the statement of the Iliad, that Homeric Troy cannot possibly have been situated on the heights of Bunarbashi, to which place most archaeologists assign it. At the same time I endeavoured to explain that the site of Troy must necessarily be identical with the site of that town which, throughout all antiquity and down to its complete destruction at the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century A.D., was called Ilium, and not until 1,000 years after its disappearance—that is, in A.D. 1788—was christened Ilium Novum by Lechevalier,

HISSARLIK, THE HILL OF THE SEVEN TOWNS OF ANCIENT TROY

This and the following illustrations are re-drawn from woodcuts in the original edition

who, as his work proves, can never have visited his Ilium Novum.

The site of Ilium is on a plateau 80 feet above the plain. Its north-western corner is formed by a hill about 26 feet higher still, which is about 705 feet in breadth and about 984 feet in length, and from its imposing situation and natural fortifications, this hill of Hissarlik seems specially suited to the acropolis of the town. Ever since my first visit I never doubted that I should find the Pergamus of Priam in the depths of this hill.

On October 10, 1871, I started with my wife from the Dardanelles for the Plain of Troy, a journey of eight hours, and next day commenced my excavations where I had, a year previously, made some preliminary explorations, and had found, among other things, at a depth of 16 feet, walls about 6½ feet thick, which belong to a bastion of the time of Lysimachus.

Hissarlik, the Turkish name of this imposing hill at the north-western end of the site of Ilium, means 'fortress,' or 'acropolis,' and seems to prove that this is the Pergamus of Priam; that here Xerxes in 480 B.C. offered up 1,000 oxen to the Ilian Athena; that here Alexander the Great hung up his armour in the temple of the goddess, and took away in its stead some of the weapons therein dedicated, belonging to the time of the Trojan war.

I conjectured that this temple, the pride of the Ilians, must have stood on the highest point of the hill, and I therefore decided to excavate this locality down to the native soil, and I made an immense cutting on the face of the steep northern slope, about 66 feet from my last year's work. Notwithstanding the difficulties due to coming on immense blocks of stone, the work advances rapidly. My dear wife, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Homer, and knows almost the whole of the Iliad by heart, is present at the excavations from morning to night. My workmen are Greeks; only on Sunday, a day on which the Greeks do not work, I employ Turks.

HISSARLIK, *October* 26, 1871. Since my report of the 18th I have continued the excavations with the utmost energy, with, on the average, 80 workmen, and I have to-day reached an average depth of 13 feet. I found an immense number of

round articles of terracotta, red, yellow, grey and black, with two holes, without inscriptions, but frequently with a kind of potter's stamp upon them. I cannot find any trace of their having been used for domestic purposes, and therefore I presume they have served as *ex votos* for hanging up in the temples.

I found at a depth of about five feet three marble slabs with inscriptions. One of these must, I think, from the character of the writing, be assigned to the third century, the two others to the first century B.C. A king spoken of in the third century writing must have been one of the kings of Pergamus.

The view from the hill of Hissarlik is magnificent. Before me lies the Plain of Troy, traversed from the south-east to the north-west by the Scamander, which has changed its bed since ancient times.

HISSARLIK, *November* 18, 1871. I have now reached a depth of 33 feet. During these operations I was for a time deceived by the enormous mass of stone implements which were dug up, and by the absence of any trace of metal, and supposed that I had come upon the Stone Age. But since the sixth of this month there have appeared many nails, knives, lances and battle-axes of copper of such elegant workmanship that they can have been made only by a civilized people. I cannot even admit that I have reached the Bronze Period, for the implements and weapons which I find are too well finished.

I must, however, observe that the deeper I dig the greater are the indications of a higher civilization. And as I thus find ever more and more traces of civilization the deeper I dig, I am now perfectly convinced that I have not yet penetrated to the period of the Trojan war, and hence I am more hopeful than ever of finding the site of Troy by further excavations; for if ever there was a Troy—and my belief in this is firm—it can only have been here, on the site of Ilium.

II—Trojan Life and Civilization

HISSARLIK, *April* 5, 1872. On the first of this month I resumed the excavations which were discontinued at the end of November.

In the ruins of houses I find, amongst other things, a great number of small idols of very fine marble, with or without the symbols of the owl's head and woman's girdle. Many Trojan articles found in the ruins have stamped on them crosses of various descriptions, which are of the highest importance to archaeology. Such symbols were already regarded, thousands of years before Christ, as religious tokens of the very greatest importance. The figure of the cross represents two pieces of wood which were laid crosswise upon one another before the sacrificial altars in order to produce holy fire. The fire was produced by the friction of one piece of wood against another.

At all depths we find a number of flat idols of very fine marble; upon many of them is the owl's face and a female girdle with dots. I am firmly convinced that all of the helmeted owls' heads represent a goddess, and the important question now presents itself, what goddess is it who is here found so repeatedly, and is, moreover, the only one to be found upon the idols, drinking-cups and vases? The answer is, she must necessarily be the tutelary goddess of Troy: she must be the Ilian Athena, and this indeed perfectly agrees with the statement of Homer, who continually calls her *thea glaukopis Athene*, 'the goddess Athena with the owl's face.'

HISSARLIK, *June* 18, 1872. I had scarcely begun to extend a third cutting into the hill when I found a block of triglyphs of Parian marble, containing a sculpture in high relief which represents Phoebus Apollo, who, in a long woman's robe with a girdle, is riding on the four immortal horses which pursue their career through the universe. Nothing is to be seen of a chariot. Above the head of the god is seen about two-thirds of the sun's disk with twenty rays. The face of the god is very expressive, and the folds of his robe are exquisitely sculptured; but my admiration is specially excited by the four horses, which, snorting and looking wildly forward, career through the universe with an appearance of infinite power. Their anatomy is masterly.

It is especially remarkable to find the sun-god here, for Homer knows nothing of

a temple to the sun in Troy, and later history says not a word about the existence of such a temple. However, the image of Phoebus Apollo does not prove that the sculpture must have belonged to a temple of the sun; in my opinion it may just as well have served as an ornament to any other temple.

I venture to express the opinion that the image of the sun, which I find represented here thousands and thousands of times upon the whorls of terracotta, must be regarded as the name or emblem of the town—that is, Ilios. In like manner, this sun-god shone in the form of a woman upon the propylaea of the temple of the Ilian Athena as a symbol of the sun-city.

THIS head of the sun-god appears to me to have so much of the Alexandrian style that I must adhere to history, and believe that this work of art belongs to the time of Lysimachus, who, according to Strabo, after the time of Alexander the Great, built here the new temple of the Ilian Athena, which Alexander had promised to the town of Ilium after the subjugation of the Persian Empire.

Were it not for the splendid terracottas which I find exclusively on the primary soil, and as far as 6½ feet above it, I could swear that at a depth of from 26 to 33 feet I am among the ruins of the Homeric Troy. [Schliemann finally came back to this opinion.] For at this depth I have found a thousand wonderful objects; whereas I find little in the lowest stratum, the removal of which gives immense trouble. We daily find some of the whorls of very fine terracotta, and it is curious that those which have no decorations at all are always of the ordinary shape, and of the size of small tops, or like the craters of volcanoes, while almost all those possessing decorations are flat, and in the form of a wheel.

Metals, at least gold, silver and copper, were known to the Trojans, for I found a copper knife highly gilded, a silver hairpin, and a number of copper nails at a depth of forty-six feet. I found many small instruments for use as pins; also a number of ivory needles, and some curious pieces of ivory, one in the form of a paper-knife, the other in the shape of an exceedingly neat dagger. We discovered one-edged or double-edged knives of white silex in the form of saws in quantities, each about two inches long; also many hand millstones of lava, and some beautiful red vases, cups, vessels, jugs and hand plates. In these depths we likewise find many bones of animals: boars' tusks, small shells, horns of the buffalo, ram and stag, as well as the vertebrae of the shark.

The houses and palaces in which the splendid terracottas were used were large and spacious, for to them belong all the mighty heaps of stone, hewn and unhewn, which cover them to the height of from 13 to 20 feet. These buildings were easily destroyed, for the stones were only joined with earth, and when the walls fell everything in the houses was crushed to pieces by the immense blocks of stone. The primitive Trojan people disappeared simultaneously with the destruction of their town. [Here, as well as in what goes before, Dr. Schliemann writes on the supposition, which he afterwards abandoned, that the remains in the lowest stratum are those of the Trojans of the Iliad.]

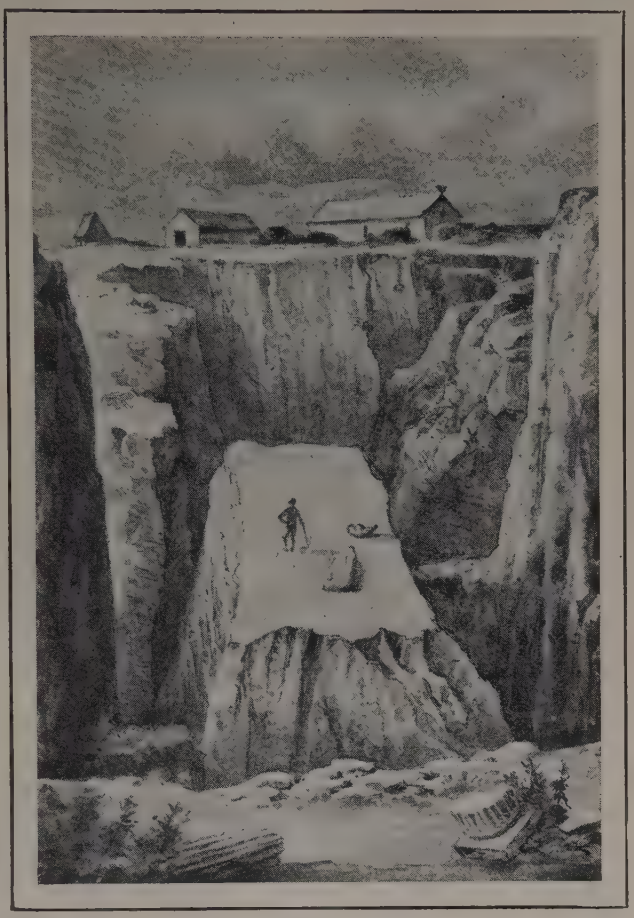
UPON the site of the destroyed city new settlers, of a different civilization, manners and customs, built a new town; but only the foundation of their houses consisted of stones joined with clay; all the house-walls were built with unburnt bricks. I must draw attention to the fact that I have found twice on fragments of pottery the curious symbol of the *suastika*, or crossed angles, which proves that the primitive Trojans belonged to the Aryan race. This is further proved by the symbols on the round terracottas.

The existence of the nation which preceded the Trojans was likewise of long duration, for all the layers of *débris* at the depth of from 33 to 23 feet belong to it. They also were of Aryan descent, for they possessed innumerable Aryan religious symbols. Several of the symbols belonged to the time when Germans, Pelasgians, Hindus, Persians, Celts and Greeks still formed one nation.

I found no trace of a double cup among this people, but instead of it those curious cups which have a coronet below in place of a handle; then those brilliant, fanciful

goblets, in the form of immense champagne glasses, and with two mighty handles on the sides; they are round below, so that they can only stand on their mouths. Further, all those splendid vessels of burnt earthenware, as, for instance, funeral, wine, or water urns, five feet high; likewise, all of those vessels with a beak-shaped mouth, bent back, and either short or long.

I have met with many very curious vases in the shape of animals with three feet. The mouth of the vessel is in the tail, which is upright and very thick, and is connected with the back by a handle. In these strata we also meet with an immense number of those round terracottas—the whorls—embellished with beautiful and ingenious symbolical signs, amongst which the sun-god always occupies the most prominent position. But the fire-machine of our primeval ancestors, the holy sacrificial altar with blazing flames, the holy soma tree, or tree of life, and the *rosa mystica*, are also very frequently met with here.



EXCAVATING THE TOWER OF ILIUM, WHERE PRIAM SAT WITH HELEN

This mystic rose, which occurs often in the Byzantine sculptures, and the name of which designates the Holy Virgin in the Roman Catholic liturgies, is a very ancient Aryan symbol, as yet, unfortunately, unexplained. It is very ancient, because I find it at a depth of from 23 to 33 feet, in the strata of the successors to the Trojans, which must belong to a period about 1,200 years before Christ.

At a depth of 30½ feet, among the yellow ashes of a house destroyed by fire, I found silver-wire ornaments and also a very pretty gold ear-ring, which has three rows of stars on both sides; then two bunches of ear-rings of various forms, most of which are of silver and terminate in five leaves.

I now come to the strata of *débris* at a depth of from 23 to 13 feet, which are evidently also the remains of a people of the Aryan race, who took possession of the town built on the ruins of Troy, and who destroyed it and extirpated the inhabitants; for in these strata of ten feet thick I find no trace of metal, and the structure of the house is entirely different. All the house-walls consist of small stones joined with clay. In these strata—at a depth of from 23 to 13 feet—not only are all the stone implements much rougher, but all the terracottas are of a coarser quality. Still, they possess a certain elegance.

A new epoch in the history of Ilium commenced when the accumulation of *débris* on this hill had reached a height of 13 feet below its present surface; for the town was again destroyed, and the inhabitants killed or driven out by a wretched tribe, which certainly must

likewise have belonged to the Aryan race, for upon the round terracottas I still very frequently find the tree of life, and the simple cross and double cross with the four nails. In these depths, however, the forms of the whorls degenerate. Of pottery, however, much less is found, and all of it is considerably less artistic than that which I have found in the preceding strata. With the people to whom these strata belonged—from 13 to 6½ feet below the surface—the pre-Hellenic ages end, for henceforth we see many ruined walls of Greek buildings, of beautifully hewn stones laid together without cement, and the painted and unpainted terracottas leave no doubt that a Greek colony took possession of Ilium when the surface of this hill was much lower than it is now.

This new colonisation must have taken place much earlier than the visit of Xerxes reported by Herodotus, which took place 480 years before Christ. The event may have occurred 700 B.C.

III—Homeric Legends Verified

PERGAMUS OF TROY, *August* 4, 1872. On the south side of the hill where I made my great trench I discovered a great tower, 40 feet thick, which obstructs my path and appears to extend to a great length. I have uncovered it on the north and south sides along the whole breadth of my trench, and convinced myself that it is built on the rock at a depth of 46½ feet.

This tower is now only 20 feet high, but must have been much higher. For its preservation we have to thank the ruins of Troy, which entirely covered it as it now stands. Its situation would be most interesting and imposing, for its top would command not only a view of the whole plain of Troy, but of the sea, with the islands of Tenedos, Imbros and Samothrace. There is not a more sublime situation in the whole area of the plain of Troy than this.

In the ashes of a house at the depth of 42½ feet I found a tolerably well preserved skeleton of a woman. The colour of the bones show that the lady, whose gold ornaments were near by, was overtaken by fire and burnt alive. With the exception of the skeleton of an infant found in a vase, this is the only skeleton of a human being I have ever met with in the pre-Hellenic remains on this hill. As we know from Homer, all corpses were burnt and the ashes placed in urns, of which I have found great numbers. The bones were always burnt to ashes.

PERGAMUS OF TROY, *August* 14, 1872. As regards the result of my excavations, everyone must admit that I have solved a great historical problem, and that I have solved it by the discovery of a high civilization and immense buildings upon the primary soil, in the depths of an ancient town, which throughout antiquity was called Ilium and declared itself to be the successor of Troy, the site of which was regarded as identical with the site of the Homeric Ilium by the whole world of that time. The situation of this town not only corresponds perfectly with all the statements of the Iliad, but also with all the traditions handed down to us by later authorities.

PERGAMUS OF TROY, *March* 22, 1873. During this last week, with splendid weather, and with 150 men on the average, I have got through a good piece of work. On the north side of the excavation on the site of the Temple of Athena I have already reached a depth of 26 feet, and have laid bare the tower in several places.

The most remarkable of the objects found this week is a large knob of the purest and finest crystal, belonging to a stick, in the form of a beautifully wrought lion's head. It seems probable that in remote antiquity lions existed in this region. Homer could not so excellently have described them had he not had opportunities of watching them.

PERGAMUS OF TROY, *May* 10, 1873. Although the Pergamus whose depths I have been ransacking borders directly on the marshes formed by the Simois, in which there are always hundreds of storks, yet none of them ever settle down here. Though there are sometimes a dozen storks' nests on one roof in the neighbouring Turkish villages, yet no one will settle on mine, even though I have two comfortable nests made for them. It is probably too cold and stormy for the little storks on *Ilios anemoessa*.

My most recent excavations have far surpassed my expectations, for I have unearthed two large gates, standing 20 feet apart, in a splendid street which proceeds from the chief building in the Pergamus. I venture to assert that this great double gate must be the Homeric Scaean Gate. It is in an excellent state of preservation.

Here, therefore, by the side of the double gate, at Ilium's Great Tower, sat Priam, the seven elders of the city and Helen. From this spot the company surveyed the whole plain, and saw at the foot of the Pergamus the Trojan and Achaean armies face to face about to settle their agreement to let the war be decided by a single combat between Paris and Menelaus.

I now positively retract my former opinion that Ilium was inhabited up to the ninth century after Christ, and I must maintain that its site has been desolate and uninhabited since the end of the fourth century. But Troy was not large.

Homer is an epic poet, and not an historian; so it is quite natural that he should have exaggerated everything with poetic licence. Moreover, the events he describes are so marvellous that many scholars have long doubted the very existence of Troy, and have considered the city to be a mere invention of the poet's fancy. I venture to hope that the civilized world will not only not be disappointed that the city of Priam has shown itself to be scarcely a twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad, but that, on the contrary, it will accept with delight the certainty that Ilium did really exist, that a large portion of it has now been brought to light, and that Homer, even though he exaggerates, nevertheless sings of events that actually happened.

Homer can never have seen Ilium's Great Tower, the surrounding wall of Poseidon and Apollo, the Scaean Gate of the palace of King Priam, for all these monuments lay buried deep in heaps of rubbish, and he could have made no excavations to bring them to light. He knew of these monuments only from hearsay and tradition, for the tragic fate of ancient Troy was then still in fresh remembrance, and had already been for centuries in the mouth of all minstrels.

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN was born at Neu-Buckau in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, January 6, 1822. After a childhood spent in poor circumstances he obtained a situation in an office in Amsterdam and in 1846 was sent by his firm to St. Petersburg where he established a business of his own and embarked in the indigo trade. During the Crimean war he amassed a fortune, partly as a military contractor. He travelled widely in Europe and the East and in 1868 settled in Athens and devoted himself to the excavation of ancient sites. Schliemann, who became a naturalised American citizen in 1850, died at Naples, December 26, 1890.

WALL OF THE ANCIENT ACROPOLIS OF PRIAM'S CITY

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

ARMADALE

IN 1866 Armadale appeared, strengthening the author's popularity already widespread by The Woman In White (1860)—see page 3247—and No Name (1862). Once again Collins had prepared and scrupulously developed a long and involved plot. So soon as the tale had begun it was unlikely that the reader would wish to part from its sequence of thrilling moments until the last page was turned. Always a conscientious writer, Wilkie Collins paid great attention to the details of his story's design and everything in the work depends on and exists only for that design. Non-essentials are always avoided. He mastered the task of arousing his readers' curiosity and of steadily stimulating it until the surprise of the final dénouement. He was absolutely suited to the taste of a large section of the contemporary novel-reading public and several of his works achieved dramatisation. Editions of Armadale have been published by Chatto and Windus at 5s., and by Jarrolds at 2s. 6d.

Prologue

"I HAVE got it in my mind. Help me to speak it."

A doctor bent over the man who uttered these words, and administered a stimulant. There was silence in the room, save for the movements of a little boy who played about on the bed where his father lay dying.

"Take your pen and write."

The drug had done its work. The man on the bed spoke with a new note of strength in his voice to the stranger who was seated at a little table with a pen in his hand. From outside there came the sound of a woman's quick breathing, as the wife of the dying man listened through the keyhole to every word of the grim confession which he dictated painfully.

The dying man was the only surviving son of Matthew Wrentmore, of Barbados. He had been christened Allan out of compliment to his god-father, a certain Allan Armadale, who was one of the largest landed proprietors on the island. This Mr. Armadale, who never visited his West Indian property, died, leaving all his estates to Allan Wrentmore, in consideration of the latter assuming the name of Armadale. Under this will the testator's only son Allan, who had quarrelled with his father, was left penniless.

Shortly after Wrentmore's accession to the Armadale property, there arrived in the island a stranger calling himself by the name of Fergus Ingleby. Allan, whose chief characteristics were a violent temper and an uncontrollable will, took a great liking to this man and, in spite of his mother's protests, installed him in a position for which neither his character nor his abilities rendered him suitable. Alarmed at the intimacy between the two young men, Mrs. Wrentmore decided to put into execution a plan for her son's marriage which she had long considered.

She wrote to an old friend of hers, a Mr. Blanchard, of Thorpe-Ambrose, in Norfolk, asking him to extend his hospitality to her son, who was shortly to visit England, also hinting at the possibility of a union between Allan and Mr. Blanchard's daughter. After some delay, a reply was received to this epistle, dated from Madeira, where Mr. Blanchard was staying with his daughter for the benefit of his health. Enclosed with the letter was a miniature portrait of Miss Blanchard with which Allan, with his passionate, impressionable nature, fell violently in love. He was all fire to go to Madeira and, while awaiting a ship, opened his heart to his new friend, Fergus Ingleby.

On the day before that fixed for his departure, he was suddenly struck down by a mysterious disease. When he recovered, months later, he learnt that Fergus Ingleby, after shamelessly betraying his trust, had left the island.

As soon as he was fit to travel, Allan took ship to Madeira. Arrived there, he went straight to the hotel. Mr. Blanchard was in his room, unable to see anybody. He inquired for Miss Blanchard, and learnt with dismay from the servant that there was no Miss Blanchard now, that she had married, and that the man she had married bore the same name as himself—Allan Armadale.

Fergus Ingleby was no other than the outlawed son of Allan Armadale. Taking advantage of his friend's illness, for which he was probably responsible, he had stolen the letter of introduction which Mrs. Wrentmore had written for her son, and had hastened to Madeira. There he had won the affections of Miss Blanchard and persuaded the girl to suppress the letter which Mr. Blanchard had written to Mrs. Wrentmore, inviting her to the wedding of her supposed son. In order to set all suspicions at rest, Allan Armadale had secured the services of Miss Blanchard's twelve-year-old maid, who was a marvel of precocious ability and innate deceitfulness, to forge the handwriting of Mrs. Wrentmore's reply.

Armadale had fled with his wife on board a French vessel called *La Grace de Dieu.* Mr. Blanchard immediately lent his fast-sailing yacht to go in pursuit of the vessel. They came up to her in a storm. She was sinking, and with difficulty the crew and Mrs. Allan Armadale were saved. Allan Wrentmore formed one of the rescue party. He saw the man he hated, who had robbed him of his wife, return to his cabin as the ship seemed on the point of sinking, to secure a jewel-case. There were several feet of water in the cabin already. Allan followed him.

As in the cabin of the sinking ship Allan Armadale searched for the jewel-box, Allan Wrentmore, coming up behind, quickly closed and bolted the door. No one saw the murderous act. It was only when the ship was brought to port that the foul deed was discovered. But no one knew whose hand it was that had committed the crime.

Allan Wrentmore fled back to the West Indies and, after a year, married. While he was lying ill a son was born to him, whom his wife christened Allan Armadale. Meanwhile, the other Mrs. Armadale had given birth to a posthumous child, also named Allan Armadale.

The dying man paused for a moment, his strength almost exhausted. Then he dictated the final words.

"Let my son avoid the widow of the man I killed—if the widow still lives. Avoid the maid whose wicked hand smoothed the way to the marriage—if the maid is still in her service. And, more than all, avoid the man who bears the same name as your own. Never let the two Allan Armadales meet in this world; never, never, never."

With his little son still playing about in the bedclothes, death came to him suddenly.

I—Miss Gwilt's 'Martyrdom'

For twenty years the fate which Allan Wrentmore had feared, and against which he had warned his son, was avoided. Then, suddenly, on the tide of life, the three beings whose possible conjunction had filled his last moments with an agony of terror were brought together. The two Allan Armadales and the maid, Miss Gwilt, met.

The little boy who had played among the bedclothes had grown to man's estate, had run away from the cruelty of his stepfather and, penniless, starving and almost dying, had been found and befriended by that Allan Armadale who was the son of Miss Blanchard. Inspired by his dead father's warnings, he had kept his real identity a secret and, under the name of Midwinter, returned Allan Armadale's kindness by a generous and almost dog-like devotion. The two men became great friends, and when Allan succeeded unexpectedly to the Thorpe-Ambrose property he appointed Midwinter his steward.

His sudden accession to a large landed estate and an income of £8,000 a year left the character of Allan Armadale entirely unspoilt. When the lawyer who announced the good news ventured, in the same letter, to put in an application for a vacant cottage on the estate, for which there was also another applicant

in the person of Major Milroy, with his invalid wife and beautiful daughter, he settled the matter by tossing up.

The result of this piece of boyish ingenuousness neither of the two men could foresee. The immediate effect was an indignant letter from the family lawyer announcing his abandonment of the Thorpe-Ambrose business—a step which compelled Allan Armadale to entrust his affairs to another local solicitor by the name of Pedgift. But the result was even more far-reaching than this, for it brought Miss Gwilt into the lives of the two Armadales.

THE former maid of Miss Blanchard had married a wealthy Englishman. Her husband's subsequent death under mysterious circumstances had brought to light the fact that she had been carrying on a *liaison* with a worthless foreigner named Manuel. Charged with her husband's murder, she had been found guilty, but her beauty and apparent innocence had so worked upon the public mind that the Home Secretary had been forced to grant her a free pardon. Absolutely destitute, she sought the assistance of a certain Mrs. Oldershaw. Nominally a beauty specialist, Mrs. Oldershaw was really the most prominent figure in a gang of criminals who preyed upon society. Financed by this woman, Miss Gwilt determined to win the master of Thorpe-Ambrose. To accomplish this she secured by means of forged testimonials the position of governess to Miss Milroy.

For the success of her scheme she arrived none too soon at Thorpe-Ambrose. Already the first words of love had passed between Nellie Milroy and Armadale when Miss Gwilt made her appearance. Then the beauty of her face, the splendid red mass of her hair and the charm of her manner carried everything before them.

Two other men besides Armadale fell victims to her charms—one was Midwinter, the other an old clerk named Bashwood, who had been engaged to teach Midwinter his business of steward. This last admirer Miss Gwilt employed to spy upon his master. Allan, hopelessly obsessed by his passion for her, completely forgot Miss Milroy and, confident of success, Miss Gwilt sat down and wrote to Mrs. Oldershaw, declaring she had succeeded.

But an unsuspected obstacle arose in the person of Mrs. Milroy. Frantically jealous of her husband's relations with the new governess, all the more so as she was confined to her bed and therefore unable to watch his movements, Mrs. Milroy opened one of the letters that had been sent by Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt. The contents of that letter so excited her suspicions that she wrote post-haste to the reference her governess had given. As the address was only a temporary one employed by Mrs. Oldershaw, no reply was, of course, received to her letter. Lying in her bed, Mrs. Milroy gloated over the prospects of unmasking her husband, and contrived schemes for the development of her plot.

Hearing, through her daughter, of Allan's interest in the governess, Mrs. Milroy wrote to him, asking his assistance. Miss Gwilt's reference, she said, had been perfectly satisfactory, but the lady who acted as the reference possessed certain letters which she was unwilling to trust to the post, relating to Miss Gwilt's family misfortunes. As she considered it desirable that she should see these letters, she would esteem it a great favour, she added, if Allan would act for her in the matter.

ALLAN fell easily into the trap. Assisted by Pedgift, junior, the son of his solicitor, he made certain inquiries in London, which established Miss Gwilt's relations with a very undesirable establishment in Pimlico. Utterly crushed by these discoveries, Allan wrote to Mrs. Milroy, declining to have anything more to do with the matter. Mrs. Milroy's plan had succeeded. She retorted by expressing her surprise and declaring that she must inform her husband that her governess's respectability was in question. An angry letter from the major, demanding the sources of his information, followed.

Allan was in a quandary. He could not reply to the major's letter without betraying Miss Gwilt, and all his instincts rebelled against the idea of sheltering himself behind Mrs. Milroy. He had to take refuge in the wholly unsatisfying state-

ment that he could give no reply at all. The major's rejoinder was crushing.

"You have cast a reflection on my governess's character," he wrote. "I shall now show our letters to Miss Gwilt."

With great magnanimity, Miss Gwilt declared she could not stay in a house where she was suspected and, resigning her position, she took lodgings in the neighbouring town, where she won popular favour as the victim of a cruel persecution.

There was only one man in the town who refused to accept the popular estimate of Miss Gwilt's character. That man was Mr. Pedgift and, in the interest of his client, he employed a man to watch her every movement. Bashwood, however, passionately in love with Miss Gwilt, warned her beforehand of everything that was being done, and the adventuress was thus able to frustrate every effort that Mr. Pedgift made to unfathom the mystery in which she was shrouded. None the less, the attentions of the spy annoyed her, and one night, finding herself followed, she stopped and spoke to him. At that moment Midwinter appeared and soon caused the spy to take to his heels.

Midwinter then poured out his story to her, and begged her to be his wife.

Two considerations, warring with one another in this strange woman's mind, prompted her to accept his offer. In the first place, she loved him—loved him as she had loved no man before. And the second consideration which weighed with her was the chance that she foresaw of gaining the Thorpe-Ambrose property. If she married Midwinter, she would be Mrs. Allan Armadale. Allan Armadale, the master of Thorpe-Ambrose, once out of the way, she might, under certain circumstances, pose successfully as his widow and secure the property.

In pursuance of this daring scheme, she did two things. First, she wrote an anonymous letter to Major Milroy, warning him that Allan intended to elope with his daughter, through which the lovers were separated; and Allan, broken-hearted, left the neighbourhood for a long yachting tour. Then she took care to travel in the same carriage with Allan Armadale from Thorpe-Ambrose, so as to give colour to the popular rumour that she was about to marry him.

II—The Silence of the Dead

Once married to the man she loved, Miss Gwilt found that all her attempts to retain his affections were unavailing. She was driven almost to madness by his devotion to Allan Armadale, and when the latter joined them at last, his presence aroused murderous passions in her bosom.

One evening, in her murderous desire to be rid of him, she gave him a poisoned drink. Unfortunately for her ends the cup contained brandy, from which Allan had a constitutional aversion. At the first smell of it he fainted, and Midwinter, alarmed by the memory of a dream he had had, in which this very scene was enacted, was aroused once more to a superstitious terror of the fate that must overtake his friend if the two Armadales remained together. He refused to go, as had been arranged, on his friend's yacht, and, despite all the persuasion that he put forward, Allan had to set sail alone.

Though he had escaped Miss Gwilt once, she made yet another attempt on his life. Chance had brought her once again in touch with her old lover Manuel. By promising him a handsome reward if he succeeded in bringing about Allan's death, she persuaded him to join the ship in the capacity of captain. The yacht set sail, and a few days later Miss Gwilt began to put into execution the plan she had framed before her marriage to Midwinter.

Making some excuse to her husband, she hurried to London. There, shortly afterwards, she saw in the papers the announcement that Armadale's yacht had been lost.

Acting with the assistance of Dr. Downward, an old member of Mrs. Oldershaw's gang, who had just then opened a sanatorium on the edge of Hampstead Heath, she dressed herself in widow's weeds, and calling herself by the name, to which she was entitled, of Mrs. Allan Armadale, wrote a formal letter to the solicitors of the dead man, claiming to be his widow.

But a few days after she had made the proper legal declaration, Mr. Bashwood

brought her the news that Allan Armadale was not dead; that when Captain Manuel and his cut-throat crew had scuttled the yacht, leaving him to drown like a rat in a trap, he had been saved through the warning and advice of the English mate and had been picked up by a passing vessel.

Her position was now desperate, but Dr. Downward suggested a solution of her difficulties which gave great promise of success. Allan Armadale on his return was to be lured to the sanatorium under the pretence of meeting Miss Milroy, and was there to be kept until such time as Miss Gwilt had secured as much of the Thorpe-Ambrose property as she would be entitled to in the character of his widow.

Miss Gwilt left her lodgings for the sanatorium, and there, still inflexible in her purpose, awaited the arrival of Allan Armadale. Dr. Downward had made all preparations for his reception. With suggestive carefulness he had pointed out to her the room which Allan was to occupy. It contained a patent apparatus by which the apartment could be fumigated from the outside, without the knowledge of the patient. He also showed her a certain chemical, the pouring of which into the apparatus a certain number of times would cause the death of anyone inside.

Allan Armadale, on arriving in London, was met by Midwinter and Bashwood; the former informed him, according to arrangement, that Miss Milroy lay dying at the sanatorium, and thither he at once proceeded, accompanied by Midwinter, who refused to leave his side. It was already night, and Dr. Downward, assuring them that it would not be wise to disturb his patient at that hour, suggested that they should spend the night in the sanatorium. Allan adopted the proposal thankfully and, as arranged, was shown into the special chamber. The room next door was placed at the disposal of Midwinter.

A view of these two rooms could be obtained secretly from a grating, behind which Bashwood was placed to watch carefully that neither of the two men left his room. For some reason, the grating haunted Midwinter and, going out of his room, he stuffed his handkerchief into it.

When, at a quarter past one, Miss Gwilt appeared with the fatal chemicals in her hand, Bashwood swore that neither of the men had left his room. Miss Gwilt, not noticing the handkerchief in the grating, dismissed him with a smile.

Neither she nor Bashwood knew that Midwinter had changed rooms with Allan on the grounds that he was unable to sleep owing to the rattling of his window.

Left alone in the silence of the night, Miss Gwilt filled the apparatus for the first time from the bottle in her hand. At intervals of five minutes she repeated the operation. At the fourth time, a sudden terror seized her.

She became filled with a desire to see her husband sleeping. Stealing to the door of the room next to that which she had been filling with the poisonous fumes, she pressed a secret button and entered.

There lay the man, whose life she had attempted for the third time, peacefully sleeping in the room that had been given to her husband. Her husband, the man she loved, was in the poisoned chamber.

She rushed to the door, flung it open and, regardless of the fumes, dragged her husband into the passage. He was already unconscious. She took his head in her lap, undid his collar and watched his face with eyes radiant with love. As she felt the first faint flutterings of his heart, she bent over him and kissed him on the forehead. Then she rose to her feet and fed the apparatus for the fifth time.

She looked again at her husband, and the thought came to her to tell him the truth before she left him for ever. She scribbled a few farewell words.

"You have saved Armadale by changing rooms with him to-night. The one atonement I can make for all the wrong I have done you is the atonement of my death. It is not hard for me to die, now I know that you will live." She kissed him once more and turned towards the door. "O God, forgive me!" she cried.

The door of the room opened—and closed on her. There was an interval of silence.

Then a sound came, dull and sudden, like the sound of a fall.

Then there was silence again.

THE TAO-TEH-KING

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

TAOISM exists in China in two very different forms: 1. There is philosophical Taoism, or that system of thought specially contained in the remarkable but very obscure treatise called 'Tao-Teh-King.' This form of Taoism has, strictly speaking, no doctrine of a personal god, though that may be implied; no outward form of worship; no temples, and no priesthood. 2. A popular form of Taoism prevails very widely throughout China, and abounds with superstitious belief in spirits, magic, etc. This species of Taoism has been made what it is almost entirely through contact with Buddhism (Foism), which, in a very corrupt form, entered China in the first century of our era. The Tao-Teh-King, the Bible of Taoism, here epitomised, is ascribed to Lao-tsze.

General Introduction

THE most important writing in the literature of philosophical Taoism by far is the treatise Tao-Teh-King, but to this must be added the works of Chuang-tsze, who flourished in the fourth century B.C., and those ascribed to Liehtsze, who flourished about 450 B.C., though the writings connected with his name are really a product of the first century A.D.

The Book of Rewards and Punishments, the ethical manual of modern Taoists, abounds in moral maxims; but it is of comparatively late date, and is heavily influenced by Buddhistic teaching.

The Tao-Teh-King (the book or classic, of Tao and Teh) is almost as difficult to understand as the Yi King, or Book of Changes [see p. 2988], with which, indeed, it has much in common, and on which, as the oldest Chinese classic, it depends very much. The one idea that pervades the Tao-Teh-King is that of 'Tao,' which has been translated in all manner of ways, but the exact meaning of which can only be reached by a careful study of the book itself. It has been rendered 'the way,' a word also used of Christianity (see Acts ix, 2; xix, 9; xxii, 4; and II Peter ii, 2, 19); Teh being rendered 'virtue'; so the French scholar Julien. Professor Parkes translates 'Tao' and 'Teh' respectively by 'providence' and 'grace.'

'Tao' is, however, much more correctly the ultimate metaphysical principle which antedates all concrete existence, originates it and is its very essence. It corresponds, therefore, roughly with Plato's 'Ideas,' Spinoza's 'Substance,' and Hegel's 'Absolute Idea.'

'Teh' on the other hand, is 'Tao' in a concrete, realized form; it is the Great Power operating in the universe and governing it. It has been said to correspond to what we call God, but no idea of creation attaches to Teh. The primary source of everything is Tao, though the idea of absolute creation has never been present to the native Chinese mind, but only that of evolution or development.

Some Christian missionaries argue for using the word 'Tao' for God in Chinese renderings of the Bible.

Nearly all synologists (including Legge) hold that Lao-tsze is the author of this philosophical treatise. On the other hand, Professor Giles, of Cambridge, maintains that, although the work contains many genuine utterances of Lao-tsze, these are only 'sandwiched between thick wads of padding.'

Thus much, however, we know: that the Taoist philosopher Chuang-tsze cites verbatim from the work with the words 'Lao-tsze says.' It is, nevertheless, quite true that in the genuine writings of Confucius there is not one word of reference to either Lao-tsze or the Tao-Teh-King. Nor is there any proof that the two philosophers ever met, though in passages now regarded as spurious, or, at least, as inaccurate, Confucius, who was born fifty-five years later than Lao-tsze, is said to have visited the latter and to have asked his opinion about ceremonies; when the old philosopher said in effect, "Away with

your ceremonies and precedents; act according to right principles, whether or not they have the support of the past." Lao-tsze, born 604 B.C., was a philosopher in the true sense; Confucius was a moralist and statesman.

The present writer desires to express his obligations to the invaluable rendering of the Taoist Scriptures by Dr. Legge, in the Sacred Books of the East, vols. xxxix and xl, published by the Clarendon Press, whose courtesy in permitting its use must be acknowledged. Dr. J. Edkins's Religion in China, Professor Giles's Chinese Literature, and Professor de Groot's Religion of the Chinese are also of great value.

Passages from the Tao-Teh-King

About Tao

THE Tao, which is unchanging and lasting, is outside actual human experience and nameless. Regarded as indefinable and unnameable, it is the originator of heaven and earth. As named and defined (then called Teh), it is the mother of all finite things. Tao is, in itself, infinite beyond human ken and incapable of having predicates or qualifications attached to it. We can get a glimpse of it only when we purge ourselves of desire and contemplate it in the light of pure reason. Tao is to be approached with sympathy and love, or it will not yield up its secret.[1] Teh is the manifested Tao; the latter as named, as described.

The Relativity of Knowledge

Things are known only by their opposites. Ugliness is understood as the antithesis of the beautiful; so shortness, lowness, are clear to thought only as opposites of length, loftiness. Hence existence and non-existence give birth each to the other.

True Knowledge

The wise man rules without action and instructs without words—*i.e.* he seeks to bring his subjects to understand things by pure thought or contemplation—to get at the heart of being.

Knowledge and Culture Among Rulers a Disadvantage

It is better to follow Tao as revealed in man's native instincts. Education blunts the simple life and dulls the primary intuitions, making men selfish and avaricious. The life that is inspired and regulated by Tao is simple and natural; it is also free from rivalry and unlawful ambitions and full of rest.

[1] See John iv. 8. 'He that loves not God does not know Him.'

Tao Before Teh

Tao is the absolute, infinite, unlimited; when it manifests itself in the form of finite existence it is called Teh. It is this last that rules the universe, that presides over all forces, animate and inanimate, rational and irrational. Teh is subsequent to Tao, and is its manifested form. Tao is, however, the highest and best. In itself it is empty, unsubstantial, antedated, and yet causing all finite existences.

The Principle Followed by Heaven and Earth

Heaven and earth act out their purposes according to the nature of things, there being no thought of benevolence, which implies a deviation from what is natural and reasonable. In a perfect state of society benevolence is unnecessary, its existence implies some defect. So also the sages act according to the dictates of Tao, never deflecting their conduct by emotional considerations of any kind.

Tao Ever the Same

Tao (in its manifested form Teh) is ever the same, changes not, dies not. All things have come to be through its agency, by a process of evolution,[1] from the primal air, or breath.

Unconscious Virtue Alone Real

Heaven and earth go on in their cyclical processes unconcerned, and with no thought of themselves. It is thus that they realize their best and truest character. Similarly the wise man reaches the highest virtue when unconscious of the effort he is making. In this, as in other respects, he becomes a pattern to men and women in general.

[1] The idea of creation never entered the ancient Chinese mind. Cosmological changes all occur by evolution.

Humility and Uncomplaining Acquiescence Characteristic of the Good Man

The loftiest character is that which, like water, follows its own nature, willing to descend to the lowest depths if the nature of things demands it. Such a man whines not whatever lot comes to him.

Tao Inconsistent with the Joy of Success

A man who realizes the state of Tao will never rejoice in wealth or fame or prosperity of any kind. He will simply accept his lot, work out his reasonable destiny, and be satisfied if he succeeds in these, suppressing emotion of every kind. His goal is reasonable conduct and not that which the world regards as success.

Wise Government Appeals to the Best in Men

Wise rulers seek to repress in their subjects the lower feelings—sensations and sensualities—and to strengthen and develop simple primitive emotions, unspoilt by education or civilization.

What Tao Does

We must preserve at all costs the immaterial, empty and silent condition called Tao. From that state all things issue and to it they return. Tao operates in nature, in man and in states; its work is unobserved, yet infinitely more real than what comes with great observation. To possess this Tao and be ruled by it is to become heaven-like.

Man's Fall from his Original State

In the remotest past men had no rulers, for they needed none, each man ruling himself. Then when, instead of the simplicities of life, the vices of civilization began to arise, men appointed rulers and rejoiced in them as means of defence against the vices around. But, as time went on, men loved their vices more than their rulers, for they desired no restraint. It was when vice stepped forward that virtue arose as its counterpart. In a state of human perfection there is neither virtue nor vice, for when Tao rules supremely men follow their original primitive instincts. It is better that men should unlearn their learning, discard their wisdom and get back to the simple life with which human life began.

LAO-TSZE
From a Chinese print

A man who renounces the conventionalities of his time and harks back to the simple past will escape the disappointments of cultivated life, yet he will be misunderstood and persecuted. What, however, is that to him in comparison with the inward treasure of a pure heart!

The Inconceivability of Tao

Tao is vague, confused and dark. Yet its essence is real, and in it alone are validity and truthfulness. All particular things we see are but revelations of the real (Tao), but are themselves not real. Tao is their essence and their truth.

He Who Desires Little is Satisfied

The man who strives after great things is disappointed, but he whose desires are few and small is satisfied.

What Tao Is

Tao is indefinable, yet complete, and therefore not to be limited by definition.

It is formless because not restricted to any particular forms. It is still, noiseless, yet it is the mother of all material actualities. What is its name ? I know not ; but I call it 'The Great One.' It goes forward, fulfils its mission and then, after performing its cyclical evolutions, returns to its original home.

Man receives his law from the earth, and the earth its law from heaven. Who gives heaven its law ? It is Tao, which has its own law within itself, being subject to no loftier authority.

Tao Silent and Serious

Silence and seriousness are the essence of Tao. A ruler ought to possess both, and to resist the temptation to be frivolous, noisy, or capricious.

Qualities Conferred by Tao

That man has knowledge who understands others, but he knows more who understands himself. It requires a strong man to conquer another, but a stronger to conquer himself. To be contented is to be rich. He who fulfils the duties of his station will live long, but he who dies without perishing lives longer.[1]

Tao All Men's Benefactor

To the Tao-ruled man all men flock, for he imparts to everyone who meets him good and no harm. Music charms the ear, dainties please the palate, but Tao imparts to a man full satisfaction for all natural and reasonable needs.

About Those Who Possess Teh

Men dominated wholly by Teh[2] make no display of it and act spontaneously. Men ruled but partially by it seek to keep what of Tao they have. Those who are devoted to the proprieties[3] ever seek to show them. In truth, the proprieties of life are but a substitute, and a poor one, for the lost simplicities of man's original state. Ceremonies, manners and the like are signs of decay. In a state of simple pure virtue man does not need them. What is natural has been supplanted by what is false and artificial. Tao, the reality of Teh, makes heaven pure, earth and spirits strong, and rulers effective.

Tao's Cyclical Processes

In Tao there is a cyclical process wherein non-existence passes into existence, which again returns to non-existence—*i.e.* the undefined and infinite becomes finite and assumes the form of the finite, returning at length to its pristine state ; *i.e.* Tao assumes the form of concrete things and then becomes once more Tao.[1]

Choose First Things First

Life is more than fame or riches and Tao than life. Choose first what was first and is best and most abiding (*i.e.* Tao).

Tao Produces Contentment and Happiness

When Tao has the sway, desires and ambitions are moderated, contentment and happiness supervening.

Things To be Judged by Personal Intuitions and Experience

To estimate things aright one has no need to go far afield, or to consult the sages of long ago.[2] The Tao in every man, if heeded, guides him in all things of moment, and speaks in the present for the present.

Tao and Learning Contrasted

Learning makes a man more active in seeking knowledge (of the past, etc.). Tao holds a man back from striving after anything and, indeed, from acting at all. What it does is to make a man look within and to obey the behests of his original unsophisticated self.

Kindness to Man and Beast

The wise man acts kindly towards all living beings, whether or not they treat him kindly. He is simply acting out spontaneously the native instincts given him by Tao. His conduct is not regulated by outward considerations. The result of

[1] The doctrine of a future life is implied in the Chinese worship of ancestors, and is often referred to in Taoistic writings. But the above sentence seems to imply the belief that to some—*i.e.* the wicked—death means the 'end all' of conscious being.

[2] That is, virtue. Teh really means Tao as manifested in concrete being.

[3] A reference to teaching which Confucius adopted.

[1] Compare the idea of incarnation in the Indian, Christian and other religions.

[2] A reference, no doubt, to the doctrine adopted by Confucius as to the authority of the past.

such conduct is to make the whole world kin, as it is akin.

Tao the Antidote to Death and Decay

Men live and men die, but he who knows the mysteries of life is proof against the ravages of wild beasts and the butcheries of armed hosts, because he has a life impervious to all these and to other foes, a life celestial and eternal.

The Quiet, Unostentatious Operation of Tao in Nature

Tao produces all things in nature, making them grow, blossom and bear fruit. Therefore, all the works of nature laud Tao quietly and spontaneously. Tao is the mother of all things under the sky, and knowing whose children they are, they will, of their own accord, strive to become like their mother. In reaching such likeness lie their health and safety.

Government by Tao Without Pride

Were I [*i.e.* Lao-tsze] to rule a state according to Tao, I should make no display. The Tao way is straight and open before all, and native instincts lead men in that way. But the people prefer the byways, going astray to the right and to the left.

Tao's Operation Unseen, Yet Effective

Tao operates silently, yet irresistibly. When a man cultivates Tao within himself its power overmasters him, guiding his life and destiny. If it dominates the family all the members act as their true nature prompts.

Reticence of the Tao Man

The man who is swayed by Tao does not speak of it. He who speaks of it shows thereby that he is not swayed by it. The virtuous man is unconscious of his virtue.[1]

Tao the Only Effective Instrument of Government

A kingdom can be ruled effectively only when there is an absence of action and of purpose; rulers and people acting spontaneously, according to their primary instincts. But the kingdom goes to pieces, and the people suffer poverty and oppression through the multiplication of laws and the rise of international contentions. Hence a wise ruler of the past said, 'I will do nothing of set purpose, but keep still. 'So shall the people thrive and be happy. I will take no pains, then will my subjects become industrious and rich.'

Moderation the Key to Life

He who keeps under the fires which burn within him, and guides his life according to reason, not passion, will live long and be ever happy.

On Governing Quietly and Without Display

He who rules a great kingdom should act as one cooking a small fish—*i.e.* there should be no overdoing in either case. In a kingdom governed according to Tao the spirits of the departed work no evil upon their successors, but if the rulers mis-act their part, these spirits will inflict irreparable injury upon both ruler and ruled.

Humble States are Exalted

If a state is humble and condescending towards smaller subject states, it becomes thereby honoured, exalted and strengthened. A powerful and prosperous state seeks the well-being of its constituent parts, and these, in turn, help to further the interests of the great state itself.

Three Precious Things

Three things I prize above all else—compassion, economy and humility. If I am compassionate I can be brave. If I am economical I can be liberal. In the present day men cease to be compassionate and cultivate a pitiless courage only. They have given up economy and abandoned themselves to prodigality. They seek all of them the first places, but have no respect for virtue which alone can put a man in what is really the first place.

What Doing Nothing Means

The way of Tao is to act without reflecting on it; to regulate one's affairs without making a trouble of it; to taste without realizing the flavour of it.[1]

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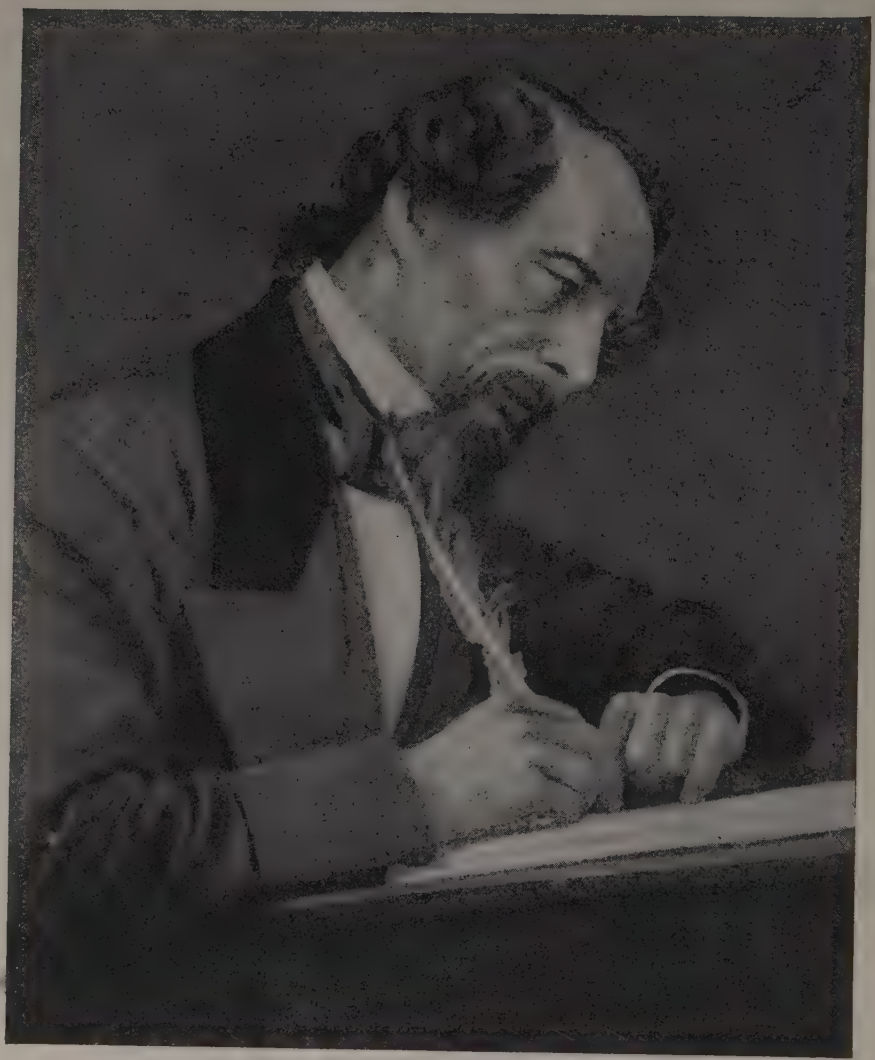
[1] Compare Coleridge's doctrine in his Aids to Reflection—'Genius is unconscious.'

[1] The not-doing enforced in this treatise does not, therefore, imply absolute inaction.



Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was born into the struggling lower middle class that had begun, as far back as the year of Napoleon's dreadful march from Moscow, to take a tangible shape in English society. It was a clerk's home that Charles Dickens—incidentally, he was baptized Charles John Huffham—knew as a child, and it was the influence of this class of life that flavoured much of his work, though he often depicted social strata far below and above it. In his wonderful portrait gallery he not only enshrined the annals of the poor of a period happily now no more, but he shows us the possibilities of goodness and of happiness even in the most unlikely circumstances and characters. Through him the rich have come to understand the poor, and the poor have arrived at a clearer realization of themselves. Dickens was self-educated ; he had obvious limitations, but his absolute genius was even more pronounced than that of Thackeray. His books are among the best examples of the novel with a purpose and are among the imperishable possessions of our national literature. This photograph, one of the last taken of him, shows Dickens at work in the châlet at Gadshill Place.

JOHN FORSTER

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

Outlined by W. Francis Aitken

JOHN FORSTER was Dickens's almost lifelong friend. He was also his constant helper in both legal and literary matters from 1837 till the end came in 1870. From some points of view, perhaps, his Life of the great Victorian novelist is not quite so good as his Life of Goldsmith (see page 1703), but its thousand pages can never be surpassed in value or interest, despite the enormous amount of Dickensiana issued from the press since Forster's work appeared in 1872–74. The most important additions to our knowledge of Dickens, apart from Forster, are contained in the Letters edited by Mamie Dickens and Georgina Dickens, published by Macmillan in 1893. The Life is issued in a single volume by Chapman and Hall at 3s. 6d. The Life is also available in Everyman's Library in two volumes at 4s.

I—Childhood and Youth

CHARLES DICKENS, the most popular novelist of his century, and one of the greatest humorists that England has produced, was born at Landport in Portsea on February 7, 1812.

His father, John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy pay office, was at this time stationed in Portsmouth dockyard. When his father was again brought up to London they went into lodgings in Norfolk Street, Middlesex Hospital. Their home, shortly after, was in St. Mary's Place, otherwise called the Brook, Chatham. Charles was at this time between four and five.

He was a very little and a very sickly boy. He was subject to attacks which disabled him for any active exertion. His weak health strongly inclined him to reading. It will not appear that he owed much to his parents, but he has been frequently heard to say that his first desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading, were awakened by his mother. Then followed the preparatory day-school. And here I may at once expressly mention that even as Fielding described himself and his belongings in Captain Booth and Amelia, so it may be said of Dickens in more especial relation to David Copperfield.

He became famous in his childish circle for having written a tragedy called Misnar. He told a story off-hand and sang small comic songs so well that he used to be elevated on chairs and tables for more effective display of these talents. Sent to a school kept in Clover Lane by a young Baptist minister named William Giles, he had a not ungrateful sense in after years that this first of his masters, in his little cared-for childhood, had pronounced him to be a boy of capacity.

He was not much over nine when his father was recalled to Somerset House, and he had to leave this good master, and the old place endeared to him by recollections that clung to him all his life long. It was here he made the acquaintance not only of the famous books David Copperfield specially names, of Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights, and the Tales of the Genii, but also of The Tatler, The Spectator, The Idler, The Citizen of the World, and Mrs. Inchbald's Collection of Farces. It was the birthplace of his fancy.

The earliest impressions received and retained by him in London were of his father's money involvements; and now first he heard mentioned 'the deed,' representing that crisis of his father's affairs which is ascribed in fiction to Mr. Micawber's. He knew it in later days to have been a composition with creditors. The family had to take up its abode in

Bayham Street, Camden Town. Bayham Street was about the poorest part of the London suburbs then, and the house was a mean, small tenement. Nevertheless, as time went on, he managed to transfer to London all the dreaminess and all the romance with which he had invested Chatham.

Meanwhile his mother said she 'must do something.' She would set up a school. A house was found at No. 4 Gower Street North; a large brass plate announced MRS. DICKENS'S ESTABLISHMENT; and the result I can give in the exact words of the then small actor in the comedy. 'I left, at a great many other doors, a great many circulars calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested.'

THE interval between the sponging-house and the prison was passed by the sorrowful lad in running errands and carrying messages for the prisoner; and the last words said to him by his father before he was finally carried to the Marshalsea were to the effect that the sun was set upon him for ever. "I really believed at the time," said Dickens to me, "that they had broken my heart."

Then, at home, came many miserable daily struggles. Almost everything was sold or pawned, little Charles being the principal agent in those sorrowful transactions. Such of the books as had been brought from Chatham, and all the rest, went first. They were carried to a bookseller in the Hampstead Road. At last there was nothing left except a few chairs, a kitchen table and some beds. The incidents to be told now were told by Dickens in David Copperfield with only such change or addition as for the time might sufficiently disguise himself under cover of his hero. The poor little lad, turned at the age of ten into a 'labouring hind' in the service of Murdstone and Grinby was indeed himself.

A relative who was chief manager of a blacking warehouse at 30, Hungerford Stairs, Strand, proposed that he should go there, to be as useful as he could, at a salary of six or seven shillings a week. 'My work,' says Dickens, in a fragment of autobiography, 'was to cover pots of paste-blacking: first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked as smart and neat as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label; and then go on again with more pots. No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. My mother and my brothers and sisters (excepting Fanny in the Royal Academy of Music) were still encamped in the emptied house in Gower Street North. It was a long way to go and return in the dinner-hour and, usually, I either carried my dinner with me, or bought it at some neighbouring shop. In the latter case it was commonly a saveloy and a penny loaf.'

THE 'deed' failed to propitiate his father's creditors and his mother and her encampment went to live in the Marshalsea. 'I,' to resume Dickens's own account, 'was handed over as a lodger to a reduced old lady in Little College Street, Camden Town. Sundays, Fanny and I passed in the prison. I was at the academy in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, at nine in the morning, to fetch her; and we walked back there together at night. I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely no one ever knew but I. I kept my own counsel and I did my work. I knew from the first that if I could not do my work as well as the rest I could not hold myself above slight and contempt. The other boys, and the men, always spoke of me as "the young gentleman."

'I felt keenly being so cut off from my parents, my brothers and sisters. One Sunday night I remonstrated with my father on this head. He began to think

it was not quite right. A back attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent court agent in Lant Street, Borough. A bed and bedding were sent over for me and made up on the floor. The window had a pleasant prospect of a timber yard; and when I took possession of my new abode I thought it was a Paradise.'

From this time he used to breakfast 'at home,' in other words in the Marshalsea. His father's income still going on, in every respect but elbow-room, I have heard him say, the family lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it. His father's attempts to avoid going through the courts having failed, all needful ceremonies had to be taken to obtain the benefit of the insolvent debtors' Act. When the family left the Marshalsea they went to lodge with the lady in Little College Street who has obtained immortality as Mrs. Pipchin; and they afterwards occupied a small house in Somers Town.

At last his father said he should go to the blacking warehouse, now removed to Chandos Street, no more; and he was sent to Wellington House Academy, a school in the Hampstead Road, where he remained nearly two years, being a little over fourteen when he quitted it. Very nearly another eighteen months were now to be spent mainly in preparation for what he was led to choose as an employment. He took sudden determination to qualify himself for what his father was lately become, a newspaper parliamentary reporter. He set resolutely therefore to the study of shorthand, and assiduously attended the British Museum Reading Room.

He passed nearly two years reporting for an office in Doctors' Commons, having even tried the stage to escape such drudgery, before reaching the gallery as a reporter for The True Sun. He was during two sessions engaged for the Mirror of Parliament; and in his twenty-third year he became a reporter for The Morning Chronicle. The beginning to write was a thing far more momentous to him than what he called his great splash in the gallery. In the December number for 1833 of the Old Monthly Magazine his first published piece of writing had seen the light. He has described himself dropping this paper (Mr. Minns and his Cousin, as he afterwards entitled it, but which appeared in the magazine as A Dinner in Poplar Walk) stealthily one evening with fear and trembling into a dark letter-box in a dark office in a dark court in Fleet Street, and he has told his agitation when it appeared in all the glory of print. 'I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.'

He had purchased the magazine at a shop in the Strand; and two years afterwards, in the younger member of a publishing firm who had called at his chambers in Furnival's Inn, to which he had moved soon after entering the gallery, with the proposal that originated Pickwick, he recognized the person he had bought that magazine from. Nine other sketches enlivened the same magazine, the last in February 1835, that which appeared in the preceding August having first had the signature of Boz—the nickname of his younger brother Augustus. In 1835 he began to contribute sketches for an evening offshoot of The Morning Chronicle, and his salary was raised from five to seven guineas a week.

II—The Pathway to Fame

The opening of 1836 found him collecting into two volumes the first series of Sketches by Boz, of which he had sold the copyright for a conditional payment of (I think) £150 to a publisher named Macrone. The Times of March 26 gave notice that on the 31st would be published the first shilling number of The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, edited by Boz; and the same journal a few days later announced that on April 2 Mr. Charles Dickens had married Catherine, the eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, his fellow worker on the Chronicle. The honeymoon was passed at Chalk between Gravesend and Rochester.

The session of 1836 terminated his connexion with the gallery. His eldest

sister's musical connexions had introduced him to many professors of that art; and in aid of Mr. Braham's enterprise at the St. James's Theatre he wrote a farce, founded upon one of his sketches, and the story and songs for an opera composed by Mr. Hullah. The Strange Gentleman, acted in September, and The Village Coquettes, produced in December, had a good success, and the last is memorable to me for having brought me first into personal communication with him.

VERY different was his face in those days from that which photography has made familiar to the present generation. A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candour and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within. The features were very good. He had a capital forehead, a firm nose with full, wide nostril, eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humour and cheerfulness, and a rather prominent mouth strongly marked with sensibility. The head was altogether well-formed and symmetrical, and the air and carriage of it were extremely spirited. The hair was of a rich brown and luxuriant, and the face had hardly a vestige of hair or whisker; but there was that in the face as I first recollect it which no time could change, and which remained implanted on it unalterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness, and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature. Light and motion flashed from every part of it.

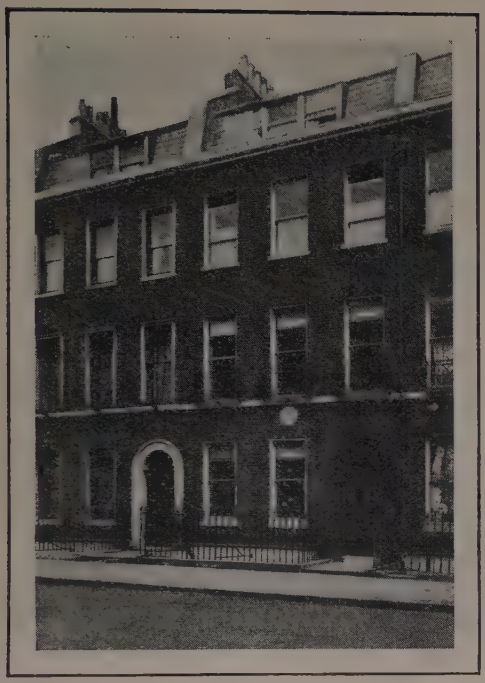
A son was born to him on January 6, 1837, and in March he went to 48, Doughty Street. The anniversary of the birth of Pickwick preceded by but a few weeks a personal sorrow which profoundly moved him. His wife's sister Mary, who lived with them, and by sweetness of nature even more than by graces of person had made herself the ideal of his life, died with a terrible suddenness that for the time completely bore him down. He moved for change of scene to Hampstead, and here at the close of May I visited him, and his heart opened itself to mine. I left him as much his friend, and as entirely in his confidence, as if I had known him for years. The bond remained unweakened until death came.

It was not until the fourth or fifth number of Pickwick that its importance began to be understood by 'the trade,' and on the eve of the issue of its sixth number he had signed an agreement with Mr. Bentley to undertake the editorship of a monthly magazine (Bentley's Miscellany), to which he was to supply a serial story: Oliver Twist. Worry and vexation caused by Macrone's intention to publish a new issue of his Sketches in monthly parts of nearly the same size and form as the Pickwick Papers were overcome by the purchase of Macrone's copyright, by him and the publishers of Pickwick, for £2,000. His new story was now beginning to share attention with his Pickwick Papers, and it was delightful to see how real all his people became to him. The plan of Pickwick was simply to amuse, but the book itself, in teaching him what his power was, had made him more conscious of what would be expected of its use; and this never afterwards quitted him.

AFTER four or five parts of Pickwick had appeared it sprang into a popularity that each part carried higher and higher until people talked of nothing else. Of part one the binder prepared four hundred; of part fifteen his order was more than forty thousand. We had all become suddenly conscious, in the very thick of the extravaganza of adventure and fun set before us, that here were real people.

Dickens was very fond of riding in these early years, and his notion of finding rest from mental exertion in as much bodily exercise of equal severity continued with him to the last; taking in later years what I always thought the too great strain of as many miles in walking as he now took in the saddle, and too often indulging it at night.

In September 1837 he had undertaken a second novel, Barnaby Rudge, for Bentley, and in the following November to write for Chapman and Hall The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. He also edited for Bentley a Life of Grimaldi. As Oliver Twist ran its course the expectations of those who had built



48 DOUGHTY STREET
Dickens's home 1837–1839

THE CHALET, GADSHILL PLACE
Dickens's home 1857–1870

most confidently on the young novelist were more than confirmed. Thousands were attracted to him because he placed them in the midst of scenes and characters with which they were themselves acquainted; and thousands were reading him with no less avidity because he introduced them to passages of nature and life of which they before knew nothing, but of the truth of which their own habits and senses sufficed to assure them.

But while Oliver was running a great career of popularity and success the shadow of Barnaby Rudge, which was to begin in the Miscellany when the other ended, began to darken everything around him. I had no small difficulty in restraining him from throwing up the agreement altogether. Recollection of the immense profits which Oliver had realized to its publisher, and the consciousness that he had still the slavery and drudgery of another work on the same journeyman terms made him, while he did not yield to the impulse to break the agreement at whatever cost, wash his hands of any fresh accumulation of labour for six months from the conclusion of Oliver.

Upon the appearance in the Miscellany, in the early months of 1839, of the last portion of Oliver Twist, its author handed over the editorship to Mr. Ainsworth, and the agreement to write Barnaby Rudge was, in June of 1840, also put an end to, on payment by Dickens, for the copyright of Oliver Twist and such printed stock as remained of the edition then on hand, of £2,250, a sum advanced by Chapman and Hall to be deducted from the purchase money (£3,000) of Barnaby Rudge for six months after the publication of the last monthly number.

Nickleby, which occupied him from February 1838 to October 1839, made manifest to its thousands of readers not simply an astonishing variety of character, but what made these creations so real. They talked so well that everybody took to repeating what they said. There seemed to be not much to add to our knowledge of London until his books came upon us, but each in this respect outstripped the other in its marvels. In Nickleby the old city reappears under every aspect. Its interior hidden life becomes familiar as its commonest out-

ward forms, and we discover that we hardly knew anything of the places we supposed we knew the best.

Always in his later works two or three numbers in advance, he was never a single number in advance with this story; he never wrote without the printer at his heels; the more urgent the call upon him the more readily he rose to it. A theatrical adapter named Stirling seized upon it without leave when only a third of it was written; hacked, cut and garbled its dialogue to the shape of one or two favourite actors, invented for it a plot and ending of his own, and produced it at the Adelphi, where its outraged author was able to see some merit in parts of the representation. The close of the story was written at Broadstairs, whence he wrote that he had a good notion for Barnaby. The shadow from the old quarter, we see, intrudes itself still.

He wrote a farce for Covent Garden which he turned into a story called The Lamplighter, published in The Pic-Nic Papers for the benefit of Mrs. Macrone; he entered his name at the Middle Temple; and he placed the elder Dickens with his wife and their youngest son in a cottage near Exeter. In October 1839 another daughter was born to him who was given the name of his dear friend Macready; and before the close of the year he had moved out of Doughty Street to Devonshire Terrace.

On April 4, 1840, began the publication of the periodical Master Humphrey's Clock, containing a story—The Old Curiosity Shop—which, more than any other of his works, was to mark the personal attachment between himself and his readers and very widely to increase the sense entertained of his powers as a pathetic as well as a humorous writer. 'When,' he wrote to me, 'I first began, on your valued suggestion, to keep my thoughts upon the tragic ending of the tale, I resolved to try and do something which might be read by people about whom Death had been, with a softened feeling and with consolation. It makes me very melancholy to think that all these people are lost to me for ever, and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters.' The book was an extraordinary success, and in America more especially greatly increased the writer's fame.

The beginning of Barnaby Rudge under the new conditions for Chapman and Hall coincided with the birth of his fourth child and second son. The tale, issued in Master Humphrey's Clock, February 13—November 27, 1841, was Dickens's first attempt out of the sphere of the life of the day, and it was the late Lord Lytton's opinion that Dickens had done nothing better in point of art. In 1841 he visited Scotland, and was presented with the freedom of Edinburgh. On his return it was agreed that the Clock, the strain of which had proved too great, should cease with the close of Barnaby, and that the new work was not to begin until after twelve months.

III—In America and On the Continent

The notion of America was in his mind when he projected the Clock, and a hearty letter from Washington Irving strongly revived it. Macready offered his home to the little ones, and he and his wife departed from Liverpool in the steam-packet *Britannia* on January 4, 1842. There were 86 pas engers. Their life on board has been set forth in his Notes. The weather was unprecedentedly bad. Once he never expected to see the day again. At the end the vessel struck upon a mud-bank. But Halifax welcomed him with enthusiasm. 'I wish,' he wrote, 'you could have seen the crowds cheering the inimitable in the streets. . . . I have had deputations from the Far West; from the lakes, the rivers; the backwoods, the log-houses, the cities, factories, villages and towns. Authorities from nearly all the States have written to me. I have heard from the universities, congress, senate and bodies, public and private, of every sort and kind.'

Of the fervency and universality of the welcome there could be no doubt. The cheerful temper that had given new beauty to the commonest forms of life, the abounding humour which had added

largely to all innocent enjoyment, the honourable and in those days rare distinction of America which left no home in the Union inaccessible to such advantages, had made Dickens everywhere the object of grateful admiration, for the most part of personal affection. Dickens had his disappointments, and the Americans theirs, but what was really genuine in the first enthusiasm remained without grave alloy from either. His agitation for international copyright awakened a great sensation; the respectable newspapers and reviews taking up the cudgels as strongly in his favour as the others did against him. In his letters, written amid distraction, fatigue and weariness, amid the jarring noises of hotels and streets, aboard steamers, on canal boats, and in log-huts, there is not an erasure. Not external objects only, but feelings, reflections and thoughts are photographed into visible forms with unexampled ease.

These letters describe his experiences in Halifax, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, Harrisburgh, Pittsburgh, St. Louis (where he was moved to write against slavery), Cincinnati, Columbus, Louisville, Sandusky, Lake Erie, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Kingston, and Montreal (where he took part in some theatricals arranged by the officers of the Coldstream Guards). He re-embarked at New York for England on June 7, longing for home.

His return was the occasion of unbounded enjoyment; but the most special celebration was reserved for autumn, when a home-journey was arranged to Cornwall. Before our departure he was occupied by his preparation of the American Notes; and to the same interval belongs the arrival in London of Mr. Longfellow, who became his guest and our attached friend. The American Notes appeared on October 18, and before the close of the year four large editions had been sold. The origin of Martin Chuzzlewit, the first number of which appeared in January 1843, was the notion of taking Pecksniff for a type of character; the design being to show, more or less by every person introduced, the number and variety of humours and vices that have their root in selfishness. The work engaged him till the midsummer of 1844. Meanwhile, before the end of 1843 he had finished his memorable Christmas Carol; 1844 was but fifteen days old when his fifth child and third son was born.

Chuzzlewit fell short of expectations in regard to its sale. The highest number reached before the story closed was 23,000. Its sale since has ranked next after Pickwick and Copperfield. Dickens resolved to change his publishers and to live for a time abroad. On June 1, 1844, on an advance made to him of £2,800, he assigned to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans a fourth share in whatever he might write during the ensuing eight years. Meantime the piracies and stage adaptations of his works had reached such a stage that legal proceedings had to be taken, and were successfully taken, to put an end to the practice. Six weeks after the signing of the agreement with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, a coach and courier having been acquired, a departure was made for the Continent, and July 16 found Dickens in a villa at Albaro, a suburb of Genoa. After a month's application he could ask in Italian for whatever he wanted in any shop or coffee house and could read it pretty well. The light, eager, active figure soon made itself familiar in the streets of Genoa, and he never went into them without bringing some oddity away. In the last week in September he went into rooms at the Peschiere Palace for the winter, and while here he experienced those trying religious reflections which most men of thought and all men of genius have to pass through. The book that helped him most was the Life of Arnold.

When he came to think of his new story for Christmas time he resolved to make it a plea for the poor. On November 3 he finished The Chimes. The little book cost him suffering; it was not one of his great successes, but it seemed to represent to himself what he hoped to be longest remembered for. On the 6th began a period of Italian travel in which he visited Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Verona and Mantua, as to all of which his impressions have been more or less given in his published Pictures. Back in London on

December 2, he read The Chimes to a select few brought together at my house, and returned to Genoa by the 22nd. Toward the end of January 1845, with his wife, he left for the South, visiting Carrara, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, came home by the Great St. Gothard, and was quite carried away by what he saw of Switzerland. We met at Brussels; Maclise, Douglas Jerrold, myself, and the travellers passed a delightful week in Flanders together, and were in England at the close of June.

It was at this period that Dickens recalled his early efforts to qualify himself for an actor's life, and that he started the company of amateurs the success of whose first performance of Every Man in His Humour at the little theatre in Dean Street on September 21, outran the wildest expectation. He himself took the part of Bobadil, and greatly as his acting contributed to this success, this was nothing to the service he rendered as manager. Without an effort he was stage director, very often stage carpenter, scene arranger, property man, prompter and bandmaster. On October 28, a sixth child and fourth son was born in Devonshire Terrace. His Christmas book for 1845 was The Cricket on the Hearth.

He was now actively engaged in planning The Daily News, which came out on January 21, 1846, pledged to the advocacy of all rational and honest means by which wrong might be redressed, just rights maintained, and the happiness and welfare of society. I entertained the greatest misgiving of his intended share in the adventure. It was not fully revealed until later on what difficult terms, physical as well as mental, Dickens held the tenure of his imaginative life. In all intellectual labour his will prevailed so strongly when he fixed it on any object of desire that what else its attainment might exact was never duly measured. To the world gladdened by his work its production might always have seemed quite as easy as its enjoyment; but it may be doubted if ever any man's mental effort cost him more.

A note written 'before going home' at six in the morning of January 21, 1846, to tell me they had 'been at press three-quarters of an hour, and were out before The Times,' marks the beginning; and a note written in the night of Monday, February 9, 'tired to death and quite worn out,' to say that he had just resigned his editorial functions, describes the end. To the control which he had quitted I succeeded, retaining it very reluctantly for the greater part of that weary, anxious, laborious year. The letters descriptive of his Italian travel began in the first number, and he consented to contribute other occasional letters, but in little more than four months the whole of his connexion with The Daily News ceased. As he said in the preface to the republished Pictures, it was a mistake, in so departing from his old pursuits, to have disturbed the old relations between himself and his readers. It had, however, been a 'brief mistake,' and now those pursuits were to be 'joyfully' resumed in Switzerland.

The Devonshire Terrace house was let to Sir James Duke, and he left England on May 30, taking a little house, Rosemont, at Lausanne, where he began Dombey, and The Battle of Life, and whence he visited Chamonix, Chillon, the Great St. Bernard and Geneva. Apart from the eight days in London in December 1846, he spent three months from November 20 at the Hôtel Brighton in Paris. We passed a fortnight in Paris in every variety of sight-seeing. On his return to London in April 1847, Devonshire Terrace remaining in the possession of Sir James Duke, a house was taken in Chester Place, Regent's Park, where, on the 18th, Dickens's fifth son was born. The summer months were spent at Brighton or Broadstairs. Now, and for some time after, his leisure was largely devoted to amateur theatrical performances in London and the provinces on behalf of a scheme for the benefit of men of letters in which he was supported by Lord Lytton, and in connexion with which a Guild of Literature and Art was founded at Knebworth. Accounts for the first half year of Dombey, which was finished at Devonshire Terrace, were so much in excess of expectations that from this date all money embarrassments were brought to a close.

The Christmas book of 1848, The Haunted Man, sold largely, and had a great success on the Adelphi stage. In May 1849 David Copperfield was begun and ran in monthly parts till the autumn of 1850. In January 1849 came the birth of his eighth child and sixth son; and in the following May began David Copperfield, which ran in monthly parts till the autumn of 1850. On March 30, 1850, Dickens started his famous periodical Household Words, in which appeared his Child's History of England. In 1851 his father and his daughter Dora died. Near their graves at Highgate, his mother, who passed away in 1863, was buried.

COPPERFIELD was the last book written in Devonshire Terrace, whence Dickens removed to Tavistock House, where, in 1853, his last child and seventh son was born. From the first Copperfield surpassed in popularity, though not in sale, all his previous books excepting Pickwick. Bleak House and Hard Times were written between 1851 and 1854, partly in Switzerland, Italy and France. From November 1855 to the end of 1856, he again made the French capital his home. During this time he was working on Little Dorrit, the first number of which appeared in December 1855. He finished it in London in 1857, after spending three months in Boulogne.

Dickens's public readings from his works began in Birmingham in 1853, when he read The Chimes for the benefit of the local Institute. The paid readings which came later were suggested by the idea that they might be made to pay for Gadshill Place, which he bought in 1855 for £1,790. He told me when I first saw Gadshill Place in his company that upon first seeing it as he came from Chatham with his father he had been promised that he might himself live in it when a man, if he would only work hard enough.

He gave his paid public readings in 1858–59, 1861–63, 1866–67 and 1868–70, those in America being given between November 1867 and April 1868. The money returns in London astounded him. "Think of £190 a night!" he wrote in 1862. Again, "a man from Australia is ready to pay £10,000 for eight months there." The American tour realized nearly £19,000. But the strain was tremendous, and the farewell dinner in New York he attended in great difficulty, speaking in pain. But he used the occasion to bear his testimony to the changes of twenty-five years; the rise of vast new cities; growth in the graces and amenities of life; much improvement in the press; and changes in himself. He promised his kindly entertainers that no copy of his Notes or his Chuzzlewit should in future be issued by him without mention of these changes: of the politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality and consideration in all ways for which he had to thank them; and of his gratitude for the respect shown, during all his visit, to the privacy enforced upon him by the nature of his work and the condition of his health.

WHILE the readings were in progress Household Words was discontinued, and he returned to his old publishers Messrs. Chapman and Hall. In All the Year Round which on April 30, 1859, took the place of Household Words, appeared his Tale of Two Cities, The Uncommercial Traveller, and Great Expectations. Our Mutual Friend was issued in monthly numbers between May 1864 and November 1865.

On June 9, 1865, he was in the terrible Staplehurst railway accident, and its effects upon himself were, perhaps, never wholly absent up to the day of his death on its fatal fifth anniversary.

Dickens profited greatly by the voyage from America; but he had yielded to a great temptation in the matter of the readings, to give a hundred more for £8,000 over and above expenses. It was a fatal mistake, but not an ignoble one. No man could care essentially less for mere money than he did. But the necessary provision for many sons was a constant anxiety; the readings had done much to abridge this care; and the very strain of them, under which it seems that his health had first given way, and which he always steadily refused to connect especially with them, had also broken the old confidence of being at all times available for his higher pursuit. By October 1868, when he had to give readings at night, he had to lie on the sofa all day.

IV—The Close of a Great Career

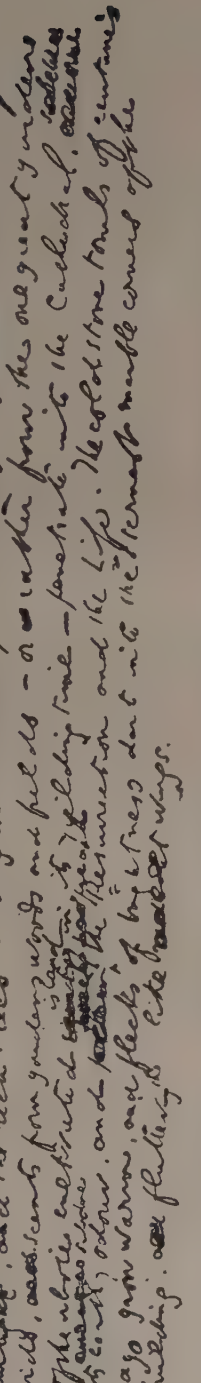
THE readings were stopped by Dickens's medical adviser in April 1869, when he had but 25 more to get through. Anxious not to disappoint his public he secured permission to give twelve more; but these were delayed till the following spring, when for his final appearance he chose the Christmas Carol and the Pickwick Trial. Probably in all his life he never read so well. The old delicacy was delightfully manifest, and a subdued tone, as well in the humorous as the serious portions, gave something to all the reading as of a quiet sadness of farewell. The charm of this was at its height when he shut the volume of Pickwick and spoke in his own person. "In but two short weeks from this time," he said, in reference to the work on which he was then engaged, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, "I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell."

We met for the last time on Sunday, May 22, when I dined with him in Hyde Park Place, where he was Mr. Milner Gibson's tenant, for the term of the final readings. The death of Mr. Lemon had led his thoughts to the crowd of friendly companions in letters and art who had so fallen from the ranks since we played Ben Jonson together that we were left almost alone. "And none beyond his sixtieth year," he said; "very few even fifty." It is no good to talk of it, I suggested. "We shall not think of it the less," was his reply; and an illustration much to the point was before us, afforded by an incident deserving remembrance in his story.

Not many weeks before, a correspondent had written to him from Liverpool describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his prosperous career to what Dickens's writings had taught him at its outset of the wisdom of kindness and sympathy for others; and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgement of what not only had cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched by this; and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he would certainly have taken it if he had not been, though not a man of fortune, a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it in another form he would gladly receive it.

The memorial soon came. A richly-worked basket of silver, inscribed 'from one who has been cheered and stimulated by Mr. Dickens's writings, and held the author among his first remembrances when he became prosperous,' was accompanied by an extremely handsome silver centre-piece for the table, of which the design was four figures representing the Seasons. But the kindly donor shrank from sending Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none save the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. "I never look at it," said Dickens, "that I don't think most of the Winter." The gift had yet too surely foreshadowed the truth, for the winter was never to come to him.

HE was at Gadshill on May 30. While he lived, he said, he should wish his name to be more and more associated with the place; and he had a notion that when he died he should like to lie in the little graveyard belonging to the Cathedral at the foot of the Castle wall. On June 8 he passed all day writing in the Swiss châlet which was presented to him by Mr. Fechter, and which had been set up in the shrubbery on the other side of the high road. He came over for luncheon and, much against his usual custom, returned to his desk. Of the sentences he was then writing (of the unfinished Edwin Drood) the reader will observe with a painful interest not alone its evidence of minute labour, but the direction his thoughts had taken. He imagines such a brilliant morning as had arisen with that



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

eighth of June shining on the old city of Rochester, its cathedral and castle. But his fancy, then, is not with the stern dead forms of either. To him, on that sunny summer morning, the changes of glorious light from moving boughs, the songs of birds, the scents from garden, woods and fields, are preaching the Resurrection and the Life.

He was late in leaving the châlet; but before dinner he wrote some letters, and dinner was begun before Miss Hogarth saw with alarm a singular expression of trouble and pain in his face. 'For an hour,' he then told her, 'he had been very ill'; but he wished dinner to go on. After some words had disconnectedly fallen from him of his intention to go to London immediately, he had risen, and his sister-in-law's help alone prevented him from falling where he stood. Her effort then was to get him on the sofa, but after a slight struggle he sank heavily on his left side. 'On the ground' were his last words.

All possible medical aid was summoned. But human help was unavailing. There was an effusion on the brain; and though stertorous breathing continued all night, and until ten minutes past six on the evening of Thursday, June 9, there had never been a gleam of hope during the twenty-four hours. He had lived four months beyond his 58th year.

BEFORE the news reached the remoter parts of England it had been flashed across Europe; was known in the distant continents of India, Australia and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilized earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. There was a general wish for his interment in Westminster Abbey. But the public homage of a burial in the Abbey had to be reconciled with his own instructions to be privately buried without previous announcement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. And so before midday on Tuesday, June 14, with knowledge only of those who took part in the burial, all was done. Later in the day and all the following day came unbidden mourners in such crowds that the dean had to request permission to keep open the grave until Thursday; but after it was closed they did not cease to come; and 'all day long,' Dr. Stanley wrote on the 17th, 'there was a constant pressure to the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes.'

He alluded to this in the impressive funeral discourse he delivered on Sunday the 19th, saying that 'the spot would thenceforward be a sacred one with both the New World and the Old, as that of the representative of the literature not of this island only, but of all who speak our English tongue.' The stone upon it is inscribed: CHARLES DICKENS. BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH 1812. DIED JUNE THE NINTH 1870. Facing the grave, and on its left and right, are the monuments of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dryden.

Classic Blood-curdler of the Old Style

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS

AMBROSIO OR THE MONK

WITHIN a year of its publication in 1795 most of the British book-reading public had made itself shudder at this wild and slightly shocking story. This is a kind of classic in its particular style. The whole unwieldy machinery of horror is employed: unfaithful monks, clandestine meetings, sulphurous flames, unearthly music, poison, spells, courtship in a coffin, and compacts with hell. In short, we have here melodrama epitomised. Lewis had hardly reached the age of twenty when, in ten weeks, he produced The Monk, apparently written under the influence of The Mysteries of Udolpho. He strove to get effects by portraying physical horror but, in painting his grim pictures, he threw aside all that restraint which made the work of his contemporary at the same sort of writing—Mrs. Radcliffe—so telling. For those who find the clanking chains and mocking laughter something musty with age it is nevertheless still profitable to peruse this, the type of book which, it is true, degenerated into the 'Penny Dreadful,' but was also the precursor of the works of Bram Stoker, R. H. Benson, M. R. James and the rest—a muster of more effective, if not more vigorous necromancers.

I—The Recluse

THE Church of the Capuchins in Madrid had never witnessed a more numerous assembly than that which gathered to hear the sermon of Ambrosio, the abbot. All Madrid rang with his praises. Brought mysteriously to the abbey door while yet an infant, he had remained for all the thirty years of his life within its precincts. All his days had been spent in seclusion, study and mortification of the flesh; his knowledge was profound, his eloquence most persuasive; his only fault was an excess of severity in judging the human failings from which he himself was exempted.

Among the crowd that pressed into the church were two women—one elderly, the other young—who had seats offered them by two richly habited cavaliers. The younger cavalier, Don Lorenzo, discovered such exquisite beauty and sweetness in the maiden to whom he had given his seat—her name was Antonia—that when she left the church he was desperately in love with her.

He had promised to see his sister Agnes, a nun in the Convent of St. Clare; so he remained in the church, whither the nuns were presently to come to confess to the Abbot Ambrosio. As he waited, he observed a man wrapped up in a cloak hurriedly place a letter beneath a statue of St. Francis, and then retire.

The nuns entered, and removed their veils out of respect to the saint to whom the building was dedicated. One of the nuns dropped her rosary beside the statue and, as she stooped to pick it up, she dexterously removed the letter and placed it in her bosom. As she did so, the light flashed full in her face.

"Agnes, by Heaven!" cried Lorenzo.

He hastened after the cloaked stranger and overtook him with drawn sword. Suddenly the cloaked man turned and exclaimed, "Is it possible? Lorenzo, have you forgotten Raymond de las Cisternas?"

"You here, marquis?" said the astonished Lorenzo. "You engaged in a clandestine correspondence with my sister?"

"Her affections have ever been mine, and not the Church's. She entered the convent tricked into a belief that I had been false to her; but I have proved to her that it is otherwise. She has agreed to fly with me, and my uncle, the cardinal, is securing for her a dispensation from her vows."

Raymond told at length the story of his love, and at the end Lorenzo said, "Raymond, there is no one on whom I would bestow Agnes more willingly than on yourself. Pursue your design, and I will accompany you."

Meanwhile, Agnes tremblingly advanced towards the abbot and in her nervousness let fall the precious letter. She turned to

pick it up. The abbot claimed and read it; it was the proposal for Agnes's escape with her lover that very night.

"This letter must to the prioress!" said he sternly.

"Hold, father, hold!" cried Agnes, flinging herself at his feet. "Be merciful! Do not doom me to destruction!"

"Hence, unworthy wretch! Where is the prioress?"

The prioress, when she came, gazed upon Agnes with fury. "Away with her to the convent!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, Raymond, save me, save me!" shrieked the distracted Agnes. "Hear me," she continued, "man of a hard heart! Insolent in your yet unshaken virtue, your day of trial will arrive. Think then upon your cruelty; and for ever despair of pardon!"

II—The Abbot's Infatuation

Leaving the church, Ambrosio bent his steps towards a grotto in the abbey garden, formed in imitation of a hermitage. On reaching the grotto, he found it already occupied. Extended upon one of the seats, lay a man in a melancholy posture, lost in meditation. Ambrosio recognized him; it was Rosario, his favourite novice, a youth of whose origin none knew anything, save that his bearing, and such of his features as accident had discovered—for he seemed fearful of being recognized and was continually muffled up in his cowl—proved him to be of noble birth.

"You must not indulge this disposition to melancholy, Rosario," said Ambrosio tenderly.

The youth flung himself at Ambrosio's feet.

"Oh, pity me!" he cried. "How willingly would I unveil to you my heart! But I fear——"

"How shall I reassure you? Reveal to me what afflicts you and I swear that your secret shall be safe in my keeping."

"Father," said Rosario, in faltering accents, "I am a woman!"

The abbot stood still for a moment in astonishment, then turned hastily to go. But the suppliant clasped his knees.

"Do not fly me!" she cried. "You are my beloved; but far is it from Matilda's wish to draw you from the paths of virtue. All I ask is to see you, to converse with you, to adore you!"

Confusion and resentment mingled in Ambrosio's mind with secret pleasure that a young and lovely woman had thus for his sake abandoned the world. But he recognized the need for austerity.

"Matilda," he said, "you must leave the abbey to-morrow."

"Cruel, cruel!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in agony. "Farewell, my friend! And yet, methinks, I would fain bear with me some token of your regard."

"What shall I give you?"

"Anything—one of those flowers will be sufficient."

Ambrosio approached a bush and stooped to pick one of the flowers. He uttered a piercing cry, and Matilda rushed towards him.

"A serpent," he said in a faint voice, "concealed among the roses."

With loud shrieks the distressed Matilda summoned assistance. Ambrosio was carried to the abbey, his wound was examined, and the surgeon pronounced that there was no hope. He had been stung by a centipedoro and would not live three days.

Mournfully the monks left the bedside, and Ambrosio was entrusted to the care of the despairing Matilda. Next morning the surgeon was astonished to find that the inflammation had subsided, and when he probed the wound no traces of the venom were perceptible.

"A miracle! A miracle!" cried the monks. Joyfully they proclaimed that St. Francis had saved the life of their sainted abbot.

But Ambrosio was still weak and languid, and again the monks left him in Matilda's care. As he listened to an old ballad sung by her sweet voice, he found renewed pleasure in her society and was conscious of the influence upon him of her beauty. For three days she nursed him, but on the next day she came not. A lay-brother entered instead.

"Hasten, reverend father," said he. "Young Rosario lies at the point of death and he earnestly requests to see you."

In deep agitation he followed the lay-brother to Matilda's apartment. Her face glowed at the sight of him. "Leave me, my brethren," she said to the monks; "much have I to tell this holy man in private."

"Father, I am poisoned," she said, when they had gone, "but the poison once circulated in your veins."

"Matilda!"

"I loosened the bandage from your arm; I drew out the poison with my lips. I feel death at my heart."

"And you have sacrificed yourself for me! Is there, indeed, no hope?"

"There is but one means of life in my power—a dangerous and dreadful means; life would be purchased at too dear a rate—unless it were permitted me to live for you."

"Then live for me," cried the infatuated monk, clasping her in his arms. "Live for me!"

"Then," she cried joyfully, "no dangers shall appal me. Swear that you will never inquire by what means I shall preserve myself, and procure for me the key of the burying-ground common to us and the sisterhood of St. Clare."

When Ambrosio had obtained the key, Matilda left him. She returned radiant with joy.

"I have succeeded!" she cried. "I shall live, Ambrosio—shall live for you!"

III—Unavailing Remorse

RAYMOND and Lorenzo had gone to the rendezvous appointed in the letter, and had waited to be joined by Agnes and to enable her to escape from the convent.

But Agnes had not come, and the two friends withdrew in deep mortification. Presently arrived a message from Raymond's uncle, the cardinal, enclosing the Pope's bull ordering that Agnes should be released from her vows and restored to her relatives. Lorenzo at once conveyed the bull to the prioress.

"It is out of my power to obey this order," said she, in a voice of anger which she strove in vain to disguise. "Agnes is dead!"

Lorenzo hastened with the fatal news to Raymond, whose terrible affliction led to a dangerous illness.

One morning, as Ambrosio was leaving the chapel after listening to many penitents—he was the favourite confessor in Madrid—Antonia stepped timidly up to him and begged him to visit her mother, who was stretched on a bed of sickness. Charmed with her beauty and innocence, he consented.

The monk retired to his cell, whither he was pursued by Antonia's image. "What would be too dear a price," he meditated, "for this lovely girl's affections?"

Not once but often did Ambrosio visit Antonia and her mother; and each time he saw the innocent girl his love increased. Matilda, who had first opened his heart to love, saw the change and penetrated his secret.

"Since your love can no longer be mine," she said to him sadly, "I request the next best gift—your confidence and friendship. You love Antonia, but you love her despairingly. I come to point out the road to success."

"Oh, impossible!"

"To those who dare, nothing is impossible. Listen! My guardian was a man of uncommon knowledge, and from him I had training in the arts of magic. One terrible power he gave me—the power of raising a demon. I shuddered at the thought of employing it until it became my only means of saving my life—a life that you prized. For your sake I performed the mystic rites in the sepulchre of St. Clare. For your sake I will perform them again."

"No, no, Matilda!" cried the monk. "I will not ally myself with God's enemy."

"Look!" Matilda held before him a mirror of polished steel, its borders marked with various strange characters. A mist spread over the surface; it cleared, and Ambrosio gazed upon the countenance of Antonia in all its beauty.

"I yield!" he cried passionately. "Matilda, I follow you!"

They passed into the churchyard; they reached the entry to the vaults; Ambrosio tremblingly followed Matilda down the staircase. They went through narrow passages strewn with skulls and bones,

and reached a spacious cavern. Matilda drew a circle around herself, and another around him; bending low, she muttered a few indistinct sentences, and a thin, blue, sulphurous flame arose from the ground.

Suddenly she uttered a piercing shriek and plunged a poignard into her left arm; the blood poured down, a dark cloud arose, and a clap of thunder was heard. Then a full strain of melodious music sounded and the demon stood before them.

He was a youth of perfect face and form. Crimson wings extended from his shoulders; many-coloured fires played about his locks; but there was a wildness in his eyes, a mysterious melancholy in his features, that betrayed the fallen angel.

Matilda conversed with him in unintelligible language; he bowed submissively, and gave to her a silver branch, imitating myrtle, that he bore in his right hand. The music was heard again, and ceased; the cloud spread itself afresh; the demon vanished.

"With this branch," said Matilda, "every door will open before you. You may gain access to Antonia; a touch of the branch will send her into a deep sleep, and you may carry her away whither you will."

Ashamed and fearful, yet borne away by his love, the monk set forth. The bolts of Antonia's house flew back and the doors opened before the silver myrtle.

But as he passed stealthily through the house a woman confronted him. It was Antonia's mother, roused by a fearful dream.

"Monster of hypocrisy!" she cried, in fury. "I had already suspected you, but I kept silence. Now I will unmask you, villain!"

"Forgive me, lady!" begged the terrified monk. "I swear by all that is holy——"

"No! All Madrid shall shudder at your perfidy!"

He turned to fly. She seized him and screamed for help. He grasped her by the throat with all his strength, strangled her, and flung her to the ground, where she lay motionless. After a minute of horror-struck shuddering, the murderer fled. He entered the abbey unobserved and, having shut himself into his cell, he abandoned his soul to all the awful tortures of unavailing remorse.

IV—A Living Death

"Do not despair!" counselled Matilda, when the monk revealed his failure. "Your crime is unsuspected. Antonia may still be yours. The prioress of St. Clare has a mysterious liquor, the effect of which is to give those who drink it the appearance of death for three days. Procure some of this liquor, visit Antonia, and cause her to drink it; have her body conveyed to a sepulchre in the vaults of St. Clare."

Ambrosio hastened to secure a phial of the mysterious potion. He went to comfort Antonia in her distress, and contrived to pour a few drops from the phial into a draught that she was taking. In a few hours he heard that she was dead, and her body was conveyed to the vaults.

Meanwhile, Lorenzo had learnt, not indeed that his sister was alive, but that she had been the victim of terrible cruelty. A nun, who had been Agnes's friend, hinted at atrocious vengeance taken by the prioress for Agnes's attempt to escape. She suggested that Lorenzo should bring the officers of the Inquisition with him and arrest the prioress during a public procession of the nuns in honour of St. Clare.

Accordingly, as the prioress passed along the street among her nuns with a devout and sanctified air, the officers advanced and arrested her.

"Ah!" she cried frantically, "I am betrayed!"

"Betrayed!" replied the nun who had revealed the secret to Lorenzo. "I charge the prioress with murder!"

She told how Agnes had been secretly poisoned by the prioress. The mob, mad with indignation, rushed to the convent determined to destroy it. Lorenzo and the officers hastened to endeavour to do what they could to save the convent and the terrified nuns who had taken refuge there.

Antonia's heart throbbed, her eyes opened; she raised herself and cast a wild look around her. Her clothing was a

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS was born in London, July 9, 1775. He went to Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, for his education, which was to prepare him for a diplomatic career. In 1794 he became attached to the British Embassy at The Hague and during his short stay there produced Ambrosio, his first novel. It was an immediate success, but, some twelve months later, an injunction to restrain its sale on account of objectionable passages was obtained in the courts. The author then revised and re-published the work. Lewis was M.P. for Hindon, Wilts, and after some years of writing came into a fortune on his father's death. He himself died returning from his estates in the West Indies, May 13, 1818.

shroud ; she lay in a coffin among other coffins in a damp and hideous vault. Confronting her with a lantern in his hand, and eyeing her greedily, stood Ambrosio.

" Where am I ? " she said abruptly. " How came I here ? Let me go ! "

" Why these terrors, Antonia ? " replied the abbot. " What fear you from me—from one who adores you ? You are imagined dead ; society is for ever lost to you. You are absolutely in my power ! "

She screamed, and strove to escape ; he clutched at her and struggled to detain her Suddenly Matilda entered in haste.

" The mob has set fire to the convent," she said to Ambrosio, " and the abbey is in danger. Don Lorenzo and the officers are searching the vaults. You cannot escape ; you must remain here. They may not, perhaps, enter this vault."

Antonia heard that rescue was at hand.

" Help ! help ! " she screamed, and ran out of the vault. The abbot pursued her in desperation ; he caught her ; he could not stifle her cries. Frantic in his desire to escape, he grasped Matilda's dagger, plunged it twice into the bosom of Antonia, and fled back to the vault. It was too late ; he had been seen, the glare of torches filled the vault, and Ambrosio and Matilda were seized and bound by the officers of the Inquisition.

MEANWHILE, Lorenzo, running to and fro, had flashed his lantern upon a creature so wretched, so emaciated, that he doubted to think her a woman. He stopped petrified with horror.

" So many days, and yet no food ! " she moaned. " No hope, no comfort ! " Suddenly she looked up and addressed him.

" Do you bring me food, or do you bring me death ? "

" I come," he replied, " to relieve your sorrows."

" God, is it possible ? Oh, yes ! Yes, it is ! "—she fainted. Lorenzo carried her in his arms to the nuns above.

Loud shrieks summoned him below again. Hastening after the officers, he saw a woman bleeding on the ground. He went to her ; it was his beloved Antonia ! She was dying ; with a few sweet words of farewell, her spirit passed away.

Broken-hearted, he returned. He had lost Antonia, but he was to learn that Agnes was restored to him. The woman he had rescued was indeed his sister, saved from a living death and brought back to life and love.

V—Lucifer

AMBROSIO was tortured into confession, and condemned to be burnt at the stake. Matilda, terrified at the sight of her fellow-criminal's torments, confessed without torture, and was sentenced to be burnt at his side.

They were to perish at midnight, and as the monk, in panic-stricken despair, awaited the awful hour, suddenly Matilda stood before him, beautifully attired, with a look of wild pleasure in her eyes.

" Matilda ! " he cried, " how have you gained entrance ? "

" Ambrosio," she replied, " I am free. For life and liberty I have sold my soul to Lucifer. Dare you do the same ? "

The monk shuddered.

" I cannot renounce my God," he said.

"Fool! What hope have you of God's mercy?" She handed him a book. "If you repent of your folly, read the first four lines in the seventh page backwards." She vanished.

A fearful struggle raged in the monk's spirit. What hope had he in any case of escaping eternal torment? And yet—was not the Almighty's mercy infinite? Then the thought of the stake and the flames entered his mind and appalled him.

At last the fatal hour came. The steps of his gaolers were heard in the passage. In terror he opened the book, read, and straightway the fiend appeared—not seraph-like as formerly, but dark, hideous and gigantic, with hissing snakes coiling round his brows.

He placed a parchment before Ambrosio.

"Bear me hence!" cried the monk.

"Will you be mine, body and soul?" said the demon. "Resolve while there is time!"

"I must!"

"Sign, then!" Lucifer thrust a pen into the flesh of Ambrosio's arm, and the monk signed. A moment later he was carried through the roof of the dungeon into mid-air.

The demon bore him with arrow-like speed to the brink of a precipice in the Sierra Morena.

"Carry me to Matilda!" gasped the monk.

"Wretch!" answered Lucifer. "For what did you stipulate but rescue from the Inquisition? Learn that when you signed, the steps in the corridor were the steps of those who were bringing you a pardon. But now you are mine beyond reprieve, to all eternity, and alive you quit not these mountains."

Darting his talons into the monk's shaven crown, he sprang with him from the rock. From a dreadful height he flung him headlong, and the torrent bore away with it the shattered corpse of Ambrosio.

The Faery Gold of English Poesy

MICHAEL DRAYTON

NYMPHIDIA: THE COURT OF FAERY

IN 1627 a volume of miscellaneous poetry appeared which contained Nymphidia and also that Ballad of Agincourt whose very metre suggests the pomp of armed chivalry in procession. This and Nymphidia by themselves would have singled Drayton from the company of Elizabethan verse makers. But he has another claim to be called great because his was the fount whose playing inspired thousands of lines of imitative verse down to the time of Herrick. This tributary work indeed may sound a deeper note; but nevertheless derives from the original spring higher up the ascent of the years. The quaint capers of Pigwiggen, Queen Mab, the Hobgoblin, Oberon and faithful Nymphidia—quickened by the happy adroitness of the Elizabethan humour which was the touchstone of England's golden age—penetrate the perceptions in a fresh and lively way that makes later and similar work seem only decorative. A selection of his works, including the poem, will be found in Routledge's Universal Library.

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabell,
With such poor trifles playing;
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But what they may be saying.

Another sort there be that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
For never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them;
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange things they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then, since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading,
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling—
Jove prosper my proceeding!

Pigwiggen was a fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness had often check'd,
And could have wish'd him stervéd.

Pig to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love she would be pleaséd
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts easéd.

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry;
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all:
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now has gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his Queen was missing.

And first encountering with a Wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking.
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth he;
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
Whereat the poor Wasp, quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing:
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the fairy started;
When soon away the Wasp doth go;
Poor wretch was never frighted so;
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoyed they were so parted.

A new adventure him betides;
He met an Ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides;
Which with his haste doth stumble.
And came full over on her snout;
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurréd head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles;
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles;

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it somewhat doth slake;
He calleth for a ferry;
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy spoken:
"Oh, oh," quoth Hob, "God save thy Grace
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoiled my sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken!"

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone;
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let everything but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her.
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief, Pigwiggen's, head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed;
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough break, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire;
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this business broaching;
And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My Sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh;
I posted to forewarn you.
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them;
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night;
And therefore were resolved, by flight,
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut,
In the end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root;
For room they need not wrastle;
Nor need they be together heaped.
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
As safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceived if Puck the queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal;
And with the same the pismire's gall;
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap,
Her magic much availing.
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans;
By the lubrican's sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling."

Then presently she Puck espies,
And well she marks his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries.
But as he was thus busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels:
Against a stubbéd tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels,
Alas, his head was dizzy!

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon, yet madding,
And with Pigwiggen, now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be piercéd;
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reverted

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing;
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him:
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which, being tosséd by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle;
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin.
Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary."

Soon flew this news through Fairyland,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Faery knew
The first occasion from her grew
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades
To Proserpine, the Queen of Shades,
To treat that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in the year 1563 at Hartshill, between Nuneaton and Atherstone in Warwickshire. Little of his early years is known save that Sir Henry Goodere of Powlesworth became his patron and that he was squire to Sir Walter Aston. He came to London in 1590 and next year published The Harmony of the Church which, for some reason unknown, was condemned and destroyed by the authorities. Drayton was a friend of Shakespeare, had shares in the Whitefriars Theatre, and according to the vicar of Stratford the two were together with Ben Jonson in a drinking bout which brought on Shakespeare's fatal illness. Drayton was a favourite at Elizabeth's court but was rejected from the society of James I. He died in London, December 23, 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who armed to meet his foe is gone
For proud Pigwiggen crying,
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrivéd at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown—
They were two gallant mounters.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled;
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from hence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose;
When well she had them blended,
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone,
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely;
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother;
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post;
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace;
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril.
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame
You let me hear the quarrel.

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage;
Your grievous thirst and to assuage
That first you drink this liquor,
Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear;
Those things from me that you shall hear
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so
That of our weal or of our woe
Is all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you ever think,
For they no sooner took this drink,
But naught into their brains could sink
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
And asked how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met;
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting.
And to the Fairy Court they went,
With muckle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

IVAN TURGENEV

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

PUBLISHED in 1862, Turgenev's Fathers and Children stirred up a storm which it is difficult to imagine in the light of later events. With one or two exceptions the radical critics savagely attacked what was considered a caricature on the young generation. Yet, curiously enough, ardent Liberal though he was, Turgenev had no political motive whatever in writing his novel, his purpose being simply the delineation of certain types which, for good or for bad, were then making themselves a force in his country. The figure of Bazarov, in regard to whom Turgenev gave a new interpretation of the word Nihilist, possessed few of the violent revolutionary ideas that are generally associated with his kind. To the end Turgenev persisted that Bazarov represented a type as he saw it, and that the portrait was neither a caricature nor entirely a product of the imagination. Fathers and Children is included in Heinemann's collected edition of Turgenev's novels, and is also published in Everyman's Library, under the title Fathers and Sons.

I—The Old and the New

ARKADY had come home, a full-blown graduate, from the university at Petersburg, and as his father, Nikolai Petrovitch, pressed his lips to his beardless, dusky, sunburnt cheek he was beside himself with delight. Even his uncle, Pavel Petrovitch—once a famous figure in Russian society, and now, in spite of his dandy habits and dandy dress, living with his brother on the latter's estate in the heart of the country—showed some emotion. And Arkady, too, though he endeavoured to stifle his feelings as became a superior young man who had risen above the prejudices of the older generation, could not conceal the pleasure he felt.

Arkady had brought back with him his great friend, Bazarov, a tall man, long and lean, with a broad forehead, a face which was lighted up by a tranquil smile and showed self-confidence and intelligence. Bazarov alone seemed supremely indifferent to the atmosphere of pleasure which pervaded his friend's homecoming.

"Your uncle's a queer fish," Bazarov remarked to Arkady, in the seclusion of their room. "Only fancy such style in the country! Now, come, Arkady, isn't he rather ridiculous?"

"Perhaps he is," replied Arkady. "But he's a splendid man, really."

"An antique survival! But your father's a capital fellow. He wastes his time reading poetry, and doesn't know much about farming, but he's a good-hearted fellow."

"My father's a man in a thousand."

"Did you notice how shy and nervous he is?"

Arkady shook his head, as though he himself were not shy and nervous.

"It's something astonishing," pursued Bazarov, "these old idealists, they develop their nervous systems till they break down—so balance is lost. In my room there's an English washstand, but the door won't fasten. Anyway, that ought to be encouraged. An English washstand stands for progress."

The antipathy between Pavel Petrovitch and Bazarov became more pronounced as the days went by. There were several passages of arms between them—the one taking the old-fashioned view of life, the other dismissing contemptuously his outlook as unprogressive. For himself, Nikolai Petrovitch was too delighted at having his son with him to feel any concern about Bazarov.

"What is this Mr. Bazarov, your friend?" Pavel asked one day.

"Would you like me to tell you, uncle?" Arkady replied, with a smile. "He is a Nihilist—a man who accepts nothing, who regards everything from the critical point of view, who does not take any principle on faith, whatever reverence that principle may be enshrined in."

"Well, and is that good?"

"That depends, uncle. Some people it would do good to, but some people would suffer for it."

"Indeed. Well, I see it's not in our line. We are old-fashioned people. We imagine that without principles—taken, as you say, on faith—there is no taking a step, no breathing. *Vous avez changé tout cela.* God give you good health and the rank of a general, while we will be content to look on and admire, worthy—what was it?"

"Nihilist," Arkady said, speaking very distinctly.

So great was the silent, unvoiced antipathy between the two men, that Nikolai Petrovitch even breathed more freely when Arkady and Bazarov, at the end of a fortnight, announced their intention of visiting the town of X——

At X—— the two friends made the acquaintance of Madame Odintsov, a wealthy widow, who lived alone in her large, well-ordered establishment, with her one daughter, Katya Sergyevna. Bazarov was contemptuously amused at the luxury and peace that pervaded the house. But, none the less, he gladly prolonged his stay for a fortnight. The reason was not far to seek. In spite of his avowed disbelief in love and romance, the gracious charm, the refined intelligence and the beauty of Madame Odinstov had won his heart. And Arkady, too, willingly accepted his hostess's urgent invitation that they should stay for as long as they pleased because of his passion for Katya. Circumstances, however, brought their visit to an abrupt conclusion.

One morning, Madame Odintsov, when she was alone with Bazarov, commented upon his reticence and constraint. As she made this remark, Bazarov got up and went to the window.

"And would you like to know the reason of this reticence?" he queried. "Would you like to know what is passing within me?"

"Yes," rejoined Madame Odintsov, with a dread she did not at the time understand.

Bazarov was standing with his back to her.

"Let me tell you, then, that I love you like a fool, like a madman! There, you forced it out of me."

He turned quickly, flung a searching look upon her and, snatching both her hands, he drew her suddenly to his breast.

She did not at once free herself from his embrace, but an instant later she was in the seclusion of her own room, her cheeks scarlet, meditating on what had occurred.

"I am to blame," she decided, aloud, "that I could not have foreseen this. No, no! God knows what it would lead to. He couldn't be played with. Peace is, anyway, the best thing in the world."

She had come to a definite decision before she saw Bazarov again. He found an opportunity of speaking to her alone, and apologised for what had taken place.

"I am sufficiently punished," he said, without raising his eyes to hers. "My position, you will certainly agree, is most foolish. To-morrow I shall be gone. I can only conceive of one condition upon which I could remain. That condition will never be. Excuse my impertinence, but you don't love me, and you never will love me, I suppose?"

Bazarov's eyes glittered for an instant under their dark brows. Madame Odintsov did not answer him.

"I am afraid of this man," flashed through her brain.

"Good-bye, then," said Bazarov, as though he guessed her thought.

II—Bazarov's Homecoming

From the scene of his discomfiture Bazarov fled to his own home, taking Arkady with him. Vassily Ivanovitch, his father—an old, retired army doctor, who had not seen his son for three years—was standing on the steps of the little manor house as their coach rolled up. He was a tall, thinnish man, with dishevelled hair, and a thin hawk nose, dressed in an old military coat not buttoned up. The horses stopped.

"Arrived at last!" said Bazarov's father.

"Enyusha, Enyusha!" was heard a trembling woman's voice. The door was flung open, and in the doorway was seen a

plump, short, little old woman in a white cap and a short, striped jacket. She moaned, staggered and would certainly have fallen had not Bazarov supported her. Her plump hands were instantly twined round his neck. "For what ages, my dear one, my darling Enyusha!" she cried, her wrinkled face wet with tears. Old Bazarov breathed hard.

"There, that's enough, that's enough, Arina. Give over—please give over."

His lips and eyebrows were twitching and his beard was quivering, but he was obviously trying to control himself and appear almost indifferent. But, like his wife, the old man was deeply moved at the coming of his son.

One thing troubled old Bazarov. How long was his son going to stay? He dare not ask him, but he centred his hopes on three weeks at least. Bazarov, however, was restless and unsatisfied. He had not succeeded in effacing the memory of Madame Odintsov. On the third day he told Arkady that he could stand it no longer.

"I am bored; I want to work, but I can't work here. I will come to your place again; I have left all my apparatus there, too. In your house one can, at any rate, shut oneself up. While here my father repeats to me, 'My study is at your disposal, nobody shall interfere with you,' and all the time he himself is never a yard away. It's the same thing, too, with mother. I hear her sighing the other side of the wall, and if one goes in to her one's nothing to say to her."

Vassily Ivanovitch was dumbfounded when he broke the news to him.

"Very good," he faltered, "very good. I had thought you were to be with us a little longer. Three days! After three years, it's rather little, Yevgeny!"

"But I tell you I'm coming back directly. It's necessary for me to go."

"Necessary! Very good. Arina and I, of course, did not anticipate this. Liberty is the great thing; that's my rule. I don't want to hamper you—not——"

He suddenly ceased, and rushed from the room. He had to tell his old wife. She was utterly crushed, and only a two-hour exhortation from her husband enabled her to control herself until her son's departure. When he was gone she broke down.

"There's no hope for it," she moaned to Vassily Ivanovitch. "Only I am left you, unchanged for ever, as you for me."

III—The Duel

The two friends journeyed as far as X—— together. There Arkady left his companion in order to see Katya. Bazarov, determined to cure himself of his passion for Madame Odintsov, made the rest of the journey alone, and took up his quarters once more in the house of Nikolai Petrovitch.

The fact of Arkady's absence did not tend to improve matters between Pavel Petrovitch and Bazarov. One night he knocked at Bazarov's door, and begged for five minutes' conversation.

"I want to hear your views on the subject of duelling," he said.

Bazarov, for once, was taken by surprise.

"My view is," he said at last, "that I should not, in practice, allow myself to be insulted without demanding satisfaction."

"Your words save me from rather a deplorable necessity. I have made up my mind to fight you."

Bazarov opened his eyes wide.

"What for, pray?"

"I cannot endure you. To my idea, your presence here is superfluous; I despise you. And, if that is not enough for you——"

Pavel Petrovitch's eyes glittered. Bazarov's, too, were flashing.

"Very good," he assented; "no need of explanations. You've a whim to try your chivalrous spirit upon me."

The following morning they met at the place agreed upon, and took up their stations. Bazarov watched Pavel Petrovitch take careful aim.

Something whizzed sharply by his ear, and at the same instant there was the sound of a shot. Bazarov, without taking aim, pressed the spring. Pavel Petrovitch gave a slight start, and clutched at his thigh. A stream of blood began to trickle down his white trousers. Bazarov became the doctor at once and, flinging aside his pistol, began with profes-

sional skill to attend to the wound. At that moment Nikolai Petrovitch drove up in a state of great excitement.

"What does this mean?" he asked, rushing to the side of his brother.

"It is nothing," answered Pavel Petrovitch faintly. "I had a little dispute with Mr. Bazarov, and I have had to pay for it a little. I am the only person to blame in all this. Mr. Bazarov has behaved most honourably."

After that incident Bazarov's stay in the house any longer was an impossibility. He left the same day, calling at Madame Odintsov's house on his way to see Arkady. He found his friend engaged to Katya, and in the seventh heaven of delight. Madame Odintsov would have had him stay.

"Why should you not stay now?" she said. "It's exciting, talking to you. One seems walking on the edge of a precipice. At first one feels timid, but one gains courage as one goes on. Do stay."

"Thanks for the suggestion," he retorted, "and for your flattering opinion of my conversational talent. But I think I have already been moving too long in a sphere which is not my own. Flying fishes can hold out for a time in the air, but soon they must splash back into the water; allow me, too, to paddle in my own element. Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

"I am certain we are not seeing each other for the last time," she declared.

"Anything may happen," answered Bazarov. And he bowed and went away.

IV—The Passing of Bazarov

BAZAROV'S old parents were all the more overjoyed at their son's arrival, as it was quite unexpected.

"I've come to you for six whole weeks, governor," Bazarov said to his father. "I want to work, so please don't hinder me now."

But though both his father and mother almost effaced themselves, the fever of work fell away. It was replaced by dreary boredom or vague restlessness. He began to seek the society of his father, and to smoke with him in silence. Now and again he even assisted at some of the medical operations which his father conducted as a charity.

One day, in a neighbouring village, the news was brought them that a peasant had died of typhus. Three days later Bazarov came into his father's room, and asked him for a caustic to burn a cut in his finger.

"What sort of a cut? Where is it?"

"Here, on my finger. I have been dissecting that peasant who died of typhus fever."

Vassily Ivanovitch suddenly turned quite white. All that day he watched his son's face stealthily. On the third day Bazarov could not touch his food.

"Have you no appetite? And your head?" his father asked timidly. "Does it ache? Won't you let me feel your pulse?"

"I can tell you without feeling my pulse," Bazarov said. "I am feverish."

Bazarov did not get up again that day, and passed the night in heavy, half-conscious slumber. At one o'clock in the morning, opening his eyes with an effort, he saw by the light of a lamp his father's pale face bending over him, and told him to go away. The old man begged his pardon, but he quickly came back on tiptoe and, half-hidden by the cupboard-door, he gazed persistently at his son. His wife did not go to bed either, and, leaving the study-door just open a very little, she kept coming up to listen 'how Enyusha was breathing.'

In the morning Bazarov spoke to his father in a slow, drowsy voice.

"Governor, I am in a bad way; I've got the infection, and in a few days you will have to bury me."

Vassily Ivanovitch staggered back as if someone had aimed a blow at his leg.

"God have mercy on you! What do you mean? You have only caught a cold. I've sent for the doctor, and you'll soon be cured."

"Come, that's humbug. I've got the typhus; you can see it in my arm. You told me you'd sent for the doctor. You did that to comfort yourself—comfort me, too. Send a messenger to Madame Odintsov; she's a lady with an estate. Do you know?" Vassily Ivanovitch nodded.

"'Yevgeny Bazarov,' say, 'sends his greetings, and sends word he's dying.' Will you do that?"

"Yes, I will do it. But is it a possible thing for you to die? Think only! Where would divine justice be after that?"

Bazarov turned his face painfully to the wall; while Vassily Ivanovitch went out of the study and, struggling as far as his wife's bedroom, simply dropped down on to his knees before the holy pictures.

"Pray, Arina, pray for us," he murmured, "our son is dying."

BAZAROV got worse every hour. His mother and father watched over him, combing his hair and giving him gulps of tea. The old man was tormented by a special anguish. He wished his son to take the sacrament, though, knowing his attitude towards religion, he dare not ask him. At last he could keep back the words no longer. As he begged his son to see a priest a strange look came over Bazarov's face.

"I won't refuse if that can be any comfort to you, but I'll wait a little."

There was the sound of carriage wheels outside. Vassily Ivanovitch rushed to the door. A lady in a black veil and a black mantle, accompanied by a little German doctor, got out of the carriage.

"I am Madame Odintsov," said the lady. "Your son is still living? I have a doctor with me."

"Benefactress!" cried Vassily Ivanovitch, snatching her hand and placing it convulsively to his lips. "Still living, my Yevgeny is living; and now he will be saved! Wife, wife, an angel from heaven has come to us!"

But when the doctor came out from examining his patient, he breathed the news that there was no hope; and Vassily Ivanovitch conducted Madame Odintsov to his son's room. As she looked at Bazarov she felt simply dismayed, with a sort of cold, suffocating dismay; the thought that she would not have felt like that if she had really loved him flashed instantaneously through her brain.

"Thanks," said Bazarov from the bed. "I did not expect this. It's a deed of mercy. So we have seen each other again as you promised. I loved you! There was no sense in that even before, and less than ever now. Love is a form, and my own form is already breaking up."

Madame Odintsov gave an involuntary shudder.

"Noble hearted!" he whispered. "Oh, how young and fresh and pure in this loathsome room! Well, good-bye! I thought I wouldn't die; I'd break down so many things, I wouldn't die—why should I? There were problems to solve, and I was a giant! And now all the problem for the giant is how to die decently. My father will tell you what a man Russia is losing. That's nonsense, but don't contradict the old man. Whatever toy will comfort a child—you know. And be kind to mother. People like them are not to be found in your great world. I was needed by Russia. No, it's clear I wasn't needed. And who is needed?"

Bazarov put his hand to his brow. Madame Odintsov bent down to him.

"I am here, Yevgeny Vassilyevitch." He at once took his hand away, and raised himself.

"Good-bye," he said, with sudden force, and his eyes gleamed with their last light. "Good-bye! Listen! You know I didn't kiss you then. Breathe on the dying lamp, and let it go out. . . ."

She put her lips to his forehead.

"Enough!" he murmured, and dropped back on to the pillow. "Now—darkness!"

Madame Odintsov went softly out.

"Well?" Vassily Ivanovitch asked her, in a whisper.

"He has fallen asleep," she answered.

But Bazarov was not fated to awaken. That night he breathed his last.

THERE is a little grave in the graveyard, surrounded by an iron railing; two young fir-trees have been planted, one at each end. Yevgeny Bazarov is buried in this tomb. Often from the little village not far off two quite feeble old people come to visit it—a husband and wife. At the iron railing they fall down, and remain on their knees, and long and bitterly they weep and yearn, and intently they gaze at the dumb stone under which their son is lying. Can it be that their prayers, their tears, are fruitless? Can it be that love, sacred, devoted love, is not all-powerful?

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

ESSAYS IN EUGENICS

IN his lifetime Galton had to undergo the usual exposure to which all men with a message to humanity are liable—an exposure to the bitter, ill-considered comments, narrow misunderstanding and wilful misrepresentation of those who find sentiment more easily assimilated than reason. Human Faculty and Its Development (see page 2623) was published in 1883 and in that remarkable work the author introduced a new word, and that word was 'eugenics.' Only the crass or the unpleasant minded could find anything in his books and essays which could be considered anything but the work of a man who is genuinely searching for truth and a furtherance of human happiness. The reasoning is clear and unimpassioned though the presentation of his thoughts does not by any means become inhuman. Indeed, many sentences testify to the author's consideration of his problem as an essentially human and pressing one. He is concerned with 'a practical question and not . . . a mere vision in Utopia,' a question whose answer, he is convinced, will 'justify our interference with the pitiless course of nature whenever it seems possible to attain the goal towards which it moves by gentler and kindlier ways.' An outline of Galton's Hereditary Genius will be found at page 2235.

I—The Aims and Methods of Eugenics

THE following essays help to show something of the progress of eugenics during the last few years, and to explain my own views upon its aims and methods, which often have been, and still sometimes are, absurdly misrepresented. The practice of eugenics has already obtained a considerable hold on popular estimation, and is steadily acquiring the status of a practical question, and not that of a mere vision in Utopia.

The power by which eugenic reform must chiefly be affected is that of public opinion, which is amply strong enough for that purpose whenever it shall be roused. Public opinion has done as much as this on many past occasions and in various countries, of which much evidence is given in the essay on restrictions in marriage. It is now ordering our acts more intimately than we are apt to suspect, because the dictates of public opinion become so thoroughly assimilated that they seem to be original and individual to those who are guided by them. By comparing the current ideas at widely different epochs and under widely different civilizations, we are able to ascertain what part of our convictions is really innate and permanent, and what part has been acquired and is transient.

It is, above all things, needful for the successful progress of eugenics that its advocates should move discreetly and claim no more efficacy on its behalf than the future will justify; otherwise a reaction will be justified. A great deal of investigation is still needed to show the limit of practical eugenics, yet enough has been determined to justify efforts being made to instruct the public in an authoritative way, with the results, hitherto obtained by sound reasoning, applied to the undoubted facts of social experience.

The word 'eugenics' was coined and used by me in my book Human Faculty, published as long ago as 1883. In it I emphasised the essential brotherhood of mankind, heredity being to my mind a very real thing; also the belief that we are born to act, and not to wait for help like able-bodied idlers, whining for doles. Individuals appear to me as finite detachments from an infinite ocean of being, temporarily endowed with executive powers.

This is the only answer I can give to myself in reply to the perpetually recurring questions of 'why?' 'whence?' and 'whither?' The immediate 'whither' does not seem wholly dark, as some little information may be gleaned about the direction in which nature as we know it, is now moving—namely, towards the evolution of mind, body and character in increasing energy and co-adaptation.

The ideas have long held my fancy that we men may be the chief, and perhaps the

only executives on earth; that we are detached on active service with, it may be only illusory, powers of free will. Also that we are in some way accountable for our success or failure to further certain obscure ends; that though our instructions are obscure they are sufficiently clear to justify our interference with the pitiless course of nature whenever it seems possible to attain the goal towards which it moves by gentler and kindlier ways.

There are many questions which must be studied if we are to be guided aright towards the possible improvement of mankind under the existing conditions of law and sentiment. We must study human variety, and the distribution of qualities in a nation. We must compare the classification of a population according to social status with the classification which we would make purely in terms of natural quality. We must study with the utmost care the descent of qualities in a population, and the consequences of that marked tendency to marriage within the class which distinguishes all classes. Something is to be learnt from the results of examinations in universities and colleges.

It is desirable to study the degree of correspondence that may exist between promise in youth, as shown in examinations, and subsequent performance. Let me add that I think the neglect of this inquiry by the vast army of highly educated persons who are connected with the present huge system of competitive examination to be gross and unpardonable. Until this problem is solved we cannot possibly estimate the value of the present elaborate system of examinations.

II—Restrictions on Marriage

It is necessary to meet an objection that has been repeatedly urged against the possible adoption of any system of eugenics, namely, that human nature would never brook interference with the freedom of marriage. But the question is how far have marriage restrictions proved effective when sanctified by the religion of the time, by custom and by law.

I appeal from armchair criticism to historical facts. It will be found that, with scant exceptions, marriage customs are based on social expediency and not on natural instincts. This we learn when we study the fact of monogamy, and the severe prohibition of polygamy, in many times and places, due not to any natural instinct against the practice, but to consideration of social well-being. We find the same when we study endogamy, exogamy, Australian marriages and the control of marriage by taboo.

The institution of marriage, as now sanctified by religion and safeguarded by law in the more highly civilized nations, may not be ideally perfect, nor may it be universally accepted in future times, but it is the best that has hitherto been devised for the parties primarily concerned, for their children, for home life and for society. The degree of kinship within which marriage is prohibited is, with one exception, quite in accordance with modern sentiment, the exception being the disallowal of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife, the propriety of which is greatly disputed and need not be discussed here. The marriage of a brother and sister would excite a feeling of loathing among us that seems implanted by nature, but which, inquiry will show, has mainly arisen from tradition and custom.

The evidence proves that there is no instinctive repugnance felt universally by man to marriage within the prohibited degrees, but that its present strength is mainly due to what I may call immaterial considerations. It is quite conceivable that a non-eugenic marriage should hereafter excite no less loathing than that of a brother and sister would do now.

The dictates of religion in respect to the opposite duties of leading celibate lives and of continuing families, have been contradictory. In many nations it is and has been considered a disgrace to bear no children, and in other nations celibacy has been raised to the rank of a virtue of the highest order. During the fifty or so generations that have elapsed since the establishment of Christianity, the nunneries and monasteries and the celibate lives of Catholic priests have had vast social effects, how far for good and how far for evil need not be discussed here.

The point I wish to enforce is the potency, not only of the religious sense in aiding or deterring marriage, but more especially the influence and authority of ministers of religion in enforcing celibacy. They have notoriously used it when aid has been invoked by members of the family on grounds that are not religious at all, but merely of family expediency. Thus at some times and in some Christian nations, every girl who did not marry while still young was practically compelled to enter a nunnery, from which escape was afterwards impossible.

It is easy to let the imagination run wild on the supposition of a whole-hearted acceptance of eugenics as a national religion; that is, of the thorough conviction by a nation that no worthier object exists for man than the improvement of his own race, and when efforts as great as those by which nunneries and monasteries were endowed and maintained should be directed to fulfil an opposite purpose. I will not enter further into this. Suffice it to say, that the history of conventual life affords abundant evidence on a very large scale of the power of religious authority in directing and withstanding the tendencies of human nature towards freedom in marriage.

Seven different forms of marriage restriction may be cited to show what is possible. They are monogamy, endogamy, exogamy, Australian marriages, taboo, prohibited degrees and celibacy. It can be shown under each of these heads how powerful are the various combinations of immaterial motives upon marriage selection, how they may all become hallowed by religion, accepted as custom and enforced by law. Persons who are born under their various rules live under them without any objection. They are unconscious of their restrictions, as we are unaware of the tension of the atmosphere. The subservience of civilized races to their several religious superstitions, customs, authority and the rest, is frequently as abject as that of barbarians.

The same classes of motives that direct other races direct ours; so a knowledge of their customs helps us to realize the wide range of what we may ourselves hereafter adopt, for reasons as satisfactory to us in those future times, as theirs are or were to them when they prevailed.

III—Eugenic Qualities of Primary Importance

The following is offered as a contribution to the art of justly appraising the eugenic values of different qualities. It may fairly be assumed that the presence of certain inborn traits is requisite before a claim to eugenic rank can be justified, because these qualities are needed to bring out the full values of such special faculties as broadly distinguish philosophers, artists, financiers, soldiers and other representative classes. The method adopted for discovering the qualities in question is to consider groups of individuals, and to compare the qualities that distinguish such groups as flourish or prosper from others of the same kind that decline or decay. This method has the advantage of giving results more free from the possibility of bias than those derived from examples of individual cases.

In what follows I shall use the word 'community' in its widest sense, as including any group of persons who are connected by a common interest—families, schools, clubs, sects, municipalities, nations and all intermediate social units. Whatever qualities increase the prosperity of most or every one of these, will, as I hold, deserve a place in the first rank of eugenic importance.

Most of us have experience, either by direct observation or through historical reading, of the working of several communities, and are capable of forming a correct picture in our minds of the salient characteristics of those that, on the one hand, are eminently prosperous, and of those that, on the other hand, are as eminently decadent. I have little doubt that the reader will agree with me that the members of prospering communities are, as a rule, conspicuously strenuous, and that those of decaying or decadent ones are conspicuously slack. A prosperous community is distinguished by the alertness of its members, by their busy occupations, by their taking pleasure in their work, by their doing it thoroughly, and

by an honest pride in their community as a whole. The members of a decaying community are, for the most part, languid and indolent; their very gestures are dawdling and slouching, the opposite of smart. They shirk work when they can do so, and scamp what they undertake. A prosperous community is remarkable for the variety of the solid interests in which some or other of its members are eagerly engaged, but the questions that agitate a decadent community are for the most part of a frivolous order.

Prosperous communities are also notable for enjoyment of life; for though their members must work hard in order to procure the necessary luxuries of an advanced civilization, they are endowed with so large a store of energy that, when their daily toil is over, enough of it remains unexpended to allow them to pursue their special hobbies. In a decadent community the men tire easily, and soon sink into drudgery; there is consequently much languor among them, and little enjoyment of life.

I have studied the causes of civic prosperity in various directions and from many points of view, and the conclusion at which I have arrived is emphatic, namely, that chief among those causes is a large capacity for labour combined with eagerness for work. The course of evolution in animals shows that this view is correct in general. The huge lizards, incapable of rapid action, unless it be brief in duration and associated with long terms of repose, have been supplanted by birds and mammals possessed of powers of long endurance. These latter are so constituted as to require work, becoming restless and suffering in health when precluded from exertion.

We must not, however, overlook the fact that the influence of circumstance on a community is a powerful factor in raising its tone. A cause that catches the popular feeling will often rouse a potentially capable nation from apathy into action. A good officer, backed by adequate supplies of food and with funds for the regular payment of his troops, will change a regiment even of ill-developed louts and hooligans into a fairly smart and well-disciplined corps. But with better material as a foundation, the influence of a favourable environment is correspondingly increased, and is less liable to impairment whenever the environment becomes less propitious.

Hence, it follows that a sound mind and body, enlightened, I should add, with an intelligence above the average, and combined with a natural capacity and zeal for work, are essential elements in eugenics. For however famous a man may become in other respects, he cannot, I think, be justly termed eugenic if deficient in these qualities.

EUGENISTS justly claim to be true philanthropists, or lovers of mankind, and should bestir themselves in their special province as eagerly as the philanthropists, in the current and very restricted meaning of that word, have done in theirs. They should interest themselves in such families of civic worth as they come across, especially in those that are large, making friends both with the parents and the children, and showing themselves disposed to help to a reasonable degree, as opportunity may offer, whenever help is really needful. They should compare their own notes with those of others who are similarly engaged. They should regard such families as an eager horticulturist regards beds of seedlings of some rare variety of plant, but with an enthusiasm of a far more patriotic kind. For, since it has been shown that about 10 per cent of the individuals born in one generation provide half the next generation, large families that are also eugenic may prove of primary importance to the nation.

IV—Practical Eugenics

THE following are some views of my own relating to that large province of eugenics which is concerned with favouring the families of those who are exceptionally fit for citizenship. Consequently, little or nothing will here be said relating to what has been well termed by Dr. Saleeby 'negative' eugenics, namely, the hindrance of the marriage of and the production of offspring by the

exceptionally unfit. The latter is unquestionably more pressing but it will soon be forced on the attention of the legislature by the recent report of the Royal Commission on the Feeble-minded.

Whatever scheme of action is proposed for adoption must be neither Utopian nor extravagant, but accordant throughout with British sentiment and practice.

By 'worth' I mean the civic worthiness, or the value to the state, of a person. Speaking only for myself, if I had to classify persons according to worth, I should consider each of them under the three heads of physique, ability and character, subject to the provision that inferiority in any one of the three should outweigh superiority in the other two. I rank physique first, because it is not only very valuable in itself and allied to many other good qualities, but has the additional merit of being easily rated. Ability I place second on similar grounds, and character third, though in real importance it stands first of all.

In circumscribed communities especially social approval and disapproval exert a potent force. Is it, then, I ask, too much to expect that when a public opinion in favour of eugenics has once taken sure hold of such communities, the result will be manifested in sundry and very effective modes of action which are as yet untried?

SPEAKING for myself only, I look forward to local eugenic action in numerous directions, of which I will now specify one. It is the accumulation of considerable funds to start young couples of 'worthy' qualities in their married life, and to assist them and their families at critical times. The charitable gifts to those who are the reverse of 'worthy' are enormous in amount. I am not prepared to say how much of this is judiciously spent, or in what ways, but merely quote the fact to justify the inference that many persons who are willing to give freely at the prompting of a sentiment based upon compassion might be persuaded to give largely also in response to the more virile desire of promoting the natural gifts and the national efficiency of future generations.

V—Eugenics as a Factor in Religion

EUGENICS strengthens the sense of social duty in so many important particulars that the conclusions derived from its study ought to find a welcome home in every tolerant religion. It promotes a far-sighted philanthropy, the acceptance of parentage as a serious responsibility, and a higher conception of patriotism. The creed of eugenics is founded upon the idea of evolution; not on a passive form of it, but on one that can, to some extent, direct its own course.

Purely passive, or what may be styled mechanical evolution displays the awe-inspiring spectacle of a vast eddy of organic turmoil, originating we know not how, and travelling we know not whither. It forms a continuous whole, but it is moulded by blind and wasteful processes—namely, by an extravagant production of raw material and the ruthless rejection of all that is superfluous, through the blundering steps of trial and error.

Evolution is in any case a grand phantasmagoria, but it assumes an infinitely more interesting aspect under the knowledge that the intelligent action of the human will is, in some small measure, capable of guiding its course. Man has the power of doing this; he has already affected the distribution of organic life so widely that the changes on the surface of the earth, merely through his disforestings and agriculture, would be recognizable from a distance as great as that of the moon.

As regards the practical side of eugenics, we need not linger to reopen the unending argument whether man possesses any creative power of will at all, or whether his will is not also predetermined by blind forces or by intelligent agencies behind the veil.

Eugenic belief extends the function of philanthropy to future generations. It sternly forbids all forms of sentimental charity that are harmful to the race, while it eagerly seeks opportunity for acts of personal kindness. It strongly encourages love and interest in family and race. In brief, eugenics is a virile creed, full of hopefulness and appealing to many of the noblest feelings of our nature.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

IN the year 1826, three years after the inception of his Leatherstocking Series, Fenimore Cooper wrote The Last of the Mohicans, the book on which his fame chiefly stands. As in all his adventure stories the genius of the man appears in his inexhaustible imagination. A continuing thread of narrative is for ever spun from this busy brain. The story never falters. As a stylist Cooper has no pretensions whatever. It is the virile medium in which he writes that carries him through. He often puts into the mouth of his roughest characters the most trite moralisations expressed with a didacticism quite out of the characterisation. But the savour of hot adventure told at a thrilling speed and the suggested mystery of the scenes set in a grand and untamed landscape, are irresistible. The book has been translated into most European and even a few Asiatic languages. Its appeal as a classic belonging to a particular phase of New World development is unquestioned. An outline of Cooper's earlier book The Spy appears at page 3261.

I—Betrayed by the Redskin

IT was the third year of the war between France and England in North America. At Fort Edward, where General Webb lay with five thousand men, the startling news had just been received that the French general, Montcalm, was moving up the Champlain Lake with an army 'numerous as the leaves on the trees,' with the forest fastness of Fort William Henry as his object.

Fort William Henry was held by the veteran Scotchman, Munro, at the head of a regiment of regulars and a few provincials. As this force was utterly inadequate to stem Montcalm's advance, General Webb at once sent fifteen hundred men to strengthen the position. While the camp was in a state of bustle consequent on the departure of this relieving force, Captain Duncan Heyward detached himself from the throng and conducting two ladies, the daughters of Munro, Alice and Cora, to their horses, mounted another steed himself. It was his welcome duty to see that the ladies reached Fort William Henry in safety. In order that they might make the journey the more expeditiously, they had obtained the services of a famous Indian runner, known by the name of Le Renard Subtil, whose native appellation was Magua.

The party had but five leagues to traverse, and Magua had undertaken to lead them a short way through the forest. The girls hesitated as they reached the point where they left the military road and had to take to a narrow and blind path amidst the dense trees and undergrowth. The terrifying aspect of the guide and the loneliness of the route filled them with alarm.

"Here, then, lies our way," said Duncan in a low voice. "Manifest no distrust, or you may invite the danger you appear to apprehend."

Taking his hint, the girls whipped up their horses and followed the runner along the dark and tangled pathway. They had not gone far when they heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs behind them, and presently there dashed up to their side a singular-looking person, with extraordinary, long thin legs, an emaciated body and an enormous head. The grotesqueness of his figure was enhanced by a sky-blue coat and a soiled vest of embossed silk embroidered with tarnished silver lace.

Coming up with the party, he declared his intention of accompanying them to Fort William Henry. Refusing to listen to any objection, he took from his vest a curious musical instrument and, placing it to his mouth, drew from it a high, shrill sound. This done, he began singing in full and melodious tones one of the New England versions of the Psalms.

Magua whispered something to Heyward and the latter turned impatiently to David Gamut—such was the singer's name—and requested him in the name of

common prudence to postpone his chant until a safer opportunity. The Indian allies of Montcalm, it was known, swarmed in the forest and the object of the party was to move forward as quietly as possible.

As the cavalcade pressed deeper into the wild thicket, a savage face peered out at them from between the bushes. A gleam of exultation shot across his darkly painted lineaments as he watched his victims walking unconsciously into the trap which Magua had prepared.

II—In the Nick of Time

WITHIN an hour's journey of Fort Edward two men were lingering on the banks of a small stream. One of them was a magnificent specimen of an Indian—almost naked, with a terrific emblem of death painted upon his chest. The other was a European, with the quick, roving eye, sun-tanned cheeks, and rough dress of a hunter.

"Listen, Hawk-eye," said the Indian, addressing his companion, "and I will tell you what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans have done. We came and made this land ours, and drove the Maquas who followed us into the woods with the bears. Then came the Dutch, and gave my people the fire-water. They drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet. Then they parted with their land, and now I, that am a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers. When Uncas, my son, dies, there will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores. My boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here," said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones. "Who speaks to Uncas?" At the next instant a youthful warrior passed between them with a noiseless tread and seated himself by the side of his father, Chingachgook. "I have been on the trail of the Maquas, who lie hid like cowards," continued Uncas.

Further talk regarding their hated enemies, the Maquas, who acted as the spies of Montcalm, was cut short by the sound of horses' feet. The three men rose to their feet, their eyes watchful and attentive, and their rifles ready for any emergency.

Presently, the cavalcade from Fort Edward appeared, and Heyward, addressing Hawk-eye, asked for information as to their whereabouts, explaining that they had trusted to an Indian, who had lost his way.

"An Indian lost in the woods?" exclaimed the scout. "I should like to look at the creature."

Saying this, he crept stealthily into the thicket. In a few moments he returned, his suspicions fully confirmed. Magua had clearly led the party into a trap for purposes of his own, and Hawk-eye at once took steps to secure his capture. While Heyward held the runner in conversation, the scout and the two Mohicans crept silently through the undergrowth to surround him, but the slight crackle of a breaking stick aroused Magua's suspicion and, even as the ambush closed on him, he dodged under Heyward's arms and vanished into the opposite thicket.

Hawk-eye was too well acquainted with Indian ways to think of pursuing and, restraining the eagerness of Heyward, who would have followed Magua, and would have been undoubtedly led to the place where the scalping knives of Magua's companions awaited him, the scout called a council of war.

The position was serious in the extreme, how serious was disclosed that night as they lay hid in a cave.

Suddenly, with blood-curdling yells, the Maquas surrounded them. They were surrounded completely and, to add to the terrors of their situation, they discovered that their ammunition was exhausted. There seemed nothing to be done but die fighting. It was Cora who suggested an alternative: that Hawk-eye and the two Mohicans should make for Fort William Henry and procure from their father, Munro, enough men to take them back in safety. It was the one desperate chance. and the scout and the Mohicans took it. Dropping silently down the river, they disappeared. Duncan, David and the two girls were left alone; but not for long. As the night drew out, a body of the Maquas, swimming across the river,

THE INDIAN'S KNIFE GLEAMED ABOVE DUNCAN'S HEAD; IT WAS JUST ABOUT TO FALL

entered the cave and made the whole party prisoners.

It was Magua who directed all these operations, and who announced their fate to his prisoners. Alice should go back to her father, but Cora was to become his squaw in an Indian wigwam.

"Monster!" cried Cora, when this proposal was laid before her. "None but a fiend could meditate such a vengeance!"

Magua answered with a ghastly smile and, at his command, the Indians, seizing their white victims, bound them to four trees. Stakes of glowing wood were prepared for their torture. Once more Magua offered the alternative of dishonour or death. Cora wavered, but Alice strengthened her resolution.

"No, no!" she cried. "Better that we die as we have lived, together."

"Then die!" shouted Magua, hurling his tomahawk at the girl's head. It missed her by an inch. Another savage rushed to complete the terrible deed. Maddened at the sight, Duncan broke his bonds and flung himself on the savage. He was at once overpowered. He saw a knife glistening above his head; it was just about to descend. Suddenly there was a sharp crack of a rifle, and his assailant fell dead at his feet. At the same moment Hawk-eye and the two Mohicans dashed into the encampment. In a few moments the six Indians, taken by surprise, were killed; only Magua lived. He seemed to be at the mercy of Chingachgook. Already he lay apparently lifeless. The Mohican raised his knife to give the final blow. Even as he did so Magua rolled himself over the edge of the precipice near which he lay and, alighting on his feet, leapt into a thicket of low bushes and disappeared.

III—'The Jubilee of Devils'

THE party had reached William Henry only to leave it again. Montcalm asked for an interview with Munro and through Duncan, who acted as the latter's representative, explained that it was hopeless to think of holding the fort. General Webb had withdrawn the relieving force and the English were outnumbered by about twenty to one. With chivalrous courtesy, the French general proposed that his brave enemies should march out with their arms and ammunition and all

the honours of war. These conditions Munro sadly accepted. Compelled to be with his men, Munro entrusted his daughters to the care of David.

According to the conditions of the surrender, the troops marched out. Behind them came the women and stragglers, the French and their native allies watching them in silence. At the other side of the plain was a defile. The troops slowly entered this, and disappeared. The rear-guard of civilians was now left alone on the plain. Cora, with her sister and David, saw Magua addressing the natives, with his fatal and artful eloquence. The effect of his words was soon seen.

One of the savages, attracted by the shawl in which a mother had wrapped her baby, seized the child and dashed its brains out on the ground. As the mother sprang forward, he buried his tomahawk in her brain. It was the signal for a massacre. Magua raised the fatal and appalling war-whoop. At its sound two thousand savages broke from the wood and fell upon the unresisting victims. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspect.

"It is the jubilee of devils," said David, who, in spite of his uselessness, never dreamed of deserting his trust. "If David tamed the evil spirit of Saul, it may not be amiss to try the potency of music here."

He poured out a strain of song that echoed even over the din of that bloody field. Magua heard it and, through the throng of savages, rushed to their side.

"Come," he cried, seizing Alice in his blood-stained arms; "the wigwam of the Huron is still open!"

In vain Cora begged him to release her sister. Across the plain he bore her swiftly, followed by Cora and David. As soon as he reached the woods, he placed the two girls on horses that were waiting there and, never heeding David, who mounted the remaining steed, dashed forward into the wilds.

IV—Captives of the Hurons

THREE days after the surrender of the fort, Hawk-eye and his two Mohican companions, accompanied by Munro and Duncan, stood upon the fatal plain. Everywhere they had searched for the bodies of the two girls, and nowhere could they be found. It was clear to Hawk-eye that they still lived, and had been carried off by Magua. With untiring energy he at once set off to try to discover the trail.

It was Uncas, who, finding a portion of Cora's skirt caught on a bush, first opened up the line of pursuit. He it was, too, who read the track of Magua's feet on the ground—the unmistakable straddling toe of the drinking savage. An ornament dropped by Alice, and the large footprints of the singing-master, laid bare to the trained intelligence of the Indian scout everything that had happened.

As they reached the outskirts of a clearing, they perceived a melancholy-looking savage in war-paint and moccasins seated by the side of a stream watching a colony of beavers busily engaged in making a dam. Duncan was about to fire, but Hawk-eye, roaring with laughter, stayed his arm. The savage was none other than David.

Alice and Cora were near at hand, and Duncan was all eager to make his way to their side. Hawk-eye so far humoured his whim as to consent to his visiting the encampment disguised as a medicine man.

As soon as he entered the camp he declared that he had been sent by the Grand Monarque to heal the ills of the Hurons. The chief to whom he spoke listened to him for some time, and then asked him to show his skill by frightening away the evil spirit that lived in the wife of one of his young men. Duncan could not refuse, though he felt certain that the trial of his skill would result in the detection of his disguise.

Just as the chief was about to lead the way to the woman's side, Magua joined the group, to be followed shortly afterwards by a number of young men bringing with them a prisoner. A cry went up, "Le Cerf Agile!" and every warrior sprang to his feet. To his dismay, Duncan saw that it was Uncas. Magua gazed at his captive gravely for some time; then, raising his arm, shook it at him, exclaiming, "Mohican, you die!"

Duncan's conductor led him to a cave which went some distance into the rocky

side of the mountain. As he entered, Duncan saw a dark, mysterious-looking object that rose unexpectedly in his path. It was a bear, and though the young soldier knew that the Indians often kept such animals as pets, its deep growls and the manner in which it clutched at him as he passed up the long, narrow passage of the cave, caused him not a little uneasiness.

Having shown him the sick woman, who, it was clear, was dying, the Indians left the supposed medicine man to fight the devils by himself. To his horror, Duncan saw that the bear remained behind, growling savagely. Watching it uneasily, he noticed its head suddenly fall on one side, and in its place appeared the sturdy countenance of the scout. As quickly as he could Hawk-eye explained how he had come across a wizard preparing for a *séance*, how he had knocked him on the head and taken the bear's skin in which the charlatan was to make his magic.

While the scout rearranged his disguise, Duncan, searching the cave, in another compartment discovered Alice. But even as the girl was in the first throes of delight at this unexpected meeting, the guttural laugh of Magua was heard, and she saw the dark malignant visage of the savage.

"Huron, do your worst!" exclaimed the excited Heyward, as he saw that all his plans were brought to naught.

"Will the white man speak these words at the stake?" asked Magua, turning to leave the cave. As he did so, the bear growled loudly and threateningly; believing it to be one of the wizards, Magua attempted to pass it contemptuously. Suddenly the animal rushed at him and, seizing him in its arms, completely overpowered him. Duncan at once ran to the scout's assistance and secured the savage.

At Hawk-eye's suggestion, Alice was wrapped up in the dying woman's clothes and, completely hidden from view, was carried out of the cave.

"The disease has gone out of her," explained Duncan to the father and husband who waited without. "I go to take the woman to a distance, where I will strengthen her against any further attack. Let my children wait without, and if the evil spirit appears club him."

Leaving the Indians with a certainty that they would not enter the cavern and discover Magua, Duncan and the scout made their way to the hut where Uncas lay bound. Entering with David, they released the Mohican and immediately hastened to take the next step suggested by the resourceful Hawk-eye. David was secure from all harm; so the scout, stepping out of his bear-skin, dressed himself in the singing-master's clothes, while Uncas donned the wizard's disguise. Thus arrayed they ventured out among the natives, leaving David within. Without being suspected they passed through the encampment; but they had not got far before a yell announced that their subterfuge had been discovered. Uncas cast his skin and, having used their rifles with deadly effect, he and the scout escaped into the woods, taking Alice with them.

V—Hawk-eye's Revenge

MAGUA, for motives of policy, had, while keeping Alice in his own hands, entrusted Cora to the neighbouring tribe of Tortoise Delawares. Thither went Magua, to find that the scout and his companions were before him. Nothing daunted, Magua almost persuaded the Tortoises to surrender the girl. As the chief of the tribe hesitated how to act, Uncas stepped forward and bared his breast. A cry rose from all present, for there, delicately tattooed on the young Mohican's skin, was the emblem of a Tortoise. In him the tribe recognized the long lost scion of the purest race of the Delawares, who, tradition said, still wandered far and unknown on the hills and through the forests.

But in spite of Uncas's authority, the Indian law could not be set aside. Cora was Magua's captive of war. He had sought her in peace, and she must follow him. By all the laws of Indian hospitality his person was sacred till the setting of the sun.

As soon as the Maquas had disappeared, the Tortoises made ready for war, with all the grim and terrifying ceremonies of their race. As hour after hour slipped by, the savage spirit of the tribe increased in fury.

Uncas alone remained unmoved. Standing in the midst of the now maddened savages, he kept his eyes fixed upon the declining sun. It dipped beneath the horizon; at once the whole encampment was broken up and the warriors rushed down the trail which Magua had followed.

As soon as they came in touch with the enemy, a desperate and bloody battle was fought. Under the leadership of the two Mohicans and Hawk-eye, victory swayed to the side of the Tortoises. Huron after Huron fell, until only Magua and two companions were left. Then, with a yell, Le Renard Subtil rushed from the field of battle and, seizing Cora, ran up a steep defile towards the mountains. On the side of the precipice Cora refused to move any farther.

"Woman!" cried Magua, raising his knife, "choose—the wigwam or the knife of Le Subtil?"

Cora neither heard nor heeded his demands. Magua trembled in every fibre. He raised his arm on high. Just then a piercing cry was heard from above, and Uncas leapt frantically from a fearful height upon the ledge on which they stood. He fell prostrate for a moment. As he lay there, Magua plunged his knife into his back and at the same moment one of the other Indians stretched Cora lifeless. With the last effort of his strength Uncas rose to his feet and hurled Cora's murderer into the abyss below. Magua seized his arm and stretched him dead by passing his dagger several times through his body.

"Mercy!" cried Heyward from above. "Give mercy, and thou shalt receive it!"

For answer, Magua raised a shout of triumph and, leaping a wide fissure, made for the summit of the mountain. A single bound would assure his safety. Before taking the leap he shook his hand defiantly at Hawk-eye, who waited with his rifle raised.

"The palefaces are dogs! The Delawares women! Magua leaves them on the rocks for the crows!"

Making a desperate leap, and falling short of his mark, Magua saved himself by grasping some shrub on the verge of the height. With an effort he pulled himself up. Hawk-eye, whose rifle shook with suppressed excitement, watched him closely. As his body was thus collected together, he drew the weapon to his shoulder and fired.

The arms of the Huron relaxed and his body fell back a little, but his knees still kept their position. Turning a relentless look on his enemy, he shook his hand at him in grim defiance. But his hold loosened, and his dark person was seen cutting the air, with its head downwards, for a fleeting instant, until it glided past the fringe of shrubbery in its rapid flight to destruction.

UNCAS, ALONE UNMOVED AMONG THE SAVAGES, FIXED HIS EYES ON THE DECLINING SUN

SENECA

ON BENEFITS

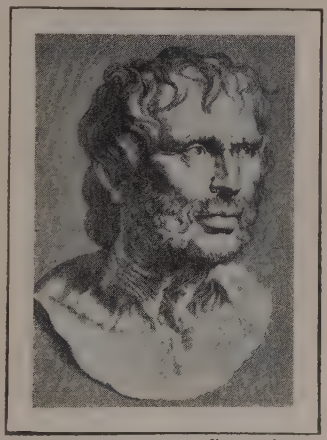
BECAUSE it is written for 'those who take life as it comes and do not pause to consider,' this exhortatory discussion with a hypothetical audience will, one may suppose, be applicable to the people of any age. Seneca found that a reasoned examination of the generalities of conduct was much more vital than the rather abstract themes propounded by the philosophical schools of his day, and his method soon achieved popularity. He had been educated by a Stoic and his work, especially the seven books On Benefits, aims always at edification and the striving after a superior moral standard. The style, which can hardly fail to seem a little ponderous to English minds, is modelled on the accepted standards of the temporary Roman culture and is a model of erudite reasoning. The translation of all Latin prose bears in itself an inescapable suggestion of the machine made. This is unavoidable. But in the following version Professor J. Wight Duff reaches as nearly towards the English idiom without losing the atmosphere of the original as is possible. An English translation by A. Stewart is included in Bohn's Library.

I—Benefits are to be Bestowed, not Lent

AMONG the many different mistakes made by those who take life as it comes, and do not pause to consider, I should say that scarcely anything is so detrimental as this, that we do not know either how to confer or how to receive a benefit. The consequence is that benefits are bad investments, and turn out bad debts; and in the cases where there is no return, it is too late to complain, for they were lost when we conferred them. I should find it hard to say whether it is meaner for a receiver to repudiate a benefit, or for a giver to press for its repayment, inasmuch as a benefit is a sort of loan, whose return absolutely depends on the spontaneous action of the debtor.

We find many men ungrateful; yet we make more men so, because at one time we are insistent and harsh in our claims for return; at another time we are fickle enough to regret our generosity. By such conduct we spoil the whole favour, not merely after giving, but at the very moment of giving. No one is glad to owe what he has not so much received as wrung out of his benefactor.

Can anyone be grateful to a man who has contemptuously tossed him a favour, or flung it at him in vexation, or out of sheer weariness given simply to rid himself of trouble? A benefit is felt to be a debt in the same spirit in which it is bestowed, and it ought not, therefore, to be bestowed recklessly, for a man thanks himself for what he obtains from an undiscerning giver.



From a bust

LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA (the younger) was born at Corduba, Spain, about 4 B.C. He came to Rome and was appointed tutor to Nero and his Stoic education did not prevent him amassing a fortune. His treacherous master turned on him in the end and forced him to commit suicide, A.D. 65.

Let us bestow benefits, not lend them on interest. He who, in the act of giving, has thoughts about repayment, deserves to be deceived. Well, then, what if the benefit has turned out ill? Why, children or wives often disappoint our expectations, but we bring children up, we marry all the same; and so determined are we in the teeth of experience, that when baffled we fight better, when shipwrecked we take to sea again.

How much more seemly it is to be persistent in bestowing benefits! If a man does not give because he does not receive, he must have given in order to receive.

This is the property of a great and good mind, to seek good deeds and to search for a good man even after having met with bad men. If there were no cheats, what nobility would there be in showing bounty to many? As it is, goodness lies in giving benefits for which we are not sure of recompense, but of which the fruit is at once enjoyed by a noble mind.

The book-keeping of benefits is simple: so much is expenditure; if there is any return, that is clear gain; if there is no return, that is not a loss. I gave it for the sake of giving. No one registers his benefits in a ledger, or, like an exacting usurer, presses to the day and hour for repayment. An honourable man never thinks of such matters, unless reminded by someone returning a favour; otherwise they assume the form of a debt.

Do not hesitate, then; persevere in your generous work. Assist one with your means, another with credit, another with your favour, or your advice, or a word in season. Is he ungrateful for one benefit? After receiving a second, perhaps he will not be so. Has he forgotten two? Perhaps the third kindness will bring back the recollection of those he overlooked.

The subject we have to treat is that of benefits. We have to lay down an ordered account of what is the chief bond of human society: we have to prescribe a rule of life, such that inconsiderate openhandedness may not commend itself under the guise of kindness, but also that our caution, while it controls, may not strangle generosity, which ought to be neither defective nor excessive.

People must be instructed to receive cheerfully and to repay cheerfully, setting before themselves the high aim of not merely equalling but surpassing those to whom they are obliged, and this both in act and in feeling. It is necessary to point out that the first point which we have to learn is what we owe for a kindness received. One says he owes the money which he got, another a consulship, another a province. These, however, are but the outward tokens of good services, not the services themselves. A benefit is to the hand something intangible; it is a process in the mind. There is a world of difference between the material of a benefit and the benefit itself. Hence the reality of a benefit lies not in gold, nor silver, but in the good will of the giver. The things which we hold in our hands, which we look at, and on which our desire is set, are perishable; misfortune or injustice may rob us of them; but a kindness lasts even after the loss of what was given.

What then, is a benefit? It is the doing of a kindness which gives pleasure and in the giving gets pleasure, being inclined and spontaneously ready for that which it does. Consequently, it is not the thing done or the thing given that matters, it is the intention. The spirit animating the act is what exalts trivial things, throws lustre on mean things, while it can discredit great and highly valued ones.

The benefit itself does not consist in what is paid or handed over, just as the worship of the gods lies not in the victims offered but in the dutiful and upright feelings of the worshippers. If benefits consisted in things, and not in the actual wish to benefit, then the more things we got, the greater would the benefit be. But this is incorrect, for sometimes the man who has given a little in a noble way obliges us more deeply; the man, that is, who has forgotten his own poverty in his regard for mine.

What comes from a willing hand is far more acceptable than what comes from a full hand. 'It was a small favour for him to do'; yes, but he could do no more. 'But it is a great thing which this other gave'; yes, but he had no mind to please the person on whom he bestowed it. Why, such a man made a present to his own pride, not to me!

II—On Kinds of Benefits and the Manner of Giving

Let us give, in the first place, what is necessary; secondly, what is useful; next, what is pleasant and, one should add, what is likely to last. We must begin with what is necessary; for a matter involving life appeals to the mind differently from mere adornment and equipment.

A man may be a fastidious critic in the case of a thing which he can do without.

But necessary things are those without which we cannot live, or without which we ought not to live, or without which we do not want to live. Examples of the first group are, to be rescued from the hands of the enemy, from a tyrant's anger, and the other chequered perils that beset human life. Whichsoever of these we avert, we shall earn gratitude proportionate to the magnitude of the danger.

Next come things without which, it is true, we can live, yet only in such plight that death were better; such things are freedom, chastity and good conscience. After these we shall rank things dear to us from association, blood-ties, use and custom; such as children, wife, home, and all else round which affection has so entwined itself that it views severance from them as more serious than severance from life. There is the subsequent class of things useful, a wide and varied class, including money, not superabundant, but suited to a sensible mode of living; and public office, with advancement for those who look high.

Again, we ought to consider what gift will afford the greatest pleasure; and particularly ought we to take care not to send useless presents, such as weapons of the chase to a woman or an old man, or books to a blockhead, or hunting nets to a person engrossed in literary pursuits. We shall be equally careful, on the other hand, while we wish to send what will please, not to insult friends in the matter of their individual failing; not to send wines to a toper, for instance, or drugs to a valetudinarian. Further, if free choice in giving lies in our power, we shall beyond everything select lasting gifts, in order that the present may be as little perishable as possible; for few are so grateful as to think of what they have received when they do not see it. Even the ungrateful have flashes of recollection when a gift is before their eyes.

In a benefit there should be common sense. One should think of time, place, individuals: on these factors turns the welcome or unwelcome quality of gifts. How much more acceptable it is if we give what one does not possess, than if we give that of which he has abundance and to spare! Or the thing of which he has been long in quest without finding it, rather than what he is likely to see everywhere!

A benefit bestowed upon all and sundry is acceptable to none. What you wish people to feel grateful for, do seldom. Let no one misconstrue this as an attempt to check generosity: by all means let her go any length she will; but she must go steadily, not gad about.

So let every recipient have some special mark about his gifts which may lead him to trust that he has been admitted to particular favour. Let him say: 'I got the same as that man, but my gift came unasked'; or, 'I got what that man did; but I secured it within a short period, whereas he had earned it by long waiting'; or, 'There are others who have the same; but it was not given with the same words, nor the same courtesy on the part of the giver.' Yet let discretion wait on bounty; for no delight can come of random gifts. I object to generosity becoming extravagance.

As to this question of how to give, I think I can point out the shortest way: let us give in the manner in which we should like to receive; above all, let it be done willingly, promptly, without the least hesitation. The most welcome benefits are those which are at hand for the taking, which come to meet us, where the one delay lies in the recipient's modesty.

The best course is to forestall a man's wishes; next best, to follow them. He who has got after asking has not secured the favour for nothing; since nothing costs so much as that which is bought by prayers. 'I beg you' is a painful phrase; it is irksome, and has to be said with humble looks. Spare your friend, spare anyone you hope to make your friend, this necessity. However prompt, a benefactor gives too late when he gives by request.

All philosophers counsel that some benefits be given in public (like military decorations), others in secret (like those that succour weakness, want, or disgrace). Sometimes the very person helped must be deceived into taking our bounty without knowing its origin. One may insist, 'I wish him to know'; but on that principle

ORDERED TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY NERO, SENECA BLEEDS HIMSELF TO DEATH IN A BATH

From the painting by M. Dominguez y Sanchez

will you refuse to save a man's life in the dark? Why should I not abstain from showing him that I have given him anything, when it is one of the cardinal rules never to reproach a man with what you have done for him, and not even to remind him of it? For this is the law of benefits as between the two parties; the one must at once forget what he has given, the other must never forget what he has received.

III—The Receiving of Benefits

Now, let us cross to the other side, to treat of the behaviour which becomes men in receiving benefits. 'From whom are we to receive?' To answer you briefly, I should say, 'From those to whom we should have liked to give.' It is a severe torment to be indebted to anyone against your will; on the other hand, it is more delightful to have received a benefit from one whom you could love.

The truth is that more care must be taken in the choice of a creditor for a benefit than for money; for the latter must have back only as much as I received, but the former must have more paid to him. And even after repayment of the favour, we nevertheless remain bound to each other. Thus an unworthy person is not to be admitted into that most sacred bond of kindnesses bestowed, whence friendship arises. 'But,' it is pleaded, 'I cannot always say No!' Suppose the offer is from a cruel despot, who will interpret your rejection as an insult?

Well, when I say you ought to choose, I except superior force and intimidation; for these are factors which destroy choice. But after we have decided on acceptance, let us accept with cheerfulness, showing our gratification, and let it be evident to the giver, so that he may have some immediate return.

There are some who like to receive benefits only in private, for they object to a witness and confidant. One may conclude that such persons have no good intentions. Other men speak most offensively of their greatest benefactors. There are some people whom it is easier to affront than to serve, since by their dislike they seek to give the impression of being under no obligation. One ought to accept without fastidious affectation and without cringing humility; for if a man shows small care at the time of bestowal, when every newly-conferred benefit should please, what will he do when the first glow of pleasure has cooled down?

IV—Ingratitude

We must now investigate the main cause of ingratitude. It is caused by excessive self-esteem, the fault inherent in mortality of partiality to ourselves and all that concerns us; or it is caused by greed; or by jealousy. Let us begin with the first of these. Everybody is a favourite judge of his own interest; hence it comes that he believes himself to have earned all he has received and views a benefit as payment for service.

Nor does greed allow anyone to be grateful, for a gift is never sufficient for its exorbitant expectations. Of all these hindrances to gratitude, the most violent and distressing vice is jealousy, which torments us with comparisons of this nature: 'He bestowed this on me, but more upon *him*, and he gave it *him* earlier.' There is no kindness so complete that malignity cannot pull it to pieces, and none so paltry that a friendly interpreter may not enlarge it. You shall never fail of an excuse for grumbling if you look at benefits on their wrong side.

See how certain men—yes, even some who make a profession of their philosophy—pass unfair censures upon the gifts of heaven. They complain because we do not equal elephants in bulk of body, harts in swiftness, birds in lightness, bulls in vigour. But what has been denied to mankind could not have been given. Wherefore, whosoever thou art that undervaluest human fortune, bethink thee what blessings our Father has bestowed upon us, how many beasts more powerful than ourselves we have tamed to the yoke, how many swifter creatures we overtake, and how nothing mortal is placed beyond the reach of our weapons.

Not to return gratitude for benefits is base in itself, and is held base in all men's opinion. Therefore, even the un-

grateful men complain of the ungrateful, and yet all the time this failing, which none commends, is firmly planted in all; so perverse is human nature that we find some become our deadliest enemies, not merely after benefits received, but for those very favours. I cannot deny but that this befalls some from a kink in their disposition; yet more act so because the interposition of time has extinguished the remembrance.

Ungrateful is the man who denies that he has received a good turn which has been done him; ungrateful is he who pretends he has not received it; ungrateful is he who makes no return; but the most ungrateful of all is he who has forgotten.

There is a question raised whether so hateful a vice ought to go unpunished. Now, with the exception of Macedonia, there is no country where an action at law is possible for ingratitude. And this is a strong argument that no such action should be granted. This most frequent crime is nowhere punished, although everywhere condemned. Many reasons occur to me whereby it must needs follow that this fault ought not to come under the purview of law. First of all, the best part of a benefit is lost if a lawsuit is allowable, as in the case of a definite loan. Again, whereas it is a most honourable thing to show gratitude, it ceases to be honourable if it be forced. By such coercion we should spoil two of the finest things in human life—a grateful man and a bountiful giver.

'What, then? Shall the ungrateful man be left unchastised?' My answer is: 'What, then? Shall the undutiful man be left unchastised—the malignant man, or the avaricious, or the man with no self-control, or the cruel? Dost thou think that goes unpunished which is loathed? Dost thou not call him unhappy who has lost his eyesight, or whose hearing has been impaired by disease? And dost thou not call him miserable who has lost the sense of feeling benefits?'

V—Divine Benefits to Man

Who is there so wretched, so totally forlorn, who has been born under so hard a fate and to such travail as never to have felt the vastness of the Divine generosity? Look even at those who complain of and live malcontent with their lot, and you will find they are not altogether without a portion in the celestial generosity; and there is none on whom some drops have not fallen from that most gracious fountain. God not give benefits! Whence, then, all you possess, all you give, or refuse or seize?

Whence comes the infinity of delights for eye, ear and understanding? Whence that abundance that even furnishes our luxury? Think of all the trees in their rich variety, the many wholesome herbs, and such diversity of foods apportioned among the seasons that even the sluggard might find sustenance from the casual bounty of earth. Whence come living creatures of every kind, some bred on solid dry land, some in water, others speeding through the air, to the end that every part of nature may yield us some tribute? Those rivers, too, that, with their pretty bends, environ the plains, or afford a passage for merchandise as they flow down their broad, navigable channel? What of the springs of medicinal waters?

'Nature,' remarks my critic, 'gives all this.' Do you realize that in saying this you simply change the name of God? For what else is 'nature' but God and Divine Reason pervading the whole universe and all its parts?

It is a question whether one who has done all in his power to return a benefit has returned it. Our opponent urges that the fact that he tried everything proves that he did not in fact succeed in returning it; and, therefore, evidently that he could not have done a thing for which he found no opportunity. But if a physician has done all in his power to effect a cure, he has performed his duty.

So your friend did all in his power to repay you a good turn, only your good fortune stood in his way. He could not give money to the wealthy, nurse one in good health, or run to your aid when all was prosperous. On the other hand, if he had forgotten a benefit received, you would say he had not shown gratitude; but, as it was, he laboured day and night, to the neglect of other claims, to lose no chance of proving his thankfulness.

AUGUSTE COMTE

A COURSE OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY

Outlined by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

ALWAYS austere and unequivocal both in habits of life and in his mental processes, Comte was a man who felt it to be desirable in a philosopher that he should practise what he called 'hygiène cérébrale,' that is, a method of keeping the mind healthy for the particular task he had set it to do by cutting himself off from all life that did not concern that work. He isolated himself completely from contemporary events to concentrate the more on his bent. The Positive Philosophy was his first great work, and in it he propounds his theory that all institutions are based upon the ideas of men which are formed in three successive stages—theology, metaphysics and finally from the positive. His next work was the System of Positive Polity for which the previous book had prepared the way. The Positive Philosophy is published in Bohn's Library.

I—Positive Classification of the Sciences

ON studying the development of human intelligence, it is found that it passes through three stages: (1) The theological, (2) the metaphysical, (3) the scientific or positive. In the theological stage it seeks to account for the world by super-natural beings. In the metaphysical stage it seeks an explanation in abstract forces. In the scientific, or positive, stage it applies itself to the study of the relation of phenomena to each other.

Different sciences have passed through these stages at different rates. Astronomy reached the positive stage first, then terrestrial physics, then chemistry, then physiology, while sociology has not even yet reached it. To put social phenomena upon a positive basis is the main object of this work; its secondary object is to show that all branches of knowledge spring from the same trunk. An integration of the sciences on a positive basis should lead to the discovery of the laws which rule the intellect in the investigation of facts, should regenerate science and reorganize society. At present the theological, the metaphysical and the positive conflict, and cause intellectual confusion.

The first step to be taken in forming a positive philosophy is to classify the sciences. The first great division we notice in natural phenomena is the division into inorganic and organic phenomena. Under the inorganic we may include the sciences astronomy, physics, chemistry; and under the organic we include the sciences physiology and sociology. These five sciences, astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology and sociology, we may consider the five fundamental sciences.

This classification follows the order of the development of the sciences, and indicates their social relation and relative perfection. In order to reach effective knowledge, the sciences must be studied in the order named; sociology cannot be understood without knowledge of the anterior sciences.

Behind and before all these sciences, however, lies the great science of mathematics—the most powerful instrument the mind can employ in the investigation of natural law—and the science of mathematics must be divided into abstract mathematics or the calculus, and concrete mathematics embracing general geometry and rational mechanics. We have thus really six great sciences.

MATHEMATICS. Mathematics may be defined briefly as the indirect measurement of magnitudes and the determination of magnitudes by each other. It is the business of concrete mathematics to discover the *equations* of phenomena; it is the business of abstract mathematics to educe results from the equations. Thus concrete mathematics discovers by actual

experiment the acceleration which takes place per second in a falling body, and abstract mathematics educes results from the equations so discovered, and obtains unknown quantities from known.

Astronomy. Astronomy may be defined as the science by which we discover the laws of the geometrical and mechanical phenomena presented by heavenly bodies. To discover these laws we can use only our sense of sight and our reasoning power, and reasoning bears a greater proportion to observation here than in any other science. Sight alone would never teach us the figure of the earth or the path of a planet, and only by the measurement of angles and computation of times can we discover astronomical laws. The observation of these invariable laws frees man from servitude to the theological and metaphysical conceptions of the universe.

Physics. Physics may be defined briefly as the study of the laws which regulate the general properties of bodies regarded *en masse*, their molecules remaining unaltered and usually in a state of aggregation. In the observations of physics all the senses are employed, and mathematical analysis and experiment assist observation. In the phenomena of astronomy human intervention was impossible; in the phenomena of physics man begins to modify natural phenomena.

Physics includes the subdivisions statics, dynamics, thermology, acoustics, optics and electrology. Physics is still handicapped by metaphysical conceptions of the primary causes of phenomena.

Chemistry. Chemistry may be briefly defined as the study of the laws of the phenomena of composition and decomposition, which result from the molecular and specific mutual action of different substances, natural or artificial. In the observations of chemistry the senses are still more employed, and experiment is of still more utility. Even in chemistry metaphysical conceptions linger.

Physiology. Physiology may be defined as the study of the laws of organic dynamics in relation to structure and environment. Placed in a given environment, a definite organism must always act in a definite way, and physiology investigates the reciprocal relations between organism, environment and function.

In physiology observation and experiment are of the greatest value, and apparatus of all kinds is used to assist both observation and experiment. Physiology is most closely connected with chemistry, since all the phenomena of life are associated with compositions and decompositions of a chemical character.

II—Social Physics

To place social physics on a scientific basis is a task of great difficulty, since social theories are still perverted by theological and metaphysical doctrines. All I can hope to do is to point out general principles which may serve to correct the intellectual anarchy which is the cause of the moral and political anarchy of the present day. I propose to state first how the institution of a science of social physics bears upon the principal needs and grievances of society, so that men worthy of the name of statesmen may realize that such labours are of real utility.

So far, positive philosophy has worked timidly and tentatively, and has not been bold and broad and general enough to cope with intellectual anarchy in social questions; but it is necessary now that it play a more dominant part in life, and lead society out of the turmoil in which it has tossed for three centuries.

At present, society is distracted by two conflicting influences, which may be called the theological polity and the metaphysical polity.

The theological polity at one time exercised a beneficent influence on society; but for three centuries past its influence has been essentially retrograde, and has gradually, but radically, decayed. The causes of its decline are various; but the chief present-day antagonist to the theological polity is the scientific spirit, and this spirit can now never be repressed.

The metaphysical polity is progressive, but progressive mainly in a negative way. So far, it has made for progress; but it has made for progress chiefly by removing impediments to progress, by destroying the

theological conceptions which retarded the development of human intelligence and human society. Though dangerous and revolutionary, it has been necessary; for much required to be demolished to permit permanent reconstruction.

The metaphysical polity was required to combat the theological; but now it has served its destructive purpose, and tends to become obstructive, for, having destroyed the old, it will not permit the new. Its chief dogma has always been liberty of conscience with the liberty of press and speech which that implies; but liberty of conscience really means little more than absence of intellectual regulation; and even as liberty of conscience is out of the question in astronomy and chemistry, so it is out of the question in social physics.

Liberty of conscience and inquiry can only be temporary and transitional, and must be followed by positive decision on the part of those qualified to decide. It cannot be held that every man is competent to form opinions in social and political questions; it cannot be maintained that intellects of weak capacity can judge obscure and complex questions, and that all opinions are equally valuable. All society is based on faith in the opinion of others and in reciprocal confidence.

The second dogma of the metaphysical polity is equality, and, like the other dogma, it must be considered the temporary expression of a temporary need. It is indeed a corollary of the dogma of liberty of conscience; for to assume liberty of conscience without equality of intelligence would be to stultify the assumption. Having achieved its purpose, it also became an obstacle in the path of progress. Equality sufficient to permit a man to use his faculties aright is allowed by all; but men cannot be made equal physically, and much less can they be made equal intellectually and morally.

The dogma of liberty of conscience and equality resulted naturally in a third dogma, the sovereignty of the people. This also was provisionally useful, in that it permitted a series of political experiments; but it is in essence revolutionary, condemning the superior to be ruled by the inferior.

A fourth dogma, the dogma of national independence, has also been serviceable in separating the nations in preparation for a new union.

The metaphysical polity fails utterly in constructive capacity. During the first French Revolution it successfully destroyed the old social system; but its attempts to reorganize society were retrogressive. Instead of catholicism it proposed polytheism, and in the name of virtue and simplicity it condemned industry and art. Even science was condemned as aristocracy of knowledge. Nor can these blunders be considered accidental; they were inherent in the polity. It is evident that a polity that admits the need for a theological foundation, and yet destroys the foundations of theology must end in intellectual anarchy.

Satisfied with neither the theological nor the metaphysical polities, society has wavered between them, and the one tendency has served chiefly to counteract the other. Out of these oscillations a third school of political opinion, which we may call the 'stationary school,' has arisen.

This school would fix society in a contradictory position between retrogression and progress, such as is seen in the parliamentary monarchy of England. This is a last phase of the metaphysical polity, and is only a kind of *placebo*.

The result of all this is to produce a most unfortunate position. The theological polity would revert to old, worn-out principles; the metaphysical polity has no definite principles at all; and the stationary school merely offers temporary compromises. Everywhere there is intellectual anarchy, and in Protestant countries the disorder is increased by sectarian discord. So complex are all social questions that few are able to see them steadily and see them whole, and where individual opinion is unhampered, individual prejudice and individual ignorance must be rampant.

Intellectual anarchy and unsettled convictions, moreover, tend to political corruption. If there are no convictions and no principles to which to appeal, appeal must be made to self-interest or to fear.

A growing tendency to take a short-sighted and material view of political

questions is also a disturbing sign of the times. This is due to the fact that when, three centuries ago, spiritual power was abolished, all social questions were given over to men occupied with practical affairs and influenced chiefly by material considerations.

Material views of political questions not only impede progress, but are also dangerous to order, for the view that disorders have a material cause leads to constant interference with institutions and with property. Granted there are abuses in connexion both with property and institutions, what is required is not material changes but general moral and intellectual reform.

An inadequate and material view of social physics naturally favours mediocrity, attracts political charlatans, while the most eminent minds devote their attention to science.

The theological and metaphysical philosophies having failed, what remains? Nothing remains but the positive philosophy, which is the only agent able to reorganize society. The positive philosophy will regard social phenomena as it regards other phenomena, and will apply to the renovation of society the same scientific spirit found effective in other departments of human knowledge. It will bring to politics the conception of natural laws, and deal with delicate social questions on impartial scientific principles. It will show that certain wrongs are inevitable, and others curable; and that it is as foolish to try to cure the incurable in social as in biological and chemical matters. A spirit of this kind will encourage reform and yet obviate vain attempts to redress necessary evils.

It will thus make for intellectual order. It will likewise make for progress and for true liberty by substituting genuine convictions founded on scientific principles for constitutional artifices and the laws of arbitrary wills; it will reconcile the antagonism of class interests by moral and scientific considerations. Revolutionary outbursts there still will be, but they will merely clear the ground for positive reconstruction on a moral and intellectual basis.

III—Social Statics

There can be no doubt that society originated in social instincts, and was not merely the result of utilitarian considerations. Indeed, the social state could manifest its ability only when well developed, and in the early ages of humanity the advantages to the individual of association would not be obvious.

What, then, are the human instincts and requirements which give society its fundamental characters? In the first place it must be noted that in man the intellectual is subordinate to the affective. In most men the intellectual faculties are easily fatigued, and require a strong and constant stimulus to keep them at work. In the majority of cases the stimulus is derived from the needs of organic life; but in more highly endowed individuals the incitement may proceed from higher affective impulses. This subordination of the intellectual to the affective faculties is beneficent in that it gives a permanent end and aim to the intellectual activity.

In the second place it must be noted that the personal affections are stronger than the social affections, and that personal affections give aim and direction to our social actions. This is necessary, for all ideas of public good must be inferred from ideas of private advantage, and if it were possible to repress our personal affections, our social affections, deprived of necessary inspiration and direction, would become vague and ineffective. In the precept that bids us love our neighbours as ourselves the personal instinct is suggested as the pattern for the social. The only thing to be regretted is that the personal affections are apt to override, instead of stimulating, the social affections.

Increase of intelligence must mean greater capacity for social affection, because of the discipline it imposes on the personal affections; and for the same reason increase of the social instinct is favourable to intelligence. To strengthen this reciprocal action of the intellect and the social affections is the first task of universal morals. And the double opposition between man's moral and material need of intellectual toil and his dislike

of it, and again between man's moral and material need of the social affections and the subjection of these to his personal instincts, discloses the scientific germ of the struggle which we shall have to review between the conservative and the reforming spirit; the first of which is animated by purely personal instincts, and the other by the spontaneous combination of intellectual activity with the various social instincts.

Society, however, cannot be regarded as composed of individuals. The true social unit is the *family;* it is essentially on the plan of the family that society is constructed. In a family the social and the personal instincts are blended and reconciled; in a family, too, the principle of subordination and mutual co-operation is exemplified. The domestic is the basis of all social life. The modern tendency, therefore, to attack the institution of the family is an alarming symptom of social disorganization.

The sociological basis of the family depends on subordination of sexes and of ages.

Marriage at once satisfies, disciplines and harmonises the strongest and most disorderly instinct of our animal nature; and though it may be attacked by the revolutionary spirit because of its theological implications, yet the institution is based on true principles and must survive. No doubt marriage has been modified, but to modify is not to overthrow, and its fundamental principle remains intact.

The fundamental principle of the institution of marriage is the natural subordination of the woman—a principle which has reappeared under all forms of marriage. Biology teaches that radical differences, physical and moral, distinguish the sexes, and sociology will prove that the much-advertised equality of sexes is a fiction, and that equality of the sexes would be incompatible with all social existence. Each sex has special functions it must perform in the family, and the necessary subordination of one sex is in no wise injurious, since the happiness of every being depends on the wise development of its proper nature.

Our social system depends on intellectual activity under affective stimulus, and in power of mental labour the woman is incontestably inferior to the man, either because her mental powers are weaker, or because her lively moral and physical sensibility is unfavourable to mental concentration.

Besides the bond of marriage, which holds together society, there is the bond between parents and children. Here again we find the principle of subordination in force, and even as we find wild revolutionaries who challenge the principle of subordination in women, so there are some who would challenge the same principle in the case of children. Fortunately, popular good sense and the primary instincts resist such absurdities.

The spontaneous subordination in the human family is the best model for society. On the one hand, we see obedience and due subordination allied to gratitude, and unassociated with shame; and, on the other hand, we see absolute authority combined with affection and geniality. There are those who would take children from their parents' care, and hand them over to society, and there are those who would prevent the transmission of property from parents to children; but such extravagances need not be examined here.

Coming now to the consideration of society as constructed out of the family units, we see unity of aim associated with diversity of functions. It is a marvellous spectacle to see how in a society the individuals pursuing each their own end yet unconsciously co-operate; and this co-operation is the mainspring of society. In the family, co-operation is much less marked; for the family is founded chiefly on affection, and in affection finds its justification, quite apart from co-operation towards any end. In society the instinct of co-operation preponderates and the instinct of affection plays only a secondary part. There are exceptional men in whom the affective side of the social instinct is dominant; but such men in most cases give their affection to the race at large simply from lack of domestic sympathy.

AUGUSTE COMTE was born at Montpellier, January 19, 1798, and educated there and at the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. About 1818 he became a friend and disciple of Saint-Simon, who powerfully influenced him in his speculations and in his determination to adopt the career of a philosopher. An appointment as examiner for the Ecole Polytechnique provided him with the means of subsistence while engaged upon his first great work, the Course of Positive Philosophy, but he lost the appointment in 1842 and in his later years he was mainly dependent on a subsidy procured for him by friends. In 1848 he founded the Positive Society. Comte died September 5, 1857.

The principle of co-operation, spontaneous or concerted, is the basis of society, and the object of society must ever be to find the right place for its individual members in its great co-operative scheme. There is, however, a danger of exaggerated specialism; it concentrates the attention of individuals on small parts of the social machine, and thus narrows their sense of the social community, and produces an indifference to the larger interests of humanity. It is lamentable to find an artisan spending his life making pin-heads, and it is equally lamentable to find a man with mind employing his mind only in the solution of equations.

To guard against such social and intellectual disintegration must be the duty of government. It must foster the feeling of interconnexion between individuals; and such a bond of feeling must be intellectual and moral rather than material, and will always imply subordination. The social instinct of man spontaneously produces government, and there is a much stronger instinct of obedience in man than is commonly supposed. Who has not felt it good to resign the responsibility of conduct to wise and trustworthy guidance? Even in revolutionary times the people feel the need of preponderant authority, and political subordination is as inevitable as it is indispensable.

IV—Social Dynamics

HUMAN progress consists essentially in the evolution of the moral and intellectual qualities proper to man. Various circumstances facilitate and retard this progress. Most of the occupations of civilization which deal with material things relieve man from material cares and discomforts, and permit him to use his higher faculties.

Death, too, may be considered a promoter of human progress. Youth is essentially progressive, age essentially conservative and opposed to progress, and death it is that prevents old age from too seriously impeding the progress of the world. If life were ten times as long progress would be greatly retarded.

On the other hand, death interferes with continuity of work, and by interrupting a man's work often delays its fruition. It is probable that if life were twice or thrice as long progress would be more rapid.

Human progress is directed by the reason, and the history of the progress of society is largely the history of the human mind in its progress through its three stages—the theological, metaphysical and positive. The necessity of these stages can be shown.

At first man knows nothing but himself, and it was inevitable that he should explain things as produced by a being like himself. The theological philosophy gave a basis for observation by its hypotheses that phenomena were products of actions like human acts, and that all bodies had life like human life, and that there was an invisible world with invisible agents. These hypotheses were not only intellectually necessary; they were also morally necessary, for they gave man confidence to act, and hope that he could modify anything unsatisfactory in the universe by appeals to its maker. Not only did the theological philosophy sustain

man's courage, and kindle his hope and increase his sense of power, but it gave an intellectual unanimity of great social and political value; and, producing a special speculative class, made the first effective division between things of matter and things of mind.

Still, the theological philosophy was obviously only temporary. Indeed, at all times there had been glimmerings of positive belief, for at all times the simplest phenomena had been considered subject to natural laws, and all had been compelled to act in everyday affairs on the assumption of the invariability of natural law. The positive philosophy, therefore, was inevitable from the first.

Between the theological and positive philosophy naturally and necessarily has intervened the metaphysical, which has substituted entities for a deity. This philosophy has never had the social power or the consistency of the theological philosophy; its entities have been mere abstractions. It has and has had such political power simply because so elusive.

All the three philosophies I have mentioned may exist in the same mind at the same time with regard to various sciences. The same mind may have a theological conception of one science, a metaphysical of another and a positive of yet another; but the trend is towards the positive.

Material progress has gone through similar stages. The primitive tendency of mankind was to a military life; the present tendency is towards industrial life. Meantime, we are in the transitional stage between the two, for we have defensive instead of offensive military organization, which is becoming more and more subordinate to industrial production.

The military stage corresponded with the theological stage, belonged to the same *régime*, had common antipathies and sympathies as well as general interests, and could not have worked without the aid of theological convictions to give blind confidence in military superiors. The industrial stage corresponds with the positive stage; it is akin in spirit, in origin and in destination. The transitional stage, again, corresponds with the metaphysical stage. Only on these three dualisms which I have established can a sound historical philosophy be based.

A Famous Mélange of Fact and Fancy

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON

If ever there was a yarn spun to make the texture of adventure, it is this one. There seems to be little doubt that the general outline of the life of the 'younger son' is more or less an autobiography of the author. The colouring is, of course, heightened. Battle, murder and sudden death occur as often as they can have done in the careers of England or Morgan or any true buccaneer whose type of mind must have been far removed from that of Trelawney and, therefore, of his hero. Then, too, there is the charming motif of Zela appearing and reappearing amid the noise of weapons and the wash of green seas. At one point in the tale the pirates paint the sides of their vessel differently so that she may appear as one ship when seen from the port side and as quite another from the starboard. The author was rather like that. One side of his character was tinted by his actual life and the other, which he gives us here, is that same thing painted more vividly. The book has been published in Bohn's Library by George Bell & Sons, in two volumes at 2s. each.

I—From School-room to Cockpit

My birth was unpropitious. I came into the world branded as a vagrant; for I was the younger son of a family so proud of their antiquity that even gout and mortgaged estates were traced as heirlooms of aristocratic origin.

My father, naturally of a selfish turn of mind, had married an heiress—turning aside in his greed from a sweet-natured girl—but he found the lady's fortune a great deal less, and the lady herself a great deal worse than he had anticipated. Embarrassed by her extravagance, he cursed her fertility as well as the baker's

and butcher's bills; but, a bequest falling to him, he set to work seriously to amass money.

I loved my sister, and my brother was mild and tractable, indeed uncomplaining. But as for myself, I hated all that thwarted me, parsons, pastors and masters. Punishment and severity of all kinds were the only marks of paternal love that fell to my share. It was not until I was between nine and ten, a great, bony, awkward boy, that, for stealing apples (with my brother as accomplice) I was sent to school. Our master that was to be was a dapper little man, with large bright silver buckles on his shoes, a stock fastened tightly round his neck, spectacled and powdered.

"Sir," said our parent, "I believe you are Mr. Sayers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any vacancies at your school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, will you take the charge of these incorrigible vagabonds? This fellow (meaning me) will come to the gallows if you do not scourge the devil out of him!"

But boys acting under the oppression of their absolute masters are cruel, and delight in cruelty. My school life was one long scene of suffering, and in retaliation I half killed an usher whom I seized by his cravat as he sat to rest in a lane. I thrashed him—calling in the aid of six or seven other boys—until he yelled for mercy. I was subjected to solitary confinement; I was starved. So I set fire to the curtains of my miserable bed—I was accused of treason, arson, blasphemy, words of which I knew not the meaning. Sent home a proved dunce, my final boyish escapade was to commit the crime of giving a beggar-woman an entire pigeon-pie. I shall never forget my father's wrath. I stood his blows, but the result was that I was sent to Portsmouth, and was shipped on a battleship, *The Superb*.

Young as I was, I shall never forget our falling in with the *Pickle* schooner carrying the first dispatches of the Battle of Trafalgar and the news of the death of its hero. Six shattered sail of the line were placed under our command to convoy home; but the miseries of cockpit life were not worse than school-life. At Portsmouth the scene was unforgettable; one might have walked on a bridge of boats struggling to get alongside.

Nor shall I ever forget the good-natured mate who was commissioned to take me to Dr. Burney's Navigation School, after *The Superb* was paid off.

"Well, lads, we can talk over this with a glass of grog best. Lots of time. Hold fast there, you landlubber! (to the waiter). Can't you grill some fowls?"

"Yes, sir, there's a nice chicken in the larder."

"Damn your chicken! Grill a hen-coop of fowls, and if they aren't here in five minutes, tell Mother What-d'ye-call-her that I'll grill her!"

And I remember how he invited every messmate he could find to join the feast, how the bottles flew about, how toasts, songs and unclerical jests made the time fly; then a muddled vision of a theatre filled with sailors and female companions; then came midnight and watchmen, dockyard men and redcoats; until I have a faint recollection of my good hostess tucking me into bed.

But my days at the Naval School were short. A letter from my father sent me aboard a frigate. My spirit would not tolerate the discipline of the Navy, nor that of the red-gilled sycophantic Scotchman who was my captain. The Navy, I saw, was not for me. A quarrel—nearly fatal—with the captain's clerk led to a fearful scene. I spat in the face of that Scotch beast, and soon found myself on a sloop of war bound for Cadiz, Lisbon, South America and the coast of Africa.

II—The Beginning of a Life-long Friendship

A turn of Fortune's wheel took me to India, and it was while coasting off the pirate-coast of Goa that we were ordered to board a Malay craft. My love of fighting led to inexpressible delight when I saw the savages on the coast open fire on us, and my reckless daring gained me the respect I longed for. If the English nation conspired against our liberties (for I hated all tyrants)

India, with her thousand kings was at least open to us. Young as I was, I said to myself, "The true philosophers of the East set a juster value on the gifts of nature than the English." Steel nor fire, I feared neither—indeed on one occasion it was only due to my exertions that the ship was saved from total destruction by a fire which started raging close to the powder-magazine. "Don't come down," I yelled to my friend Aston, "but hand these damned priming-matches up (for they were ablaze), and then a dozen buckets of water, and all is right."

At last we found port and safety. It was now that I fell in with a friend whose life became bound up with mine, de Ruyter. In youth we make friendships that in a mature man take years to form. So with this man. From a game or two of billiards, eating, walking together, we became boon companions. He spoke most of the European languages, and was perfectly acquainted with India and its seas; familiar with all of the out-of-the-way corners of the most irregular of towns; and I found that he could enter many a dark abode without ceremony. Everyone paid him deference; self-possession and decision were his natural gifts; and his eye was that of a chameleon, overclouded in repose, brilliant under stress of excitement.

I said to him one day, that he seemed to hold communion with the elements.

"And so I do," was his reply; "all my life I have studied them: They are a book a sailor should ever keep his eye on. Those who do not are unfit to command."

De Ruyter himself was in reality a friendless wanderer, a man self-exiled from out the pale of civilization and its ties, a man with a highly wrought imagination and a highly cultivated mind. His was the life of an adventurer.

"In this wide sea," he cried, "amidst the conflicting broils and wars of European adventurers and native princes and rajahs, besotted barbarians, while English wolves steal in and walk off with the cattle, there can be no lack of employment. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"That's odd. I took you for twenty; but no matter. A little more experience, and you will soon pick up our bustling life. But it is rough. If you count by the common canting hypocrisy of public opinion you may soon judge it illegal. But enough!"

III—Love in an Island Paradise

How speed the outlaws. Stand they well prepared,
Their plundered wealth, and robber rock to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd
To view with fire their scorpion's nest consumed?

How well these fiery lines of Lord Byron describe the exciting life of plunder and adventure into which I was now thrown! Soon we fell in with a beautiful American schooner, so exquisite in proportion and grace as to surpass the vessels of other nations as the gazelle does all other animated nature. She had run the gauntlet of the English blockade at the Good Hope, and had we not given her information of the blockade at Mauritius she would very soon have been running into further danger. We now kept on our course for St. Sebastian; under cover of night we landed close to the rocks on the east side. Dividing into parties of about thirty each we crept through the darkness until we had the town at our mercy fore and aft. A rocket gave the signal for the attack, and at dawn the blue flare of de Ruyter's war-comet blazed in the sky. Up went my shower of flame to show that I was in readiness. It was during the horrid turmoil of this fight that I first met my beautiful Zela.

It happened thus. We had got through the rude outworks into the interior. Our prey were the Maratti who scoured the coast with their goa-boats. Well, we speared those who crossed our path, we shot those who sought to find safety in flight. "Well done, my lad! Always first in danger!" I can hear de Ruyter's call now! "But we have had blood enough. Call our people in."

It was just after that, that on entering a small Arab tent I saw a dreadful sight. A naked, gaunt Arab lay dying, fastened and bound to the earth by a stake.

"We are friends, father, fear not!" I cried. He tried to speak. The blood oozed from his lips. There, motionless as a form of marble, his child, a beautiful girl, bent over him, terror-stricken.

"Come, sister," I said, taking her hand. "You are free, you must leave these cruel Maratti." But it was with the utmost difficulty that I could get her away from her father, who expired indeed while I was present, but whom I had sufficiently reassured to cause him to place the hand of his daughter in mine before his eyes glazed in death.

We were delayed in our return to the ship by the stupidity of the ship's cook, Louis, who would insist on trying to catch turtle, of which the good-natured fool was inordinately fond. We regained our ship with our wounded; our killed and missing amounted to but fourteen, which de Ruyter thought a reasonable number, all things considered; and soon after, the ship's surgeon, van Scolpvelt, a sandy-haired shrimp of a Dutchman, who looked more like a mummy than anything else, and who was mad on cutting up any patient upon whom he could lay his hands, 'in the cause of Science,' as the villainous fiend said, down he comes bearing some splinters of bone in one hand and a saw in the other.

"See here," he cried, "I have trepanned a skull; feel the edges of this bone, smooth as ivory, and the gloss and polish on them beautiful to look at. I have extracted a ball, and the cerebrum is uninjured, and the man never felt it!"

"That's a lie!" cried an assistant who had just rushed on deck, "for the man is dying."

And now we lay in the glory of the eastern sunset, gazing at the abundant glories that nature has lavished on the Paradise of Madagascar. The crew were sinking into rest after the toil of the day; presently the silence became preternatural, and the balm of sleep medicined the wounded men. I had begun to think the world peopled by demons until the noble and majestic spirit of de Ruyter came into my life. How fondly I think now of those days of peace in the island, the content and happiness I experienced in the presence of his sterling manhood. For now abundance came, and suffering was forgotten—and I recollected how at the early age of fourteen my mind had been bent on self-destruction, so cruel had my boyhood been. But now all was changed and a fresh life opened out.

We had determined to run into Port Bourbon in the Mauritius—on the south-east—as the English frigates were blockading the ports on the north-west. I had been nine days at sea before I thought of visiting my little captive, Zela. Not that I had neglected her, having given her my own comfortable cabin.

"I have been telling this youngster of mine," said de Ruyter to 'father' Rais, the commander of the Arabs he always had with him, "I have been telling him that the Arab girl is now lawfully his wife, in the most sacred manner according to the customs of your country. Is it not so? Inform him."

And indeed it was so; for had not Zela's dying father joined our hands as he breathed his last? But never! Oh never! had Rais heard before of an Arab sheik, one whose generations were as countless as the sands, giving his daughter to one of the infidels of a country so newly discovered that neither his forebears, nor indeed he, had ever heard of it; to an infidel, indeed! But so it was.

"But," said he, "her father would not have been deceived in the moment of death. He knew into whose hands he was giving his daughter, the hopes of his house and the care of his children."

Already I began to think in what a predicament I was placed—wife, children, and heaven knew what else! I was relieved to find this did not mean the children of his body—but his 'tribe,' for his unlucky children had, all but Zela, been removed by the knives of his enemies.

"As her father has affianced her to you, she cannot marry anyone else. From duty, therefore, as well as humanity, you must provide for her." So said de Ruyter. My friend Aston laughed at me.

"Consider, my lad, she is but a baby—and you have scarcely seen her."

"Well, what Arab does, until he is married?"

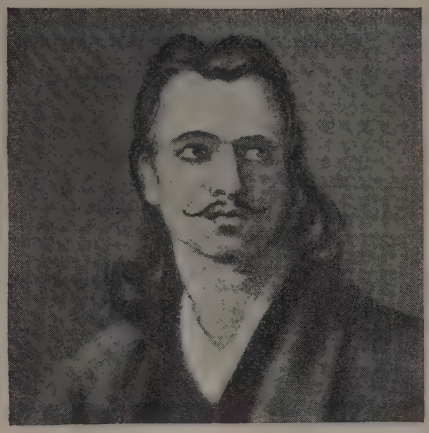
"But do you intend passing your life with Arabs?"

"Why not? I have no home. Old father Rais says this is my home and country, and I like it very well. Come, Aston, shake out those wrinkles, and with claret! This is my wedding day!"

So here I was, transformed as by magic, from a friendless outcast, a reckless boy of the West, without tie or home, into a sea-sheik, Arab, Mussulman—married! It is true I had a Koran; but I knew not where was my adopted country.

I went to see Zela. On my entrance I thought her one of those marble figures I had heard of in Egyptian temples—her feet were bare; but she rose and placed them in embroidered slippers; she took my hand, placed it to her forehead, then to her lips. Her hair covered her like a jet-black cloud. I had felt the presence of her tremulous lips and I felt entranced. For a long time we sat in silence. Then I took from my hand a ring of gold, with an Arabic inscription, and hooped with two circles of camel's-hair, the same her dying father had placed on my finger, and held it towards her. She broke into sobs; but her Arab woman saying something to her, she again put forth her tapering little fingers and replaced the ring on the forefinger of my right hand, and again pressed my hand to her head and lips. Thus passed my first visit.

It was long ere I heard the sound of her voice. But gradually her woman (for I could not yet interchange speech with Zela) gave me hopes that my little wife was not insensible to my kindness—that it was a pity I spoke her language so imperfectly, and was a stranger of a far distant tribe; but I was 'gentle, kind, beautiful as a zebra'; so said Zela. She loved to hear my voice. But how could I love her? I had never felt, or seen, or dreamt of the strange power of love; but the poor little captive bird was building her nest in my bosom's cove. My visits became more frequent—and longer, and the very air about her seemed to grow fragrant with odour. At length I caught the full radiance of her large dark eyes, my limbs shook, my voice trembled, my heart beat convulsively and fast.



EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY was born in London November 13, 1792. He attended a naval school and joined the navy, but 'jumped his ship' at Bombay and for some years led a life of considerable adventure in India and elsewhere. In 1822 he was in Italy and became acquainted with Shelley and Byron at Pisa. They became very friendly, and it was Trelawney who managed the recovery and cremation of Shelley and Williams after they had been drowned on July 8th. He it was who snatched Shelley's heart from the pyre and helped Mrs. Shelley with funds for her return to England. He fought with Byron in the Greek War of Independence and finally returned to Cornwall and London, where he became a popular society figure. He wrote Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron as a sequel to The Younger Son. On August 13, 1881, he died at Sompting, near Worthing.

And Love was thus implanted in my breast, ignited until it burnt to a bright flame, pure, imperishable. Zela from that day was the star I was destined to worship; I consecrated my heart to her.

'Surely, this island is the Paradise of the Eastern poets.' So I thought as Mauritius unfolded itself in range after range of beauty:

The pyramids
Of the tall cedars, overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within; and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia, floating, hang
Tremulous and pale. . . .

In this lovely land I had a period of exquisite peace and contentment. Zela flitted about from flower to flower like a bee or bird. "This is some little Eastern sprite, too frail and too delicate to be touched by human hands," said de Ruyter. "I may congratulate you with all my heart." Running to her, I caught her in my arms. "I have you now, dear sprite, and will keep you here!" pressing her to my bosom. And this was my first embrace of my Arab maid.

In this island of beauty de Ruyter cultivated a garden estate. You would never believe that he was the same sea-rover that he was a month ago. And while I explored the island and hunted its game he was attending to its plantations. My little orphan-bride, thank Heaven, knew nothing of civilization, for her shyness was that of the wood-pigeon, not the coquette. Our first meeting, our ship-life, these scenes of beauty formed as for love, perfected in a few months what years would have been too short for in ordinary life. I taught her my language, and learnt more of hers —it was all she knew, and in these, our halcyon days, we thought no more about others of the world's wayfarers and what they were doing than of what was doing in the moon or stars.

IV—A Schooner of My Own

THUS the months passed away. We luxuriated in this tranquil life. But de Ruyter's spirit knew no pause when an object was to be attained. One day he hailed me from the balcony as I was at work in the garden. "Holloa! my lad, heave ahead!—you're wanted!"

I was ready to tax him with his almost forgotten sea-slang—but I found him deeply poring over charts, with a case of instruments open, and he was measuring distances with a compass.

"Order out our cattle; we must to the port," he called out to Rais. I asked no questions, but followed him. The instant he was aboard, with one stamp of his foot on the deck he resumed his command; a word, and all was once more commotion and life. The 'grab' was being converted into a corvette; new masts, spars, the copper bottom of the vessel careened, the upper decks lowered. A crew, mostly Arabs, was being got together, for de Ruyter distrusted such lawless outcasts as Europeans; and every man shipped with him as though his fortune were already made.

In a few days, from looking like a floating hulk, she became like a winged thing of life. We painted her sides of different colours—you can guess why—one entirely black and the other with a broad streak of white. De Ruyter was off on an enterprise of his own, which was to intercept some English vessels in the Mozambique Channel; he would be absent a few weeks, he said. So far so good. The time passed all too quickly with my Zela; then, behold, de Ruyter turned up suddenly with—to my delight—the beautiful American schooner in tow. It had been damaged in a fight, but four Americans had been left on board. I quickly got a crew together and, armed with twelve six-pound carronades and four long six-pounders I was soon at sea —my beloved Zela with me.

My first capture was a French brig—her convoy of slaves and her cargo had unluckily been lost to an English ship. We planned to recover these losses; and coming upon the English ship de Ruyter lured her from her harbour in Garcia Island by means of a clever stratagem, leaving the bay for me to slip into, where I succeeded in recovering the bulk of the cargo and some of the slaves.

JUST after this event I met with an amusing adventure. We had plundered a good many English vessels, and among these there was one with a Dutch vrow aboard with a beam nearly as large as her vessel's. I had seized the cargo, and turned to look for water, which we were in want of. On deck there were five or six butts.

"I want water, hand a bucket here!" I cried.

"O! that's not good, don't drink that!' quoth the oily vrow; "I'll get you some Cape wine,"

"Come!" I said, "knock the bung from this cask!"

The vrow tried to withdraw my attention, and that raised my suspicions. No sooner was the bung out and the butt tilted, than she gave a scream, and I—a cry of delight and surprise. Out poured a string of pearls! Then a string of cornelians!

"Hands off! or I'll cut them off!"

Rings, pearls, cornelians, out they came —all a private spec. of the vrow!

So much for that. The next thing that happened was the falling of a fleet of

country-craft into my maw—convoyed by a Company's vessel which fled on finding we were enemy-craft. Some, indeed, gave me the slip, but the bulk I whipped in like a pack of hounds. My prize was made up of bumbalow, paddy, betel-nut, ghee, pepper, arrack and salt. However, there were some shawls and muslins. On these I realized a few bags of gold mores and rupees.

De Ruyter and I then sailed on different courses; we parted, he laying his last solemn injunctions on me and affectionately kissing Zela's brow. We were to meet, on a certain date, at an island near Great Borneo. My friend Aston used at this time frequently to press me to return to the Navy—serving under an enemy flag was more than dangerous, said he. But no; "When I have realized a competency I will then turn agriculturist—like de Ruyter! but now, I have to provide for a wife and family—which I suppose I shall have in time!"

All he said was, "Get out! you mad-headed boy."

V—Many Hazards in Eastern Seas

Now my life was one of wild adventure. But I found that other Englishmen were of the same breed, for I soon fell in with one (what a strange craft he sailed!) who had constituted himself a sort of King of the Cannibal Islands. Then a Chinese junk came my way, for all the world like a floating tea chest; and her interior was a complete bazaar. In one cabin was a voluptuous Tartar and a tun-bellied Chinaman—they had joined dainties together—a fat dog, roasted entire, stuffed with turmeric, rice, suet, garlic, and larded with hog's-grease; the detestable sea-slug, shark's fins stewed to a jelly, salted eggs, yellow-dyed pilaff—such was their repast. And they were voracious feeders, too! Yes; but the Chinese have as much antipathy to saltpetre—except in fireworks—as Hotspur's neat and trimly dressed lord! We pillaged every nook and corner. I left them their pig-iron, of course; but silks, copper, drugs, much gold-dust, a few diamonds and some tiger-skins were ours—not forgetting some sea-slugs for Louis. Didn't he love turtle? It was a glorious haul.

But it can't be all luck; the turn in our fortunes was a terrific storm just as we were settling to land at Borneo—the blow was struck before I had time to turn the hands up, and looking aloft I saw, by the glare of the sheet lightning, two bare poles, all our spars, rigging, sails, flying away over the universe. I clung to Zela—and the shrouds, and had not the cable parted we should have foundered. And—oh Heavens! the tiny white hand of Zela saved five lives through her bravery in flinging a rope to the poor screaming wretches who were drowning in the boiling surf. These terrors were turned to joy when, in a few days I once more beheld de Ruyter. Hallo! my lads! have you been cruising to the North Pole and locked up in an iceberg for a hundred years?

It was here, at Borneo, that I met with the strange adventure with the orang-outang—whom both Zela and I mistook for a hairy and savage old Islander! It was a narrow escape, for after following him to his lair (which was indeed pretty and ingenious, built of wattle) he suddenly attacked me; and had not Zela, who insisted on following me, plunged a spear into his side, I should have been a dead man.

It was van Scolpvelt who read me a scientific lesson now: "The first I have ever seen, very like the Genus Homo; but—feel—thirteen ribs. There is no other distinction between him and you. Buffon says that they have no sentiment of Religion, but—what have you? They are as brave as you are and more ingenious. Besides, they are a reflective and considerate race of beings, and have the best government in the world—no priests, kings or aristocrats. I'll preserve his skeleton, and present it to the Chemical College of Amsterdam!" This adventure, together with elephant and tiger hunting, passed the time quickly enough; nor were we free from the nightly visits of cheetahs and, sometimes, cobras. The latter I found, to my amusement, the natives called only 'worms,' and they liked them roasted for breakfast.

Then on to Java, where an amusing adventure was the capture of a small

Spanish vessel, laden with camphor and the celebrated edible birds' nests. It had been captured in turn by an English vessel with a fool for a captain, who, not knowing the trading value of the 'birds' nests,' had thought that the name, as well as the nests, really concealed a rich cargo. So he had ordered heaps of these valuables to be cast into the sea. But these nests were selling in the Chinese market for 32 Spanish dollars a kattie, and so the cargo was worth about £90,000; and he, poor devil, after serving twenty years without making twenty pounds, would have made a fortune.

That treacherous race, the Javanese, nearly brought my adventures to an untimely close; for, after a stiff fight, wounded and sore I awoke one morning to find Zela bending over me.

"Zela!" I said, "my good spirit, was that our evil fate that struck at my life? Was it Azrael, the red Angel of Death? Has he wounded me mortally?"

"Bis Allah!" she answered, "the good spirit paralysed the warrior's arm when he aimed at your life! God is strong, and we are weak."

I was badly shot in the groin; but I had not learnt what experience has since taught me, that in gunshot wounds, nine cases out of ten, a surgeon, however skilful, is of little advantage. Cleanliness, a poultice, a few bandages, are all that nature requires. But a friend of our own sex shrinks from the trials of a sick couch; they will give aid, counsel—nay, more, their purses and their pity; but it is the woman who loves, she alone can soothe, can watch with exhaustless patience.

As for de Ruyter, when we met again, he only blamed me for my folly.

"So you went a wild-goose chase, excited, I suppose, by its perilous absurdity! Who else would have been guilty of such folly?"

"And you?"

"Well, I confess I should not so gladly engage in these profitless expeditions but that I loathe and detest the English Merchant Company, and all companies, for they are but bound by selfish ties."

If de Ruyter laughed at me, I, in turn, laughed at van Scolpvelt, who spent his time in lugging long hairy cockroaches out of his soup; he was quite indifferent to them, as of course every true scientist should be. Or, if a cockroach was not boiled to death in his tea, well—he would spit it scientifically and examine it under his magnifying glass.

VI—The Yellow Widow of Yug

I am afraid there is a lot of what the unco' good will call 'piracy' about these adventures. But I now come to one which, amusing enough in itself, was to have a fatal and dreadful sequel, as you will see. We had captured some small schooners, and were now in port at Batavia in the rich and populous island of Java. At the house where we lodged there lived a very rich widow, a native of the capital of Yug. Now, in Europe, there is a rage for golden-haired maidens, but here the mania was for golden complexions. This lady was four feet and a half high, with a skin so brightly yellow that the sun's rays were reflected from her countenance as from a copper kettle. A tiny nose and jetty black eyes, together with lips of an African cult, completed the picture. This lady mentally compared de Ruyter and me, deciding on your humble servant as the captive to be, probably on account of my youth. She could not comprehend that I was married. What! to a little, white, sickly-faced girl? Faugh! she'll do well enough for a fish-wife, but—— So she proceeded to unveil her dazzling beauties.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "send him to me! . . . Let him come and behold beauty, that his soul may be pleased and his heart scorched."

De Ruyter used to chaff me about the fair widow of Yug—he even offered to marry her as proxy for me, which was kind of him! When, however, after raising a sunken Spanish vessel, with thousands of dollars in her hold, we prepared to depart, the widow began to show her claws. The termagant followed us in a row-boat; but by this time I was more aware of a woman's talons, and I fled the fight. But we got into the swell safely, and there was nothing for the

widow to do but to obey the old rhyme:

She loved and she rowed away!

Nevertheless, her wicked spirit seemed to cling to me like a vampire. She haunted me by night with her evil eyes; by day and by night I seemed to hear her curses. No matter whither we sailed, Bunda Islands, Aroo Islands, Papua, Amboyna, Celebes, Macassar—her vile yellow face seemed to follow us like fate. My life seemed to be cast among shipwrecked crews of maddened men, or we were fighting ravenous sharks; the spring-tide of my happiness seemed turned and my fortunes to be ebbing to sea again.

One day, after a fight with some Malays, I rose from a bed of pain to find Zela dangerously ill. Even van Scolpvelt remained silent; I trusted to his skill now, instead of scoffing at him. Almost did death seem a desirable thing to me. After suffering agonies, Zela lay almost motionless, and the cry came involuntarily from me, "She is dead!" At that cry, even the iron-nerved doctor was moved. Adoo, her faithful servant and companion, questioned as to the cause of this calamity, pointed to a jar on the table and explained that, her mistress not having eaten for a long time, she had tempted her with some sweetmeats from the jar, and had herself eaten some. "I did but taste some of the fruit, and it has made me sick. I am sure that there is poison in the jar."

AH!—the word 'poison' pierced my brain! I then remembered eating some preserved nutmegs at the widow's—and this jar was the very counterpart of that which the widow of Yug had offered me sweetmeats from. As I now stood, pondering over the accursed fruit, I could hear the fiendish laugh of the widow mocking me.

For some time Zela lingered, while van Scolpvelt stood helplessly by, and then—her dear, frail little body could stand no longer against the ravages of the dread disease; the Angel of Death hovered over her; she yielded up her mortality with her lips pressed to mine.

I could not give her beautiful body to the gnawing horrors of the soil; and I must draw a veil over the funeral pyre we built on the shore; the odorous smoke as it ascended to Heaven was the last of my loved one. A small silver case, containing her ashes, is ever with me.

DE RUYTER and I crossed the ocean; he was bound for Paris, and there he had a long interview with the Emperor. My friend found the great man so wrapped up in schemes of aggrandising himself in Europe that he would bestow little attention on affairs of the East.

"What!" exclaimed the Emperor, "are the wealth and blood of France to be expended to maintain islands in the Indian Ocean, which are but idle pyramids to commemorate the name of an accursed dynasty that should be blotted from the page of history altogether and for ever? . . . let the accursed English have them!" This was in reply to a proposal of de Ruyter's that the Isle of France should be fortified. "Our Gallic nation," added Napoleon, "are all bilious. There is a spur to them on shore, on water they are all sea-sick. We have no de Witt, no de Ruyter, no van Tromp; otherwise I would hasten the downfall of a nation whose vaunted wooden ramparts are but as the wall of China, which stands only against weak external enemies. An Englishman is at sea for a year, and before he has been on shore for an hour he is sick to go to sea again! As for our French admirals, if they but see a ship rolling they feel qualmish."

But now the scene begins to cloud. A year or two passed, and then I heard of the death of de Ruyter, pierced by a hundred bullets from an English frigate as he bravely stood on the taffrail sinking his dispatches over the stern. His body was found enveloped in the folds of the tricolour under which he had fought so long and so gallantly—it was his winding-sheet.

And as for myself, I shall never know complete peace until my ashes are joined to those of my beloved Zela in eternity. My only ray of hope is that now, as I write, the sun of freedom is at last dawning on the pallid face of Europe:

For freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won!

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA

From the painting by Lecomte at Versailles

Sir William Napier

The War in the Peninsula

The period in English history which deals with the struggle with the French in Spain has been particularly fortunate in its recording. Sir William Napier was one of those great ones who could not only write history but also helped to make it and he writes always as one having authority. The History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France (1807–1814), was published in six volumes between the years 1828–40. It was as enthusiastically received in some quarters as it was decried in others. Sidney Smith and W. S. Landor both praised it, as did The Times and The Edinburgh Review. But Coleridge took a view typical of the misdirected patriotism of his time: 'Not a thought for the justice of the war,' he says, 'not a consideration of the damnable and damning iniquity of the French invasion.' Napier's powers of realizing the French point of view certainly made him unpopular with his contemporaries, but they enhance the value of his work for us. Add to this the fact that Napier's history is the account of an eye-witness trained in the theory and practice of his subject and that the writing is vigorous and sympathetic—and we have a history indeed. Frederick Warne publish an edition of the work in six volumes.

I—Moore and Corunna

At the outbreak of the revolutionary wars, the hostility of aristocratic Europe forced the republican enthusiasm of France into a course of military policy, outrageous in appearance, in reality one of necessity, for, up to the Treaty of Tilsit her wars were essentially defensive. Her long and bloody Continental struggles were not for pre-eminence amongst ambitious powers, not a dispute for some accession of territory or momentary political ascendancy, but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate, equality or privilege be the principle of European civilization.

The first military events of the revolution, the disaffection of Toulon and Lyons, the civil war of La Vendée, the slight, though successful, resistance made to the Duke of Brunswick's invasion, the frequent and violent change of rulers, whose fall none regretted, were proofs that the French revolution, intrinsically too feeble to sustain the physical and moral force pressing it down, was fast sinking, when the wonderful genius of Napoleon, baffling all reasonable calculation, raised and fixed it on the basis of victory, the only one capable of supporting the crude production.

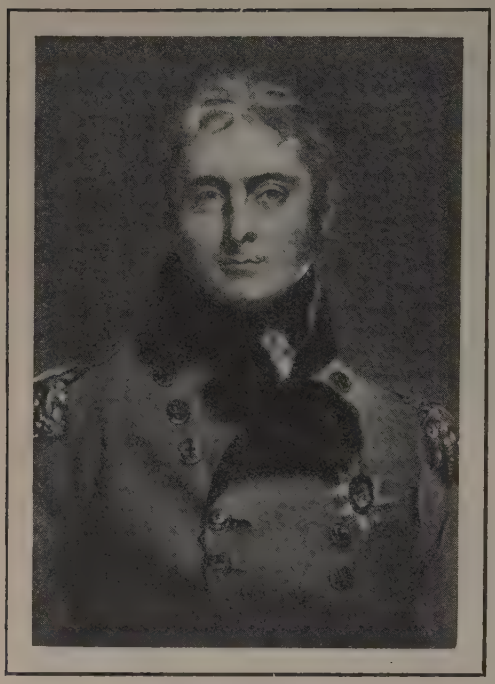
Hence the privileged classes of Europe consistently transferred their implacable hatred of the French revolution to his person.

The Treaty of Tilsit unmasked the war of principles, bringing England and Napoleon, the champions of equality and privilege, into direct contact. Peace could not be while both were strong; the French emperor had only gained the choice of his future battlefield; and as the fight of Trafalgar forbade the invasion of England, he, with fertile genius, purposed to sap her naval and commercial strength by barring the Continent against her manufactures. This continental system was, however, inoperative where not enforced by French troops. It failed in Portugal, British influence being there paramount.

Spain was to France nearly what Portugal was to Great Britain, and Napoleon ventured to place his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne.

On July 24, 1808, he was proclaimed King of Spain and the Indies, with all the solemnities usual upon such occasions, thus making himself the enemy of eleven millions of people, the object of a nation's hatred!

The conduct of the English cabinet relative to the Peninsula was scarcely superior to that of the central Spanish junta. Vague projects, or rather speculations, were communicated to the generals in Portugal, but in none was the strength of the enemy alluded to, in none was there



SIR JOHN MOORE
From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.

a settled plan of operations—a strange delusion relative to Napoleon's power and intentions guided the English ministers.

It was October 6, 1808, before a dispatch containing the first determinate plan of campaign arrived at Lisbon. Thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry were to be employed in the north of Spain. Of these, ten thousand were to be embarked at the English ports, the remainder to be composed of regiments drafted from the army then in Portugal. Sir John Moore was to command, and was authorised to unite the whole by a voyage round the coast, or by a march through the interior. He chose the latter.

With such energy did the general overcome obstacles that his headquarters quitted Lisbon on October 26, just twenty days after receiving the chief command.

The general effect of Sir John Moore's operations was to draw the French northward from the capital. Sir John Moore penetrated the heart of Northern Spain; Napoleon, marching from Madrid just before Christmas with a rapidity unequalled in the history of war, failed to intercept Sir John Moore's retreat upon Corunna, at which port the English fleet was to meet him in order that he might re-embark his troops.

As the troops approached Corunna, the general's looks were earnestly directed towards the harbour, but an open expanse of water painfully convinced him that to fortune, at least, he was in no way beholden; contrary winds still detained the fleet at Vigo, and the last consuming exertion made by the army was fruitless!

Soon the French gathered on the River Mero, and Moore sought a position of battle.

On January 14, 1809, the bridges at El Burgo being rendered practicable for his artillery, two divisions of infantry and one of cavalry passed the river, and to cover their march some guns opened on the English posts, but were soon silenced by a superior fire. In the evening the transports from Vigo hove in sight; they entered the harbour in the night, and the dismounted cavalry, the sick, the best horses, and fifty pieces of artillery were embarked, six British and three Spanish guns, worked by English gunners, only being kept on shore for action.

All the encumbrances being shipped on the morning of the 16th, it was intended to embark the fighting men in the coming night, and this difficult operation would probably have been happily effected; but a glorious event was destined to give a more graceful, though melancholy, termination to the campaign. About two o'clock a general movement of the French line gave notice of an approaching battle, and the British infantry, 14,500 strong, occupied their position.

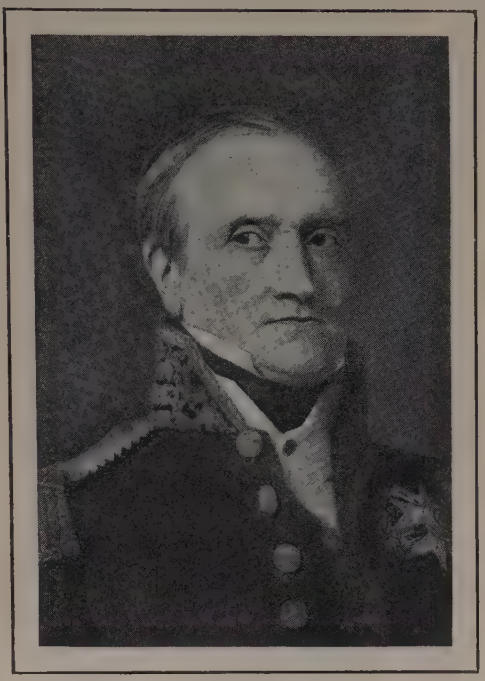
When Laborde's division arrived, the French force was not less than 20,000 men, and Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia, made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers. The British piquets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley and break his front at the same

time. A severe scrambling fight ensued, the French were forced back with great loss, and the Fiftieth Regiment, entering the village with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the general ordered up a battalion of the Guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of those regiments, whereupon the Forty-Second, mistaking his intention, retired, with the exception of the Grenadiers, and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight upon the village.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence, yet he rose again in a sitting position, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me." And in that manner, so becoming in a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, and four vessels went on shore, but the troops were rescued by the men-of-wars' boats, the stranded vessels burnt, and the fleet got out of harbour, and sailed for England. The loss of the British was estimated at eight hundred; of the French at three thousand.

Thus ended the retreat to Corunna.



MARSHAL SOULT
From the painting by Pienemann

II—Ciudad Rodrigo

Corunna was succeeded in the same year by the advent of Sir Arthur Wellesley, later and better known to history as the Duke of Wellington. For five years he maintained a long defensive campaign in aid of, and as an ally of, Spanish nationalist forces, a campaign which terminated after Napoleon had been decisively defeated elsewhere (at Leipzig in Germany) by the crossing of the frontier, the evacuation of Spain by the Imperial forces, and the carrying of war into France itself as far as Toulouse.

Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal on April 22, 1809. This unexpected arrival of a victorious commander created the greatest enthusiasm; the regency nominated him marshal-general; the people, always fond of novelty, hailed his presence.

Wellesley proceeded to attack Soult in the north. He was successful, and then turned to aid a large Spanish army in marching against the French in Madrid. The French and the allies met at Talavera, in which famous action the genius of Wellesley as the greatest defensive general of his time was finally established. He contrived to repulse the enemy, to evade the forces coming up on his left, and successfully retreated upon Lisbon. Here he

threw up 'the lines of Torres Vedras,' which prevented Napoleon's general, Masséna, from forcing his position, and compelled him to retire from Portugal in the spring of 1811. In early 1812, when it was certain that the main effort of Napoleon's armies would be in the east of Europe, Wellington (as he now was) attacked the two fortress-bases of the French near the Portuguese frontier, Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo.

At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, all the troops reached their post without seeming to attract the attention of the enemy, but before the signal was given, and while Wellington, who in person had been pointing out the lesser breach to Major Napier, was still at the convent of Francisco, the attack on the right commenced, and was instantly taken up along the whole line. The French were driven fighting behind their intrenchments. There they rallied and, aided by the musketry from the houses, made hard battle for their post; none would go back on either side, and yet the British could not get forward, and men and officers falling in heaps choked up the passage, which from minute to minute was raked with grape from two guns flanking the top of the breach at the distance of a few yards; thus striving, and trampling alike upon the dead and the wounded, these brave men maintained the combat.

On the left the stormers of the light division, who had three hundred yards of ground to clear, with extraordinary swiftness running to the crest of the glacis, jumped down the scarp, a depth of eleven feet, and rushed up the *fausse braye* under a smashing discharge of grape and musketry. The ditch was dark and intricate, the forlorn hope inclined towards the left, the stormers went straight to the breach, which was so narrow at the top that a gun placed across nearly barred the opening; there they were rejoined by the forlorn hope, and the whole body rushed up.

Major Napier, struck by a grape-shot, fell at this moment with a shattered arm, but he called aloud to his men to use their bayonets, and all the unwounded officers simultaneously sprang to the front; thus the required impulse was given and, with a furious shout, the breach was carried. Then the supporting regiments coming up in sections abreast gained the rampart, the Fifty-Second wheeled to the left, the Forty-Third to the right, and the place was won.

III—The Conquest of the Pyrenees

To this success at Ciudad Rodrigo an uninterrupted series of further successes succeeded as the pressure on Spain was further and further removed by Napoleon's Russian adventure. On August 12, 1812, when Napoleon was entering the heart of Russia, Wellington entered Madrid. It was but a hazard. He was compelled to retreat through Salamanca into Portugal, and the Spanish forces and people began to mistrust his good fortune.

On October 19, 1812, Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow began and, correspondingly, the chances of the allies in the Peninsula improved. The consequences of the Russian disaster, in spite of Napoleon's rally in 1813, were the final success of Wellington in the Peninsula.

It will in future be seen that the catastrophe of Napoleon's Russian campaign was absolutely necessary to the final success of the British arms in the Peninsula. If Russia owed her safety in some degree to that contest, the fate of the Peninsula was in return decided on the plains of Russia; for had the French veterans who there perished returned victorious, the war could have been maintained for years in Spain, to the absolute ruin of England.

Napoleon, the most indefatigable and active of mankind, turned his enemy's ignorance to profit; for scarcely was it known that he had reached Paris by that wise, that rapid journey from Smorghoni, which baffled his enemies' hopes and left them only the power of foolish abuse; scarcely was his return at Paris known to the world, when, in 1813, a new and enormous army, the constituent parts of which he had, with his usual foresight, created while yet in the midst of victory, was in march from all parts to unite in the heart of Germany.

The first, infinitely the most important part of Napoleon's policy now was to

influence Germany and France, and the Peninsula contest sank at once into an accessory.

This gave Wellington his opportunity. While Napoleon, with all the best of his troops, was engaged in Germany in 1813, Wellington drove the French forces in Spain on to the Ebro. He won the action of Vittoria on June 21, invested St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, and advanced to the Pyrenees.

The whole line of the Spanish frontier, from Roncesvalles to the mouth of the Bidassoa river, was occupied by the victorious allies, and Pampeluna and St. Sebastian were invested. Joseph's reign was over, and after years of toils and combats which had been rather admired than understood, the English general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsula struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognized conqueror. From those lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud throughout the world, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

From the painting by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.

IV—The Peninsula Swept

THE decisive battle of Leipzig, which finally destroyed the power of Napoleon, was fought on October 19, 1813. During the summer Soult was entrusted with the defence of the distant Spanish frontier. He made a desperate rally on July 25 to rescue Pampeluna, but a thick fog coming up the valley prevented him from making dispositions for a general attack with his six divisions; and when night fell Cole still held the great chain of the mountains.

SIR THOMAS PICTON

From the painting by Pienemann

Wellington next forced the French beyond the Pyrenees and crossed the frontier on the Bidassoa just before, the Nivelle just after, the date of Leipzig. In February—while Napoleon was disputing the advance of the allies on Paris—he passed the Adour, and at last, just as Napoleon, utterly defeated in the north, was accepting the inevitable and abdicating at Fontainebleau, he came up with Soult at Toulouse and gave battle. Soult's position covered three sides of Toulouse.

On April 10, 1814,[1] at two o'clock in the morning the British light division passed the Garonne by the bridge at Seilh, and at six o'clock the whole army moved forward in the order assigned for the different columns. The French general, following his instructions, retired to the horn-work on Calvinet.

[1] Napoleon had already signed his abdication on April 4

SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK NAPIER was born at Celbridge, near Dublin, December 17, 1785. At the age of fifteen he became an ensign in the Royal Irish Artillery, but soon exchanged into the 62nd and later into the Blues. Helped by friendship with Sir John Moore he was given command of a company in the 43rd, saw service in Denmark, and later in the Peninsula at Corunna. He commanded a regiment which formed part of the Light Brigade at Talavera, was present at Badajoz and served in France after Waterloo. He was knighted in 1848 and made general in 1859. Till his service in France he was comparatively illiterate, but then spent much of his time in educating himself. He was inspired to write his history largely by the desire to prevent his old friend Sir John Moore being overshadowed by Wellington. He died February 10, 1860.

While these operations were in progress, Freyre, who had asked as a favour to lead the battle at Calvinet, either from error or impatience, assailed the horn-work on that platform while Beresford was still in march. His Spaniards, 9,000 strong, advanced with great resolution at first, throwing forward their flanks, so as to embrace the end of the Calvinet hill, and though the French musketry and great guns thinned the ranks at every step, they still ascended the hill; but the formidable fire they were exposed to increased in violence, and their right wing, which was raked from the bridge of Matabiau, unable to endure the torment, wavered and jumped for shelter into a hollow road. The left wing and the second line also ran back in disorder.

Rallying their fugitive troops, the Spanish generals led them back again to the brink of the fatal hollow, but the frightful carnage below and the unmitigated fire in front filled them with horror. Again they fled, and again the French, bounding from their trenches, pursued. Picton, regardless of his orders, which, his temper on such occasions being known, were given to him verbally and in writing, had turned his false attack into a real one against the bridge of Jumeaux; but the enemy, fighting from a work too high to be forced without ladders, and approachable only along an open flat, repulsed him with a loss of nearly four hundred.

It was now evident that the victory must be won or lost by Beresford, and yet, from Picton's error, Wellington had no reserves to enforce the decision. The crisis, therefore, approached with all happy promise to the French general. But fortune rules in war: Soult ordered Taupin to fall on with the utmost fury.

Taupin's infantry, unskilfully arranged for action, it is said, at last poured down the hill; but some rockets discharged in good time ravaged the ranks, and with their noise and terrible appearance, unknown before, dismayed the French soldiers; then the British skirmishers running forward, plied them with a biting fire. Lambert's brigade rushed forward with a terrible shout, and the French fled back to the upper ground. Lambert, following hard upon the beaten infantry in this front, killed Taupin, wounded a general of brigade, and without a check won the summit of the platform; his skirmishers even descended in pursuit on the reverse slope. Soult rallied the fugitives. A fresh order of battle was thus organized, yet the indomitable courage of the British soldiers had decided the first great crisis of the fight.

On April 12, 1814, Wellington entered Toulouse in triumph, the white flag was displayed and, as at Bordeaux, a great crowd adopted the Bourbon colours; but the mayor, faithful to his sovereign, had retired with the French army.

In the afternoon two officers—the English Colonel Cooke and the French Colonel St. Simon—arrived from Paris charged to make known the abdication of Napoleon.

END OF SIXTH VOLUME